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FOOTPRINTS  
AND  
WAYMARKS







# FOOTPRINTS AND WAYMARKS

FOR THE HELP OF THE

CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

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BY JOSEPH WALTON.

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## PREFACE.

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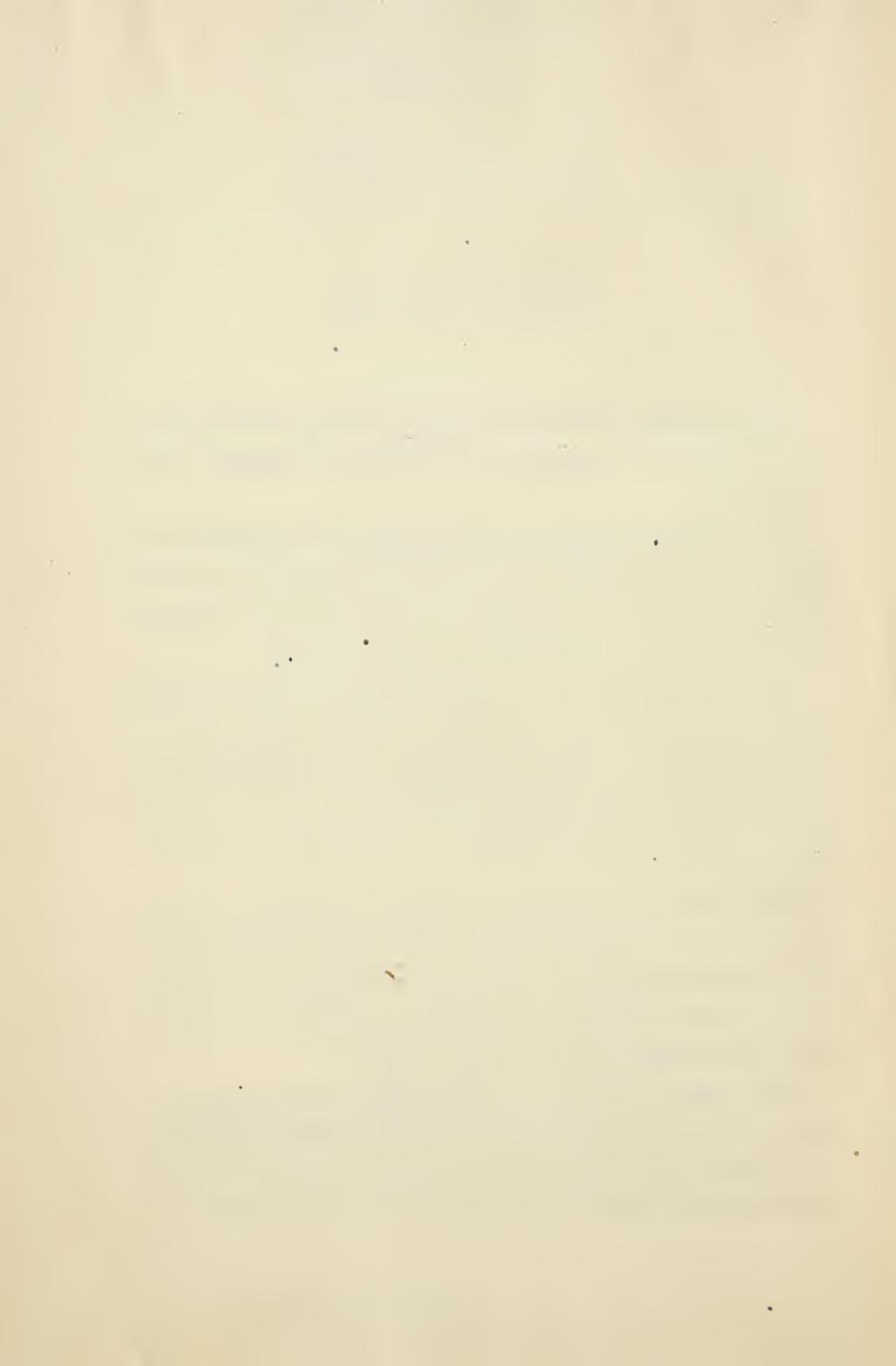
THE present volume is very similar in its general character and purpose to "*Incidents and Reflections*," published a few years since.

It is mainly composed of anecdotes which illustrate different forms of religious and moral truth, and as it contains many records of the experience of others, it may appropriately be called "FOOTPRINTS AND WAYMARKS."

It is the desire of the compiler, that the Divine blessing may so accompany it, as to make it useful to its readers in encouraging them in good resolutions, and in leading them to look to the Lord for help in walking in the way cast up for the ransomed and redeemed, and which alone leads to everlasting peace.

We have a sure guide in our journey to Heaven in the light which comes from Christ, and shows to man what is evil and what is good. Our Saviour has said: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

With some caution as to using such solemn language, I give to my readers the salutation of Paul to the Corinthians. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."



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# FOOTPRINTS AND WAYMARKS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### *DIVINE COMMUNION.*

Divine Communion, a universal experience of Christians, J. M. Whitall—"Don't Strike"—The Tiger Jungle—J. G. Paton in the New Hebrides—"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty"—Hudson Taylor—Special Providences—Stephen Grellet—Alfred Roberts—Universality of Divine Light—Divine Grace in poor slave girl—In African Chief—Stephen Grellet's testimonies—Israel D. Titus—David Sands—Ministry of the Gospel.

IN the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm, David queries with the Almighty, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Precious indeed is this sense of the Divine Presence to him whose chief object in life is to be found living in harmony and communion with his Maker! He knows that the Lord is a friend, who sticketh closer than any brother: and that like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; and that such "He crowneth with loving kindness and tender mercies;" and that those who abide under the shadow of the Almighty, He will deliver in time of trouble. That

the Lord holds perceptible communion with his servants, showing them what He would have them to do, guiding, reproving, and comforting them, is so universal an experience with his devoted followers, and so precious a truth, that it may be said to lie at the foundation of practical religion, and is illustrated by almost every relation of spiritual experience.

The blessedness of Divine communion and of trusting to that guidance which the Lord graciously bestows on his obedient and trusting children is exemplified in the experience of the late John M. Whittall, of Philadelphia. In early life he was a mariner, sailing principally between Philadelphia and the East Indies. During a return voyage from Calcutta, he was promoted to be second mate. After his arrival at Philadelphia, he says:—

I felt best satisfied not to sail again in the same ship, and was therefore at home and out of employment for some time. As something to do was very important, of course the thought of remaining idle was by no means comfortable. This uncertainty continued about two months, when one morning at my father's house, I felt drawn to pray again to God that He would find me employment; and while on my knees, a carriage drove up with a kind messenger informing me that the ship "Dorothea" needed a first mate for a voyage to China, and that I was wanted for the position. Thus my prayer was answered, reminding of Daniel: "At the beginning of thy supplication the commandment went forth." I immediately went to the city and joined the vessel as chief mate.

While on the "Dorothea," he met with a spiritual experience which he thus records:—

In the early part of 1823, during our homeward voyage from Canton, I one day sat down alone to wait upon the Lord, and I felt such a baptizing sense of his holy presence, and so much and so strong a belief that this silent waiting was owned of the Lord, and was the way to find and know Him, that it has been my practice ever since, oftener than the returning day to observe a season of thus waiting upon Him. And blessed be his Holy Name, often in seasons of trial has He helped me and lifted up the blessed light of his countenance upon me, and greatly encouraged me to wait upon, trust in and love Him with my whole heart.

During this voyage, while our ship was in the port of Gibraltar, the second mate carelessly let the anchor chain run overboard, so that the anchor with forty-five fathoms of chain lay at the bottom of the harbor in twelve fathoms of water, or about seventy-two feet deep. This was a new experience. How to recover the lost anchor was a question. There was one resource with which I was pretty well acquainted, and I laid the matter before the Lord. He showed me how to find the lost anchor, and gave me an assurance that we should succeed. Having, when we anchored the ship, noted the position, which was my practice, we had no difficulty in telling where the anchor lay; and following the directions given me by the Lord, we soon recovered our anchor and chain, greatly to my relief and joy.

J. M. Whitall was a man of business ability, and understood well the art of navigating and handling a ship, but it is instructive to see, as it is shown in the above extract, how he looked to the Lord for counsel and help, instead of trusting to his own unaided powers. With how much greater comfort and courage could he undertake the duties that devolved upon him, when he

felt an inward assurance from the Lord, that success would crown his efforts!

After leaving the "Dorothea," he made two voyages in the "America:"—"Upon returning from my second voyage in this ship," he says, "I felt that it would be best for me to leave her. It was a great trial, as both captain and owner were very desirous to retain me; but on consulting my Heavenly Father my mind was fully settled that it would be right to decline going in that ship. The result proved the value of consulting best direction, for she went around Cape Horn, and was absent for two years, making quite a disastrous voyage for all concerned. Thus I was kept by a kind Providence from participating in that trouble. And through life, I have found asking my Heavenly Father's direction in all important matters, of the greatest benefit to me; and never when I needed it and earnestly sought it, have I been disappointed."

In 1824, he was made Captain of an Indiaman, and at that time the largest ship in the port of Philadelphia. He remarks, "it is not worth while to say I was not greatly gratified and pleased, for I had now reached the summit of my ambition as a sailor."

"After the command had been conferred on me, some Friends for whom I had great esteem, were very much concerned lest I should lose my right of membership in the Society [of Friends], in consequence of being master of an Indiaman, which would have to pass through seas infested by pirates, thereby making it probable that arms would have to be used in defence. This of course brought me into great trouble of mind. But according to my usual practice in all straits, I laid the matter before my Heavenly Father, who, in unutterable mercy and kindness, gave me to see that I might go as captain in the ship, and that no arms would have to be used."

This assurance was verified by the result. On Fourth Month 29th, 1825, he records:—"In the China seas, clear of the Straits of Banca, the place where we feared being attacked by pirates. Oh, how thankful I desire to be for the Lord's goodness and mercy unto me, who am so unworthy, in giving me wisdom and judgment in conducting the ship!"

H. B. Sevey in *Word's Crises* relates the following interesting incident:—

While laboring not long since in the State of Maine, a Christian brother on whom I called, related the following incident: He said that once, when engaged in the forest felling trees, a large tree in falling lodged upon another tree, and in order to get the first one down he went in another direction, and felled a second tree, hoping that this, falling upon the first one, would carry it to the ground. In this he was disappointed, as the second tree also became entangled, and lodged in the branches of the other, so that they hung there together.

After looking the case over, he concluded that his best course was to climb up on the second tree, and cut it off near where it crossed the first, stepping on to the first tree when he was through cutting, and allowing the top of the second tree to fall over on one side of the tree and the trunk drop to the ground on the other side.

Accordingly he ascended the tree and commenced chopping. After cutting the log nearly off, as he raised his axe to strike another blow he heard a voice say distinctly, "Don't strike!" He stopped, lowered his axe, and looking around, to see who had spoken to him; and seeing no one near he again raised his axe to strike, and again heard the same words, "Don't strike!" Once more he lowered his axe, hesitated and

looked around, vainly seeking to ascertain the source of the interruption. After a short delay during which he glanced carefully at the situation and concluded that everything was safe, he raised his axe again to strike a final blow, when his ear was startled with that same voice, saying, "Don't strike!"

He was impressed by the strange occurrence, and thinking there might be some meaning to it, he immediately turned and walked down the trunk of the tree on which he stood. As he stepped from the butt of the tree to the ground, to his surprise the tree *broke in two* where he had been chopping. The trunk fell to the ground, as he had anticipated, and the top, which he had supposed would surely fall over on the other side of the tree on which it had lodged, instead of doing so turned back and with all its great branches, came down with a mighty crash on *the very spot where he would have stood*, had he disregarded the warning given. Had he struck that one more blow it would have been his last; for he must have been instantly crushed beneath the tree top as it fell.

A very interesting case of Divine intervention in a situation of extreme peril, is that related by Jacob Chamberlain, a missionary in India, who wrote out for the New York *Independent* an account of a remarkable deliverance he met with in the Ninth Month of 1863. It is headed "In the Tiger Jungle, Does God Hear Prayer?" He says:—

I was taking a long exploring, preaching and Bible-distributing journey up through the Native Kingdom of Hyderabad, where no missionary had ever before worked. It was a journey of twelve hundred miles, on horseback, of four to five months, and through a region little known and difficult to traverse, and, by many,

regarded as exceedingly dangerous. I was accompanied by four native assistants, picked men from the larger number who had volunteered to be my companions. We took with us two cartloads of Scriptures, Gospels, New Testaments and Bibles, and tracts, in the five languages we would meet, and which could be used by some of our party, for each one of us could preach in three.

We had already been out two and a half months. My sturdy Saugur pony had carried me seven hundred miles, and we had already distributed, chiefly by sales, seven thousand Scriptures and books.

Of the dangers promised us we had experienced some. In one city, indeed, we had seen the mob, angry because we preached another God than theirs, swing to the iron gates, shutting us within, and tear up the paving-stones to stone us with; but, by an artifice, obtaining permission to tell them just one story before they should begin the stoning, I told the story of the Cross, in the graphic language that God himself gave me that day, and the mob became an absorbed audience, down the cheeks of many a member of which I saw the tears trickle, as I pictured Christ upon the cross, in agony for us, that we all might be freed from sin, and the stones were thrown in the gutter, and when I had done, they bought and paid for eighty Gospels and tracts, to tell them more of that wonderful God-man, of whom they then first heard.

We had, indeed, been washed away by a flood, my pony and I being whelmed under by a tropical torrent that rolled swiftly down a fordable river, as we were in the middle of it, crossing; but we had all succeeded in swimming to the same bank.

We had, indeed, been kept awake through the night, more than once, by the roaring of the man-eating tigers around our camp in the jungle, as we heaped wood and brush upon our camp fires all night long, lest there be no

one to tell the tale in the morning; and we had passed through a jungle where three men had been carried off by tigers from the same cart track in broad daylight, just a few days before.

We had now, however, come to the greatest strait in our journey. We had reached our farthest northern point, up among the Mountain Gonds, or Khonds, who for centuries had offered human sacrifices, and, after telling them of the one and all-sufficient sacrifice for sin, by Jesus Christ, had turned to the east and south, on our return journey, by another route. We were to find a Government steamer when we struck the Pranhita River, an affluent of the great Godavery. The Government were then endeavoring to open up those rivers to navigation, and had succeeded in placing one steamer on the river above the second cataract, to run up to the third. The Government officers in charge of the works, having heard, months before, of my proposed journey, had offered to send that steamer up to the third cataract on any date I would name, if I would but take the journey, and transport myself and party rapidly through that stretch of fever jungle, which was deadly at this season of the year. I had named the date, and received assurance that we could depend on the steamer being there. We timed our journey, and struck the upper river at the date named. No steamer was there. The heavy torrents of the monsoon had come on unexpectedly early and unprecedently severe. The Godavery became three miles wide, of tumultuous waters. Village after village on its shores was swept away. We watched on the banks for a week. A messenger then succeeded in getting through to tell us that the steamer, in attempting to stem that fierce current, to come up to us, had broken its machinery and could not get to us. We must, then, march through that seventy-five miles of doomed jungle, to reach the next steamer, which was to meet us at the foot of the

second cataract, and take us down to the first, and another on.

The Government Commissioner of the Central Provinces at Sironcha (for the north bank of the Godavery is under British rule), kindly came to our relief, and detaching thirty-six coolies from the Government works, ordered them, with an armed guard, to keep them from deserting, to convey our tents, baggage, medicine chests, and remaining books, down to the foot of the second cataract; and we started on.

I need not stop to recount the exciting episode of our desertion, on the north bank of the Godavery, with no human habitation anywhere near, by the whole party of coolies, armed guard and all, nor of our desperate efforts, finally successful, to cross the Godavery's three miles flood, in order that we might reach a large town of the Nizam's Dominions, the headquarters of a high native official, a sort of deputy governor, of whom I hoped to obtain help.

Forcing my wiry pony through the three miles of flooded marsh that lay between the river and the town, I appeared at the door of this magnate, and politely presented my appeal to him for coolies to take my party down his side of the river, to the second cataract. He, as politely, told me that it was an utter impossibility; that at this season of the year, with the fever so deadly and the man-eating tigers so ravenous, now that the herdsmen had taken their flocks and herds away to the healthier highlands over the fever season, so that they had no flocks to prey upon; and the floods and backwaters from the river damming the way, no coolies could be induced to go through.

I told him that I must, in some way, get down to the second cataract; that the steamer that was to come for us had broken down, and that I must have the coolies. I took from my pocket, and slowly unrolled a long parchment paper document, a *hookam*, or firman from

the Nizam, which the British Minister at that court had kindly pressed upon me, as I had tarried a few days at the capital of the kingdom, in passing, saying that, though I had not asked it, he would sleep better if he knew I had it in my possession; for I knew not what I would pass through nor how much I would need it. I had not thus far opened it. The need had now come. In it the Nizam, at the request of the British Minister, had not only authorized my journey, but ordered any of his officials, of whatever rank, to render any assistance I should call for, either in the way of protection, transportation, or supplies, at the shortest notice, and under the highest penalties for non-performance. The moment he saw the great royal seal his whole appearance changed, and, shouting in imperious tones to his belted and armed attendants, he ordered them to run with all speed, each to one of the surrounding villages, and bring in, by force if necessary, the quota of bearers which each village was bound to furnish for a royal progress, or for a journey thus authorized.

I had called for forty-four stalwart men, for I felt sure that more than my original thirty-six would be needed before we reached the next steamer. In an incredibly short time the forty-four bearers appeared. They went at once down to the river and brought up all our goods, and with them came the native preachers. They placed the goods in front of the magnate's house. I made a harangue to them as they stood in a row, each man by his burden, telling them I was sorry to be obliged to compel them to go through the jungle at such a time, or to go ourselves, but that we must go; that to show them that I meant to treat them well, I should now give each one, in advance, as much hire as he had ever received for going through to the cataract, and that, on reaching there, I should pay each one twice as much more, in view of the extra risk they ran.

Asking the magistrate what the highest pay was, I placed that sum, in the Nizam's coinage, myself in the hands of each man, with the magistrate as witness, and, when each of the forty-four had grasped it in his palm, I told them that now they were sealed to accompany me through; that any one who attempted to desert me would bring the consequences on his own head. The magistrate also harangued them and told them that travelling under such authorization as this gentleman was, they would each be publicly whipped and put in jail if they appeared back at their homes without a line from me that they had taken me through.

To make still more sure, I had separated them into four squads of eleven men each, ordering each squad to march in a compact body, and placing one of the native preachers in charge of each party, to march with them and watch them, and give me instant signal if any one put down his burden, except at my command. The two royal guides of the region had been ordered to guide us through, and promised a high reward, and had sworn faithfulness.

We struck into the jungle. We had to go single file. Footpaths there had been, but now choked and grown over, from the long rains. The second senior native preacher went with the first eleven; the senior preacher at the rear of the last party. The pouring rain would drench us for a half hour, and then the sun, blazing forth between the sundered clouds, would broil us. The country was flooded and reeking; the bushes were loaded and dripping. Get through we must, or the steamer at the second cataract might not wait for us, and we would have to march through another fever stretch.

But now a new, and seemingly insurmountable difficulty confronted us. The dark jungle, the rain, the fever, the tigers, had been taken into account; but in

spite of them we had determined to push through and reach the second cataract before the Sunday. But difficulties breed. We now met two fleet-footed, daring huntsmen, who had been down to a point two miles beyond, to inspect their traps, and were on the full run back to shelter for the night. Swift and sure of foot, with no impediment, they could, before dark, make the last village we had passed as we entered the jungle in the morning.

We halted them to inquire of the region ahead. We knew that some two miles in front was an affluent of the Godavery, which ran down from the bluffs to our right, and which we had expected to ford, and pitch our camp for the night on an open knoll a little distance beyond it, where, with bright camp-fires and watchfulness, we could pass the night in comparative safety. But from these hunters we learned that the back-water of the Godavery flood, which was thirty feet higher than usual, had made these streams absolutely unfordable.

“Was there no boat?”

“None.”

“No material for a raft?”

“None whatever.”

And on the hunters dashed for safety. The two royal guides and I had called them apart, alone, and questioned them. The guides knew the country well, but this unprecedentedly high back-water was entirely unexpected, and they seemed dazed by the news. The party kept plodding on. We were marching about a mile to the south of the Godavery and parallel with it. Two miles further south were the high bluffs; but with dense, impenetrable, thorny rattan jungle between us and them. The country between river and bluff was flat and flooded.

We knew of only this one knoll beyond this affluent where we could encamp. Ten miles beyond it again

was another affluent; but that would be flooded as much as this. Still, could we not in some way get across this one and secure safety for one night?

“Guides! If we press on to this little river can we not make a raft of some kind and get over before dark?”

“Alas! there are no dry trees,” they said, “and these green jungle trees will sink of themselves in the water, even if there were time to fell them.”

This I knew to be true.

“Is there no knoll on this side that we can pitch on?”

“No, from the river to bluff it is all like this.”

We were standing in wet and mud as we talked. “Keep marching on. I will consider what to do.”

I drew back and rode behind the marching column. The native preachers had partly overheard the statement about the cross river being uncrossable. From my countenance, as I fell back, they gathered that we were in straits. They knew that in an hour it would be sunset. Dense clouds even now made it seem growing dark. Already could we hear the occasional fierce, hungry roar of the tigers in the rattan jungle at our right. I said not a word to my assistants, but I spoke to God. As my horse tramped on in the marshy path, my heart went up and claimed the promised presence. “Master! Was it not for thy sake that we came here! Did we not covenant with thee for the journey through? Have we not faithfully preached thy name the whole long way? Have we shirked any danger, have we quailed before any foe? Didst thou not promise ‘I will be with you?’ Now we need thee. We are in blackest danger for this night. Only thou canst save us from this jungle, these tigers, this flood. O Master! Master! show me what to do.”

An answer came; not audible, but distinct as though spoken in my ear by human voice: “Turn to the left,

to the Godavery, and you will find rescue." Riding rapidly forward, I overtook the guides. "How far is it to the Godavery?"

"A good mile."

"Is there no village on its bank?"

"No, none within many miles; and the banks are all overflowed."

"Is there no mound, nor rising ground on which we could camp, out of this water?"

"It is all low and flat like this."

I drew apart, and prayed again, as we still plodded on. Again came the answer: "Turn to the left, to the Godavery, and you will find rescue." Again I called the guides and questioned them. "Are you sure there is no rising ground by the river, where we can pitch, with the river on one side for protection, and camp fires around us, on the other, through the night?"

"None, whatever."

"Think well. Is there no dry timber, of which we could make a raft?"

"If there were any it would all be washed away by these floods."

"Is there no boat, of any sort on the river? I have authority to seize anything I need."

"None nearer than the cataract."

"How long would it take us to reach the Godavery by the nearest path?"

"Half an hour; but it would be so much time lost, for we would have to come back here and cut our way through this jungle to the bluff, and climb that. There is no other way of getting around these two flooded streams that we must pass to reach the cataract."

"How long would it take to cut our way through to the bluff?"

"At least six hours, and it will be dark in an hour."

"What shall we do for to-night?"

"God knows," and they looked the despair that they felt.

I drew aside again, and prayed, as I rode on. "Turn to the left, to the Godavery, and you will find rescue," came the response the third time. It was not audible. None of those near heard it. I cannot explain it, but to me it was as distinct as though spoken by a voice in my ear. It thrilled me. "God's answer to my prayer," said I. "I cannot doubt, I must act, and that instantly."

Hastening forward to the guides, at the head of the column, "Halt!" said I, in a voice to be heard by all. "Turn sharp to the left. Guides, show us the shortest way to the Godavery. Quick!" They remonstrated stoutly; that it was only labor lost, but that we should be in a worse plight there than here, for the river might rise higher and wash us away in the darkness of the night. "Obey!" said I. "March sharp, or night will come. I am master here, and intend to be obeyed. Show the way to the river."

All the party had surrounded me. My native preachers looked up inquiringly at my awed face. "There is rescue at the river," was all I said. How could I say more? Providentially, we had just come to where an old path led at right angles to our former course, and directly toward the river, and down that path we went. The step of all was quicker than before. "The *Dhora* has heard of some help at the river," I overheard the coolies say to one another. I had heard of help; but what it was I knew not. My anxiety seemed to have gone. There was an intense state of expectancy in its place. Half a mile from the river I spurred forward past the guides. I knew the coolies would not desert me now. There was no place of safety they could reach for the night. They would cling around me for protection.

I cantered out from among the bushes to the bank,

keenly observant. There, right under my feet, was a large flat-boat, tied to a tree at the shore, with two men upon it trying to keep it afloat in the rising and falling current.

“How did this boat get here?” said I.

“Oh, sir, don’t be angry with us,” said the boatmen, taking me to be an officer of the British India Government, to whom the boat belonged, and thinking I was taking them to task for not keeping the boat on its proper station; “we tried our best to keep the boat from coming here; but, sir, it seemed as though it was possessed. This morning we were on our station, on the upper river, caring for the boat as usual, when a huge rolling wave came rushing down the river and snapped the cables and swept the boat into the current. We did our utmost to get it back to that bank of the river, but it would go further and further out into the current. The more we pulled for the British bank, the more it would work over toward the Nizam’s. We have fought all day to keep it from coming here, but it seemed as though a supernatural power was shoving the boat over, and an hour ago we gave up and let it float in here and tied it up for safety to this tree. Don’t be angry, sir; as soon as the river goes down, or gets smooth, we will get the boat back where it belongs. Don’t have us punished for letting it come here. We could not help it.”

“All right, my men,” said I; “I take command of this boat. I have authority to use any Government property I require on this journey. I shall use the boat and reward you well, and give you a letter to your superior that will clear you of all blame.”

The boat, a large flat-boat, with strong railings along both sides, and square ends to run upon the shore, had been built by the British military authorities in the troublous times following the mutiny in those regions, and placed on an affluent of the Godavery, higher up,

on the north bank, to ferry artillery and elephants across in their punitive expeditions; and it was still kept there. These men were paid monthly wages to keep it always ready, at its station, in case of sudden need.

Who had ordered that tidal wave in the morning of that day that had torn it from its moorings and driven it so many miles down the river; that had thwarted every endeavor of the frightened boatmen to force it to the north shore, and had brought it to the little cove-like recess, just where we would strike the river? Who but He on whose orders we had come? He who had said: "I will be with you;" He who knew beforehand the dire straits in which we would be, in that very place, on that very day, that very hour, He who had told us so distinctly: "Turn to the left, to the Godavery, and you will find rescue?" I bowed my head, and, in amazed reverence, I thanked my God for this signal answer to our pleading prayer.

The guides now came in sight through the bushes, with all the party following, and looked dazed as they saw me quietly arranging to put our whole party on the boat for the night; and I heard some say to others: "How did the *Dhora* know of this boat being here, and come right out on to it? None of us knew of it." To my native preachers I simply said: "God heard our prayers, and this is the answer;" for I knew that they had been praying on foot while I was praying on horseback. "Yes," said they, reverently, "He has heard our prayer, and delivered us. We will never doubt Him again."

We pitched our *raoti*, or long, low, soldier's tent upon the boat. It exactly covered it, so that we tied the eaves of the tent to the railings of the boat, and made a tight house and a secure abode for the night, and within it the whole party were able to gather, with all the baggage. Before dark all hands had

gathered a sufficiency of wood and brush to keep a bright camp fire burning through the night on the shore, at the end of the boat. It had not rained for the last hour and a half before we reached the boat, nor did it begin again until we were all safely housed on the boat and the camp-fire well burning, with such large logs well on fire that it burned on, with replenishing, in spite of the rain through the night; and it was well that it did, for the tigers had scented us and were eager for prey. The tent was large enough for us all if we sat up, but not to lie down in; and I sat watching at the shore end of the boat, pistol in hand, through the night, lest, in spite of the fire, a tiger should try to spring on. We heard their roaring and snarling in the bushes near at hand, and once I fancied I saw the glaring eyes of a royal tiger peering at us between the two nearest bushes. But "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways," was the thought that kept running through my mind after we had, as we settled down for the night, read the ninety-first Psalm in the beautiful Telugu language, and offered up prayers of thanksgiving and praise to the Most High, under the shadow of whose wings we were abiding.

At the dawn of day, taking down our tent, we shoved out into the stream, and floated down twelve miles, past both affluent streams, that were too high for us to ford, and until the roaring of the cataract warned us that we were just coming into the rapids; and there we moored the boat, and left it, that the coolies, after they should have taken us to the foot of the barrier, might come back, and, in it, go up again past those rivers, and so reach their home.

Of our twenty miles further march, around the cataract and rapids, in the alternating blazing sun and drenching rain, when one after another of my native assistants fell under that terrible jungle fever, and each,

in a state of unconsciousness, was tied in a blanket to a bamboo, and thus borne onward by the extra coolies that I had provided for just such an emergency, while twice I almost fell from my horse from the power of the blistering sun between the rains, but in answer to prayer received strength to mount again and proceed, myself leading the party; of our reaching the river again, and the coolies' joy at receiving their promised triple pay, and bounding off for the boat and home; of the smoke of the coming steamer at last appearing over the trees lining the river, after we had been waiting in that fever bed for a week; of it and another carrying us down two hundred miles of river, into open land and inhabited towns again; of our further journey southward, and all reaching home, two months later, restored, guarded, guided, and brought there in safety by the "I am with you always;" I must not now delay to write, for the tale so far has kept me fully long, and I must stop.

I have tried to give a vivid picture of the events of that pivotal day; but nothing can equal the vivid consciousness we had that day of the presence of the Master; nothing can equal the vividness of the certitude, that day, that God did intervene and save us.

Some who have not tested it may sneer and doubt, *but we five know that God hears prayer.*

There are times, when, in the fulness of faith, the Christian can exclaim, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? Knowing that He who is all-powerful is round about him, his heart may be preserved in holy confidence that he will be protected from danger, if such is the will of his heavenly Father, and that he will be enabled to bear with sub-

mission every trial that his Divine Master sees meet should overtake him.

The narrative given by J. G. Paton, of his experiences among an uncivilized people in the South Pacific, furnishes a lively illustration of this, when he went to the New Hebrides as a missionary, he settled on the island Tanna. A season of sickness and the visit of a hurricane which followed, were attributed by the superstitious natives to his presence and efforts to teach them a new way of worship. So they resolved either to murder the mission party or to drive them out of the island.

In his autobiography, Paton says:

The inhabitants for miles around united in seeking our destruction, but God put it into even savage hearts to save us. Old Nowar, the chief under whom we lived, and the chief next under him, Arkurat, set themselves to rescue us. Along with Manuman and Sirawia, they opposed every plan in the public assembly for taking our lives. Some of their people also remained friendly to us, and by the help of our Aneityumese Teachers, warned us of danger and protected our lives. Determined not to be baffled, a meeting of all our enemies on the island was summoned, and it was publicly resolved that a band of men be selected and enjoined to kill the whole of those friendly to the Mission, old Nowar among the rest, and not only to murder the mission party, but also a trader who had lately landed to live there, that no one might be left to give information to the white men or bring punishment on the islanders. Frenzy of excitement prevailed, and the blood-fiend seemed to over-ride the whole assembly; when, under an impulse that surely came from the Lord of Pity, one great warrior chief who had hitherto

kept silent, rose, swung aloft a mighty club, and smashing it earthwards, cried aloud :

“The man that kills Missi must first kill me, the men that kill the mission teachers must first kill me and my people, for we shall stand by them and defend them till death !”

Instantaneously, another chief thundered in with the same declaration, and the great assembly broke up in dismay. All the more remarkable was this deliverance, as these two chiefs lived nearly four miles inland, and, as reputed disease-makers and sacred men, were regarded as amongst our bitterest enemies. It had happened that a brother of the former chief, having been wounded in battle, I had dressed his wounds, and he recovered, for which, perhaps, he now favored us. But I do not put very much value on that consideration, for very clearly did our dear Lord Jesus interpose directly on our behalf that day. I and my defenceless company had spent it in anxious prayers and tears, and our hearts overflowed with gratitude to the Saviour who rescued us from the lion's jaws.

One day, while toiling away at my house, the war chief, his brother, and a large party of armed men surrounded the plot where I was working. They all had muskets, besides their own native weapons. They watched for me some time in silence, and then every man levelled a musket straight at my head. Escape was impossible. Speech would only have increased my danger ! My eyesight came and went for a few moments. I prayed to my Lord Jesus, either himself to protect me, or to take me home to his glory. I tried to keep working on at my task, as if no one was near me. In that moment, as never before, the words came to me, “Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, I will do it ;” and I knew that I was safe. Retiring a little from their first position, no word having been spoken, they took up the same attitude, somewhat farther off,

and seemed to be urging one another to fire the first shot. But my dear Lord restrained them once again, and they withdrew, leaving me with a new cause for trusting Him with all that concerned me for time and eternity.

Perils seemed, however, to enclose me on every hand, and my life was frequently attempted. I had to move about more cautiously than ever, some days scarcely daring to appear outside my mission premises. For I have ever most firmly believed, and do believe, that only when we use every lawful means for the preservation of our life, which is God's second greatest gift to man (his Son being the first), can we expect God to protect us, or have we the right to plead his precious promises.

One day I held a service in the village where, morning after morning, their tribes assembled, and declared that if they would believe in and follow the Jehovah God, He would deliver them from all their enemies and lead them into a happy life. There were present three Sacred Men, chiefs, of whom the whole population lived in terror—brothers, or cousins, heroes of traditional feats, professors of sorcery, and claiming the power of life and death, health and sickness, rain and drought, according to their will. On hearing me, these three stood up and declared they did not believe in Jehovah, nor did they need his help, for they had the power to kill my life by Nahak (*i. e.*, sorcery or witchcraft), if only they could get possession of any piece of the fruit or food that I had eaten. This was an essential condition of their black art. Hence, the peel of a banana or an orange, and every broken scrap of food, is gathered up by the natives, lest it should fall into the hands of the Sacred Men, and be used for Nahak. This superstition was the cause of most of the bloodshed and terror upon Tanna. And being thus challenged, I asked God's help, and determined to strike a blow.

against it. A woman was standing near with a bunch of native fruit in her hand like our plums, called quon-gore. I asked her to be pleased to give me some, and she, holding out a bunch, said :

“Take freely what you will.”

Calling the attention of all the assembly to what I was doing, I took three fruits from the bunch, and taking a bite out of each, I gave them, one after another, to the three Sacred Men, and deliberately said, in the hearing of all :

“You have seen me eat of this fruit, you have seen me give the remainder to your Sacred Men. They have said they can kill me by Nahak, but I challenge them to do it, if they can, without arrow or spear, club or musket, for I deny that they have any power against me or against any one by their sorcery.”

The challenge was accepted. The natives looked terror-struck at the position in which I was placed. The ceremony of Nahak was usually performed in secret, the Tannese fleeing in dread, as Europeans would from the touch of the plague. But I lingered and eagerly watched their ritual. As the three chiefs arose and drew near to one of the Sacred Trees, to begin their ceremonial, the natives fled in terror, crying :

“Missi, away! Alas, Missi!”

But I held on at my post of observation. Amidst wavings and incantations, they rolled up the pieces of the fruit from which I had eaten, in certain leaves of this Sacred Tree into a shape like a waxen candle. Then they kindled a sacred fire near the root, and continued their mutterings, gradually burning a little more and a little more of the candle-shaped things, wheeling them around their heads, blowing upon them with their breaths, waving them in the air, and glancing wildly at me, as if expecting my sudden destruction. Wondering whether, after all, they did not believe their own lie, for they seemed to be in dead earnest, I, more

eager than ever to break the chains of such vile superstition, urged them again and again, crying:

“Be quick! Stir up your gods to help you! I am not killed yet. I am perfectly well!”

At last they stood up and said, “We must delay till we have called all our Sacred Men. We will kill Missi before his next Sabbath come round. Let all watch, for he will soon die, and that without fail.”

I replied, “Very good! I challenge all your priests to unite and kill me by sorcery or Nahak. If, on Sabbath next, I come again to your village in health, you will all admit that your gods have no power over me, and that I am protected by the true and living Jehovah God!”

For every day throughout the remainder of that week, the conchs were sounded, and over that side of the island all their Sacred Men were at work trying to kill me by their arts. Now and again messengers arrived from every quarter of the island, inquiring anxiously after my health, and wondering if I was not feeling sick, and great excitement prevailed amongst the poor deluded idolaters.

Sabbath dawned upon me peacefully, and I went to that village in more than my usual health and strength. Large numbers assembled, and when I appeared they looked at each other in terror, as if it could not really be I, myself, still spared and well. Entering into the public ground, I saluted them to this effect—

“My love to you, all, my friends! I have come again to you about the Jehovah God and his worship.”

The three Sacred Men, on being asked, admitted that they had tried to kill me by Nahak, but had failed; and on being questioned, why they had failed; they gave the acute and subtle reply, that I also was myself a Sacred Man, and that my God being the stronger had protected me from their gods. Addressing the multitude, I answered thus—

“Yea, truly; my Jehovah God is stronger than your gods. He protected me, and helped me; for He is the only living and true God, the only God that can hear or answer any prayer from the children of men. Your gods cannot hear prayers, but my God can and will hear and answer you, if you will give heart and life to Him, and love and serve Him only. This is my God, and He is also your friend if you will hear and follow his voice.”

Having said this, I sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and addressed them—

“Come and sit down all around me, and I will talk to you about the love and mercy of my God, and teach you how to worship and please Him.”

Two of the Sacred Men then sat down, and all the people gathered round and seated themselves very quietly. I tried to present to them ideas of sin, and of salvation through Jesus Christ, as revealed to us in the Holy Scriptures.

The third Sacred Man, the highest in rank, a man of great stature and uncommon strength, had meantime gone off for his warrior's spear, and returned brandishing it in the air and poising it at me. I said to the people—

“Of course he can kill me with his spear, but he undertook to kill me by Nahak or sorcery, and promised not to use against me any weapons of war; and if you let him kill me now, you will kill your friend, one who lives among you and only tries to do you good, as you all know so well. I know that if you kill me thus, my God will be angry and will punish you.”

Thereon I seated myself calmly in the midst of the crowd, while he leaped about in rage, scolding his brothers and all who were present for listening to me. The other Sacred Men, however, took my side and, as many of the people also were friendly to me and stood closely packed around me, he did not throw his spear.

To allay the tumult and obviate further bloodshed, I offered to leave with my teachers at once, and, in doing so, I ardently plead with them to live at peace. Though we got safely home, that old Sacred Man seemed still to hunger after my blood. For weeks thereafter, go where I would, he would suddenly appear in the path behind me, poising in his right hand that same Goliath spear. God only kept it from being thrown, and I, using every lawful precaution, had all the same to attend to my work, as if no enemy were there, leaving all other results in the hands of Jesus. This whole incident did, doubtless, shake the prejudices of many as to sorcery; but few even of converted natives ever get entirely clear of the dread Nahak.

The opposition of some of the people of Tanna to a change in their religious worship was so great, that they endeavored to murder J. G. Paton, who was stationed there as a missionary, and plundered his dwelling. He very narrowly escaped, by taking refuge in a neighboring village, and from thence followed a friendly chief named Faimungo, who lived on the way to the house of another missionary, which was his place of refuge. They had gone part of the way, when they were met by a body of armed men, who had been sent to intercept them. Of the manner in which he escaped these people, he says:—

They encircled us in a deadly ring, and one kept urging the other to strike the first blow or fire the first shot. My heart rose up to the Lord Jesus; I saw Him watching the scene. My peace came back to me like a wave from God. I realized that I was mortal till my Master's work with me was done. The assurance came to me, as if a voice out of heaven had spoken,

that not a "musket would be fired to wound us, not a club prevail to strike us, not a spear leave the hand in which it was held vibrating to be thrown, not an arrow leave the bow, or a killing-stone the fingers, without the permission of Jesus Christ, whose is all power in heaven and on earth. He rules all nature, animate and inanimate, and restrains even the savage of the South Seas." In that awful hour I saw his own words, as if carved in letters of fire upon the clouds of heaven: "Seek, and ye shall find. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." I could understand how Stephen and John saw the glorified Saviour as they gazed up through suffering and persecution to the Heavenly Throne! Yet I never could say that on such occasions I was entirely without fear. Nay, I have felt my reason reeling, my sight coming and going, and my knees smiting together, when thus brought close to a violent death, but mostly under the solemn thought of being ushered into eternity and appearing before God. Still, I was never left without hearing that promise in all its consoling and supporting power coming up through the darkness and the anguish, "Lo, I am with you alway." And with Paul I could say, even in this dread moment and crisis of being, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life \* \* \* nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"Faimungo and others now urged us to go on in the path. I said, 'Faimungo, why are we to leave you? My God heard your promise not to betray me. He knows now what is in your heart and in mine. I will not leave you; and if I am to die, I will die by your side.'

He replied, "Now, I go on before; Missi, keep close to me."

His men had gone, and I persuaded my Aneityumese

to follow them. At last, with a bound, Faimnngo started after them. I followed, keeping as near him as I could, pleading with Jesus to protect me or to take me home to glory. The host of armed men also ran along on each side with their weapons ready; but leaving everything to Jesus, I ran on as if they were my escort, or as if I saw them not. If any reader wonders how they were restrained, much more would I, unless I believed that the same Hand that restrained the lions from touching Daniel held back these savages from hurting me. We came to a stream crossing our path. With a bound all my party cleared it, ran up the bank opposite, and disappeared in the bush, "Faint yet pursuing," I also tried the leap, but I struck the bank and slid back on my hands and knees towards the stream. At this moment I heard a crash above my head amongst the branches of an overhanging tree, and I knew that a killing-stone had been thrown, and that that branch had saved me. Praising my God, I scrambled up on the other side, and followed the track of my party into the bush. The savages gazed after me for a little in silence, but no one crossed the stream; and I saw them separate into two, one portion returning to the village and another pressing inland. With what gratitude did I recognize the Invisible One who brought their counsels to confusion.

My enemies seldom slackened their hateful designs against my life, however calmed or baffled for the moment. One occasion, when natives in large numbers were assembled at my house, a man furiously rushed on me with his axe; but a Kaserumini chief snatched a spade with which I had been working, and dexterously defended me from instant death. Life in such circumstances led me to cling very near to the Lord Jesus; I knew not, for one brief hour, when or how attack might be made; and yet, with my trembling hand clasped in the hand once nailed on Calvary

and now swaying the sceptre of the universe, calmness and peace and resignation abode in my soul.

Next day, a wild chief followed me about for four hours with his loaded musket, and, though often directed towards me, God restrained his hand. I spoke kindly to him, and attended to my work as if he had not been there, fully persuaded that my God had placed me there, and would protect me till my allotted task was finished. Looking up in unceasing prayer to our dear Lord Jesus, I left all in his hands, and felt immortal till my work was done. Trials and hair-breadth escapes strengthened my faith, and seemed only to nerve me for more to follow; and they did tread swiftly upon each other's heels. Without that abiding consciousness of the presence and power of my dear Lord and Saviour, nothing else, in all the world could have preserved me from losing my reason and perishing miserably. His words, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," became to me so real that it would not have startled me to behold Him, as Stephen did, gazing down upon the scene. I felt his supporting power, as did St. Paul, when he cried, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." It is the sober truth, and it comes back to me sweetly after twenty years, that I had my nearest and dearest glimpses of the face and smile of my blessed Lord in those dread moments when musket, club or spear was being levelled at my life. Oh the bliss of living and enduring, as seeing "Him who is invisible."

S. C. Spurr in *The Baptist* relates the following remarkable instance of the care of the Lord over one of his servants, an aged woman, a Quakeress, and a true Christian :

At one period of her life she resided with one of her brothers who owned a large silk mill. Her house was

removed some distance from his works, and stood in its own grounds. Adjoining the mill was a large untenanted house, and my friend would insist upon sleeping in this house in preference to remaining at her brother's. Nobody knew exactly why she insisted upon this, but those who knew her most intimately guessed that she selected this lonely spot in order that she might spend quiet hours in communion with her Lord. In this house she also kept a number of her valuables, and other rooms were used by her brother to store certain of his goods. Friends often remonstrated with her, and said that surely she would be murdered some night, and her brother ordered the rope of the mill to be connected with her bedroom in case of danger. Her only reply to these remarks was this: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty;" and "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

One night she retired to rest as usual, and, after committing herself to God, fell asleep. Then God spoke to her in a vision of the night. She often assured us that a voice said distinctly to her, "My child, rise and go to the window." Instantly she awoke, and getting out of bed went to the window and drew aside the blind. The moon was shining brightly, and there in the moonlight, right under her window, stood a man of villainous countenance, gazing up into her window. Their eyes met, and for a minute the gaze was continued. Here was mischief—this man meant no good—what should she do? No house was within half a mile. At hand lay the bell-rope. Should she pull it? Then her favorite text came, "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." Releasing the blind, she stood for a moment, and then turned to God

with this prayer, "Lord, thy child trusts thee alone—give me rest, O Lord." With this she re-entered her bed, and instantly fell asleep. Upon hearing this story, her friends demanded that she should leave the mill-house, and to meet their wishes she complied. *The very night she left, the mill was robbed.* But the most singular thing was that, while the robbers ransacked the house and burst open doors and rifled locks, *not one article of hers was touched.* Two umbrellas had been left together—a new silk one belonging to her, and a shabby one belonging to her brother—the shabby one was missing, while the new one lay untouched.

Soon afterwards the robbers were apprehended and transported. A few years later her brother was in Australia, when a man stopped him in a large factory and said:

"Are you not Mr. C——, of M——?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then I have a confession to make to you. I was transported here for the robbery of your mill, and one thing in connection with it is on my mind, and I must relieve myself by telling you of it. I had prepared to rob the mill for some time before I succeeded, and one night I went there with the full intention of *murdering your sister*, and afterwards spoiling the place; but as I stood in the moonlight gazing up into her window I was startled to see the blind move, and to see her face gazing into mine. For a moment or two I could not move, and when I recovered from my astonishment I was compelled to go away without effecting my purpose."

The man then asked for forgiveness.

Many persons will say this is a singular story and exceptional. Perhaps so; but God would do more for us if we would allow Him.

When Hudson Taylor was in London, studying

medicine, before going out as a Missionary to China, he had an experience which illustrates the care over his children which our Heavenly Father manifests. He describes the incident as follows :

The husband of my former landlady was chief officer of a ship that sailed out of London. By receiving for her his half-pay monthly and remitting it to her, I saved her a commission. I had been sending it to her several months, when she wrote to me, asking me to obtain the money as early as possible that month, and forward it to her, as her rent was coming due, and she depended upon that for the means of paying it. The request came to me at an inconvenient time. I was working very hard preparing for an examination in the hope of obtaining a scholarship which would, of course, be of service to me, and I felt that I could not afford the time to go during the busiest part of the day to the city and procure this month's half-pay. I had, however, sufficient in hand to enable me to send it, and I did so, purposing after the examination to go and draw the money to recoup myself.

Before the examination I found one day that the medical school was closed, on account of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. I had, therefore, an opportunity of going at once to the office, which was situated in a street out of Cheapside, and applying for the amount due. To my surprise and dismay, the clerk told me that he could not pay it, as the officer in question had run away from his ship and gone to the gold diggings. "Well," I replied, "that is very inconvenient for me, for I have already advanced the money and sent it, and I know his wife will have no means of repaying me."

Very soon after this—I am not sure that it was not the very night on which this occurred—while sewing together some sheets of paper on which I took notes

of lectures, I pricked the first finger of my right hand with the needle, and in a few moments forgot all about it. The next day at the hospital I continued dissecting as before. The body was that of a person who had died of a bad fever, and was more than usually disagreeable and dangerous. I need scarcely say that we who were at work upon it dissected with more than ordinary care, knowing that the slightest scratch or abrasion would cost us our lives. Before the morning was far advanced, I began to feel very weary and unwell. By the time the next lecture was through, my whole arm and right side were full of severe pain, and I was both looking and feeling very ill.

Finding that I could not resume my work, I went into the room to bind up the portion that I was dissecting and put away my apparatus, and said to the demonstrator, who was a very skilful surgeon, "I cannot think what has come over me," describing the symptoms to him. "Why," he said, "it is clear enough, you must have cut yourself in dissecting; you know very well this is a case of malignant fever." I assured him that I had been very careful, and was quite certain that I had had no cut or scratch. "Well," he said, "you must certainly have had one," and he very closely scanned my hand, but in vain.

All at once it occurred to me that I had pricked my finger the night before, and I asked him if it were possible a prick from a needle the night before could be unclosed. His opinion was that this was probably the cause of trouble, and he advised me to get a hansom and drive home as fast as I could, and arrange my affairs forthwith, "For," he said, "you are a dead man."

When the surgeon [one sent by his uncle] came and learned all particulars, he said to me, "Well, if you have been living moderately you *may* pull through, but if you have been going in for beer and that sort of

thing, there is no manner of chance for you." I thought that if sober living was to do anything for me, few would have a better chance, as nothing but bread and water had been my diet for a good while past. I told him I had lived very abstemiously, and found that it helped me in my study. "Well now," he said, "you must keep up your strength, for it will be a pretty hard struggle."

The days and nights slowly passed along, but at length, after several weeks, I was sufficiently restored to get downstairs and lie on the sofa, and then I learned that two men—not from the same hospital—who had had dissection wounds at the same time as myself, had both succumbed, while I was spared.

The doctor coming in one day found me on the sofa, and was somewhat surprised to learn that with assistance I had walked downstairs. "Now," he said, "the best thing you can do is to get off, as soon as you feel equal to the journey, to the country. You must rusticate until you have recovered a fair amount of health and strength, for if you begin your work too soon the consequences may still be serious."

It seemed as if the Lord directed my mind to the conclusion to go again to the shipping office and inquire about the wages I had been unable to draw. I asked, in the name of Christ, that the strength might be given, and, sending the servant up to my room for my hat and stick, set out to *walk* to Cheapside.

I certainly was strengthened by faith, but I never took so much interest in shop windows as I did on that journey. At every second or third shop window I was glad to lean a little against the plate-glass, and take time to examine the contents of the window before passing on. It needed a special effort of faith when I got to the bottom of Farringdon Street, to attempt the toilsome ascent of Snow Hill. However, God *did* help me, and in due time I reached Cheapside, turned

down the by-street in which the office was found, and sat down very exhausted on the steps leading to the first floor, on which the office was placed.

After a little rest, however, and a further season of prayer, I succeeded in climbing the staircase, and, to my comfort, found in the office the clerk with whom I had hitherto dealt in this matter. Seeing me look deathly pale and very much exhausted, he kindly inquired as to my health, and I told him that I had had a serious illness, and was ordered to the country, but thought it well to come and make further inquiry, lest there should have been a mistake about the mate having run off to the gold diggings. "Oh," he said, "I am so glad that you have come; it turns out that it was an able seaman of the same name that ran away. The mate is still on board, the ship has just reached Gravesend, and will be up very soon. I shall be glad to give you the half-pay to date, for doubtless it will reach his wife more safely through you, as we all know what seamen are when they arrive at home after a long voyage."

Before, however, giving me the sum of money, he insisted upon my coming inside and sharing his lunch. I felt it was the Lord indeed who was providing for me, and accepted his offer with thankfulness. When I was refreshed by rest and lunch, he gave me a sheet of paper to write a few lines to the wife, telling her of the circumstances. On my way back I procured in Cheapside a post-office order for the balance due to her, and posted it; and, returning home again, I felt myself now quite justified in taking an omnibus as far as it would take me.

Very much better the next morning, after settling up some little matters that I had to attend to, I made my way to the surgery of the surgeon who had attended me. I felt that, though my uncle was prepared to pay the bill, it was right for me, now that I had

a little money in hand, to ask for the account. The kind surgeon refused to allow me to pay anything for his attendance, but he had supplied me with quinine, which he allowed me to pay for to the extent of eight shillings. When that was paid, I perceived that the sum left was just sufficient to take me to my home; and to my mind the whole thing was a wonderful interposition of God on my behalf.

I knew that the surgeon was sceptical, and told him I should very much like to speak to him freely, if I might do so without offence—that I felt that under God I owed my life to his kind care and help, and that I wished it were possible for me to say anything to him which might result in his becoming a partaker of the like precious faith which I had. He kindly permitted me to speak very faithfully and freely to him. I told him of this providential dealing of God with me, and how apparently hopeless my position had been the day before, when he had ordered me to go to the country. I described to him the mental exercises that I had passed through; but when I told him that I had actually taken my hat and stick, and had walked to Cheapside, he looked at me incredulously and said to me, “Impossible! Why I left you on the sofa more like a ghost than a man!” And I had to assure him again and again that, strengthened by faith, I had actually taken the walk. I told him what money remained to me, what payments I had to make, and showed him that I had a balance left which would just take me to my home, having sufficient for a little provision by the way, and for the omnibus at the end of the railway journey into Yorkshire.

My kind friend was completely broken down, and with tears in his eyes, said: “I would give all the world for a faith like yours.” I, on the other hand, had the joy of telling him that it was to be had without money and without price. I never saw him again. When

I came back to town, restored to health and strength again, I found that he had had a stroke, and had left for the country. I subsequently learned that he never rallied. I was able to gain no information as to his state of mind when taken away, but I have always felt very thankful that I had the opportunity, and embraced it, of bearing that testimony for God. I cannot but entertain the hope that the Master himself was drawing him, by his dealings with me, and that I shall meet him again in the better land.

A writer in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* describes a conversation which turned on the subject of "special providences," in which the following incidents were narrated:

It gives me a world of comfort to think that God takes thought of me. It is proof that I am accepted as his child. I have had experiences that could be accounted for in no other way, that are remarkable enough, it seems to me, to strengthen any one's faith. The first time such an interposition came directly home to my heart was when I was quite a young woman. I was driving with my husband and my sister-in-law in a lonely country way. We had a livery stable team, the horse was decidedly skittish, and as we went tearing down a long hill I caught a glimpse of an old man standing, with his back towards us, in a peculiar, shrinking, cringing attitude in the brush beside the road. Acting upon an uncontrollable impulse, I seized the reins, pulling up the horse with all my strength, and crying out, "I want to speak to him!" in such an excited voice that my husband commanded the horse to stop. The old man turned a white face towards us, and just at that moment, without warning of bell or whistle, a locomotive went flying across the road directly in front of us. The horse reared, the old man

caught him by the bridle, saying brokenly, "Thank God, you are saved!"

We were all paralyzed for the moment, then my husband found voice to say:

"What railroad is that? I had no idea there was a railway within miles of this place!"

"It's the new Mill River Branch," exclaimed the old man. "They have just put down the rails, and the engines of the construction trains have been running wild here for two or three days. I saw one of them coming the very moment that I caught sight of you with this horse, that we consider hereabouts to be almost unmanageable. I was sure I could not stop him, and I turned my back to escape seeing you crushed or thrown into the air by the engine."

"What possessed you to desire to speak to that old man?" said my husband. "I never knew you to be so actuated before. Indeed, you are always decidedly averse to my accosting any chance wayfarer."

"I cannot explain it in any natural way," I replied. "It was a sudden, uncontrollable impulse that did not allow me to wait for an instant's consideration."

"It was a thought from the Lord," said the old man. "No Christian can doubt that it was a direct interposition of Divine Providence to save you from certain death."

"There is a great comfort in the thought," said another of the company. "The incident reminds me of an experience of my own some years ago. One frosty winter's day, my son John and I were driving quite rapidly along the beaten snow-path between two large manufacturing villages. A little way from the road, at one point, we came upon a man who was cutting down a large oak tree. As soon as I caught sight of his shining axe glistening in the sun, and realized what he was doing, I was seized with a sudden alarm, and exclaimed:

“Stop, John! We must wait until it is down.”

“It will fall away from the road. Don’t you see that he is cutting it with that object in view?”

“But I was not reassured, and, although I am not at all a nervous woman, I called out in a sharp, quick voice to the horse:

“Whoa, Major!”

The well-trained animal came to a stand-still, and the man who was chopping arrested his blows, stepped back, and shouted, “Go ahead. This tree will not fall your way.”

Even as the words reached us, there was a crushing sound, a tremble in the boughs of the great tree, and behold, it was falling directly towards the road, and so near us as it crashed down, that some of the twigs of the wide-spreading branches brushed old Major’s head.

No one spoke a word. Son John handed me the reins silently, as he stepped from the sleigh, and, taking the woodman’s extra axe, helped to clear a way for us to pass. A half hour later, as our horse was led carefully under some of the huge limbs from which the branches had been cut, the woodman said, reverently and humbly, “The tree was rotten at the core. I did not suspect that. I think, ma’am, the Lord told you to cry, ‘Whoa!’ in a sharp voice, for, don’t you see, if you had not, I should have been crushed as well as you,” for the tree bent over so sudden and so unexpected there would have been no chance for me to dodge. All the time I have been trimming out a way for you, I have been saying to myself, ‘Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.’ And not one of the two sold for a farthing fell to the ground without the Father’s knowledge, you know.”

A colporteur in a barber’s shop in Beyrout, Syria, was reading from the New Testament the passage, “Avenge not yourselves.” He was speaking in a loud

voice, when presently a man entered, took his hand and kissed it. He was asked why he did so? He replied, "Because you have saved my body from punishment, and my soul from death." "How?" the colporteur asked. "I sent my servant to-day to a man who owes me money, to ask him to pay me my due. The man only reviled me and my servant, and sent him away empty. This made me very angry. I took up a stick in my hand and a knife, and was going to take vengeance on the man for having insulted and wronged me, when I only asked for my right. In passing I heard the text you quoted, saying we are not to avenge ourselves. It went deep into my heart and conscience. I stood to reflect, and thought it better not to give way to my anger, as the Lord said. And by this I escaped the evil consequences of my bad purpose, and must I not thank you?"

The Journal of Stephen Grellet contains an interesting illustration of the well-known fact, that a strong and overpowering impulse so absorbs the mind that other things have for the time but little place in it.

When in Italy in 1819, after a visit to Naples, he says:—

I feel now as if I must hasten to Rome; various objects under other circumstances, might claim a few days of my time; Vesuvius displays a grand sight; in the day thick columns of smoke rise up to a considerable height; at night, they are blazing pillars. At a short distance from here are excavations made into the streets of Herculaneum and Pompeii, long buried under beds of lava, on which vineyards are now planted; but, though as a man I should be greatly interested in visiting them, they are not the objects for which my great and blessed Master has sent me to these nations. With singleness of heart I must prosecute the business

to which he has called me. My bonds for Rome also feel so heavy, that I could not have any pleasure in those things, which, were I differently circumstanced, would interest me so much. It has indeed been so with me for years past. Though in the course of my travels I am among or pass near objects of great curiosity; and I have from early life taken great interest in such things, yet the discipline under which the Lord has kept me, and the weight of the religious service to which he has called me, have been such that I have not felt at liberty to turn out of my way in travelling, or to tarry longer in any place, merely to gratify myself.

William Taylor, in his autobiography, gives a remarkable instance of this devotion to the work set before him, in a man whom he met with in San Francisco in 1850. It was a period especially trying on account of storms, scarcity of food and an attack of Asiatic cholera. Taylor writes:—

In those days there came a man to that coast who seemed to belong to the old prophetic age. He was a friend indeed to all in need. He had nothing but the clothes he wore; he was a hard worker, but worked for nothing, yet he lacked nothing; and nothing was really needed, of human resources, by any sufferer in the city, that he was not ready promptly to supply.

As quickly as a vulture could scent a carcass, that strange man would find every sick person in town, and minister to his needs, whether of soul or body. If he needed a blanket, the stranger, who was known to everybody, went at once to some merchant who had blankets to sell, and procured the gift of one for the needy man; so for the need of any article of clothing; or even a bowl of soup, he would bring it hot from the galley of some soupmaker. He was soon known as a

direct express almoner, working most efficiently along the lines of human demand and supply.

His appearance impressed me profoundly at first sight. It was one First-day morning after preaching in my little meeting-house on Powell Street, that I was met at the door by a tall man, wearing a well-worn suit of gray jeans, and a slouch white wool hat with a broad brim. He was lean and bony; he was sallow from exposure to the sun, and his features were strikingly expressive of love, sympathy, patience and cheerfulness. He grasped my hand and held it and wept, as though he had met a long-absent brother.

I took him home with me and heard his story. He was a native of Central New York State. He was then about thirty-five years old, and had been devoted to the work of God among the poor, quietly, unofficially, and without pay, from his youth. He had spent many years instructing Indians in the far West, and was recognized and honored as a chief among them. Once, when his tribe was overwhelmed, and driven from their homes by a more powerful war tribe, the white chief refused to run, but hastened to meet the advancing warriors, and commanded a hearing, and dissuaded them from the further execution of their murderous purpose.

He had great sympathy for the suffering slaves of the South, and cried to God for the overthrow of slavery. He had spent much of his time for the relief of the blacks in our large cities. When overworked in sick rooms, he would plant and cultivate a field of corn, and thus recover strength, and acquire independent means of subsistence.

During the year 1849 and the beginning of 1850, he was laboring among the sick and needy people, white and colored, of Washington, D. C. One night, while thus engaged at the capital, the Lord, in a vision showed him San Francisco. The city of tents was

mapped out before him in minute detail. He noted its topography, its few houses and many tents, and saw the hundreds of sick men as they lay in their tents and in the hospital, and saw a tall young man busily engaged in ministering to them, and the Lord said: "Alfred, arise, go to San Francisco, and help that man in his work."

"Next morning I arose and went by early train to New York, and took passage for San Francisco, I spent," said he, "many weeks among the sick and dying at the Isthmus of Panama, and thence got a passage in a Pacific steamer, which anchored in San Francisco harbor this morning. From the deck of the ship I recognized the city just as I saw it in vision, thousands of miles away. I knew that my man from his appearance, was a Gospel minister, and set out at once, as soon as I got ashore, to find him in some pulpit in the city. I went to four chapels before I reached yours, and waited till the minister of each came in, and I said of each, as he entered his pulpit: 'No, he is not the man I seek.' It was late when I reached your chapel. You were well on in your discourse. The house being crowded, I stood at the door and said: 'That is the man whom God showed me in vision, away in Washington City.' This is my apology for the unceremonious hearty greeting I gave you as you came out of the door at the close of the service."

That was my friend Alfred Roberts, the most unselfish man I ever knew. Day and night he ministered to the sick and dying of that city for many months, as only he could do.

Then he went to Sacramento City, and devoted many months, extending in the spring of 1851, doing everything within the possibilities of human agency, for the relief of the cholera patients in the first and only visitation of that plague known in California.

In that campaign Roberts broke down his health,

and returned to San Francisco a helpless wreck of his former standard of noble manhood. I gave him shelter, and all the help he was willing to receive, and nursed him till he was able to walk round at will. Then he said: "My work in California is done." So two members of my church bought for him a first-class passage to New York for three hundred dollars, and he bade us a final farewell.

After his departure I heard nothing from him for nearly three years, when I received a letter from his own hand, written in Jerusalem, Palestine. In that letter he gave me an outline of his labors during the intervening years. He said he returned to his old field of labor in Washington, but suffering the disability of poor health, he devoted some months to manual labor on a farm in his native State, and recovered the health and strength of former years.

Then he went to England, and spent a few months in London among the sick and destitute folk. He then went to Italy, and besides the bodily relief he gave to many, he distributed among the common people a thousand Bibles and testaments. As such labors were not tolerated in those days, he was pursued and greatly annoyed by the police; but the Lord was with him, and delivered him from the hands of the oppressors.

He went to Jerusalem, where he was still laboring among the Turks.

When I visited Jerusalem in the spring of 1863, I made the acquaintance of Bishop Gobat, resident Bishop then under the joint auspices of England and Prussia.

Bishop Gobat gave me a detailed account of the labors of "that remarkable man," Alfred Roberts, in Jerusalem. Besides relieving the sick he spent much of his time in the instruction of Mohammedan pilgrims.

The Bishop said: "Roberts knew no language out-

side of his mother tongue, but he came frequently to our book depository and got us to select the most interesting and instructive portions of the Arabic Bible and other books, and mark the pages with the beginning and ending of each stirring portion, and went with these tracts for distribution. He knew the import of every tract. He had such a remarkable insight into the character of men by a glance of his eye, that in a crowd of a thousand Turkish pilgrims he could select his orator for the occasion and enlist him, and show him what to read and proclaim to the people, and so, day by day, he had great crowds of attentive listeners. He finally worked himself down, and it was clearly manifest that his constitution was broken, and that his work was done. We all loved him as a man of God and a brother in Christ, and I fitted up for him a comfortable room in our college building on Mt. Zion, and my own daughter waited on him daily, in cheerful sympathy for him, during a lingering illness of two years, when he died in peace, and we buried him on Mt. Zion, but a few yards from the tomb of King David.

The experiences above related of Stephen Grellet and Alfred Roberts, illustrate not only the power of a "ruling passion," but the reality of that Divine communion which forms the principal theme of the present chapter.

It is recorded in the Book of Genesis that when the earth was yet without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." So it is in the redemption of man from a state of spiritual blindness and alienation. The Spirit of God is felt moving on

his mind, and a measure of Divine Light irradiates his heart, showing him the path in which he should walk—what he should choose and what he should reject. To this blessed truth our Saviour bore testimony when He declared that “Light is come into the world.” The reason that so many fail to exhibit the blessed fruits it is calculated to produce, is, that they refuse to bring their actions to this Light to be judged by it, but walk in their own evil ways.

It is a source of comfort to one who loves his fellow-creatures, to believe that thousands and tens of thousands of persons in every part of the world, even amid surroundings which we must consider very unfavorable for the development of truth and righteousness, have been illuminated by this Light—have heard the voice of the Saviour speaking in their hearts—and through obedience thereto, have experienced the fulfilment of the declaration, “If we walk in the Light, as God is in the Light, the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.” And this we believe has been the case with many who never heard of the coming in the flesh of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, yet who have known Him in spirit as a Guide and Teacher.

A very interesting feature in the extensive journeys of Stephen Grellet, was the frequency with which he met, in unexpected places, with pious people who had been led into a manner of life different from that with which they were surrounded. When in Switzerland, in 1814, he found in the villages near St. Gallen a number of persons, both Protestants and Papists, who, from religious convictions and tenderness of conscience,

had withdrawn from the various professions they were joined to. His Journal says, "They spend much of their time alone in religious retirement, and when they meet together, sit in silence or read some portions of the Holy Scriptures. Some of them appear also to be convinced of the unrighteousness of war, and of the unlawfulness of oaths, under the Christian dispensation. I have heard of many others, under similar convictions, who reside among the mountains." Of these people he remarks, when on a subsequent visit, "I am comforted in the belief that the Lord has many precious plants that I may never hear of, whom He cares for himself, and whom He waters from his holy presence." On another occasion he makes the more general comment, "It is a great consolation to me to have the persuasion that there are those among the various nations and the various Christian professors, yea, among Jews and Gentiles, who fear God, and, according to the measure of grace they have received, work righteousness, and are accepted with Him through the one Mediator."

Among the students of the University at Leipsic, he found several small companies, who met together silently to wait upon the Lord, and to feel after the manifestations of his Spirit, or at seasons to unite together in putting up their prayers to Him.

When at Valencia, Spain, he met with an aged man, eminent in his profession as a lawyer, who had become convinced of the evils that flowed from the gross superstitions which abounded. This man had written to the king of Spain, plainly setting forth the sufferings

to which many of his subjects were exposed, in his name. The king's prime minister ordered his immediate arrest and punishment, but his life was saved by the judge, who was a personal friend, who had him confined in a cell as a madman. There he remained six months, and was released on a change in the government, which had taken place shortly before S. Grellet's visit. S. Grellet says of him, "This aged man appears to be well acquainted with several of our Christian testimonies, especially as regards the influences of the Spirit. Hence his views respecting Divine worship and the ministry are pretty clear. He knows a number of persons convinced of the same important truths, who reside in various parts of Spain, but have mostly retired to lonely places, on account of the great persecution that lately prevailed, when many of his friends, spiritually-minded persons, perished. We told those pious individuals who came to see us, that the Lord is very near to those that fear Him; that a book of remembrance is written for those that think on his name; that though they should be so few as two or three only engaged in waiting upon Him, He has promised to be in the midst of them. As we were thus proceeding to encourage them, the dear old man, with brightened countenance and glistening eyes, said, "O yes, it is a blessed privilege for the two or three, or even the poor solitary one, to wait upon the Lord, and to obtain access to his Divine presence." This he had been very graciously permitted to realize whilst shut up in his dark cell, and treated by some of his keepers as a madman."

At Brives, in Spain, where Stephen Grellet's mother resided, he had religious opportunities during his successive visits to that country with Roman Catholic nuns, some of whom were engaged in waiting on the sick in the hospital. His "heart was enlarged among them in the love of Christ, who was preached to them as the only Saviour and Bread of Life. They were directed to enter into the temple of their hearts, sanctified by the Spirit, and there to offer up to God the worship well-pleasing in his sight, in spirit and in truth." "Several of them," he says, "I believe hold frequent silent communion with God, and amidst the round of forms that their religious order requires, they enjoy Christ, the substance." "My soul does magnify the Lord my Saviour, who has brought me to the knowledge of some among the various nations of the earth, outwardly joined to separate religious names and communities, priests, monks, nuns, &c., to whom my heart is united in the Spirit, and whom I can salute as disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. By-and-by, I trust, all these will be united as fellow-servants of our Lord in the Church triumphant, harmoniously singing praises and ascribing glory to their God and Saviour."

The Malakans, who were numerous in Southern Russia, he found to be a people holding pure and spiritual views of Christian doctrine. At a meeting with them, there was present one of the clergy of the Greek Church, named Macarius, who himself seemed to be a pious and spiritually-minded man. After the meeting had ended he remained for some time absorbed in silent meditation, and then, with a flood of tears, he

cried out, "In what a state of darkness and ignorance have I been! I thought I was alone in these parts endeavoring to walk in the light of the Lord, to wait for and sensibly feel the influences of his Spirit, so as to be able to worship Him in spirit and in truth, and behold how great has been my darkness, so that I did not discover that blaze of light here around about me, among a people poor in the world, but rich in faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

In conversation with Stephen Grellet, this Macarius imparted some of the exercises of his mind and the way in which the Lord by his Spirit had been pleased to lead him. He said "that formerly he endeavored, and that with much care and labor, to prepare his sermons, but when in the pulpit he attempted to preach them, he felt them to be so dry and lifeless, that his tongue seemed to refuse to perform its office, and he was obliged to stop. When under very deep abasement before the Lord, he felt the quickening influences of his Spirit constraining him to speak, as He then gave him matter and utterance. Now, when he ascends the pulpit, his dependence is on the Lord alone, and he has nothing prepared beforehand."

The surprise which Macarius felt at finding others who had been led in the same path with himself, brings to our mind the case of Thomas Story. He had been remarkably visited by the overshadowing of Divine power, and many of the things pertaining to the kingdom of heaven had been opened to his understanding. He knew of no one who had passed through such an experience, and he supposed it was a peculiar mani-

festation of Divine regard to him personally. While in this state of mind, he attended a meeting among Friends in Cumberland, where his concern was to know whether they were a people gathered under a sense of the enjoyment of God in their meetings. He says :

Not long after I had sat down among them, that heavenly and watery cloud overshadowing my mind, broke into a sweet abounding shower of celestial rain, and the greatest part of the meeting was broken together, dissolved and comforted in the Divine presence of the true heavenly Lord, which was divers times repeated before the meeting ended. In the same way, by the same Divine power, I had been often favored before when alone and when no eye but that of heaven beheld, or any knew but the Lord himself, who, in infinite mercy, had been pleased to bestow so great a favor.

And, as many small springs and streams, descending into a proper place, and forming a river, become more deep and weighty, even so, thus meeting with a people gathered of the living God, into a sense of the enjoyment of his Divine and living presence, through Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Saviour of the world, I felt an increase of the joy of the salvation of God, and the more by how much I now perceived I had been under the like mistake as the prophet of God of old.

It is interesting to note the effect on the mind of Stephen Grellet of the extensive intercourse with people of other persuasions, into which his religious engagements led him, which he expresses as follows :

The more I have mixed with persons of other religious denominations the stronger has become my attachment to our own Society and the Christian prin-

ciples which we maintain. I rejoice greatly indeed in having met with individuals, yea, many in several nations where I have travelled, who are very near and dear to me in spirit, and who, I believe, love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, but I met with no *people*, who, as a religious body, maintain doctrines and testimonies so Scriptural and agreeable to vital Christianity as does the religious Society of Friends.

It is a matter of especial interest to meet with testimonies to the truth of the Apostle's declaration, that "The Grace of God, which bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto *all* men." One such I find in the following extract from a recent sermon by William Taylor, a Methodist Bishop, whose field of labor is in Africa.

You all want to know, in regard to the heathen, whether from my rather extensive acquaintance with them I find unmistakable evidence of a Divine enlightenment such as the Scriptures represent. I say, emphatically, yes.

I grant that the search for light amid their darkness is attended with difficulty, and can't be drawn out by question and answer. They do not receive it through the medium of a spoken or written language. They [are like children who] see a rainbow, and witness the sublimity of a thunderstorm, and receive impressions of beauty and grandeur never to be erased from memory; but when you address them in the language of science, and ask them to explain to you the colors of light and the currents of electricity, they can't tell you anything about it.

A Christian man once said to a poor slave girl in the South: "Do you pray?" "No, sah." "Did you never pray?" "No, sah; I can't read." He stood em-

barrassed for some moments, feeling that he had met a poor creature too ignorant to receive instruction.

Then said he: "Do you know anything about Jesus Christ?" "Oh! yes, sah; Jesus be my best friend. He save me from my sins. I talks to Jesus all day; and all through the dark hours ob de night, when I no can sleep, I be talking to my Jesus."

The untutored heathen of Africa have no vain philosophy by which to explain away their perception of God as a great personal being. They have their "greegrees," "charms," and "amulets," but they never pray to them,—they "cry to God in the day of trouble."

When a Kaffirman dies, they dig a grave about two feet in diameter, and about five feet deep, and let the corpse down in a squatting position; but before they put him down, they seat him beside his grave to give opportunity for any who may wish, to have a last talk with him. They say that the man's spirit has left the body, but lingers near for a time for this last communication from friends or foes.

If a man is present, who has an unadjusted quarrel with him, he will approach him tremblingly, and confess his sorrow that the unpleasantness ever occurred, and that it was not settled long ago; then begs him not to come back to "witch his children," or kill his cattle—just please drop it, and say no more about it.

Another will come and say, "My father died sixty moons ago. His body was buried in the forest near his village. He was a good man, and his spirit has gone to live in the bright home of Dahlah. [God.] When you get there, you will see my father, and I want you to tell him that you saw me"—then a confidential message is given him. Others will come in like manner, and load down the departing spirit with messages to fathers and mothers in the final home of good people.

We learn from this, that these heathen believe that when the body dies it returns to dust, the spirit dies not, but lives on indefinitely; and that good spirits go and dwell with God in happiness.

Whence came they by this knowledge? They did not learn it from books—they have no books; they did not learn it from “a preacher of righteousness”—none there. They learned it from God in his primary school, and these things abide in their minds as facts, and not as theories.

I will add a simple illustration of the possibility of a heathen's surrender to God, his abandonment of all hope in idols, angels, or men, his acceptance of God alone, and his trust in Him.

In the month of February last, I held a District Conference at Totaka, on Cavalla River, west coast of Africa. In the midst of a love feast we suddenly heard an awful screaming in the king's town, a little over a quarter of a mile distant, followed by the wailings of the townspeople all that day, and the ensuing night. A great chief had died; a giant in size, and a man of renown among his people. He was one of the chiefs who had invited us to found a mission there, and “his mark” was on our articles of agreement; but we knew not his language, nor he ours, so as to enable us to speak to him of Jesus and salvation. Some of the heathen men there had been to sea, and learned a little “Kroo English.”

Monday morning I went to see the dead chief. I was surprised to find him appearing as natural as life, just like a man in deep sleep, with a placid countenance.

I inquired about his death, and in their broken English they told me that all through the night of his struggle with death he was praying. That the chief-tain lay on his mat in his hut with a taper throwing off light enough to make darkness visible, and every

now and then he cried out, "Niswah! Niswah! O Niswah!" Then sinking into the silent struggle with death for a time; and then again breaking out, "Niswah! Niswah! O Niswah!" Later in the night he talked much to Niswah in subdued tones—"Niswah, I am your man. I belong to you, Niswah. I accept you, Niswah, I take you. I trust you, Niswah, I trust you." So he continued to talk to God by the only name he knew Him to have. If that poor fellow did not surrender himself to Niswah, what then? If he did not abandon all hope in every other helper, and receive and trust Niswah, what did he do? If the Lord Jesus would not help such a poor fellow, surrendering and trusting God as did that chief, then He was not the man of sorrows, sympathy, and salvation, I have always taken Him to be. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." In such extremity, not necessarily a death extremity, a poor heathen may thus believe, and receive "the power of God unto salvation."

When Stephen Grellet was in Constantinople, in 1819, he was introduced to the Spanish Ambassador. On entering the apartment of his wife, S. G. says, "We were greatly surprised. It seemed from her dress and manners as if we were with one of our women Friends. She told us that from a child she was brought up in simplicity of dress, which she likes: it was, said she, her valued mother's maxim and practice to endeavor to adorn the mind with Christian virtues, and not the body with vain apparel, which disfigures rather than embellishes it. 'I have frequently thought,' said she, 'that could I have been in one of those nations where you Friends reside, I should have been one of your Society, for what I have heard of your religious principles has greatly endeared your Friends to me;

you are, however, the first I have ever seen. My mother often spoke of your Society and religious principles; she had read some of your books, but never saw any of your members; she dressed as plainly as I do.' We found on conversing with her on her religious views, that she has a claim to our Christian affection; the tenderness of her heart rendered her very near to us; she is acquainted with the *sensible influences of the Divine Spirit.*"

When at Smyrna on the same religious visit, S. Grellet became much interested in one of the Turkish officials, the Bey Effendi, Director of the Custom-house; who, in the course of a religious conversation, bore testimony to this same principle, saying, "that if all men were attentive and obedient to the Spirit of God in their hearts, peace, harmony and happiness would prevail over the whole world; for all the woe and misery that attend man in this life are the consequence of his departure from this blessed and Divine principle."

When at Rome, in the further prosecution of his journey, in 1819, S. Grellet was at the palace of the Cardinal Consalvi, the Prime Minister of the Pope, where he had an interview with several of the secretaries, &c., of the Cardinal. "Their inquiries," he says, "led me particularly to speak of the influences of the Divine Spirit, a gift freely dispensed of God, which man's wisdom, learning or power cannot obtain for himself; much less can he dispense it to others; by it only the deep things of God can be known; by it ac-

ceptable worship is performed; qualification for the ministry of the Gospel is received; the Apostles were by this rendered able ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the Spirit. This led me to state that the Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, &c., in their ordination of ministers or priests, cannot confer upon them spiritual gifts, neither have they themselves any in virtue of their stations; but Christ Jesus, the Head of the Church, is the giver of spiritual gifts, and with his Divine anointing He gives power; He alone can forgive sin; He only is the Saviour of men." He adds, "they were all very serious whilst these and other subjects of vital importance were treated upon."

When at Berlin, in 1832, S. Grellet met with a young man from the Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who had suffered imprisonment and fines, for his religious views, which were more spiritual than those of the Established Church [Lutheran] of Prussia. He told S. Grellet that "several other persons in the parts that he came from are convinced of the same principles with himself,—convictions which have not been made by any outward instrumentality, but by the immediate operation of the Divine Spirit, which leads into all Truth, and by which the things of God are known, and the right understanding of the Holy Scriptures is given."

When at Athens, in 1819, S. Grellet met with a Capuchin Friar, whose rough garb and long beard were far from prepossessing; but in whom he found a humble Christian and a spiritually-minded man, who

had learned that "it is in the temple of the heart that the Lord is to be found, worshipped and honored; that there is the altar on which acceptable sacrifice is to be brought to the Lord." S. Grellet says, "We encouraged him to keep this light that the Lord has lighted in his heart, bright and burning, to direct the attention of the people to it,—to be an instrument to gather them to Christ and his Spirit."

Stephen Grellet, in his *Memoirs*, speaks with much interest of *Gossner*, who had been a Roman Catholic priest in Bavaria, and whose eyes were opened to see more clearly, than at one time he had done, the spiritual nature of true religion. He says of him, "His great aim was to bring men to Christ, and to an acquaintance with the operation of the Holy Spirit on their own minds; and to encourage them watchfully and faithfully to attend to the dictates thereof, because it is the Spirit that leads into all Truth." In promotion of this concern it was his practice to have a company of pious persons to meet at his house in the evening, and to spend some time together in silent waiting on the Lord.

This "operation of the Holy Spirit," to which *Gossner* directed the attention of his hearers, is the source of all true practical religion. It was the experience of this which made so great a change in the character of *Israel D. Titus*, a Friend in Canada, who deceased a few years ago. In his earlier life, he was a great fighter. After he had yielded to the convicting power of Divine Grace, and become established in the Truth, he had an

appointed meeting in a small log house. After the meeting he walked with the friend to whom I am indebted for these particulars, through the pine woods to his house. During the walk he recounted the mercies of God to him, and spoke of his past life, when, as he said, "he loved to fight;" and related the last attempt of the kind that he had made. He thought he had received an insult from a young man, and he started "to have it out in a fight." As he was passing through a pine woods he was arrested by a Divine visitation. In his own quaint way of expressing it, he said, "I laid down upon the ground and had considerable of a time of it." The result was, that he turned back again. My friend, who knew him long and intimately, but not till after the change in his course of life, said of him, "I think I have known but few in whom the Spirit of the Lamb was so conspicuous as it was in him."

To what, but to this "sensible influence of the Spirit," are we to attribute the contriting impressions sometimes produced by ministrations uttered in a language unknown to the hearers?

David Sands, in his Journal, mentions that when about to leave the Friends at Congenies, in France, "I felt drawn to supplicate the great Father of the family; which was a new trial, as there were none to interpret. Having submitted to the intimation of the Divine will, the people appeared much affected; so that the Lord works by his Spirit when and as He pleases, even when the words spoken are not under-

stood by the outward ear." On another occasion, when in the same section of country, he says, "In this meeting, I felt drawn to prayer; it was a season that greatly refreshed my deeply-tried mind; and though the people did not understand my language, yet they felt their hearts humbled much."

Among the papers of David Sands was one on the "Inward Witness," from which the following extract is taken:—

"There is an internal testimony given to the Gospel of Christ in the heart of every one that receives it in truth. These are the beginnings of that eternal life wrought in the soul, which the Son of God bestows on all believers: 'He that hath the Son hath life.' Oh, the spiritual life of a Christian runs into eternity! It is the same Divine temper, the same peaceful and holy qualities of mind, communicated to the believer here, in the days of grace and visitation, which shall be fulfilled and perfected in the world of glory. And this is a blessed witness to the truth of Christianity; it proves with abundance of evidence that it is a religion sufficient to save."

The true minister of the Gospel, he who has received his gift from the Head of the Church, and who is careful to wait for the renewed Divine command for its exercise and for the fresh extension of Divine power, often goes to his religious meetings not knowing whether any vocal labor will be required of him on that occasion, and, if it should be called for, in what manner he may be led to labor. Sometimes he may

feel it his place to set an example of deep, inward, silent waiting on the Lord. Thus, Stephen Grellet mentions that, when in Philadelphia, in 1805, he attended five meetings, in all of which his mouth was closely sealed. He felt that the Society was then in a low state, spiritually, owing to many "having departed from that retiredness of spirit and lowliness of mind which characterized our former Friends and the primitive Christians." Not long after this, he had two meetings among the "Nicholites" in Delaware or Maryland, of which he says, "Silence, solemn silence, was what, by my example, I had to direct them to. It is safe for us to follow Divine guidance, and I believe that this silent testimony, when of the Lord's ordering, often speaks to the attentive mind a volume of instruction." Of a meeting at Third Haven, Maryland, he records, "The expectation of the people was so outward that the Lord was pleased to send them away disappointed. Silence was my service amongst them." When at Congenies, in France, in 1807, he attended a meeting among the few there professing with Friends, which was held in silence. He says, "My mind was much engaged for them, that they may be gathered into that state where our whole expectation is from the Lord alone; in which, therefore, the soul is prostrated before Him, hearkening to the secret language of his Spirit and waiting for his Divine guidance. When recording his travels in England, in 1812, where he frequently felt restrained from vocal expression, he remarks, "It seems to some a very strange thing that I should appoint meetings among them, and then have

nothing to say to them. O, could they read in my soul, they would know, that on many such occasions, deep is my travail before the Lord, and fervent also my supplications for them."

The "Divine guidance" for which Stephen Grellet felt the necessity of waiting, sometimes leads a minister to pass by what may seem favorable opportunities for religious service, or even to decline invitations to hold meetings with those who appear desirous of his company and labors. It was, no doubt, under these restraining influences, that Paul felt himself at one time forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia, where, on other occasions, he labored abundantly.

The Journal of Stephen Grellet mentions that in his journey from Verona, in Italy, through the Tyrolese Alps, to Munich, in Bavaria, in 1820, he made no stay in any of the towns through which he passed. He "felt deeply" for the inhabitants, but "prayer seemed to be the only service required." On the same journey he says, "We came to Vauvert [in France], at which place I apprehended that I might stop to have a meeting, but on coming to it, the way entirely closed in my mind." At a neighboring town where he stopped, he found that the people of Vauvert had been much disappointed that he did not stop there. Their clergyman had sent for three others, like-minded with himself, to come and assist him, their intention being "to frustrate my having a meeting by substituting for it a disputation on some of their favorite tenets. But the Lord has defeated their purpose. Safe it is to follow his Divine guidance."

The "Divine guidance" for which the minister ought to wait in the exercise of his gift, has often led him into a line of labor which seemed uncalled for, so far as his own knowledge or reason could determine, but which He who knoweth all things, saw to be needed.

Stephen Grellet mentions that in 1831 he had a meeting at Ban de la Roche, the scene of the labors of that good man, Oberlin, in which, along with the word of encouragement and comfort, he says, "I had also a solemn warning to proclaim to some, accompanied with earnest entreaties to turn away from their rash and evil purposes, and, after the example of the prodigal son, to return to their Heavenly Father. I *was astonished* at myself, to have this kind of labor among such a people, but I was afterwards told that a son of the late worthy Oberlin was in the practice of frequenting unprofitable company. He had concluded to go that very night to Strasburg and enlist as a soldier. Hearing of the meeting, curiosity brought him there. The word preached sank deep into his heart. The Spirit of Truth, the faithful Witness, performed his office in him. His purposes were changed, and he spent the night in retirement and prostration of soul before God."

In the course of David Sands' service and travels in Ireland, the following very remarkable circumstance occurred, proving that the ways of Providence are frequently inscrutable, in his gracious interposition for the deliverance of his creatures from the power of the enemy, and in leading his ministers and messengers by a way that they know not, in the simple obedience of faith, that so He may make them instruments in effecting his wise and gracious purposes.

As he was riding along he felt a concern to stop and appoint a meeting, to which his companions offered some objections, as it was a place but thinly peopled, and the night very stormy, so that probably few would attend. But David Sands did not feel easy to give it up, saying, "If there are but few, the great and good Shepherd has promised to be with us, and I shall feel clear in having done what appears to be my duty." They yielded to his concern, and notice was given. At the time appointed a greater number assembled than was expected. The meeting became settled in much solemnity. He arose, commencing his testimony in these words, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Turn unto Him who is able and willing to save. Although your sins be as scarlet, He will make them white in the blood of the Lamb. He is still waiting to be gracious, and though you have strayed far from the fold, He will lead you as unto pleasant pastures, where streams of living water flow forevermore." He had much to offer, all pointing and leading to the one great Fountain of mercy, and then added, "I am bound to express my feeling and impression (though I know not for whom it is intended) that I believe there are those present who have been so far led astray by the enemy of their soul's salvation as to be ready to take their own life." Soon after this the meeting broke up, when a man of a respectable appearance, under great distress of mind, approached him, saying, "Your message is to me. It is true that I now have the instruments of death in my pocket. I have become weary of life, and have no resolution to withstand the tempter, so as to face the cruel blasts of adversity, and had determined this night to commit the fatal deed. Yet I felt the awful responsibility; and having heard of this meeting, and knowing that Friends often sat in silence, I believed that I should be enabled to become calm and composed before the awful close of life. But now I have

abundant reason to bless God, in that He has made you the instrument of saving my life, as also my immortal soul, which but for this interposition, would have rushed unbidden into the presence of an insulted God." His heart now overflowed with gratitude, both towards David Sands as the instrument, and unto the Lord, by whom he was thus sent to save a fellow-creature from destruction:

It is stated that soon after this wonderful providential interposition, this person became a changed and greatly improved character.

An anecdote is recorded of a gay and thoughtless young man, who had early imbibed infidel principles, that he was invited to go to a place of worship, but refused positively. Some weeks after, he was passing by the same place, and being alone and having nothing to do, he thought he would go in without being observed. On opening the door he was struck with awe at the solemn silence of the place. The text used by the preacher arrested his attention. "I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding." His conscience was smitten by the power of the Spirit. A view of his profligate life passed before his eyes, and he trembled under conviction for sin. It proved a time of serious awakening and of turning from the way of sin into the path that leads to life and peace."

The effect produced by ministry may be regarded as one test of its value. Louis XIV, of France, once said to Massillon, the celebrated preacher, "Father, when I hear others preach, I am very well pleased with them, but when I hear you I am dissatisfied with myself."

Happy would it have been for him if this dissatisfaction had led to a more thorough amendment of life than history leads us to suppose was the case! A shipbuilder, in speaking of the preaching of George Whitfield, said that when he went to his parish church, he could build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon, but under Whitfield's discourses he could not lay a single plank! Another critic remarked that Whitfield treated religion "as if he *meant* what he said." But it must be borne in mind that the effects produced are often not known, either to the preacher or to the most of his audience, and he is required to sow in faith, being careful simply to obey the Divine commands, which should direct him in all his steps.

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## CHAPTER II.

### *PRAYER.*

The man financially embarrassed—The sick girl—A real prayer—Martha Routh at sea—The poor Friend—The flannel skirt—Wood and candles—Widows in want—The flooded hamlet—The prisoner at Glatz—"Pray and pump"—The kidnapped children—The Indian hunter—"Pray without ceasing"—Anna Shipton—An Atheist taught to pray—Scottish covenanters—Richard Hulby—"God is our refuge"—The Indian and the fish—A refuge in the fog—Missionaries and pirates—Anna Shipton's illustrations—Lavater—Pleadings *vs.* prayers—"Hold the train."

Many of the preceding incidents referring to the Divine care and protection extended to the Lord's ser-

vants, may be regarded as illustrations of the efficacy of Prayer. When the Lord by his holy power touches the heart, and awakens in it living desires after Him, and the performance of his will, the spirit of prayer is begotten in the mind; and his ear is ever open to hear the cries of his servants.

There is much instruction as well as encouragement in the Divine command and the annexed promise, as recorded in the fiftieth Psalm—"Pay thy vows unto the Most High: and call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Thousands of the Lord's servants have experienced that his ear is open to hear their petitions; and that He is indeed a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Many have been conscious that they have not faithfully "paid the vows" which they had been led to make to the Most High; yet, as they have turned to Him with full purpose of heart, they have found that there is forgiveness with Him that He may be feared, and that He will regard their prayers. It is to those who continue in a state of rebellion against the Lord's will, that the language of the Psalmist applies, which immediately follows the sentence already quoted: "But unto the wicked, God saith, What hast thou to do, to declare my statutes, or that thou should'st take my covenant into thy mouth? Seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee."

A writer in *Zion's Herald* relates the following instance of deliverance received from the Lord, on whom he had called "in the day of trouble."

I had had sickness and death in my family, attended

with heavy expenses, which, with disappointment in business, had greatly embarrassed and crippled me financially. I had a certain piece of property, and it represented about all I was then worth, on which I had advanced several thousand dollars, and which I was liable to lose unless I could raise about as much more. I had exhausted all my resources for raising the necessary amount, and had failed to get it. I could do nothing more. Just then there came to my mind some of those precious promises about prayer, of which the New Testament is so full. I knelt down and prayed. In my prayer I told the Lord the story of my troubles and my wants, and asked Him for help and for direction as to what I should do. And there I left the whole matter, feeling a conscious assurance that *somehow*, the Lord would help me.

Very soon there was suggested to my mind the name of a gentleman who might possibly help me, if applied to. I knew him to be a man of abundant means, but I had never had any business transactions with him. He was comparatively a stranger to me, and as I could give only my own note as security for the payment of the money, it seemed useless to think of going to such a man for help, and I at once dismissed the thought of him from my mind. But, as I again went to the Lord in prayer, this same man again came up before my mind, and I said to myself, possibly this may be of the Lord. I will settle the question by at once going to the man and asking him for such help as I need.

I went directly to the gentleman's office, and I found him in and alone. Without any ceremony I stated to him the object of my visit, and briefly narrated to him my circumstances, asking if he could give me the help I needed. Without a moment's hesitation he said, "Yes, I think I can let you have what you need," and he did let me have it.

A touching narrative is given in the *American Messenger*, which is described as "A true incident," showing relief extended in trouble of another nature :

A sick girl was tossing in the restlessness of pain and fever, burning with thirst, yet unable to swallow a drop of water to assuage it, without adding to her pain. "Call my father," she cried in her agony to her mother, her only watcher, who had sought in vain to afford any relief. Softly the mother went to an adjoining room where Florence's father, exhausted by previous watching, lay in a deep sleep. Hesitating, she went back without disturbing him, to hear again the beseeching request, "Call my father. I am so thirsty, and I cannot drink."

This was something beyond the mother's experience, that water, taken when craved so earnestly should distress, instead of afford relief. She felt that some power beyond her own must bring help, if it came. For twenty-four hours Florence had neither slept nor drunk. Once, when she had tried holding water in her mouth to assuage the thirst, she had swallowed a little, which caused intense distress, and she turned from it as from an enemy. Again the mother went to the next room, and again returned without disturbing the sleeper. She lay down softly by the restless child, and earnestly yet silently, prayed that if possible God would relieve her. In a moment came the words :

"Mother, I feel better; I would like a drink."

Too much for the mother's faith, she replied :

"A drink! You know how even a swallow distresses you."

"Please give me a drink, mother," was the reply.

The glass of cold water was held to Florence's lips, and eagerly and without fear she drank freely of its contents, and lay back on the pillow with a look of perfect quiet in her face. Hardly daring to move, her

mother repeated in a low voice two verses she had learned when a child younger than Florence, and which hundreds of times since she had repeated to herself when wakeful at night, to find them bring rest, if not sleep.

“When courting slumber  
The hours I number,  
And sad cares cumber  
My weary mind;  
This thought shall cheer me,  
That thou art near me,  
Whose ear to hear me  
Is still inclined.

My soul thou keepest  
Who never sleepest;  
'Mid gloom the deepest  
There's light above.  
Thine eyes behold me,  
Thine arms enfold me,  
Thy word has told me  
That God is love.”

She looked at Florence as she finished the lines, and the restless eyes were closed. She was asleep. Not daring to move, she lay perfectly quiet, with her eyes fixed on a clock which stood on a bracket near by. Twenty minutes of sweet sleep, and Florence opened her eyes with a smile, and said, “I would like something to eat.”

No one but a mother who has watched with intense solicitude over a sick child can tell the music in those words.

Quickly she prepared a delicate morsel, and was surprised to find it could be eaten with no more pain following than had been caused by the draught of water. The crisis was passed, and Florence was out of danger.

“I was ‘at my wit’s end,’” said the mother to her the next morning, “while watching with you last night.

And if ever I prayed in my life, I did when I came in the second time and lay down beside you.”

“I was praying, too, mamma,” was the unexpected and most welcome reply.

“And, mother,” she added, “why did you never say those sweet verses to me before?”

“I do not know,” was all the reply her mother could give; “but you may take them now, and if they prove of as much comfort to you as they have long been to me, I shall be very glad; and neither you nor I,” she added, “must ever forget the night when *we both prayed.*”

The remark which the mother made to her sick child, “If ever I prayed in my life, I did when I came in the second time and lay down beside you,” calls attention to the difference there is between true prayer and that which is only a formal performance. A correspondent of the *Christian* relates the following incident, which illustrates this point:—

Nelly, who had lately recovered from a dangerous illness, was out one day with her mother. As they were getting near home the mother noticed the child had been unusually silent for a time, and all at once she stood still and as if with a determined effort spoke thus: “Mamma”—then a pause—“I prayed last night, mamma.” “Did you, dear; don’t you always pray?” “Oh, yes, but I prayed a *real* prayer last night. I don’t think I ever prayed a real prayer before.”

Then the mother gradually drew from her the following:

“I was lying awake last night such a long time, and was thinking how sinful I was. I thought of what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done, and they seemed such

a lot that I tried to remember all I had done in one week, and there seemed such a heap piled up, and then I was sure I had not remembered them all. This made me so miserable, and I thought, 'What if Jesus had come for me when I was so ill?' I was sure I could not have gone to heaven."

"Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for bad people, and that He had promised to forgive them; so I got out of bed and knelt down and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was, and that I could not remember all the sins of even one week, so I just asked Him to think of them all for me, every one, and then I waited to give Him time to think, and when I thought He had remembered them all, I asked Him to forgive them, and I am sure He did, mamma, because He said He would, and I felt so happy. Then I got into bed and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more."

Charles Spurgeon remarks, "Without the heart, prayer is a wretched mockery." "Unless the heart speaks with God, thou hast done nothing for thine own good with all thy paternosters or other goodly words." And there is probably no sincere and earnest Christian who would not bear a similar testimony to the necessity of the heart accompanying any offering in the line of prayer. Yet it must not be overlooked, that earnest desire *alone* does not qualify for his service. There must also be the extension of Divine help enabling the soul to spread its needs before the Lord, and teaching it how and when to pray; for all true prayer is in and from the Holy Spirit.

The Memoir of Martha Routh contains an interesting illustration of the care of the Almighty Ruler over his children, and of the regard which He manifests to

their sincere prayers. The incident shows also the deceitful nature of warlike stratagems, which have their origin in him who was a liar from the beginning. It occurred in 1794, when she was on her voyage from England to America, in the prosecution of a religious visit to the latter country. It was a time of warfare between England and France. She says :

Our quietude was interrupted by information that a ship, about three miles to windward, had made a signal of distress, and on its nearer approach, appeared to have lost part of its mainmast. Our captain laid to, in order to let her come up with us, with the humane intention of rendering assistance, which disposition I could not but commend, when men are at peace one with another. But at a time like this, I thought it required great clearness of judgment to know what was best to be done, and the little I felt was against stopping to aid that vessel, as it was possible that not only the appearance and the signal that was given, but much more, might be done treacherously to decoy. When the captain perceived it was a ship of war, with two tiers of guns, he hoisted sail to make the best of his way, and their conduct did not wear a kind aspect, for they fired after us four times. Twice the balls came so near as to be heard whistling along the water.

Though in feeling the attention of my mind drawn inward, I was somewhat renewedly strengthened and confirmed in a hope that no material harm would be suffered to reach us, yet it was a great trial of faith, and some I tenderly loved seemed to feel it so much that all within me was moved, and my soul bowed in supplication to our alone Almighty Helper, in like manner as when I was engaged in the congregation of his people, in the last meeting I sat in London, that we might be preserved out of the hands of unreasonable

men, which favor is still mercifully granted, for after our sails were set we had a fresh breeze, and they, seeing we outsailed them, though not more than a mile distant, tacked about towards England and left us, for which, I believe, feeling minds were humbled in thankfulness.

In a little time we were quite becalmed, and had that been permitted at the critical juncture, they might have come up with us, for they were then not out of sight.

About the year 1871, a Friend from one of the Eastern States visited a Western meeting, where she became strongly interested in the very apparent wants of some of its poor members, in respect of clothing, &c. Soon after this Friend's return to her own home, she collected both money and wearing apparel to forward to a relative who lived near the meeting, for her to distribute among such of the members as she judged best. The apportionment and delivery of these were felt by the Friend to whom they were consigned, to be a responsible office. Tender feelings might be wounded by any indiscretion, and yet the mission required prompt and interested attention.

Accordingly the consignee accompanied her husband one morning (early after the arrival of the goods) to meeting, calling, on their way, to see a poor, sick family, who she knew had then recently not only lost much of their property, but had also a sick son, nearly grown to manhood, suffering from frequent hemorrhages, so that he seemed to be drawing near to death and hastening, apparently, thither more rapidly for want of suitable, warm clothing. The only daughter who could

availingly aid them, had to leave her place of service to return home and care for her sick parents and the rest of the family, as seemingly their last outward resource. 'Tis true the family had good reputation, so that, in their extremity, credit might be obtained at a store, but pay-day would soon come around without any better ability to pay than now.

In this state of things the mother heavily arose that morning to spread her cause before the Lord, and inquire of Him the way to walk and obtain help, and she had continued nearly all the morn—until the strangers drove to the door—in frequent, earnest supplication for certain articles of comfort and need, especially a coat and flannel for her sick son, to preserve him from death, if possible.

When coat and flannel and other warm articles were handed to her (just such or better than she had asked for), her manner became suddenly so reserved and distant that the distributing Friend feared she was wounded—felt chilled in return—and when again alone with her husband, expressed strongly the disappointment and discouragement she felt at their manner of reception. However, her husband more wisely urged her to continue her duty; go on to the rest, and leave results. Within the following fortnight, this same sick Friend, looking more cheerful and relieved, called on the distributor, bringing with her a nice can of fresh cream (the best earthly gift in the power of the afflicted woman to offer), and asked her acceptance of it as a present and token of gratitude. She was told this could not be received as a consideration for favors bestowed, though

it would be bought if she wished to sell it, because she herself was a mere agent for others, and not the real donor, consequently acknowledgment was only due elsewhere, if made. The poor Friend then stated that, on the morning of the visit alluded to, the facts had occurred as already mentioned above, and that when she saw the very things handed to her for which she had so fervently petitioned her Heavenly Father in secret, her astonishment and gratitude for so immediate and complete an answer to her requests, so overwhelmed her that she felt speechless with wonder and adoration. Now she wished her present accepted, even though those who had been instrumental in helping her could not take it for themselves, so that at least word could, through them, be conveyed to her distant benefactors of her grateful appreciation of their kindness.

Similar, though perhaps less striking, results attended some other parts of the distribution elsewhere, recalling the exhortation, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

It may be added, that the son gradually improved from this time. Colds were avoided, and he matured into an active, useful man. The mother has since received her final summons to rest, and it is believed has been called up higher.

This incident suggests a somewhat similar one, which is given in *Words and Weapons*. One morning, in the winter of 187-, a Christian woman, who had often distributed to the necessities of the saints, sat alone in the

room where advanced age and the beginning of what proved to be her last illness, confined her.

Roused from her meditation by the entrance of her daughter, she spoke of an aged couple, who she knew were poor, and who had been absent from their usual religious meeting, and feared they might be sick and in want. She requested her daughter to "take a basket, call a cab, drive to the market, and buy a goodly supply of provisions and take it to them. As her daughter left the room, she handed her a thick flannel skirt, and said perhaps it would be as well to take that also, as the weather was cold and the old woman might need it.

The daughter went, the provisions were bought, and at the head of the third flight of stairs in the tenement house to which she had been directed, she stopped short. Through the thin door she could hear a voice asking a blessing upon the food before them.

At the conclusion of the grace, and smiling at what she now believed to be her mother's unnecessary anxiety, she knocked and entered. Sure enough, there they were at dinner, the wife at foot of table, waiting to be helped, the husband at head, carving—*one large apple, all the food they had!*

With tears in her eyes, she drew forth her kindly stores, and while a comfortable meal was being prepared, she listened to their grateful thanks, and heard from uncomplaining lips their pitiful story—how they earned a precarious living as clear-starchers; how the husband had been attacked by rheumatism and the wife by a felon; how, though utterly destitute, they had

poured out before their God all their troubles, and how they had surely believed that He would send some one to help them.

When dinner was ready, and the visitor about to leave, the wife accompanied her to the door, and, with an expectant look, said, "My dear, did *you* bring the *flannel petticoat*?"

In the excitement of the entrance, the lady had quite forgotten the skirt, which still lay in the bottom of the basket. Astonished at the question, she answered, "Yes, I brought you a skirt, but *why did you think so?*"

"Because, dear," said the old saint, "when I told the Lord there was only an apple left, I told Him I needed a warm flannel petticoat, and I was only wondering whether *you had it, or would He send it by some one else.*"

A number of years ago, in a New England town of some maritime importance, there resided a deacon who engaged in lucrative business. Although of prudent habits, his benevolence led him to become security to a large amount for one who had won his confidence as a Christian brother, but afterwards proved to be a designing knave. This issued in the good deacon's failure, when, with scrupulous integrity, everything that could be claimed by his creditors was given up. A winter of great severity and of general business depression followed. His wife and young children looked to him for subsistence which he knew not how to furnish, as his most diligent efforts for employment were unsuccessful. A debt incurred with no prospect of payment was, in his estimation, a sin; and he sadly saw the little stock of provisions they possessed rapidly diminishing, with no way to obtain more. He was a man

of prayer as well as action, and carried the case to Him who feedeth the ravens. Yet long weary weeks passed, and no succor came. At length the morning dawned when the last stick of wood was on the fire, and little Hatty told her father that the candles were all gone; "and how," asked she, "shall we take care of dear mamma to-night."

The question went to the father's heart with dagger-like poignancy. The vision of his suffering wife, gasping her life away in the last fearful stages of consumption, her comfortless sick room unwarmed, unlighted, and the thick darkness which he knew would enshroud her when made aware of the extent of their destitution, would have driven him to distraction were it not that he yet had hope in One mighty to save. He fled to his closet, and there in agony of prayer besought the Lord for help; and, forgetting all other wants, pleaded and pleaded again for the two articles now specially needed, specifying them with reiterated earnestness. He arose from his knees in full assurance of faith and with heavenly tranquillity, and went forth expecting deliverance, looking for it, however, in but one way—through his own earnings. But after a fruitless day of seeking employment, he gloomily returned home.

He entered his gate, and was startled to see before him a generous pile of wood. Little Johnny opened the door, clapping his hands, and exclaiming—

"Oh, pa! we've got some wood and some candles!"

"Where did you get them? Are you sure they were not left here by mistake?"

"Oh no, pa!" interrupted Hatty, "they were not left by mistake. A man knocked at the door with his whip, and when I opened it, he asked if you lived here. I told him you did. Then he said, 'here are some candles and a load of wood for him.'

"I asked him if you sent them, and he said, 'I rather guess your pa don't know anything about it.'

“Who did send them, then?” said I.

“Oh,” said he, “I musn’t tell; but you may say to your father they are a present.”

But to what instrumentality they were indebted for the relief was a mystery. And what particularly interested Deacon P. was the character of the anonymous presents; that the very things so much needed, and no others, should be sent, and he was sure he had mentioned his want of them to no human ear.

He questioned the children anew. They described the man who knocked at the door, and the horse and truck he drove. A new thought struck him. “Why,” said he, “that team belongs to my old enemy, Graff. Can it be possible that he is the donor. If so, surely the finger of God has touched his heart.” Deacon P. was, however, so convinced that he was their benefactor, that he resolved on an immediate call on that gentleman.

But who was Graff?

Some years before, the rest of the First-day of the week was openly violated by a brisk trade in fish. The hundreds of boatmen, sailors, and their friends engaged in this traffic were so potent in influence that nobody thought of risking interference. Deacon P., though a man of peace, was also a man of moral courage. He determined to put a stop to the iniquity. His friends warned him that his life would be endangered; but, at first alone, and then afterwards with a brother deacon, he would take a walk along the wharves of a First-day morning to ascertain who broke the law by traffic on that day. Men swore at him like fiends, fired his dwelling at several different times, and at last “bound themselves with an oath” to kill him. Yet they feared his presence, and at his approach stores would be deserted of customers and closed with great celerity. This species of “Sabbath-breaking” was at last given up, after various hair-breadth escapes on the part of

Deacon P. and his compatriots, the authorities being shamed into action by their fearless zeal.

The brutal drunkenness of the sailors, and the degradation and suffering of their families with which Deacon P. was, in this enterprise, brought into contact, opened his eyes to the evils of the liquor traffic; and, turning over his Sabbath reform to the legal authorities, he became known as a temperance advocate. This, also, brought him enemies, sometimes even changing friends into foes. Distiller Graff was among the latter, from a warm friend becoming bitterly alienated. In vain did the grieved deacon strive to conciliate by explanation and personal kindness.

Deacon P. entered the distillery of his old friend. For the first time for years its proprietor looked up with a nod and smile of recognition. It was evident something unusual had softened his heart.

"I have called," said the deacon, "to ask if you can tell me who sent some wood and candles to my house to-day?"

"Yes, sir; I sent them."

"You are very kind; but, pray tell me how you came to do so."

"But first let me inquire if you really needed them?"

"Oh, I cannot express to you how much!"

"Well, then, I suppose I must explain," said Graff. "It's all very singular and sometimes seems very foolish. This morning, about ten o'clock, as I was busy at my work, suddenly a voice seemed to say to me, '*send some wood to Deacon P.; he is in want!*' I was astonished. I could not believe you needed it, and I could not send it to you of all others. I tried to banish the thought, and went to work again more earnestly. But the voice—it seemed within me—said again with painful distinctness, '*Send some wood to Deacon P.; he is in want!*' I scouted the idea as weak

and silly—a mere phantasy of the brain, but it was of no use; I had to succumb. The more I ridiculed and fought it, the more vivid and irresistible was the impression, until, to purchase peace, and in some awe, I confess, I bade John load his team with wood and leave it at your door.

“For a moment I was at rest; but only for a moment. The imperative whisper came, ‘Send some candles!’ Said I to myself, ‘This is too absurd. I will not gratify this whim;’ but again I was so beset with the mandate, and so distressed and baffled in repelling it, that, as a cheap way to get out of torment, I handed John a package of candles also.

“This matter has been in my mind ever since. Sometimes I have thought it almost a freak of insanity, and then, again, such was the strange character of the impression, so unexpected, so solemn and powerful, and such the singular peace following compliance with its dictates, that I almost believe it to be supernatural.”

“It is indeed the doings of Him who is wonderful in working,” replied Deacon P. “It was about ten o’clock, I well remember, that I pleaded with God for the very articles you sent me, in an agony of wrestling I never knew before. It was then, too, that my soul was filled with the conviction that my prayer was heard and that relief would come.”

Since hearing a venerated relative relate this incident in his own life, we have often wondered how the sceptic can dispose of such occurrences. While it would be presumption for the believer, in ordinary circumstances, to expect to live by prayer alone, or to be fed without his own co-operation, yet are there not events happening all along the history of the Church, in the experiences of individual members, to be accounted for only on the ground of a special Providence, regardful of the

emergencies of the believing, suffering people of God? Surely "light is sown for the righteous," and to them

"The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope."

Many are the incidents which have occurred, and to the unspeakable comfort of the reverent suppliants, in which the Lord has shown to his servants that He is a God hearing and answering prayer.

In the Fourth Month of 1884, a writer sent a communication to the Tract Repository, which relates the following incident:—

A few years since, the writer became possessor, by the will of a relative, of a sum of money to be distributed at my discretion among those in limited or needy circumstances, as their condition might require.

Shortly after it came under my control (and before I had taken much thought about who might be most in need), I felt on a certain evening, an unexpected, but clear impression, that on the next morning I must make a social visit to an intimate friend, a widow living in a neighboring State, whose humble home I could reach in a few hours. I had been intending for several weeks to make the visit, which had again and again been postponed on account of the various hindering things which will unavoidably occur to thwart our plans, and it did not therefore strike me as anything wonderful that I should so suddenly decide to accomplish it, now that these seemed removed, and I could step in and perhaps add to her pleasure by the surprise such an unlooked for guest might be to her. Soon after concluding to take an early train next morning I seemed forcibly reminded of taking with me some of the money above alluded to, but hesitated, as I really did not know that she was in need of assistance. This I did know, that her income, at most, was small, and

had been reduced by an unfortunate investment, a few years before. On consulting my husband, we concluded it best for me to take it, and if she had no use for it no harm could be done either by the offer or the refusal, and I felt satisfied that in her character she was so truly Christian that no offence would be taken at my seeming intrusion upon her own private affairs, of which at that time I knew but little.

I reached her home a little before noon, found her alone, her only daughter being absent. The remainder of the day passed pleasantly, and as she was one of those cheerful, trusting ones, who looked on the bright side of things, fully believing that even our afflictions are our blessings, I saw no evidence of anything troubling her, and as I looked around her comfortable room, with everything really needful for her small family, though not containing a single unnecessary article, I almost regretted having replenished my purse on her account, and felt much hesitation about mentioning the subject to her.

But as evening closed in upon us, and we sat by her bright fire, I finally told her what I had done and why. I scarcely had time to finish before she burst into tears, and seemed so deeply affected that for some minutes she could not proceed with explaining why it was so. After expressing her gratitude in broken sentences, she went on to tell me how her heart had been pained the day before by receiving a letter from her only son, living in one of the Southern States, telling her that from various causes not within his control, he had become so reduced as to be unable to provide for his family, and that they were really in a suffering condition.

She said she could neither eat nor sleep after hearing it, and added, "I earnestly prayed to my heavenly Father that He would be pleased to make a way by which I might obtain means to relieve my poor boy,

and his helpless little ones, and now my prayer has been answered in a way so unexpected to me," with much which I cannot now recall, expressive of her gratitude to God for his great kindness to her and her children.

I think it might truly be said that her petition was immediately granted, for it was made near the same time in the evening when it seemed so plainly to come before me that on the morrow I must set out on my visit to her.

A writer in the *American Messenger* gives the following touching narrative :—

R— was a poor widow. For several years she had labored hard to support herself and three children. At last, however, there came a day when she found herself unable to meet the demands upon her, for weakness and pain had followed the long days of incessant toil, and though work was plenty, she lacked the strength to complete it in time. Rent-day would come on the morrow, and food was needed for her little family. It was sad, indeed; and weary, and almost despairing, she bent her head over her work, and wept the bitterest tears of all her widowhood. Her little son tried to comfort her, and putting his arms about her neck, said, "Mamma, why do you cry? Had we not better pray?" Rebuked by the child's faith, she wiped away the tears, and replied, "True, Jamie, let us pray; and the God of the fatherless, who has been our help and refuge so long, will not forsake us."

She immediately laid aside the unfinished work and went to her room. There she spent several hours in earnest prayer, laying before God all her weakness and need. Night came on, and calmed and comforted with the assurance of his faithfulness, she slept peacefully.

Early the next morning a barrel of flour was brought to her door, and scarcely had she time for joyful thanksgiving to God for his goodness, ere her heart was again gladdened by the appearance of a brother from whom she had not heard in many months. After the usual salutations, he inquired, "Did you just receive a barrel of flour?" "Yes," she said. "Did you need it?" "Yes, indeed I did, and I expected it." "You expected it!" in astonishment. "Yes, for I have been asking God to move your heart in my behalf." And then followed the story of her past want and struggle, and present need.

The strong man rose and paced the floor, while tears streamed from his eyes. At last, taking a seat beside her, he said, "I too have a story to tell. A few days since, I met E——, your old friend. She said, 'When have you heard from Mary R——?' I replied, 'I have not heard lately, but mean to go and see her soon.' 'Well,' she said, 'I have had a very singular dream about her, and I believe her to be in very straitened circumstances. I want you to go and see her to-day.' I said, 'I cannot go to-day, but will send her a barrel of flour.' 'That is just what I want you to do,' she replied; 'but I want you to go and see her.' I promised to do so, but could not rest until I had sent the flour, and made up my mind to come immediately. I see that God has sent me."

Before leaving, he gave her other substantial aid. The rent was paid, and comforts secured, which lightened the load, and brought back a degree of comfort to the poor home.

None can know but those who have cried unto God in their need and received according to his promise, the gratitude that filled her heart and overflowed upon her lips. God has been to her always a "present help in every time of trouble; but never had the promises

seemed so sure, or her faith in God so strong, as on that night, when, leaving all care with Him, she had trusted herself also to the "everlasting arms."

The *Cynosure* relates an incident which it heads "A Remarkable Providence:"

A poor woman who had been washing for us said: "Seems as if the Lord took very direct ways of reaching people's feelings sometimes. Now, I was astonished once in my life. I lived away out West, on the prairie, me and my four children, and couldn't get much work to do, and our little stock of provisions kept getting lower and lower. One night we sat hovering over our fire, and I was gloomy enough. There was about a pint of corn meal in the house, and that was all. 'I said, 'Well, children, maybe the Lord will provide something.' 'I do hope it will be a good mess of potatoes,' said cheery little Nell; 'seems to me I never was so hungry for 'taters before.' After they were asleep, I lay there tossing over my hard bed, and wondering what I would do next. All at once the sweetest peace and rest came over me, and I sank into such a good sleep. Next morning I was planning that I would make the tinfal of meal into mush and fry it in a greasy fry-pan. As I opened the door to go down to the brook to wash, I saw something new. There on the bench, beside the door, stood two wooden pails and a sack. One pail was full of meat, the other full of potatoes, and the sack filled with flour. I brought my hands together in my joy, and just hurraed for the children to come. Little dears! They didn't think of trousers and frocks then, but came out all of a flutter, like a flock of quails. Their joy was supreme. They knew the Lord had sent some of his angels with the sack and pails. Oh, it was such a precious gift! I washed the empty pails, and put the empty sack in one

of them, and at night I stood them on the bench where I found them, and the next morning they were gone. I tried and tried to find out who had befriended us, but I never could. The Lord never seemed so far after that time," said the poor woman looking down with tearful eyes.

The little hamlet of V—— had suffered terribly by the flood. Somewhat removed from the main lines of travel, and consisting only of a dozen or more scattered cottages, it had been reached by no relief boats or other aid. All this, however, made it none the less hard for the farmers, whose resources were now at the lowest ebb.

On the particular Seventh-day evening, some of the neighbors had collected at the post-office, and were gloomily discussing the prospects. One after another told his sad story of want and destitution. There were children at home crying for bread; sick people there were—shivering; starving people. What should be done? Everybody for miles in either direction was nearly or quite as badly off as themselves. They separated, and went to their several homes without a word of cheer.

The next day, First-day, a few men and women met for prayers. "O God," they cried, brokenly, "Thou who makest Thy angels spirits, and Thy ministers a flaming fire, send us help! send us help!"

Now it often turns out that God begins to answer our prayers before we offer them. So it was in this case. While that little knot of sufferers had been hopelessly discussing and dismissing one plan after another, the night before, Molly Bean had crept in, unseen by the rest, and, crouching behind a barrel, had listened intently to all that was said. Molly was not a prepossessing child. She had sandy hair, many freckles, and no eyebrows to speak of. She was bare-

foot, and her thin wrists came out far beyond the ragged sleeves of her dress. Her one beauty was in her eyes, which were of a soft reddish brown, like the deer's, and which shone like stars when a tear glistened in them, which happened this very night; for one of the helpless, wailing little babies referred to, was in Molly's wretched home—was Molly's wee, wee brother.

As she listened she made up her mind. Without a word, she crept out of the building, looked nervously over her shoulder with those big wild eyes of hers, then shot off into the darkness like a startled doe. \* \* \*

First-day evening was a quiet one in the great city terminus of the Ohio and N. Y. Railroad. The president of the corporation sat in his comfortable office, his feet on the fender of a glowing grate, and a cloud of thin, blue cigar smoke encircling his head. It had been a good year for the road, and a handsome dividend was assured for the stockholders. The president felt so very contented over this reflection, that he was almost dropping into an easy nap, when a sharp knock at the door started his eyes wide open.

"Come in!" he called.

A tall, brown-bearded man entered, leading what with some difficulty could be made out to be a little girl. The president glanced at her bare feet, which were covered with mud high above the ankles, and frowned. Then he met the appealing look in the little creature's brown eyes, and relented.

"Well, Mr. Everton, what now? Who have you picked up?"

"Tell your story, my dear," said the tall man, kindly, to his small companion, drawing up a chair for her.

"Please, sir, I'm Molly Bean, and I've come from V— ter git some milk fer Jinks, and somethin' fer dad, and—and—". Molly swallowed hard, and went on: "The water's drowned everything, please sir, and

the cow's gone, an'—an'—nobody's come." Here she broke down in good earnest, and sobbed in her poor little thin hands.

"How did she get here?" inquired the president, uneasily, forgetting to puff at his cigar.

The tall man (who was the city missionary) pointed silently to her muddy feet, cut and bruised as well, with her journey by night and day.

"You don't mean she walked all the way—*forty-one miles!*"

The other nodded. "I've given her something to eat and let her rest half an hour at the rooms. She would'nt stay longer."

The president half turned, and touched an ivory knob—while the cigar went out entirely. A man in brass buttons appeared at the office door, and waited respectfully.

"Has No. 5 Freight got in?"

"Due in five minutes, sir! telegraphed just outside the yard."

"Tell Andy not to draw his fire, but report to me at once as soon as he's in."

The man withdrew. A few moments later he reappeared with the engineer, covered with soot and oil. The result of the conference was that within an hour a locomotive was puffing slowly out of the freight yard, with no car attached, but having in its tender, besides a fresh supply of fuel and water, several large packages, evidently containing flour, milk, canned meats, and such other provisions as could be got together in so short a time. In the cab were four people—the engineer, the fireman, Mr. Everton, and a small freckle-faced girl with no eyebrows to speak of.

Once out upon the clear line, how that old engine did leap to her work! Flashing out great floods of light as the fireman piled her fire-box with shovelful after shovelful of coal, panting with huge gasps from her

iron lungs, throbbing and quivering in every nerve, she roared on through the night, bearing her precious load to the weary and starving, who thought their Father in heaven had forgotten them. On and on, scattering storms of sparks on every side, calling out shrilly as she dashed past the small way-stations, until, with two sharp, exultant cries, "I've—— come!" she slowed up at the depot nearest V——.

Before morning, there was rejoicing in the little town by the river. The kind missionary stopped long enough to leave many a word of comfort and good cheer—and Molly looked at it all with her soft brown eyes, and wondered why everybody was so kind to her. "She was *some tired*," she admitted, "but what could she do? 'Thar' was dad, and 'thar' was Jinks, an'"—

"*There was God*," said the missionary, smiling.

Dr. W. F. Besser, pastor of Waldenburg, in Upper Silesia, in his Practical Commentaries, relates the following incident, which occurred not far from the place where he resides.

In a cleft of a mountain range in Upper Silesia, through which the wild and raging Neisse forces its passage down to the Oder, stands the impregnable Prussian fortress of Glatz, a natural fastness, almost unequalled in the world, begirt with mountain-peaks like walls, and fortified yet more by human skill. The valley itself is shut out from the rest of the world; and one who is enclosed by the massive walls and gratings of the castle is an exile from the world, as if buried alive. Woe to the man imprisoned in Glatz! Everything calls out to him, "No hope remains for thee! no hope!"

Here, in the second decade of this century, lay the Count of M——, hitherto petted and followed; now hopelessly immured behind bolts and bars. By treason

against the realm, and especially by personal violence offered to Frederic William III, of Prussia, he had drawn down the rage of that monarch on his head, and was condemned to solitary imprisonment for life. For a whole year he lay in his frightful, lonely cell, without one star of hope in either his outer or inner sky; for he was a sceptic. They had left him only one book—a Bible; and this for a long time he would not read; or if forced to take it up to kill time and relieve his consuming weariness, it was only read with anger, and gnashing of teeth against the God it reveals.

But sore affliction, that dreadful and yet blessed agent of God, which has brought the Good Shepherd many a wandering sheep, was effectual with the Count M——. The more he read his Bible, the more he felt the pressure of the gentle hand of God, on his forlorn, hopeless heart.

One rough and stormy November night, when the mountain gales howled around the fortress, the rain fell in torrents, and the swollen and foaming Neisse rushed roaring down the valley, the count lay sleepless on his cot. The tempest in his breast was as fearful as that without. His whole past life rose before him; he was convinced of his manifold shortcomings and sins; he felt that the source of all his misery lay *in his forsaking God*. For the first time in his life his heart was soft, and his eyes wet with tears of genuine repentance. He rises from his cot, opens his Bible, and his eyes fall on Psalm L: 15, "*Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify Me.*" This word reaches the depths of his soul; he falls on his knees for the first time since he was a child, and cries to God for mercy; and that gracious and compassionate God, who turns not away from the first movement of faith towards him, heard the cry of this sufferer in the storm-beaten dungeon of Glatz, and gave him not only spiritual but temporal deliverance.

The same night, in his castle at Berlin, King Frederic William III, lay sleepless in bed. Severe bodily pains tormented him, and in his utter exhaustion he begged of God to grant him a single hour of refreshing sleep. The favor was granted; and when he woke again he said to his wife, the gracious Louise, "God has looked upon me very graciously, and I may well be thankful to Him. Who in my kingdom has wronged me most? I will forgive him."

"The Count of M——," replied Louise, "who is imprisoned at Glatz."

"You are right," said the sick king; "let him be pardoned."

Day had not dawned over Berlin ere a courier was despatched to Silesia, bearing to the prisoner in Glatz, pardon and release. The prayer of penitential faith had been heard, and deliverance was granted by the providence of God.

And the God of our fathers still lives; He hears the cry of his children, and many times He answers even before we rightly call upon Him. Now, as in ages past, the Lord looks down from heaven to behold the sighing of the prisoner, and to loose his bonds; and still, as of old, the king's heart is in the hands of the Lord, and He turneth it, as the conduits of water are turned. Let us make Him our refuge, and confide in his power with an abiding and unshaken trust.

True prayer is communion with God. He who believes that God "is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him," will be led to appeal to Him in all emergencies, and to implore his aid. But this fervency in spirit will not lead him to be "slothful in business," or to neglect a proper exertion on his own part.

In a seamen's prayer-meeting in New York, one of the speakers thanked God that he had been a sailor.

He had been in some tight places at sea, but he never hid his religion or lost his confidence in God. He had learned to call on God in trouble, and had not been disappointed. But then faith must be joined with practice, praying only, without using effort is not enough.

“We were once,” said he, “driven to great straits in a gale. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and our ship sprung a leak. It seemed as if we must go to the bottom in a few minutes. Our men worked hard at the pumps. The water gained on us. Death stared us in the face. I ran down below, and on my knees asked Jesus to save us, and give me a token. I opened my Bible, lying before me, and Isaiah xli : 10 met my eyes. The words, the first I saw, were these, ‘Fear not thou, for I am with thee. Be not thou dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.’

“That was enough. I ran on deck and told the men. I said: Men, we are going somewhere, but we are not going down: I reported to them what I had asked of the Lord, and how He had answered me. Now, said I, ‘men, pump and pray, and pray and pump!’ And they did it with a will, and we pumped and prayed our vessel into Cork, as I believe, in answer to prayer and promise.”

But what is the use of praying, with a leak in the ship, without pumping! It must ever be work and pray, and pray and work, and the best workers are those who pray most fervently.

Very similar to this incident is an anecdote told of some children in Madagascar:

In a rather lonely country district some children were captured and taken away from their homes, to be sold as slaves. The bad men who had taken them were afraid to go near a village with the children, lest they should be discovered, and the children be released. But where to get food without going to a village, they did not know.

At last they decided they must leave the children in some safe place where they could not escape, whilst they went to get a supply of food. So they found a deserted village with a thick hedge of stakes all around it, where they left the children, having first blocked up the gate securely.

As soon as the men were gone the children began to look around and see if they could find any way to escape. By putting some clods of earth against the stockade, they managed, after a great deal of trouble and hard work, to climb over and so get out.

As soon as they were safely outside, one of them said, "Now let us kneel down and thank God for having saved us;" but an older one said, "No, we are still in great danger, for the men may see us, and we must run as fast as we can so that we may not be caught again. Let us thank God while we run."

So with thankful little hearts they ran along till they were out of the way of the robbers, and got safely home again.

Many years ago, in Northern Minnesota, there was a long and severe winter, and the Indians had nearly exhausted their winter's supply of food. And, because of the severity of the winter, game was very scarce.

In one family, the father had watched with anxious heart the decreasing supply, without the possibility of adding anything thereto. He had never heard of the

Christian's God, but He did know of the Great Spirit, whom the red man worshipped.

At last the supply was exhausted, and very soon his children would be crying for food. And in his anguish of spirit he sought a secluded place, and bowed before the Great Spirit, and in the simplicity of his heart, told Him his great need. He told Him how helpless he was. There seemed to be no way by which he could do anything to supply that need, and that he was wholly dependent upon a higher power than himself. He arose from that place of prayer refreshed and confident that in some way his needs would be supplied.

Taking his gun he went out into the forest, but there were no signs of game, not even a track in the snow, but he pressed on until his heart began to sink within him, lest the Great Spirit had not heard him after all. But while he was thinking on these things his keen eye discovered a movement in some brush at a distance from him. He secreted himself and watched with intense interest. Had the moment of his deliverance come? Soon a large moose emerged from the brush and came directly toward him. Waiting until the moose was within easy range, he fired and the animal fell dead at his feet. His prayer was answered and the great need was supplied and he did not forget to thank the Great Spirit for his goodness.

In an old number of *The Independent* there is an article by Tryon Edwards, of Gouverneur, N. Y., on "praying always."

What is meant by this? What is it to be "praying always?"

The anecdote is told of a young minister of high promise, who died at an early age, that, one day, a friend, on entering his room to get a book, found him on his knees in prayer, and when he apologized for having disturbed him, the other quietly replied: "It doesn't matter at all, for prayer is so much a part of one's life, that a little interruption like this, makes no difference." And his friend and biographer says: "His life seems to have been a great continued prayer, his thoughts always going up to heaven in silent supplication, from a heart abiding in the will of God."

What a blessed spirit, flowing out and going forth, like a living stream, in the heavenly channel of a holy habit! Is not this the true spirit of real prayer; what the apostle meant by "praying without ceasing," "continuing instant in prayer," and "praying always, with all prayer and supplication," and what the blessed Saviour meant by saying, that "man ought always to pray, and not to faint?" If we enter into the true and full spirit of prayer, should not our thoughts, at all times, be going forth in communion with God, in acknowledging his greatness and excellence, in thanking Him for his ceaseless mercies, in asking blessings for ourselves and others, in committing ourselves every hour to his guidance, and in praying for the extension of his kingdom to the ends of the earth? Is not prayer—the living spirit of prayer—the very breath of the renewed soul? And like the breathing of the body through the lungs, does it not, with the spiritual Christian, go on almost unconsciously and in all circumstances of life, rising not merely from the retire-

ment of the closet, but in the meditation of the night watches, in the intervals of business, and on the walk by the way? Are there not only at times "groanings that cannot be uttered," but sweet and joyous communings with God which are uttered only in the thoughts that wing them to Heaven?

"Prayer," says one, "is quite as much aspiration as verbal petition." And another says, "It has full right to the word *ineffable*; for there are outpourings of the soul that words cannot express—an interior speech of the heart which utters no sound, but speeds the more swiftly to the throne of God." And good old John Bunyan tells us of "the heart praying without words," when it is most full of real prayer. And "in the precept to pray *always*," says Archbishop Trench, there is nothing of exaggeration, nothing commanded that may not be fulfilled, when we understand prayer to be the continual desire of the soul after God; having indeed its times of intensity—seasons of an intense concentration of the spiritual life—but not confined to those times, since the whole life of the faithful Christian should be, in the beautiful words of Origen, '*One great connected prayer.*'" And so good old Dr. Donne tells us, "that the soul that is accustomed to direct itself to God on every occasion, and which, as a flower at sunrise, conceives a sense of God in every beam of his, and spreads itself in thankfulness for every blessing He sheds upon it—*that* soul prays sometimes when it does not know that it prays." And in the same spirit, Augustine says, that "longing desire prays always,

even though the tongue be silent," and that "if we are ever longing, we are ever praying."

We read of an excellent woman in humble life, who, when spoken to by her pastor on the subject of prayer, meekly replied, that, with all her incessant toil and labor, she found but little time for the closet; but she added, "If I am washing, I pray, in thought, that my soul may be washed from sin by the blood of Christ; if sweeping the floor, that my heart may be cleansed by the Holy Spirit: if eating my plain meal, that I may be fed by the Word of God; if weary, that I may find rest in Jesus; if diligent with my daily toil, that I may be diligent and faithful in the Divine life; if trying to provide for the wants of my family, that all my wants, both temporal and spiritual, may be provided for by my covenant-keeping God and Redeemer, and that He will receive me at last to the blessed family of Heaven."

In this spirit one may be *always* praying, not only as Cecil says, "by finding parentheses for prayer, even in the busiest hours," but by associating every form of business or pleasure, or daily avocation of any kind, with the up-going of the soul in prayer and communion with God, asking his presence and guidance and blessing at every step of our way. And if this be our spirit, then we may truly say:—

"Though once I sought in time and place  
For solitude and prayer,  
Yet now, where'er I find thy face,  
I find a closet there."

Holding fast thus to prayer, we hold fast to Christ;

and holding fast to Him we are forever safe and blessed. "He that knows thus to pray," says William Jay, "has the secret of safety in prosperity, and of support in trouble; the art of overcoming every enemy, and of turning every loss into a gain; the power of soothing every care, of subduing every passion, and of adding relish to every enjoyment. The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof, than fine gold."

Not till life is over will the whole answer to such prayer be given, or its whole strength be understood, or the full safety and blessedness it has brought us be fully known and felt, as it then will be in perfect blessedness of Heaven!

Anna Shipton relates that when at one time living in a dreary residence among the Swiss mountains, she felt an unusual longing for the society of Christian friends. She says:

One sultry evening, more oppressed than before, I prayed the Lord, that if He had any amid these wild mountains whom I could cheer or help, or with whom I could take sweet counsel, He would send them; for my way, from circumstances too complicated for this brief notice, was peculiarly trying.

So confident did I feel that He would answer the cry of his lonely child, that I rose from my knees, and descended the steps of the terrace on which the *chalet* was built, to wait for some one sent me from God. I had not long to wait. Slowly winding up the mountain pathway, a group was visible. As it approached, it proved to be a litter, in which was a lady, and by her side a young and graceful girl; they halted beneath the wide-spreading sycamore trees. The attendants

retreated, and a table of refreshment was spread. When they had partaken of coffee, I advanced toward them, not for a moment doubting that my prayer was answered.

The elder lady was of middle age, with a countenance of great intellectual refinement, but bearing traces of sorrow and sickness. Her simple, gracious bearing, marked her at once of a rank in life perhaps the least accessible. The younger, whom she afterwards introduced to me as her daughter, accosted me with a frank courtesy quite in harmony with her appearance, and opened the conversation in English with an accent unusually pure. At her request we continued it in French.

I spoke of Jesus at once—of the risen life, of the loving cup which, drunk with Him who gives it, leaves a blessing behind—and the tears of the lady fell fast, while she looked in my face with a strange expression of wonder, and begged me to take a seat by her side. Ears were opened to hear, and my tongue was unloosed to tell of this very present Lord who was dead and is alive again, and behold He is alive for evermore.

Time went rapidly by, and the shadows were falling from the mountains before the litter was prepared for the departure of the God-sent guests. I accompanied them a short distance on their way. On parting they begged me to visit them at the château which was beyond the mountain. "For whom shall I enquire?" The elder replied, "The Princess —;" at the same time, through the daughter, giving me her address.

After bidding me farewell, the younger lady returned, and pressing my hand, thanked me for the words I had spoken, saying in a voice of deep emotion, "You have done my mother much good in speaking to her of eternal things."

Many a day, when there arise recollections of my wanderings and mountain rests, my heart asks for a

blessing on the Princess and her gentle daughter. This was not the only time of our meeting, but it is enough to prove the sympathy of our Lord in the cry of the lonely, and the desire to serve Him.

In *The Christian* a narrative is given of how an atheist was taught to pray:

In the summer of 1876 two young men left a fishing vessel on the Grand Banks, and started in a boat for the outer buoy, about a mile away, to take in the "trawl." One of these young men had lived for years in open rebellion against God, and in steadfast opposition to Christ. He had no faith in prayer or in the Bible, and had no desire to be troubled with religious thoughts and considerations. Rejecting the proposals which his father had made him for a settlement in life, he had loved pleasure and gone deliberately after sin. He had abandoned his home, taken to the sea, and proposed to cut loose from all restraint and follow such a course of sinful indulgence as his unholy instincts inclined him to pursue. He had convinced himself that there was no God, and having cast off fear, he was running deliberately in the ways of death.

They started from the vessel, apprehending little danger, but before they had gone far a dense fog settled down upon them, and they were aware that they were lost. They could not find their way back to the vessel, they could not tell the points of the compass, and they knew not which way to row. They were out on one of the most unfrequented portions of the Grand Banks, and were well aware that fully one-third of the persons who thus get lost never find their way back to their ships, and they felt that their situation was by no means enviable.

The day passed away and darkness settled down upon them. Morning came, and night, but still the same dense fog hung over them, and no way of escape

was opened. For seven long days and nights they remained on board their little boat, without food or shelter, without sufficient clothing, and exposed to the cold and damp by day and night. They were wearied, exhausted, benumbed. Their feet were frozen. The young man's companion became insane from exposure, hunger and thirst, and the skeptic had abundant opportunity to look his skepticism full in the face, and see just how much it was worth in time of need.

Hungry, helpless and despairing, beyond the reach of any human arm, what could he do but turn to God for aid? And so, having sufficiently canvassed the matter in his mind, he at last confessed that he believed in God, and turned to Him as his only refuge, and prayed for help and that they might have *rain*.

Before morning a shower came. He spread his tarpaulin jacket and caught the descending drops, and drank them with such a relish as he had never known before. Water at last had come, and he believed that it had come in answer to prayer.

It then dawned upon him that there is no limit to the power and willingness of God to help the needy, and that if there was a vessel within a radius of fifty miles God knew it, and could easily guide them to it notwithstanding the fog. So, before the morning of the eighth day broke, he prayed to God for guidance and waited for the day. Then, under a distinct and conscious impression, he began to row in a certain direction. He persuaded his companion to unite with him, and they bent to the oars for some two hours, until his companion was exhausted, then he rowed alone for about six or eight hours with all the energy he could command, though faint and weary and hungry. At length, at the close of the eighth day, his strength exhausted and the fog still hanging over them, he prayed again—prayed for clear weather and for a vessel within easy reach. Then followed another weary

night of waiting, but before dawn the wind had died and the fog had rolled back and was massed in heavy clouds upon the horizon. At dawn they saw a vessel some four miles away, and, with their little remaining strength, they pulled until they came alongside, and on the morning of the *ninth day* were taken on board a French vessel, carefully nourished, and, in due time, he was restored to health and to home. Within a few hours after they reached this vessel, the fog settled down, and did not lift for several days.

The young man's plans for a life of vice and sin were now frustrated. He was no longer an able-bodied man. Exposure, thirst and exhaustion had reduced his strength and incapacitated him for the life of a seaman, which he had chosen, so he obtained a temporary position on shore, but was not yet willing to yield his heart to God nor perform the vows he had made in the hour of anguish and distress. He relapsed into unbelief, and months passed away before he acknowledged that God had so mercifully preserved him.

But God taught him his first lesson, and the time soon came for the second and more important one. One morning in 1877 he happened to attend a religious service, and at the close he remained, scarcely knowing the reason why, and engaged in conversation with a gentleman, whose sincerity as a Christian he scoffed at, and ridiculed all religious things. The gentleman asked him if he did not think it his duty to become a Christian.

"No!" he replied. "Not if I do not believe in Christianity, and I certainly do not. You would not ask a man to believe what he does *not* believe."

"Don't you believe the Bible?"

"No," was the reply; "not half of it."

"Well, all that you need is faith."

This impressed him as being a very strange remark. "Certainly," he said, "I see if I only had faith, I would

be the same as you are, or other Christians. But there is where the difficulty is, it is impossible for me to believe against reason."

"Do you believe that God would give you faith if you asked Him for it?"

The suddenness of this question startled him. It opened up an entirely new view of the whole situation to his mind. His memory at once reverted to his deliverance on the occasion when, in temporal distress, he had prayed, and God had heard him and had answered his prayer. He recalled his promises to God at that time, promises unfulfilled and broken. He was candid with himself for once, and confessed to himself that he did believe in God and in the efficacy of prayer.

"Well," said he, "won't you ask Him?"

He turned to his friend and said, "I will."

They prayed together. His broken prayer was simply this:

"Oh, Lord, show me thy way."

And the Lord did show him.

A party of Scottish covenanters were once gathered together on the hillside to worship God in their own way, which was not then permitted by the law of the land, when the alarm was given that the soldiers were approaching. They knew that they could expect no mercy from the troopers, but would probably be ridden over, or shot, or cut down, in cold blood, just where they were. Some of them were stout and strong men, but they were unarmed, whilst the greater number consisted of weak and helpless women and children, besides an infirm and aged minister. Defense and flight were alike impossible. What should they do? They gave themselves unto prayer, and cried unto God that He would save and deliver them, that He would hide them under the covering of his wings. And their cry was heard. Whilst the dragoons were yet at a little

distance, there came rolling over the hills and along the hollows a thick, white, blinding mist, which shrouded and concealed everything, and enfolded the little company in its embrace and hid them. They themselves kept silent, and soon discovered from the noise and shouting, the oaths and curses of the troopers, that they had lost their way. The commander of the troopers now thought only of the safety of his men and horses, and when, after casting about for some time, they at length found the track, the word was given, and they rode off at a quick trot. No sooner were they all out of sight than the mist rolled off again, the sun shone forth, and those who had been kept by God and hidden, as it were, under the shadow of his hand, sang praises unto Him for their great deliverance.

When G. W. Walker was travelling in South Africa, he called on a settler named Richard Hulley, who related the following circumstance in his own experience :

He had been with a convivial party, not being at that time an awakened character, and had given way to excesses. Going shortly after to obtain some honey for a sick acquaintance, he climbed a tree in which was a bees' nest, and a branch gave way with him, so that he was precipitated to the ground. Two of his ribs were broken and he was otherwise much injured, so as to bring on high fever, and ultimately tetanus or lock-jaw. He was lying on his bed one night, having been for nearly a fortnight without sleep, and fully anticipating death to be very near, when his mind became awfully impressed with the danger he was in, both as regarded soul and body, feeling assured that, if he died in no better condition, his soul would be lost forever. Under deep convictions for sin, he contrived to roll himself out of bed, and getting upon his knees, prayed to God, in an agony of distress, to look down upon him

in mercy. While thus engaged, he thought a voice spoke intelligibly to his spiritual ear, saying, Persevere, and as he maintained for some time this earnest exercise before the Lord, he felt himself cured of his lockjaw and of his injuries. Overcome with joy, and hardly daring to believe his senses, he turned himself around and around, and felt his ribs with his hands until assured that he was effectually healed, when he again got into bed, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, and the tears streaming down his cheeks, lay praising God, who, by his wonderful power, had wrought such a deliverance. All this time he remained under great excitement, and had no disposition to sleep. But, as he was looking to the Lord, and praising Him for his mercy, the same voice that had before spoken to him, inciting him to persevere in prayer, now sounded in his ears the words, Peace, be still; upon which he felt a capacity to stay his mind, in quietness and reverent thankfulness, upon God, and fell into a sound sleep, which lasted till morning. On awaking, he arose, dressed himself and went about his usual avocations in perfect health and with a mind renewed and changed, determining thenceforth that he would serve his Redeemer in righteousness, and from that period he has maintained a consistent Christian course.

From the *Christian Cynosure* we copy the following touching narrative of one of the experiences of Stephen M. Edgill, a member of a Congregational Church at St. Louis:—

Ten years ago I met this man in St. Louis. He was a layman in Pilgrim church, which had then a great building, but only little more than one hundred members. Earlier, when the church was in its infancy, he used, himself, to carry bundles of kindlings and baskets of coal to the chapel, and fill the lamps, to save

the feeble flock the cost of a sexton. I had not been long out of the seminary, and with others can never forget his helpful way with young ministers who sometimes stood in Pilgrim pulpit. I had heard of his benevolence, sometimes amounting to tens of thousands in a single year, of his modest, unobtrusive way of helping the poor and needy, of his pure life unspotted by the world, of his business integrity, the motto of the commercial centre where he had lived for almost half a century. But one incident in his life is more to me than all else that may be said of him, now that he is gone. His pastor, Dr. Goodell, was in Europe, his family away, and his associates in business, occupied. At such a time I received a pressing invitation to come and see him alone in his room. When we were seated, the doors being closed and the curtains drawn, he said:

“You know the troubles in the business world?”

“Yes.”

“Did it ever occur to you that while so many others are going down, I might fail?”

“No.”

“Please look over these papers.”

We spent over an hour on this. At its close, he said:

“Now you see how it is. I have been helping these men in other cities, carrying them to save their credit, as I hoped. They have failed or at least suspended payment. They have my money. Stocks have gone down to almost nothing. I cannot see beyond the next five days. It may not be utter ruin but it looks like it now.”

Though usually a man of few words, he talked for a long time about these fearful possibilities—of that dreadful, ill-matched pair, old age and want. At last he said:

“You know that I have each year set aside one-

tenth of my income for the Lord, and given it freely. You know that I have often gone beyond that. I thought I was sincere in it but God may have seen pride and selfishness, where I suspected it not."

There I interrupted him. I could not bear to hear that. I knew it was not so, for a purer, humbler man I had not known. But he went on:

"When I was converted, I said, Now I cannot speak in meeting as others can. I cannot pray as others do, I have no such talent, but I will make money for the Lord and pray in secret. I will stand in my place and do what I can. But see how it has come out—and—"

All this time he had restrained his feeling and held back the tears, but when he only half mentioned the name of the loved one, the light of his home, he broke down and wept aloud.

"But what is to be done, what can I do?"

"Pray."

And there with the stocks and notes and accounts before us we knelt down, and as did Hezekiah of old, this man spread it all out before heaven and talked to God about it as a child talks to its mother. I never heard such a prayer before, and perhaps shall never again. Then we were silent for a long time. When he arose his face was as the face of an angel. Jacob had met his Lord at the Jabbok and prevailed. God had sent his angel of peace. His tears were falling like rain but they were tears of joy now.

"I do not know just how, but it is surely coming out all right," he said.

It was my turn then, and I proposed a praise-meeting.

He read a psalm from the Bible, which he kept always in his desk.

Now, one may have what theories he chooses about special answer to prayer. We shall not quarrel about

that. We know that prayer is often answered *out* of the line of the request; answered in a wiser and better way than the petitioner knew how to ask. In three days the whole situation of this man's business affairs had changed. Those he had trusted did not fail. Stocks went up instead of down, and within a year everything with my friend was as prosperous as ever.

Would you like to know the passage that he read that day? It was the forty-sixth Psalm:

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea: Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High.”

The *Churchman* publishes a letter from an Indian clergyman at White Earth, Minnesota, which contains an interesting incident respecting an Indian named Benjamin Hollowell. The letter says:

I am glad to hear a good testimony of our humble Benjamin Hollowell, who bears such a good Christian character among his own Christian and heathen brethren. It was he that saved his people when starvation stared them in the face, and in the midst of the winter, when hunting was impossible on account of the deep snow. His heathen brethren came to his humble wigwam in a mocking way, calling upon him to call upon his Christian God and to save them from starvation and from utter destruction. This was after the heathen had failed receiving help and food from their heathen gods. For several days and nights the beating of their drums had been carried on with its full equipments

without any answer; like the prophets of Baal they totally failed.

Hence failing they went to call upon this poor man. In the evening he called together his Christian friends and family and exhorted his brethren to ask God to have pity on them, to save them from starvation. After a hymn all united in fervent prayer—for one or two days they had nothing to eat—very early the next morning after another prayer, he took his snow shoes and went out hunting. Like Elijah's faith he was confident that the Great Spirit would give him food. After wandering about in the mountains he became exhausted and sat down on the bank of a large lake—he started to go and take a drink of water when he saw an opening near the shore; looking down into the opening to his astonishment he saw a moving mass of fishes, of all sizes. He took his tomahawk and cut a hole a few feet from the opening, and to his astonishment it was the same—thousands of moving fishes.

He took a drink and knelt down to thank God for his great mercy to his starving people; he took the fish, all he could carry. When near at home he met one of the heathen men, who called out with a loud voice, "My friends, my friends, here is a Christian man loaded down with something, may be the bark of a tree!" He put the fish near the door of his wigwam. Men, women and children came to see what it was: "Fish, fish, fish!" was the loud cry. Very early in the morning both heathen and Christian Indians started out after the fishes—for several weeks, day after day, the fish were brought over to the wigwams. There were about two hundred heathen and twenty Christian Indians. They often talk about this great blessing, and the heathen afterwards never spoke lightly of Benjamin Hollowell's God, but respect Him greatly.

A correspondent of the *Episcopal Recorder*, who had

sailed in a steamer from New York to Jacksonville, under the command of Capt. L. W. Pennington, relates the following chapter in the worthy captain's experiences, which occurred some years before.

In 1882 he sailed from New York on a Fourth day of the week, in command of the steamer "Morro Costle," bound for Charleston. His account says :

As soon as the steamer was out of the harbor, a fog set in and continued until Friday morning. The whistle was blown continually in order to prevent collision. About four o'clock Sixth-day morning, while the fog was still dense, the captain stepped out of his room into the pilot-house. He was anxious about the position of the ship, having seen nothing since they left New York harbor, and was fatigued from want of sleep. All at once an impression came upon his mind, which he knew was of the Lord. These words came to him : "Why this anxiety of mind about your ship and passengers, when you have a God to go to?"

Four o'clock being the hour of change of watch, the first and second officers were just then both in the pilot-house. The captain told them both to remain there until he came back. He then entered his room again and knelt in prayer, and asked the Lord to remove the fog so that he might go on his way in safety and get rest. The assurance came that it would be done. The captain returned to the pilot-house, and told the officers that there would be clear weather in a few minutes. The first officer replied : "Captain, I don't think so. There is no wind nor change in the weather in any way. I don't believe it will clear away until the sun comes up and burns off the fog."

The captain said : "I have been to my room in prayer, and have had the assurance that it would be

done; and I now tell you, so that you may know when it takes place, that it is of the Lord.”

He then told the second officer that he could go to his room—he was now off duty. Instead of doing so, the second officer went to the forward deck, and in an undertone, commenced to scoff. Overhearing him, the captain warned him, saying, “Knowing as much as I do about God, I would not dare to make the remark that you have just uttered.”

Instantly, without any previous flash, lightning came down from the heavens, and so frightened the second officer that he stooped to the deck with fear.

This was followed by the disappearance of the fog, and the light-house on Cape Hatteras was in sight about eighteen miles away. This occurred within a few minutes after the captain had said the fog would disappear.

The first officer remarked, “what faith!”

This first officer is now first officer on the “Iroquois.” Another passenger and myself questioned him about this incident. In all essential particulars, he corroborated the captain. He thought that it was about fifteen minutes after the captain’s assurance that the fog would be lifted, when it suddenly disappeared. He has great respect for his chief, and regards him as one who has power with God.

The following narrative, which we find in the *British Friend*, is copied from the *Oberlin Evangelist* for 1846, and is an abridgment of an article which originally appeared in a French missionary journal:

Some years ago several Moravian missionaries sailed in the ship *Britannia* from London to the island of St. Thomas to labor among the slaves. After many days of prosperous sailing and abundant mercies, a day of terror came. A pirate ship hove in sight, and bore

down rapidly upon them. The captain prepared his ship as well as he could for defence; every sailor took his post; but the missionaries—what could they do but retire to the cabin and lift up their cry to that Almighty One who hears prayer? They did so, and stayed themselves on their God.

The pirate ship approached till it came within gunshot of the *Britannia*, and then, from the cannon ranged along its deck, began to pour out a heavy fire. And there were grappling-irons on board, or strong sharp hooks, fixed to long ropes, ready to throw into the *Britannia* and hold her fast, while the pirates should board her and do their work of destruction. It seemed that there was little chance of escape from such an enemy. But the captain, whose heart was sinking at the fearful prospect before him, did not know what powerful helpers he had below, in the few peaceable missionaries, whose fervent prayers were ascending through the noise of the fight to heaven.

The moment the pirates tried to throw their grappling-irons across to the other ship their own was tossed violently, and the men who held the ropes were thrown by force into the sea. Vexed by this disaster, the pirate captain sent others, who shared the same fate. Seeing he could not succeed in this manner, he resolved to fire at the *Britannia* till she sank with repeated blows. But this effort strangely failed also, for the balls missed their aim and fell into the sea. The smoke of the frequent charges was very dense, and hung about the vessels for some minutes, hiding them from each other's view. At last a sudden gust of wind cleared it away, and to the amazement of the pirate captain the *Britannia* was seen at a distance, with all her sails spread to the wind, speeding swiftly away from the attack. The pirates were thus forced, in great anger, to abandon their cruel purpose. Thus wonderfully had God appeared and saved the vessel in answer

to prayer. The missionaries' prayers had been greatly honored.

In a work entitled "The Lord was There," written by Anna Shipton, she describes some of the events that occurred while boarding at a hotel in the Tyrolese Alps, where she met with an Englishman and wife and a bright, attractive daughter of twelve or thirteen years of age. The child was a good German scholar, and accompanied Anna when she needed to make purchases in a town near by. A longing desire for the spiritual awakening of the child was raised in the heart of Anna Shipton; and when, after missing her from the public walks for some weeks, she heard that the object of her interest was very ill, a prayer for her recovery sprang up in her heart, to which the answer was given, "She shall not die." So clear was the impression, that she sought the distressed father and said to him, "Trust your child to Him who raised the ruler's daughter. She will not die." He shook his head incredulously, and made no reply.

The mother (who also had been ill) was raised up in a few weeks, but the child over whom her heart had yearned was still unable to leave her room. One evening, being in much heaviness of spirit, and oppressed by the noise in the hotel, A. Shipton had gone to a quiet spot in the public gardens, when the mother approached with information that her daughter was better, and said, "Yesterday, when I went into her room, I found Hope sitting up in bed. With her face flushed and her eyes sparkling, she exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I am so happy!" I was afraid she

was delirious, her countenance was so altered and flushed, and her voice so strange.

“‘What makes you so happy?’ I inquired.

“‘Because I know my sins are forgiven; because I know I am a child of God.’

“She then told me she had remembered some words you had spoken to her when you were shopping together, and now she believed in the love of God, and had the peace of God in her heart.”

When at length the patient was able to leave the sick room, and spend an hour or two with her friend, Anna Shipton was amazed at the spiritual intelligence that had developed during those long weeks of sickness, and could not restrain her joyful tears, feeling, no doubt, amply repaid for the exercise of mind she had passed through on her account.

The same writer mentions a case in which a widow was led to pray for her prodigal son, that the Lord would open his eyes; and received an assurance from God that her prayer was heard, and that not only should he be brought back (though she would not see it), but that he should preach the Gospel in the very place where, as a headstrong youth, he had caused her to weep over his wandering from the right way.

“Take pen and paper,” said the dying mother, “and write this, ‘I am fully persuaded that God’s grace will reach my wilful son, and save his precious soul, and that in this very town he will preach the Gospel.’”

So she died, resting on the Divine promise to her, and this child of many prayers, after a lapse of many

years, was brought from the far country to fulfil his mother's petition.

In speaking of his labors at Zurich, in Switzerland, in 1813, Stephen Grellet says, "In some of the meetings I had, I was engaged to press upon the people to attend faithfully to the teachings of the Holy Spirit in their hearts, for it is the Spirit of Truth who not only brings the repentant sinner to Christ, the Saviour, but also "leads into all Truth." I also earnestly pressed upon them to repair often to the house of prayer, with faith and confidence in our Lord Jesus Christ, who has promised that 'whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, it shall be done unto you.' After one of these opportunities, Lavater, a physician, brother to the late Lavater, told me, 'I have great reason for being fully convinced of these great and important truths that you have delivered. Once I did not believe in them, and even ridiculed them, but the Lord was pleased to convince me of their reality in the following manner: My son, my only son, was very ill. I had exerted all my medical skill upon him in vain, when, in my distress, I wandered out into the street, and seeing the people going to the church where my brother, Lavater, was to preach, I went also. He began with that very text that you have mentioned, 'Whatsoever you shall ask in my name, *believing*, it shall be done unto you.' He dwelt very particularly on the nature of prayer, in whose name and to whom it is to be offered. He described also the efficacy of that faith which is to be the clothing of the poor supplicants. I attended very closely to what my brother said, and I thought I would now try if it was indeed so, for my solicitude for the recovery of my son was great, my prayer for it was earnest. I thought also that I believed the Lord Jesus had all power to heal him if He would. Now,' said he, 'in my folly, I dared to limit the Almighty to three days, concluding

that by this I should know that He was indeed a God hearing prayer, if my son was restored within that time. After such a daring act, all my skill as a physician seemed to be taken away from me. I went about, looking at my watch to see how the time passed, then at my son, whom I saw growing worse, but not a thought to minister anything to him arose. The three days had nearly passed away, when, with an increase of anguish, and also a sense of the Lord's power, I cried out, 'I believe, O Lord, that Thou canst do all this for me; help Thou my unbelief!' On which some of the most simple things presented to me to administer to my son, so simple that at any other time I should have scorned them. Yet, believing it was of the Lord, I administered them, and my son immediately recovered. Now,' said the doctor, 'I felt fully convinced that the Lord heareth prayer, and that there is an influence of the Spirit of God on the mind of man, for I have felt it.' He added, 'To this day I feel ashamed of myself, that I, poor worm, should have dared to prescribe limits to the Lord, and wonder how, in his boundless mercy, He should have condescended, notwithstanding my darkness, to hear me.' These are very nearly the words of the doctor. They were accompanied with brokenness of spirit."

An American judge relates the following incident as occurring in his practice:—He was trying a case, in which one of the parties was not able to pay counsel fees, and undertook to plead his own cause. But he found, in the course of the trial, that the keen and adroit attorney who managed the case for the other party was too much for him in legal strategy, evidently making the worst appear the better cause. The poor man was in a state of mind bordering upon desperation when the opposing counsel closed his plea, and the case was about to be submitted to the justice for decision.

“May it please your honor,” said the man, “may I pray?” The judge was taken somewhat by surprise, and could only say that he saw no objection. Whereupon he went down upon his knees and made a fervent prayer, in which he laid the merits of his case before the Lord in a very clear and methodical statement of all the particulars, pleading that right and justice might prevail. “O Lord, thou knowest that this lawyer has misrepresented the facts, and Thou knowest that it is so and so,” to the end of the chapter. Arguments which he could not present in logical array to the understanding of men, he had no difficulty in addressing to the Lord, being evidently better versed in praying than pettifogging. When he rose from his knees, the opposing counsel, very much exasperated by the turn which the case had taken said:—“Justice, does not the closing argument belong to me?” To which the judge replied:—“You can close with prayer, if you please.” The man of law wisely forbore, leaving his opponent to win his case, as he did, by his mode of presenting it.

The following lines graphically describe an answer to prayer:—

#### HOLD THE TRAIN.

“Madam, we miss the train at B——.”

“But can’t you make it, sir?” she gasped,

“Impossible, it leaves at three,

And we are due, a quarter past.”

“Is there no way? Oh, tell me, then,

Are you a Christian?” “I am not.”

“And are there none among the men

Who run the train?” “No—I forgot—

I think the fellow over here,

Oiling the engine, claims to be.”

She threw upon the engineer

A fair face, white with agony.

“Are you a Christian?” “Yes, I am.”

“Then, O sir won’t you pray with me,

All the long way, that God will stay,  
 That God will hold the train at B——?"  
 "Twill do no good; it's due at three,  
 And"—"Yes, but God can hold the train;  
*My dying child is calling me,*  
 And I must see her face again;  
 Oh, won't you pray?" "I will," a nod  
 Emphatic, as he takes his place.  
 When Christians grasp the arm of God,  
 They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train  
 On time, swept past wood and lea;  
 The engineer, with cheeks aflame,  
 Prayed, "O Lord, hold the train at B——."  
 Then flung the throttles wide, and like  
 Some giant monster of the plain,  
 With panting side and mighty strides,  
 Past hill and valley swept the train.  
 A half, a minute, two are gained;  
 Along those burnished lines of steel  
 His glances leap, each nerve is strained,  
 And still he prays with fervent zeal.  
 Heart, hand, and brain, with one accord,  
 Work while his prayer ascends to heaven—  
 "*Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,*  
*And I'll make up the other seven.*"

With rush and roar through meadow lands,  
 Past cottage home and green hillsides,  
 The panting thing obeys his hands,  
 And speeds along with giant strides.

\* \* \* \* \*

They say an accident delayed  
 The train a little while; but He  
 Who listened while his children prayed,  
 In answer, held the train at B——.

## CHAPTER III.

*DIVINE PROTECTION.*

Divine Protection—Governor of Tasmania—Widow Vance—The tray of oysters—Richard Cradock's granddaughter—James Dickin-son's preservation—Preservation from robbers—Saved from a burning vessel—Saved from lions—C. H. Spurgeon—Deacon Pollard—Richard Gush—Adam Clark—Richard Cecil—The bankrupt merchant—The farmer in trouble—The missionary as peace agent—Joseph Wiley—Robert Turnbull—Stephen Grellet—Preserved from hostile Indians—Bag of meal—The gift of four friends—John Roberts—Refusing to sell corn to distillers—Richard Davies—A remarkable awakening—Man in wardrobe—Henrique Buche—Anthony Hunt.

There are many illustrations of the truth that the Lord does watch over and help his children.

When James Backhouse and George W. Walker were in Tasmania, in 1832, they paid a visit to the Governor of the colony, who related to them a providential deliverance from death at the hands of an escaped convict, who, with others, had formed a band of outlaws, which, for a time, was a terror to the colony. The narrative states :

When this gang were captured and were lying in gaol, prior to undergoing the last sentence of the law, some disclosures were made, which reached the Governor's ears, and induced him to question one of the party in a matter that related to his own life. The man to whom he addressed himself, and whose name was

Bird, was next in command to Brady, and only second to him in enterprise and ability; and he readily acknowledged that the life of the Governor had been attempted, and told him that on one occasion he was himself near being the perpetrator of the deed. The Governor informed us that it was a period he had good reason to remember, as the whole town was thrown into a state of excitement, from the knowledge that Brady's party were either in the town or its immediate vicinity. On a certain day the Governor was riding to Newtown, which is about three miles from Hobart Town, accompanied by his orderly-man. Whilst they were riding at some distance from each other, going leisurely down the hill, the man suddenly came up with him, riding at a furious rate. On asking his reason for doing so, the orderly-man said he could not help it, the horse took fright at something, though not subject to do so, and became ungovernable, and till that instant he had not been able to bring him up. 'It was at that moment, sir,' said Bird, 'that my piece was levelled at your head, and from the certainty of my aim, I had no reason to doubt that your life was in my hand, when the unexpected intervention of the orderly-man between us defeated my object, until you were out of my reach. I had for some days meditated your life, and had watched perseveringly for an opportunity, which now seemed awarded me, almost beyond a doubt of failure, when the unlooked-for occurrence frustrated my design, and but for which, I assure you, you would have been a dead man.

The following incident, recorded by Dr. J. J. Marks, as received by him from Paul Orr, an elder in the Church of Ozark Prairie, near Springfield, Mo., illustrates the care of God for the widowed and the helpless who trust in Him :

Before the completion of the San Francisco Railroad from St. Louis to Springfield, Mo., nearly all goods brought to Springfield came by way of Sedalia, on the Missouri Pacific road. This involved a journey of more than one hundred miles. Stages ran daily, and many teams were employed in the commerce. P. Orr, at the time of which I write, left Springfield, loaded for Sedalia. He and his company came, on an evening, to the banks of the Pomme de Terre River, and made their camp for the night. The evening was delightfully serene, there was not the speck of a cloud in the heavens.

Between midnight and morning, they were awakened by vivid lightning and the roar of a cyclone in the hills beyond the river. The cloud extended over a small space, and was in a few moments gone. Soon the night was as quiet as before. As the day dawned, Orr and his companions started on their way, and when they crossed the river they found that great trees had been uprooted and thrown across the road. Hours were spent in cutting their way through the entangled and broken forest.

On the summit of the hills overshadowing the river had stood a hotel owned and kept by a man named Kelly. This was the principal and most popular house on the road. The house was large, and offered to weary travellers an inviting rest. It was encompassed with a beautiful grove of forest trees, giving forth a delightful odor, and breathing of peace. Kelly had been prospered. He every year added to his farms and multiplied his cattle. But he was far from being satisfied. Near him, on the border of his lands in the valley of the river, lived a widow and her three small children. Her husband, for a long time a feeble invalid, had years ago taken possession of the land on which she now lived, and had a squatter's claim, intending to obtain, in time, a government patent, but protracted

illness on his part left the family the barest livelihood. At length death came to the poor sufferer. The widow had the sympathy of all the neighborhood. She had secured the good will of all who had witnessed her industry and care of her sick husband. She was regarded as a woman of eminent piety and unwavering faith in the blessed God.

After the death of her husband, Kelly, who had long desired that rich bottom land, proposed to the widow that he would pay her for her claim, urging that she could by no possible effort support herself and children on the land, and pay the government for a patent. She refused to accept his offer, for it had been the home of her husband, and it was to her the only place in the world which she desired for her children. For a time Kelly waited, hoping that the expense of clearing out the land and the severe labor of the summer would induce the woman to accept his offer. But, as time rolled on, the widow was no less determined to retain and redeem her home.

In the meantime the land became to Kelly more attractive, and he determined no longer to pity the woman, but he sent to Washington and obtained the patent for the land in his own name. Soon came the notice from Kelly that he had purchased the land and wished immediate possession. To this the woman paid no attention, but betook herself to more earnest prayer.

In a few days Kelly and an officer appeared and proceeded to put the woman and her property into the road. They were followed by a number of the neighbors, who wished to see the end. Kindly as was possible they removed the woman from her cabin and piled up her household goods beyond the fence in front of her house. As the neighbors stood around, not silent in their indignation and sorrow, the widow kneeled by a chair, in the midst of the piled-up furniture, and appealed to the God of the widow and the fatherless to

defend her. She asked that no sickness or bad calamity might fall on Kelly or his, but that his heart might be softened, and that he might repent of the wrong that he had done to a poor, defenceless woman. In the midst of the prayer Kelly and the officer left. Immediately the neighbors removed the furniture into the house and reinstated the widow in her home. The next week after the scene described came the cyclonic storm witnessed by P. Orr.

When Orr and his companions reached the summit of the hill on which the hotel had stood they found all the trees of the park and orchards shattered and torn out by the roots. Of the house nothing remained only the lower floor of a bed-chamber, and of this not a board had been torn, and in the midst of it stood a solitary bedstead, on which a traveller and his wife had rested the previous night. And while the house and out-buildings were all swept away, not a member of the family was injured.

When P. Orr reached the place where the house had been, he found Kelly, his family and many of the neighbors, gathered in the midst of the ruins. All assembled were as solemn and awe-struck as if they had seen the rider on the pale horse. After a few moments' conversation, Kelly invited Orr to go with him to the house of the widow, and many of the neighbors attended them. When they came to her door she met them. Kelly called her by name, and said, "Mrs. Vance, I am no longer going to fight with God. He is on your side. Now I will deed the land to you, and all I want is the money I paid for the land to the government, and from this day I will be a good neighbor to you, and help you as a brother." And before the widow could find voice to thank him, he turned and walked rapidly away. Soon the silence was broken by the widow pouring forth to God the words of thanksgiving for her deliverance. All around were moved, and many ex-

claimed, "Surely here is the finger of God." Before the neighbors dispersed there was raised a sum sufficient to pay Kelly for the land.

Thus in a few hours was secured to the widow and her children the homestead which, without the intervention of Providence, in the way described, would have required years of the most painful struggle and sacrifice to obtain. She realized more vividly than ever that often, behind a frowning Providence, God hides a smiling face.

The following narrative gives us an interesting illustration of the goodness and tender care of the Lord, confidence in which enabled David to say "In thee do I put my trust."

"A BROTHER BORN FOR ADVERSITY."

She was a silver-haired, fragile-looking woman, older than her years through a life of many trials; and her trials were not yet overpast. But a light that "never was on sea or land" shown in her worn face as she spoke to the weary-looking, discouraged girl beside her.

"It is faith you want, my dear. Not merely to believe that Jesus Christ was born into the world to save sinners, but that He is living still to help them. You think you believe that, and live by it. But you don't."

"I try to," said the girl. "It's a great comfort to know that my sins are forgiven, and that when I die I shall be at rest."

"Ah, when you die! But why not while you are here? Why not be at rest to-day, this very moment?"

"If you knew how I have to live," the girl murmured. "It's easy to talk that way when you are comfortable. But when life is such a hard struggle—when you have to work for your daily bread till you're

too tired to eat it—when you don't know, maybe, whether there will be any bread for the next day"—

"Then is the time to say to yourself, 'My Saviour knows, and He is the brother born for adversity.' Don't you think He could understand your troubles? Or don't you think He is willing to lighten them?"

"You've had your troubles, I suppose," said the girl. "Everybody has something; but"—

"But you think they can't be like yours? Tell me one thing just here: Did you ever want for food? Were you ever in actual hunger, and without a crust, without a penny to buy one?"

"No, I never was as poor as that," the girl replied. "I've been pretty close to it, but it never came to the pinch."

"Then my experience has gone farther than yours, for I've been exactly in that situation."

The girl glanced incredulously at the delicate face, the white hands, the refined dress of the speaker.

"It don't seem possible," she said; "you look as if you'd always been a lady."

"Yes, but that made it all the harder—don't you see? I couldn't work, and to beg I was ashamed. Would you like me to tell you about it? It's rather a singular little story."

The girl's eyes answered eagerly, and into the lady's came a certain far-away look, very sweet and tender.

"It was a good many years ago," she said. "I had my husband and my children then, and most of my life had been very happy. But trouble came upon us in one way and another and one day, as I told you, I found myself without money, and with no food in the house. We were in a strange place, moreover, where we were not known, and had no credit with tradespeople. I could only buy what I paid for on the spot, and this morning I had spent my very last pennies for

a pint of milk. There was a little bread in the house—not much, but enough for the children's breakfast. I gave it all to them, with the milk, and I went fasting myself. The two little girls did not know, and their father was not there. He had gone away to seek employment and means of support for us."

"Well?" asked the girl breathlessly, as the speaker paused. "What did you do?"

"It was Sunday morning," continued the other, "and I went to church. I dressed the children neatly, and took them with me as usual. We had suitable garments. No one would have guessed, to look at us that we were penniless. And my little girls were rosy-cheeked and healthy; they had not suffered. But I was so weak that I could hardly drag myself along."

"You had been starving yourself for the children!"

"That was nothing—for a mother. But it had come to the point now when the children must starve too, unless I had help. And Satan tempted me to despair that morning. 'You see that God isn't thinking of you,' he said. 'You and your husband have tried to be good Christians. You've loved God and your neighbor, and now your children lack bread. If it was true that your heavenly Father watches over his children, to provide for them that obey Him would you be in these straits now? Oh, it's all a delusion! Fall down and worship me. My ways are the ways of pleasantness.'"

"How strange!" the girl cried out with sudden excitement. "I've felt that way myself,—just as if something spoke to me!"

"And something does speak. God's voice and Satan's voice strive together in our hearts oftener than we think. I was tempted to turn back before I had gone half-way. It seemed such a mockery to sit in church, and listen to hymns and prayers and sermons, when I was fainting for food. 'What is it to God? What is it

to these pious people?" Satan said. 'You'd better go and tell some kind-hearted sinner, and let him give you something to eat.' I should be ashamed to repeat the evil thoughts that came to me, only you know that God suffers us to be tempted at times. It is one of his ways of strengthening our faith. And He strengthened me to resist. I don't know how; but I kept on, and sat through the service, heard comfortable words, and came back again at noon to the house we lodged in. It was a large house, with a good many people in it; but I did not know any of them. On the first floor was a ladies' restaurant, kept by a woman, I had been told; but I had never been in it. It was always closed on Sunday, and there was nothing to make me think of it, or of the woman who kept it. But for some reason or other, I did think of her as I stood for a moment at the back window, looking into the garden; and almost immediately she came out from the lower door, and crossed the grass-plot, and broke off a long stem of gladiolus thick set with rosy flowers.

"Will you have this?" she said, looking up to me. "Let one of your little girls come down for it. Or, no; come down yourself, please. I want to ask you something."

Now, I had never spoken to her before; she had never spoken to me; we were complete strangers. Yet I did not feel surprised at her calling to me. I went down to the garden as if it was the most natural thing in the world; and, as we stood there talking of the flowers, she said, in the simplest way:

"You won't be offended—will you? We have some fine oysters,—the first of the season,—and I'd like to send you a dish of them. Will you let me do it?"

"Will I let you? I shall think you are very kind," I said. "But why do you want to do such a thing for a stranger?"

"Oh! I happened to think of it. The oysters are

very nice," she said, "and the cook was just dressing them. I'll go right in and send up a tray."

So she went into the kitchen, and I back to my rooms upstairs; and within five minutes a servant came up, carrying a tray that was literally heaped with good things. There was a great dish of oysters, deliciously cooked, and crackers, and celery, and coffee, and a *meringue* for dessert, and sweetmeats, and fruit—a perfectly luxurious meal, and more of everything than we could have eaten in three meals. You can imagine how I felt, perhaps. I sha'n't try to tell you; for that isn't all the story. A message came up to me later,—“would I come down and sit with Mrs. Blank a little while in the evening?” I went as soon as the children were asleep, and found her alone in a pretty parlor, with books and flowers around her. She welcomed me in the most cordial fashion, and began to talk of everything but the oysters. But my heart was too full to keep silence.

“I want you to tell me why you sent up that tray,” I asked. “Did you know that I hadn't so much as a crust of bread to give my children, and that I didn't know where to turn to find one?”

She looked at me with amazement, but her eyes shone.

“Why, no,” she answered. “How could I dream of such a thing? But if it's true, then it was the Lord himself that spoke to me. I see it all now.”

I asked her what she meant, and she told me that she had seen me at church, and walked home behind me; and as she saw me go to my room, it suddenly was borne in upon her mind that she must send me up some oysters.

“It wasn't my own thought,” she said. “I was told to do it, and I objected at first. She'll think it's a piece of impertinence, I thought. I've no excuse to offer for it. But still something urged me: You must send up

those oysters. So at last I went out into the garden, and saw you at the window; and then it all seemed simple enough. How thankful I am that I listened to his voice? for it was surely the Lord that spoke," she continued. "And now you must tell me all your trouble, and let me help you. This is the Lord's doing."

I could not doubt that it was. Had not He proved it to both of us? So I told her the whole story, just as I might have done to my mother or my sister. And tenderly as a mother she cheered and comforted me. The Lord would help my husband to find employment, she said, and meanwhile it was clearly his will that she should take care of me. I was not to give myself any thought for the morrow—for rent, for food, for anything. It was all arranged for me. And I saw so plainly whose hand was leading us both, that I never thought of refusing her charity. It was an experience. I had never had to accept charity before; but if that was God's way of caring for me and mine, why should I object to it? We lived with this friend whom He had sent us for a month before my husband was able to make a home again for his family. But in all that time I never felt ashamed or cast down by my dependence. She made me feel that she was only God's servant, doing only what He had distinctly sent her to do, and feeling honored in doing it.

"She was a wonderful woman!" exclaimed the girl. "There are not many like her in the world, I guess."

"More than we know, perhaps," was the answer. "God's world is full of his messengers, but we don't always recognize them."

"I begin to believe one of them has come to me," said the girl, with a smile that shone through her tears. "I'm glad you told me that story. It—it brings the Lord closer, somehow."

And she went away with her heart strangely light-

ened. The actual strain of life was just the same; its poverty and hardship were visible facts; but for a moment her heart had comprehended a great truth—that the Son of God, “in the glory of the Father which He had with Him before the world was,” is still “touched with the feeling of our infirmities.”

Sir Richard Cradock, a Justice of the Peace, who was a violent hater and persecutor of the Dissenters, and who exerted himself to enforce all the severe laws then in existence against them, happened to live near — Rogers, against whom he bore a particular enmity, and whom he wanted to have in his power. Hearing that he was to preach at a place some miles distant, he thought it a fair opportunity to accomplish his base design, and in order thereto, hired two men to go as spies and take down the names of all the hearers whom they knew, that they might appear as witnesses, both against them and — Rogers. The plan seemed to succeed to his wishes. These men brought him the names of several persons who were present at the meeting, and he warned such of them as he had a particular spite against, together with Rogers, to appear before him. Knowing the violence of the man, they came with trembling hearts, expecting to be treated with the utmost severity. While they were waiting in the great hall, expecting to be called upon, a little girl, about six or seven years of age, who was Sir Richard's granddaughter, happened to come into the hall. She looked at Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance. He being naturally fond of children, took her upon his knee and caressed her, which occasioned her to conceive a great fondness for him. At length Sir Richard sent a servant to inform him and the rest that, one of the witnesses being taken ill, was unable to attend, and that, therefore, they must come another day.

They accordingly came at the time appointed, and

being convicted, the justice ordered their mittimus to be written to send them all to prison. Rogers, expecting to see the little girl again, brought some sweetmeats with him to give her. As soon as she saw him she came running to him, and appeared fonder of him than before. This child, being a great favorite with her grandfather, had obtained such an ascendancy over him that he would deny her nothing, and she possessed such a violent spirit that she could bear no contradiction, so that she was indulged in everything she wanted.

This bad spirit, in the present instance, was overruled for good. While she was sitting on Rogers' knee, eating the sweetmeats, she looked earnestly at him, and asked, "What are you here for, sir?" He said, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to jail." "To jail," said she. "Why what have you done?" "Why, I did nothing but preach, and they did nothing but hear me." "He shall not send you to jail!" she replied. "Ay, but, my dear," said he, "I believe he is now making out our mittimus to send us all there." Upon this, she ran up to the chamber where Sir Richard was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, and said to him, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman in the hall?" "That's nothing to you," said he. "Get you about your business." "But I won't," says she. "He tells me that you are going to send him and his friends to jail, and if you send them I will drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone. I will, indeed." When he saw the child thus peremptory, it shook his resolution and induced him to abandon his malicious design. Taking the mittimus in his hand, he went down into the hall, and thus addressed these good men, "I have made out your mittimus to send you all to jail, as you deserve, but, at my grandchild's request, I drop the prosecution, and set you all at liberty."

They all bowed and thanked him, but Rogers, going to the child, laid his hand upon her head, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "God bless you, my dear child. May the blessing of that God whose cause you did now plead, though as yet you know Him not, be upon you in life, in death, and to all eternity."

The above remarkable story was told by Timothy Rogers, the son of the ejected minister, who had frequently heard his father relate it with great pleasure, and the celebrated Thomas Bradbury once heard it from him when he was dining at the house of — Tooley, an eminent Christian lady, in London, who was distinguished for her religion and for her love to Christ and his people, whose house and table, like Lydia's, were always open to them.

She had listened with uncommon attention to T. Rogers' story, and when he had ended it, she asked him, "And are you that — Rogers' son?" He told her that he was, upon which she said, "Well, as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before. I am the very girl your dear father blessed in the manner you have related, and it made an impression upon me that I never could forget."

Upon this double discovery, T. Rogers and — Tooley found an additional tie of mutual love and affection, and then he and T. Bradbury expressed a desire to know how she, who had been brought up in an aversion to Dissenters and to serious religion, now discovered such an attachment to both. Upon which she cheerfully gave them the following narrative:

After her grandfather's death she became sole heiress to his estate, which was considerable. Being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she ran into all the fashionable diversions of the age, without any restraint, but she confessed, when the pleasurable scenes were over, she felt a dissatisfaction, both with them and herself, that always struck a damp to her heart, which

she did not know how to get rid of in any other way than by running over the same round again and again. But all was in vain.

Having contracted some slight illness, she thought she would go to Bath, hearing that it was a place for pleasure as well as health. When she came thither, she was providentially led to consult an apothecary, who was a very worthy and religious man. When he inquired what ailed her, she answered, "Why, doctor, I don't ail much as to my body, but I have an uneasy mind that I cannot get rid of." "Truly," said he, "I was so, too, till I met with a certain book, and that cured me." "Books!" said she, "I get all the books I can lay my hands on—all the plays, novels and romances I hear of, but after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same." "That may be," said he, "and I don't wonder at it. But as to this book I speak of, I can say of it what I can of no other book I have read, that I never tire in reading it, but can read it again and again, as if I had never read it before, and I always see something new in it." "Pray, doctor, what book is that?" "Nay, that is a secret I don't tell every one." "But could I get a sight of that book?" "Yes," replied he, "if you speak me fair I can help you to a sight of it." "Pray, then, get it me, doctor, and I'll give you anything you please." "Yes," said he, "if you will promise me one thing, I'll bring it you, and that is, that you will read it over carefully, and if you do not see much in the first, that you will give it a second reading." She promised faithfully that she would. After coming two or three times without it, to raise her curiosity, he at last took it out of his pocket and gave it her. This book was the New Testament. When she looked at it, she said, with a flirt, "Poh! I could get it any time." "Why," said he, "so you might, but remember, I have your solemn promise to read it carefully." "Well," said she, "though I never read it before, I'll

give it a reading." Accordingly she began to read it, and it soon attracted her attention. She saw something in it wherein she had a deep concern, but her mind now became much more uneasy than ever. Not knowing what to do, she soon returned to London, resolved to try again what the diversions there would do to dissipate her gloom, but nothing of this kind answered her purpose.

She lodged at the court end of the town, where she had with her a female companion. One evening she had a remarkable dream, which was, that she was in a place of worship, where she heard a sermon. But when she awoke she could remember nothing but the text. This dream made a deep impression upon her mind, and the idea she had of the place and of the minister's person was as strong as if she had been long acquainted with both. On the following morning she told her dream to her companion, and said that after breakfast she was resolved to go in quest of the place, though she would go from one end of London to the other.

They accordingly set out, and went into several places of worship as they passed along, but none of them answered to what she saw in her dream. About one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city, where they dined, and then set out again. Being in the Poultry about half after two o'clock, they saw a great number of people going down to the old Jewry, and she determined to see where they went. She mingled with the company, and they conducted her to the meeting-house where —— Shower was the minister, in the old Jewry.

As soon as she entered the door and surveyed the place, she turned to her companion and said, with some surprise, "This is the very place I saw in my dream." She had not long been there before she saw Shower go up into the pulpit, and, looking at him with greater surprise, said, "This is the very man I saw in my

dream, and, if every part of it holds true, he will take for his text (Psalm cxvi: 7), "Return to thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

When he rose up to pray she was all attention. He took that very passage for his text, and God was pleased to make the discourse founded upon it the means of her saving conversion. And thus she at last found what she had long sought elsewhere in vain, "Rest to her soul." And now she obtained that blessing from God, the fountain of felicity, which pious — Rogers, so many years before, had so solemnly and fervently implored in her behalf.

Among the instructive incidents which show that the Almighty is sometimes pleased to rescue his servants from impending danger, by the impressions which He makes upon their minds, is the striking narrative of the remarkable preservation of James Dickinson and Jane Fearon, when travelling on a religious visit: It occurred during a visit to Scotland in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The account was preserved by Sarah Taylor, an eminent minister belonging to Manchester Meeting, to whom, when a young woman, it was related by the parties concerned, who were then quite aged. It has been widely circulated among Friends; and the narrative was read to Sarah Taylor, at Lindley Murray's of York (England) in 1790, about fifty-six years after it was first told her; and she confirmed its accuracy. So far as known it was first printed in *The Annual Monitor* in 1816, as follows:

After they had been travelling on a very rainy, tempestuous day, evening coming on, they inclined to stop at a little public house, in order to lodge there that

night; but a guide they had hired, discovered, as far as they could understand his Scotch manners and dialect, his unwillingness for them to stay there; informing them there was a place about three miles further where they might conveniently lodge, and whither he wanted to go; and that if they stayed, he would go on himself. But they, being wet and weary, concluded to stay; so, discharging the guide, he went forward, being only hired for the day.

After they had been a short time in the house, their minds were struck with painful apprehension that the people of the house had a design upon their lives; and notwithstanding they behaved to them with apparent kindness and attention, the painful apprehension continued and increased.

Besides the landlady, there was another woman or two in the same room with them, who appeared to belong to the house; the Friends also saw three men in and about the house, who were frequently in the same room observing them; but in what capacity these men were, or what proper business or employment they had there, they could form no judgment.

Jane Fearon also heard the men say one to another, "They have good horses and good bags." To which another added, "Aye, and good clothes." The lonely situation of the house, and these appearances, which the painful feelings attending their minds led them to observe, tended to increase the apprehensions they had of these peoples' wicked design; which the Friends endeavored to conceal from each other, each concluding not to discourage the other.

James Dickinson having seen the horses taken care of, and their saddles taken off, they then inquired for beds, and were shown into a room where were two beds. After shutting the door, Jane sat down on the bedside, being no longer able to contain, and broke out into tears, saying, "I fear these people have a design

to take our lives." Upon which, James, after walking some time across the room, came toward her and said, "They have mischief in their hearts, but I hope the Lord will preserve our lives." He also endeavored to encourage Jane, and after some pause, said, "I hope the Lord will deliver us, but if so we must run."

Upon this, Jane replied: "Alas, how can we run! or whither shall we go!"

Then James Dickinson, taking the candle, and carefully examining the room, discovered a door, which he opened; and, on searching, perceived a pair of back stone stairs that led to the outside of the house. Upon this discovery, putting off their shoes, they went softly down, leaving the candle burning in the room. On going down stairs, James saw through an open place in the stairs a woman with a candle in her hand.

After running for a considerable time, they met with an outbuilding, into which they went; but when they had stopped a short time, James Dickinson said to Jane Fearon, "We are not safe here; we must run again." To which Jane replied, "I am so weary I think I cannot go any further;" but James pointing out the necessity, she endeavored, and they ran again till they came to a river near the South coast.

On going a little further along the side of it, they came to a bridge; but on attempting to go over it, James Dickinson felt a stop in his mind, and said: "We must not go over this bridge, but must go farther up the river side: which they did, and then sat down. After some time, James Dickinson grew uneasy, and said: "We are not safe here, we must wade through the river."

Jane Fearon replied: "Alas, how can we cross it, and know not its depth;" also adding, "Rather let us wait here, and see what they are permitted to do. It will be better for them to take our lives, than for us to

drown ourselves:" apprehending the river to be exceedingly deep.

James replied, "Fear not, I will go before thee;" upon which, they entered, and got safe through. Walking some distance, they came to a sand bank. Here, again sitting down, James said to Jane Fearon: "I am not yet easy, we must go further;" upon which, Jane said, "Well, I must go by thy faith, I know not what to do."

Then going a little further, they found another sand bank, wherein was a cavity, where they sat down. After awhile, James said, "I am now easy, and believe we are now perfectly safe, and feel in my heart a song of thanksgiving and praise."

Jane replied: "I am so far from that, I cannot so much as say, the Lord have mercy upon us."

When they had been here some time, they heard the noise of some people on the other side of the river; upon which, James Dickinson, finding Jane alarmed, and thence fearing they should be discovered, softly said, "Our lives depend upon our silence." Then attentively hearkening, they heard them frequently say: "Seek them, Keeper;" and believed they were the men they had seen at the house, accompanied by a dog; that the dog refusing to go over the bridge, had followed the scent of their feet up the river side to the place they crossed.

Stopping at this place, the people again repeatedly cried, "Seek them, Keeper!" which they not only heard, but saw the people with a lantern. They also heard one of them say they had crossed the river; upon which another replied, "That's impossible, unless the devil took them over, for the river is brink full." After wearying themselves a considerable time in their search, they went away; and James Dickinson and Jane Fearon saw them no more.

When daylight appeared, they saw a man on a high

hill at some distance, looking about him every way, apparently with an intent of discovering something, and they apprehended it was them.

They continued quiet in their retreat till some time after sunrise, when, upon taking a view of their situation, they discovered that under the first sand bank from whence they had removed, they could have been seen from the other side of the river; and that the place they continued in shaded them from being seen on the opposite side; which they had been insensible of, as they could not make the observation the night before.

Upon considering what they should do to recover their horses, saddle-bags, &c., James said, "I incline to go to the house." But Jane proposed to go to a town, in order to get assistance to go with them to the house; to which James Dickinson observed, that the town from whence assistance was likely to be procured, was about ten miles off; that they were strangers; their reasons for taking such precaution in returning to the house, implied a high charge which they might not be able to prove; that thence occasion might be taken to throw them into prison by magistrates; and might more dispose the civil power to seek occasion against them, than to search into the cause of their complaints, or redress their wrongs.

Jane still hesitating, James said, "I still incline to return to the house, fully believing our clothes, bags, &c., will be ready for us, without our being asked a question; and that the people we saw last night, we shall see no more."

Jane said: "I dare not go back." James replied: "Thou may'st, Jane, safely; for I have seen that which never failed me." Upon which, they returned to the house, and found their horses standing in the stable, and their bags upon them; their clothes dried and ready to put on, and saw no person but an old woman

sitting in a nook by the fireside, whom they did not remember to have seen the night before. They asked her what they had to pay, discharged it, and proceeded on their journey.

Some time after, James travelling that way, made some inquiry respecting the people of that house, and was informed, that upon some occasion the people had been taken up, and the house searched; that a great quantity of men and women's apparel was found in some parts of the house, also a great number of human bones; that some of the people were executed, and the house ordered to be pulled down; which then remained a heap of rubbish.

When Hannah Field, from America, was on a religious visit in England, two Friends accompanied her from Sheffield to Barnsly. After an evening meeting there, urgent business required their return home that night. Hannah Field, hearing of their intention, endeavored to dissuade them from going, and on their pleading the necessity of it, said, "Well, friends, if you do it I have a strong apprehension that you will be robbed on the way. You had better wait till to-morrow morning." But, being two together, and having good horses, they nevertheless concluded on going. On parting from them she said again, "I shall be very glad if you escape being robbed."

They had gone about half-way to Sheffield, riding near one another, in earnest conversation on some interesting subject, when suddenly a man sprang from the roadside to take hold of one of the bridles, while others behind also tried to seize the horses, and another man, armed, was drawing near. The Friends so quickly put their horses at full speed, that the man who had seized the bridle was thrown on one side, and those

behind let go their hold. A shrill whistle, answered by another right before them, increased their sense of danger, but they had no other course than to go forward, which they did at full gallop. The night was dark, and they got home safely.

The same power that at times gives to his servants a sense of impending danger, at others gives them a confidence in his protecting care.

When Stephen Grellet was in Italy, in 1819, at a time when the country was much overrun with banditti, an order was sent to him by the military commanders to furnish him with soldiers to protect him on his way to Naples from the numerous highway robbers. To this he replied, acknowledging the civility of the friend who furnished it and saying that he placed his confidence in the saving power of Him in whose service he was engaged, who is the Captain of Salvation to all who put their trust in Him, adding, "Should He permit me to fall a prey to the hands of unrighteous men, I submit to his sovereign will."

When about to return to America, in 1820, he went on board a vessel at Liverpool, bound for New York, and on sitting down quietly in the cabin, he says, "I felt sweet peace there. It seemed to me like a little sanctuary, and now, on the eve of my return home, the gracious promise made at the time of my departure from America was sweetly revived, 'Verily, my presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.'" He reached New York in safety.

In 1814, the same Friend felt that his service in Europe at that time was fulfilled, and hearing that there was a ship ready to sail for New York to exchange

prisoners (for it was then a time of war between England and the United States), he obtained liberty to sail in her. The vessel was reported to be unseaworthy, so that he was "introduced into deep exercise and close searching of heart, to know if it was indeed right to embark" in her. But feeling a trust that she would convey him safely to America, he was favored with "a sweet calmness and peace of mind in the prospect of going by her." The voyage was a boisterous and uncomfortable one, and they were at times exposed to much danger and shortness of provisions, but they reached New York without any serious damage. Of his own feelings during this time of trial, Stephen Grellet says, "At seasons when violent winds and foaming billows assailed our very frail and shattered vessel and my fellow-passengers saw no possibility for us to escape a watery grave, this gracious promise, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee,' was revived. Thus did my gracious Lord uphold me and deliver me, forever adored and praised be his holy name."

The danger from robbers, both by land and sea, to which S. Grellet was exposed in Europe, during the unsettled times in which he journeyed there, was by no means imaginary or slight. His Journal contains frequent allusions to it. When crossing the Appenines, in Italy, he mentions that on that day several persons were plundered by them, "but we saw nothing to disturb us." The next day he records, "We were favored this day also not to meet with robbers. Some of the people where we stopped to refresh our horses seemed to marvel how we had escaped them, but I knew to whom I am indebted. The Lord is the Almighty Protector of those who put their faith in Him, blessed for

ever and ever be his holy name!" After passing from Naples to Rome, he makes the record, "Through the Lord's merciful preservation, I have again escaped falling into the hands of banditti, which abound on this road, notwithstanding the severity of the laws against them. Every few miles I beheld the horrible sight of human flesh hanging on posts by the sides of the road, near the places where murders have been committed, giving evidence that they may have been many. How often in these, my journeyings, do I feel as if my life was offered up. Day after day, and night after night, I know not but that I may fall a prey to the hands of unrighteous and wicked men. But very good and gracious is my blessed Lord; how precious is the sense of his Divine presence!"

Does not this experience remind the reader of the language of the Psalmist, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?" The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?"

On one occasion, when travelling in Germany, Stephen Grellet met with a narrow escape. He was travelling, in the night, in a sleigh, with post horses, when a robber sprang from behind a tree to take hold of the horses' heads, whilst the others were coming by the side of the sleigh. But the horses being spirited, and the driver giving them a touch of the whip, they sprang forward, threw off the man on one side, and they were soon out of reach. Although, during those perils, he daily felt his life to be in jeopardy, yet, at seasons, he says, "I am comforted in the belief that the Lord will

not suffer anything to befall me, but that He will give strength to endure and condescend to sanctify to me.”

When among the islands of Greece, in 1819, on his way to the island of Tinos, he records the following adventure :

We had proceeded only a few hours toward that island, when we met a vessel, the crew of which told us that last night they were chased by pirates, in two large rowboats, full of men. They had fired several times at them, but their vessel sailing well, had enabled them to escape. This was unpleasant information, but as it was now noon, we hoped to escape them. As we were going between the two islands, Andros and Tinos, we discovered at a distance a row-boat, which we thought might be a fisherman, and we kept on our course. But the wind dying away, we saw two other boats join it and come towards us. Our captain soon knew them to be pirates of the worst kind, who destroy lives, sink the vessel, and carry away only the plunder. We were very near an inlet on Tinos, but there was no wind, and the boat too clumsy to be acted upon by oars. Meanwhile the pirates had come very near us. It did not appear that we could escape their merciless hands, when He who commandeth the wind and the sea, and they obey Him, caused the wind to blow from the very direction which took our boat, fast as the flight of a bird, right into the inlet of the island, where the pirates dared not venture. Had not the Lord thus in mercy interposed, a few minutes more would probably have ended our mortal lives. Surely we have cause to bless and to magnify his adorable name ! Our Greeks appeared to be sensible of the wonderful escape.

Grace Greenwood, in her “ Stories for Home Folks,” says :—

I am going to tell a true story—just as true as a story can be. I have had in my portfolio for many years a beautiful private letter, which told it to me, and I have often wished to impart to mothers and children the touching example of heroism and filial faith which it embodies. I have long hesitated and delayed, from the fear that I could not do it justice. Yet, at last I venture, keeping strictly to the simple facts:—

In the year 18—, a relative of ours, a good and noble woman, took passage on a steamer from—if I remember rightly—the city of Detroit, for Buffalo. She was returning to New England, after a residence in the West, having with her two lovely daughters—Charlotte, a gentle womanly girl of twelve, and Mary, a dark-eyed curly-headed child of six.

It was a cold day in November, and they had taken the very last boat of the season; yet the weather was so calm and pleasant, and the steamer was so staunch and well commanded, that our travellers felt no apprehension, but at a good hour, retired to their comfortable berths in the pleasant cabin, and after committing themselves to the kind protection of Him whose “way is in the sea,” and “whose path is in the great waters,” they soon slept the sweet, deep slumber of healthful bodies and peaceful hearts

“Rocked in the cradle of the deep.”

All went well with the good boat and its voyagers, till about midnight, when the steamer stopped to take some freight from a pier built far out into the lake, at the entrance of the harbor of a small town. There was, among other articles to be shipped from this pier, a small barrel of turpentine. It looked very harmless, but it should have been handled as carefully as a keg of gunpowder. Unhappily, the sailors were ignorant

or reckless, and they rolled it on board so roughly that it burst. Its inflammable contents poured over the deck and down among the machinery, and somewhere came in contact with fire. In an instant, the boat seemed wrapped in flames : screams of terror and wild shouts of command rang out in every direction. Many of the crew, frantic with sudden fear and horror, deserted at once, and the light house at the end of the pier having caught fire, the doomed vessel was cast loose and sent drifting off into the lake, a sad and terrible sight.

Many of the passengers awoke to certain death—having only the choice between burning and drowning, but a few were saved by means of life-preservers and floating articles of furniture, which buoyed them up till boats from the shore came to their rescue. Some, doubtless, were chilled to death in the water, who, at a less inclement season, might have been saved; and others, bewildered and helpless, were suffocated in the thick smoke, without attempting to save themselves. Mrs. C——, our relative, from whom have been received the details of this story, and even the exact words used by herself and daughters during those dreadful scenes, was sleeping soundly in her berth, when a little white-robed figure came to her, and said quite gently — “Mamma, the boat is on fire—do get up!”

It was little Mary. Never did childish lips utter more appalling words, yet they failed at once to arouse the weary mother. Then the child spoke more anxiously, grasping her mother’s hand, “Mamma! mamma! we *are* burning up—what shall we do!”

Then Mrs. C—— sprang up, she saw her children by her side, pale with terror, but each careful little soul holding in her arms the clothes she had taken off on going to bed. The cabin was filled with smoke—all the other passengers had fled from it.

The poor cabin maid, having none to help her, alone remained. "Oh, madam!" she said, "I thought you were gone, and told your children so; but the little one said—'We will go to her berth; we know she wouldn't leave us.'" The woman then added, "We are all lost! You cannot get out for the flames, don't attempt it."

But Mrs. C—— was not a woman to abandon herself and her children to a fate so horrible, without an effort at escape. The cabin was on deck. She opened one door, but as the flames rushed in, she closed it immediately.

Again the poor cabin maid cried out—"Don't go out, we can live here a few minutes longer." She was a good religious woman, and in the midst of her distress, she prayed fervently for her own soul, and for the souls of others, who soon must pass to their last account through fire or blood. But our noble cousin felt that these were times when *doing* was better than praying. She ran to the opposite door, and found it opened on to a little space at the stern of the vessel, which the flames had not reached. She led her children out, and called to the cabin maid to come also; but the poor woman, utterly hopeless and helpless, apparently made no effort to escape, though she was thoughtful enough to throw overboard some articles of clothing and carpet bag belonging to our friends, thinking that they might possibly be floated ashore and recovered. She perished on the vessel.

The mother and daughters paused by the railing at the stern of the steamer. "Do not cling to me, children,—be quiet and obedient, or I can not help you," said the brave mother calmly; and the brave little girls promised to be very good.

They were nearly fifteen feet above the water: but as the flames made a ghastly day all around them, they could distinctly see the ropes and chains of the rudder.

These offered to the mother's mind the only possible chance of present deliverance.

Then, while behind them, faster and faster came on the roaring flames, the mother stood with her arms about her darlings and prayed, a low brief prayer, but strong as love, passionate as life, solemn as death.

Then lifting up little Mary, she said, "My child, do you see those ropes and chains below there?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, darling, I must drop you over into the water, to save you from the fire. At first you will go down, down; but you will come up again directly, very near those chains and ropes, I think. Then grasp the *chains*, not the *ropes*, for *they* will probably be burned away, soon; but the chains will last. Hold on to them. Don't let go for a moment, whatever may be said to you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mamma; I am told to hold on to those chains. But won't I be drowned?"

"I hope not, dear, only keep your mouth tightly closed, while you are under water; be calm and remember what mamma has told you. Charlotte and I will try to come to you: but only *hold on to the chains*, and after awhile people will come in a boat, and save you. Now dear, you must go."

The child put her arms about her mother's neck, and kissed her a good-bye. The mother kissed her with solemn tenderness, and gave her up to God. Over the railing she gently lifted her, held her for one fearful instant suspended, then let go! The child struck the water, almost as silently and softly as a snow flake, the faithful, obedient heart giving out no cry of dismay as she went down. The white night dress gleamed for a moment on the dark waves, then sunk out of sight.

How long seemed the waiting for her re-appearance! Poor Charlotte, who throughout the preceding scene

had uttered no word, exclaimed, "Oh, mother! Mary is gone!"

"Well my dear child, where she has gone, we will soon follow," was the calm reply. But the next moment there appeared a little white speck on the surface of the dark water. It was Mary, rising where she sank. She grasped the chains—she replied to their call—she was safe.

"Now Charlotte," said the mother, "it is your turn. I cannot lift you over the railing; you must jump. Be brave as little Mary—do as you have seen her do, and you may be saved."

"Yes, mother; I will try. But you will surely come?"

"Yes, my daughter. I will die or be saved with my children. Keep a good heart—trust in God—good bye!"

A hurried embrace—a loving kiss—then a slender young figure clambered over the railing—stood poised an instant outside, then plunged through the lurid air into the cold deep water! Another moment of fearful suspense for the mother; then this dear form rose also from the relenting deep. Charlotte came up close to her little sister—grasped also the rudder chain, and called out to her mother that she was safe. The flames had by this time reached the spot where that mother stood. The thick smoke almost hid her from the eyes of her children. Then throwing herself, as she had thrown her darlings, on the arm of her Father and her God, she, too, climbed over the railing and leaped into the water. She seemed to descend a vast distance, into profound calm and silence, shutting out, as it seemed, forever, the scene of terror, anguish and tumult, she had just witnessed; but at last she also began to rise as though angel hands unseen and unfelt were bearing her up. She came to the surface close by the rudder, close to her children. Oh, what a welcome they gave

her! She, too, grasped the chains, but found them almost too hot to hold. Every moment the heat grew more intolerable, though only the heads and hands of the little group were above the water, they were scorched and blinded by the flames that waved and swirled above them. Once, little Mary, weary and tortured by the heat of the iron she was obliged to grasp, let go and went under. The mother had yet strength to rescue her and bring her back to her place, entreating her, as she did so, to endure a little longer.

"Oh, yes!" sobbed the child, "what will father do if we are drowned?"

So love, the great Divine helper, lent her patience and courage.

All around this pathetic group, were other passengers, floating on the waves, supported by boxes and settees. None had so slight a reliance as these, or one so exposed to the blaze and smoke of the burning vessel. Other women and children had husbands, brothers or fathers to care for them; yet many lacking courage and presence of mind, perished before help could reach them. At one time, Mrs. C—— saw in the water, near her, a young bride and bridegroom, whom she had known on the boat, which they had taken on their wedding tour. The young husband was a swimmer, and was attempting to save his wife; but she was clinging about his neck in so frantic a manner, that it was evident she would soon render him helpless.

Mrs. C—— entreated her to let go her grasp, lest both should be lost. The poor young thing shrieked with wild terror, and clung the closer, and her brave husband, panting and struggling, said only, "You *may* cling to me Margaret; I *will* save you." Alas! his heart was stronger than his arm. In a little while they went down together and were seen no more. But,

“many waters cannot quench love—neither can the floods drown it.”

Oh! that weary, weary time of waiting for the boat that went in every direction, searching for and picking up the sufferers before coming to that little group under the stern of the vessel, where the flames were the most appalling.

Mary still held on bravely with her poor burned hands, but Charlotte at one time seemed utterly exhausted, and murmured—“Oh, mother! I *must* let go, I *can't* stay any longer.”

“But, my darling, you will surely be drowned.”

“I know it, mother; but I cannot stand this any longer.”

Yet, the next moment, she had the courage to shake off the grasp of a young lady, who, thinking herself sinking, caught hold of the poor child. This lady was saved, and sometime afterward met and recognized the little girl she had nearly dragged with her into the depths of the lake.

At last, after nearly an hour of such anxiety and suffering as cannot be told—half burned yet half chilled to death, the mother and daughters were picked up by a small boat and taken to the shore. They were the very last to be rescued.

They were tenderly cared for, nursed and comforted by kind people, and supplied with suitable clothing—for of course they had lost all. In a few days they were so far recovered as to be able to resume their journey. The husband and father joined them, and they went their way with grateful and solemn hearts—a noble Christian family, more tenderly loving even than they were before passing through this fearful trial, by fire and flood, and with renewed faith in God, they could say with the Psalmist: “The waters of the sea had well nigh covered us; the proud waters had well nigh gone over us. Then cried we unto thee, O Lord!

Blessed be thy name, who didst not despise the prayer of thy servants; but didst hear our cry, and hast saved us."

In his travels in South Africa, about fifty years ago, James Backhouse mentions several incidents connected with the lions which then infested that country. One of these is as follows :

A few months ago, Roger Edwards, a missionary, residing at the Kuruman, had a narrow escape from lions. He was on his way from the Colony; and after resting at Daniels Kuil, he had set out, with the intention of riding to the Kuruman in the night, having a led horse, and being accompanied by a Hottentot, who rode a mare, by the side of which a foal was running. Just as he arrived at some large, scattered bushes, a sudden impression on his mind induced him to alight from his horse, saying to the Hottentot, that they would stop there. The Hottentot accordingly dismounted, they took off their saddles, knee-haltered the horses, turned them loose to feed, and lay down under one of the bushes.

They had not been there many minutes when the mare screamed. They listened, and a lion roared. They rested themselves upon their knees. The horses, having got clear of their knee-halters, galloped past them, taking the road to Kuruman. The mare followed as fast as she could, but her knee-halter had been too tight to allow her to release herself from it. They were followed by four lions, at full speed. A fifth stopped short, and gazed for a time at the travellers, as if deliberating whether to spring upon them or to follow the others. The moon was just setting, but it still cast sufficient light to enable them to distinguish the terrific beast. The Hottentot, in alarm, began to make a noise, but was immediately hushed by the missionary,

whose knees, though kneeling, smote together, and who said, if ever he prayed in sincerity it was then, though it was a silent prayer. He thought five minutes might elapse while they were thus situated, but remarked that it might not be so much, as under such circumstances, minutes necessarily seemed long. The lion at length sprang upon the path, and went after the others. The cries of the mare were heard at a distance, more and more faintly, till they ceased. The missionary and the Hottentot agreed to listen, lest the lions should return, as, in case of such an event, a few low trees near them afforded a forlorn hope of escape. But, overpowered by fatigue and fear, they fell fast asleep, and did not awake till dawn of day.

In their first consciousness, they were in such terror as scarcely to know whether they were still living inhabitants of this world, or had been killed by lions. On coming to themselves, they put their saddles and luggage into the trees, to keep them from hyenas and jackals; and pursued their way to Koning's Fontein. On arriving there, they soaked some bread in water, but could not eat. The way seemed longer and more tedious than ever before. At length R. Edwards said he could proceed no further, and he lay down under some bushes. The sound of human footsteps soon caught his attention, and he desired the Hottentot, if they were those of Kuruman people, to tell them that Edwards was there. They proved to be Kuruman people, and he told them to go to the Kuruman and tell Robert Moffat what had befallen him. They set out, but the idea of obtaining help revived the exhausted man. He followed, and when Robert Moffat reached him he was bathing in the ford of the Kuruman River to refresh himself.

The mare was eaten by the lions. The foal had remained with its mother till the claws or teeth of a lion had been applied to its throat. It had then gone

off with the horses, with which it was afterwards found. R. Edwards said that, up to the moment on which he received the impression to stop there, his intention was to ride to the Kuruman, and that he could not but account the impression to be from the Lord, for he had no doubt that the lions were watching by the bushes, and that, if he and his companion had gone a few yards further, they would have sprung upon them.

As to his own experience with these formidable animals, James Backhouse says, "As we came into the country infested by lions, I observed considerable excitement among our company in talking about them. As I had sufficient proof that they were such poor marksmen as to be much more likely to enrage a lion than to destroy one, by firing at him, I became uncomfortable, being unable to obtain a promise from them that, if one should visit us, they would allow him quietly to take an ox or a horse, without risking their own safety by attempting to shoot at him. But my uneasiness was mercifully brought to an end by a feeling of near access in prayer to the footstool of Him who can stop the mouth of lions, that we might be preserved from all annoyance by wild beasts, and that we might neither hear the lion's roar nor see the print of his foot." His petition was granted, for during an extended journey through the interior of the country, which occupied many months, he and his party were never molested by these beasts of prey.

C. H. Spurgeon, in *Sword and Trowel*, records several instances, in which he believed the Lord's care was exerted to save him from threatened danger. One of these was on a journey into Kent, when on one of the hills the carriage in which he was riding came into sharp collision with a cab. "It was a great shaking, but we went on our way. I noticed that a wheel rattled, but there was no apparent sign of mischief. The carriage

stopped at the lodge, and I dismounted with my secretary. The coachman turned the horses around to go back to his livery stables, and there and then, the carriage experienced a remarkable collapse. A wheel came off, another wheel seemed to be under the carriage, the springs snapped, and the forepart of the vehicle parted from the body of it. Why had not this happened before? We had turned two sharp corners safely. Why were we not wrecked? Our impression was that a Divine hand had been fulfilling the word, 'He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.'

"Full of gratitude at an escape which was all the more memorable because of certain minute circumstances which I need not here repeat, I was led to recall two or three other special preservations.

"Some years ago I stayed with my wife for a few days at a beautiful spot on the Isle of Wight. The inn was a rustic habitation, roofed with thatch, and on the lawn before it were several magnificent elms. We left at the end of the week. The tears stood in my eyes when I read in a newspaper that a terrible hurricane on that night had blown down one of the elms, and that it had fallen across the roof of the hotel, and destroyed one of the rooms 'in which,' said the report, 'Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon had slept on the previous night.' I ought to have been grateful each morning that I had reposed in safety, but an unusual rush of thankfulness swept over my heart when I considered how near, upon this occasion, I had been to death.

"A few years ago I set out on my annual journey to the south of France. I had at former times travelled by the first train, but upon this occasion I chose to start by the eleven o'clock train.

"I knew not why the choice was made. But some time before we reached Boulogne, we were detained on account of an accident on the road. An accident in-

deed it was, for we passed the wreck of the early train, and learned that many had been injured by a collision. One bares his head in reverent gratitude, and worships the Lord, in whose hands are all the ways of his servants. Unbelievers may say what they please, but he who is the immediate object of such deliverance is compelled to say, 'Surely, God was in this place.'

The same writer describes an adventure of a native of Lancashire, England, named Pollard, who had settled five miles out of Santa Cruz, California, and was a deacon of a Baptist congregation in that city. As he was coming home one evening from meeting, and just passing through one of the deep and dark gullies along his way, a desperado levelled his pistol at his head and fired. The shot singed his whiskers and grazed his cheek, but the deacon was not hurt. The ruffian and would-be-murderer fled. The deacon thanked heaven for deliverance, and continued his journey. Soon after his arriving home his wife observed his face, and asked what had happened. The deacon concealed nothing, but gave a plain, simple, but truthful account of the event. Naturally his wife and family were greatly alarmed and vexed. When meeting time came around again, and the deacon was seen, as usual, getting ready, she said to him, "Deacon, I hope, after what has happened, you don't mean to go to meeting to-night." "Yes, my dear," said he, "it is certainly my intention." "I know you are not afraid of going all that way alone, but the danger," said she. "Ah, you think of the danger," said he. "I suppose it is somewhat natural you should do so, but I am thinking of something else." "Deacon," said his wife, "don't you value your life? Do you think it so worthless that you need take no care to preserve it?" "I think," said the deacon, "I set a proper value on my life, but as to my sacrificing or preserving it, that is an entirely different mat-

ter. We look at this matter differently. You see the human side of this late affair, I look at the Divine side. You think of the ruffian with his pistol and bullet and all his desperate and cruel purposes, I think of the kind Father that turned aside his hand and defeated his sinful intentions.”

James Backhouse mentions in his Journal that, during the Kaffir war in South Africa, Richard Gush, a pious man, with whom he met in his journey, had frequent occasion to travel through a part of the country where he was liable to meet with hostile parties. The danger was so great that it was seldom that any one dared to accompany him. Before setting out he was accustomed to seek for the feeling of peace in the prospect, and when advanced upon the way he often turned into a little copse by the side of the road, and, in retirement of spirit before the Lord, sought further confirmation as to continuing his journey. On feeling peaceful in the anticipation, he proceeded, and thus trusting in the Lord, and seeking his counsel, he was preserved in safety.

In a sermon preached for the Royal Humane Society, by Adam Clarke, then an old man, he related the following circumstance concerning himself in which he was evidently the subject of a most marvellous deliverance:—

When a boy, he one day rode a horse down to a large river which flowed near his father's house, and attempted to cross it. But the stream was stronger and deeper than he thought. The horse lost his footing and was carried down the current. The boy was carried off the horse's back, sank, lost his consciousness and continued in the water he knew not how long, for the next thing he could remember was finding himself

on the bank of the river, where he supposed he had been drifted by the running stream and where the heat of the summer's sun must have acted as a restorative to the system.

The excellent Richard Cecil was the subject of a similar deliverance, in which the watchful eye and merciful hand of Providence may be distinctly seen. He was playing in a yard at the back of his father's house where were several tanks of water. One of these was sunk in the earth, and at that time had been frozen over, and a hole made in the ice to water the horses. The boy was playing at this hole with a stick, when suddenly his foot slipped, and falling into the hole he was carried beneath the ice.

His father's workmen had received orders to proceed to some work in another part of the dye-works, but somehow they had neglected his order. Had they done otherwise they would have been out of sight of the tank. As it was, the child had slipped so noiselessly into the water, and had so soon become unconscious, that it was some minutes before one of the men thinking he saw something at the tank found it was the scarlet cloak of his master's son. The child was taken from the water apparently dead. From the use of proper means, and after long efforts, animation returned, and the boy was restored.

Not less was the hand of Providence seen, while still a boy, his clothes were caught in the wheel of a horse-mill. He must have been crushed to death instantly, but for the presence of mind which God preserved. In a moment he saw that the head of the horse which

worked the mill was within reach of his feet. He dashed them in the animal's face so violently as to at once stop him and the mill, and then he succeeded in extricating himself from the wheel.

The amiable and talented Dr. Doddridge was his mother's twentieth child, and was so frail and feeble at his birth, that he was lain aside as dead. One of the attendants, however, thought she saw some faint indications of life, and by her fostering care the tiny child came to show further signs of animation, and the flickering spark was fanned into a gentle flame. The life thus wonderfully spared was no less wonderfully devoted to God, and used of Him for the good of multitudes.

A correspondent of the *Christian Advocate* of New York furnished to that paper the following incident, which he says formed a chapter in the history of a New York business man of whom I once heard the Editor of the *Christian Advocate* say: "He is as fine an accountant as I have ever known."

For years the subject of my story, whom I will call T. C., held a lucrative position in a large manufacturing concern having his headquarters in New York city. He was a Christian; had saved his money, invested it carefully, and was known as a wealthy man.

Believing that he could better his condition he resigned his position and, joining with another, entered upon a business which in a few years utterly failed, leaving him bankrupt, with a large family. From his comfortable home in New York city he moved his family into small quarters in Brooklyn and began life anew.

No business offered itself. Weary weeks of earnest seeking for any kind of work closed their unfriendly time upon a heart-broken family, a foot-sore and despondent man.

Another week had nearly gone; Saturday afternoon had come with no money or provisions for the Sabbath; a husband and father in New York city, without friends and without sufficient money to cross the ferry to his destitute home. Such were the circumstances which might well have caused him to stagger in dismay.

Reflecting upon the past, with its hosts of friends and many pleasures, and contrasting it with the present, his soul burned with indignation at the thought of the perfidy of his former friends, when, as if by magic, his perturbed spirit was calmed by a voice audible only to the inner consciousness, which said to him: "T. C., you are a Christian. You have one friend left; isn't He able to care for you? Dare you trust Him?"

Immediately all care ceased. He determined to trust God and was sure He would care for him.

New life possessed him, and turning up Broadway he walked amid the throng as unconcerned as though he were a millionaire. He had nowhere in particular to go, and no definite plan in mind. Yet so happy was he in his assured future that he was hardly conscious of the crowds about him, or the direction he was taking. At last he was attracted by the sign of an old friend, one whom he had not seen for years, and who knew nothing of his trouble. With no thought of asking his help, he crossed the street and entered the door. The friend saw him as he entered, and grasped his hand, exclaiming: "T. C., as sure as I live! I have been thinking of you all the afternoon, and wishing that I might see you. Have you ten minutes to give me? I have a scheme in which I want to interest you."

A manufacturing enterprise was proposed. The friend was to furnish the capital, a third party the ex-

perience, and T. C. was to introduce the business and act as general manager, with salary and commission. The contracts were signed immediately, and the business was to be undertaken on the following Second-day.

As he was about to leave, not a word having been said relative to his stranded condition, the friend placed a check for one hundred dollars in his hand, and said: "This is the first instalment upon your salary; draw upon me whenever you desire the balance."

With the Doxology in his heart he found his way home to surprise his dear ones.

Monday morning found him ready for business. Success attended him from the first, and at the end of three weeks he had to his credit over two thousand dollars.

Years afterward, again in his old position, a prosperous man and earnest Christian, he related this story to the writer, and added: "I have trusted Him and He has cared for me. I shall trust Him ever."

From *The Word of Life* the following interesting narrative is extracted:

The late James Sherman, of Surry Chapel, relates an incident of his student life while at Chestnut College, which made a deep impression on his mind, and it may be repeated in this form for the encouragement of all who have suffered reverses, and for the strengthening of the faith of the poor and needy in the God who hears prayer.

After preaching one day at a neighboring village, he called at a house overshadowed by a dark cloud of affliction. The family consisted of a father and three daughters, and they were all bearing the yoke of trial. One daughter had a white swelling, another had a cancer, and a third was down with a fever, while to crown the series of disasters, the father had been brought

home the day before with a broken leg. James Sherman read the thirtieth Psalm and offered prayer, not forgetting to enquire of the eldest daughter what means of support remained. "None now," she frankly replied; "but in all our affliction we have always been provided for, and I doubt not we shall be still." He gave them all the silver he had, which after much hesitation they were induced to accept.

Walking back to the college, he reflected that he had given away all his money, and that he did not know when or whence the next would come. Just as he was sending up a prayer to Him who is the kind Provider for his children, an old farmer who had heard him preach and who was watching for his passing, called to him, and offered to walk with him. "Your sermon," said he, "directed my thoughts to my previous history, and as it will beguile our walk and illustrate your discourse, if agreeable to you, I will relate the circumstances." James Sherman gladly consented. We give the substance of his narrative:

About forty years before, he took a rather large farm. For a number of years he went on prosperously. His crops were good, corn brought a good price, and his sheep and cattle returned a good profit. He had borrowed money to help stock his farm, and this he was able to pay off, as well as to lay by something year by year. "I began to think," said he, "that my mountain stood strong, and that I should never be moved." His wife was prudent and thrifty, and, with four of his six children, was a member of the church, of which he had been chosen one of the Deacons.

He was respected and honored by all who knew him, and congratulated by his friends as a prosperous and well-to-do man. Religion with him was not a hollow pretense nor a mere profession. He was a faithful man, and out of his ample income he gave liberally to the

cause of God, while his gifts fitted him to assist in the spiritual duties of the Church.

But after many years of prosperity, reverses came. Everything seemed to go wrong. One of his sons took to drink, and became a grief and a curse to him. A daughter, the most attractive of them all, foolishly listened to the proposals of a man—a dissolute, ignorant fellow—one of her father's carters. She married him, and within three years she was left a widow with two small children, a third being added soon afterwards. All came home to the farmer for support.

Then two other daughters were laid low with a malignant fever and died; his wife was soon worn out with anxiety and fatigue; and as everybody was afraid of the fever, he and the doctor were her sole attendants. To make matters worse, a person to whom he had lent money, left the village and never repaid him. This was not all, a murrain seized his cattle, and he lost nearly all of them. This was followed by a bad harvest, and his crops were carried away with the flood. Like Job he sat speechless, and wondered what the end would be. The next calamity was the death of his wife, who sank, overwhelmed by their afflictions. Thus he was left a widower, penniless and in debt. No friend came forward to help him, and those who had the will to assist him had not the ability.

In the midst of this distress a writ was issued against him, and he could see nothing before him but a prison and subsequent poverty. He knew, for he had often proved, that God is the hearer of prayer, but the blows of adversity had so stunned him that he could do little besides cry in a few broken sentences to his Father in Heaven, the God, who had been his friend and helper in times past to undertake for him. But the terrible writ hung over him like a dense thunder cloud, and the day for its execution drew nigh. The day before the last came, and no help appeared.

Before its lingering hours had passed, however, a stranger walked into his house, introduced himself by name, and said he had walked several miles to see him. He was evidently tired and thirsty, and as the farmer was about to enter into conversation, the other said, "Will you give me a glass of milk?" "I am sorry to say," said the farmer, "that all my cows are dead." With considerable emotion the stranger enquired the cause of this altered state of things, for now he noticed more particularly the haggard appearance of the farmer. He listened with evident interest to the relation of the various painful visitations which had reduced him to his present condition. When he had finished, he asked:

"Do you remember a lad by the name of B——, whom you once advised and befriended?" "I do," said the farmer. "Do you know what has become of him?" "No, but I heard that he went to sea some time after." "Yes," said the stranger, "he went to Spain, and through the assistance that you rendered him, he acquired property, and has now returned to his native land, and God has sent him to help you in your trouble."

So saying, he took out of his pocket-book a check, filled it up for £1,000, and gave it to him. "Accept that," said he, "as a proof of my gratitude, and if you want more you shall have it."

The farmer thus taken by surprise, and almost overcome by the goodness of God, was about to stammer out his gratitude, when the stranger said, "Now let us both return thanks to God." And kneeling down, he poured out his heart for the farmer and his remaining children to Him whose name is Jehovah-Jireh, in strains which melted both into tears. The stranger left him full of wonder and joy at God's faithful performance of his ancient promise, by which he had been so unexpectedly relieved of his difficulties.

“The munificent gift,” said the old man to James Sherman, “enabled me to pay my debts, and take another farm, where, through the goodness of God my latter end has been better than my beginning.”

James Sherman was then quite a young man, inexperienced in the ways of God, and being himself at that time almost penniless, the farmer’s story of providing care and mercy made a deep impression on his mind. He returned to his little room at the college, filled with joy and peace in believing.

In three days’ time a surprise came to him in the receipt of a parcel containing “*Witsius on the Covenant*,” a piece of fine French cloth for a suit of clothes, three golden guineas, and several other articles especially valuable to him at the time. The parcel contained no note, nor anything to indicate the name of the kind donor, nor was it until twenty-six years afterwards, that he learned to whom he was indebted for such generous sympathy and such timely aid.

Many Christians are deficient in simple, hearty trust in God for needed supplies of earthly good; and while some lack sufficient energy to use the means within their reach others are too prone to lose sight of the fact, that “unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it, and so rob God of his glory. The way of trusting in the Lord at all times for all things, and with all our heart, is not only the wisest and best, but is that which brings peace and quiet to our own minds and honor to Him.

“In quietness and confidence is our strength,”  
The birds without barn or storehouse are fed.  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;  
The good that is wanting shall ne’er be denied,  
So long as ’tis written, “The Lord will provide.”

James Backhouse, in his *Travels in South Africa*, relates the following incident:

One of the native chiefs, Molitsani, was a noted warrior, and hostilities arose between him and another chief with whom my old school-fellow, Thomas Laidman Hodgson, resided as a missionary. Finding that there was no hope of any good being done amongst the people, under such circumstances, T. L. Hodgson undertook the responsible, but blessed office of peacemaker between the hostile chiefs. Attended only by one man, he went to the residence of Molitsani, which was, at that time, upon the banks of the Vaal, or Yellow River. On arriving he went directly to the chief and told him his business. The chief inquired if he was not afraid to come to him in such a manner. T. L. Hodgson replied, No, and asked why he should be afraid when he came to the chief as his friend, adding that he was hungry, and wished the chief to give him something to eat. With this Molitsani complied. He also appointed him a hut to sleep in, while he should consult his people. The evening was damp, but T. L. Hodgson lay down outside the hut, feeling as if he should be more in the power of the people if he were within it. He felt peaceful in thus taking rest, knowing that he had come on the business of his Lord and Master. In relating these circumstances he said that he could, experimentally, adopt the language of the Psalmist, "I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me;" for he found that the deliberation of Molitsani and his counsellors had been, whether they should kill him and eat him, or accept the proposals of with which he was charged, and the Lord had inclined their hearts to the latter.

Although the good missionary might seem to be exposing himself to great risk in thus visiting a barbarous chief, at war with the people amongst whom he was living, yet, if he felt that he was performing a service

which the Lord required of him, he might well trust himself in the Divine hand, without whose permission not a hair of his head could fall to the ground.

Faithfulness to duty will not always prevent our partaking in the outward sufferings which are the common lot of mankind. But even in such cases the Lord's children experience the fulfilment of the promise, that all things shall work together for good to those that fear God. Joseph Oxley records an instance in his own experience, in which his obedience to what he felt was a Divine command, was the means of preserving him from the loss of life. He had been paying a religious visit in Ireland, and when about returning to his home in England was detained two or three days longer than he had expected, by an apprehension of duty to visit a few meetings a second time. To this requiring, he says, "I was faithful, yet could not see any extraordinary service attending, which occasioned deep travail in my mind, as in all probability I should have gone in a vessel which sailed two or three days before we did, for the same port. But a great mercy it was for me that it was otherwise ordered, for we were given to understand, when we got on the coast of Liverpool, that the said vessel was lost, and all the people perished. So I had to behold the preserving hand of the Lord in guiding me by his providence and making way for deliverance and escape from the most imminent dangers."

When John Richardson was about to sail to America on a religious visit, he says, "I went on board a ship in the river Thames, and we had not been long there,

considering our freedom about going in the ship, when it opened clearly in my mind, in the light, that I must not go in that vessel, and I said to friends that I could not go in her, for I saw nothing but death and darkness there. The account of what afterwards happened to the ship, I had from two particular friends, in two letters from London to America, wherein they expressed a thankfulness for our deliverance and magnified that Hand which wrought it, and preserved us from going in that ship, which was lost near the island of either Jersey or Guernsey, and, as it was said, about seventy people were drowned."

Of the reality of the extension of Divine help for the protection of his people, the editor of the *Sunday School Times* says he can give a score of incidents out of his own experience, and he knows many others who could bear similar testimony to God's readiness to work wonders in behalf of those who put their trust in Him. One such testimony he records, which was told in his hearing, by the late Robert Turnbull, a well-known Baptist clergyman of Philadelphia, of Boston, and of Hartford. While a little boy in Scotland, he and his little sister were overtaken, on the moor, by a bewildering snow-storm, and they lost their way. Night was coming on, and their danger was imminent. Not knowing which way to turn, they stood for a moment dazed, when the little sister said, "Robby, let us pray." At once they dropped on their knees in prayer. "We had been taught to say our prayers, but not to shape our own petitions," said Dr. Turnbull, "and so we simply said over the Lord's Prayer at this time. But the Lord knew we meant all the while, 'Please show us the way home.'" As the two children rose from their knees they saw just before them, through the snow, a figure

moving on slowly, and the sister called out, "O Robby! There's old Maggie. She'll show us the way home." Old Maggie was a pensioner at the Turnbull's home, and the two children started after her, with prompt feet, calling, as they ran, "Maggie! Maggie!" But Maggie still kept her distance before them, until, as they followed, she suddenly disappeared. And there, just at their left hand, stood their house, which they had been led to by means of an optical impression. And it would seem that God had taken this way of answering these children's prayers.

A writer in *The Guiding Hand* mentions that a friend and relative, who was a widow, was once brought into circumstances of peculiar straitness and trial. She had two daughters, who exerted themselves with their needles to earn a livelihood, and at that time they were so busily engaged in trying to finish some work that had long been on their hands, they had neglected to make provision for their ordinary wants, until they found themselves one winter's day in the midst of a New England snow-storm, with food and fuel almost exhausted, at a distance from neighbors, and without any means of procuring needful sustenance.

The daughters began to be alarmed, and were full of anxiety at the dismal prospect, but the good old mother said, "Don't worry, girls, the Lord will provide. We have enough for to-day, and to-morrow may be pleasant," and in this hope the girls settled down again to their labor.

Another morning came, and with it no sunshine, but wind and snow in abundance. The storm still raged, but no one came near the house, and all was dark and dismal without. Noon came, and the last morsel of food was eaten, the wood was almost gone, and there was no tokens of any relief for their necessities.

The girls became much distressed, and talked anx-

iously of their condition, but their good mother said, "Don't worry, the Lord will provide." But they had heard that story the day before, and they knew not the strong foundation upon which that mother's trust was builded, and could not share the confidence she felt. "If we get anything to-day, the Lord will have to bring it himself, for nobody else can get here if they try," said one of the daughters, impatiently. But the mother said, "Don't worry," and so they sat down again to their sewing, the daughters to muse upon their necessitous condition, and the mother to roll her burdens on the everlasting Arm.

While this conversation was going on, an aged servant of the Lord, M——, sat at his fireside, about a mile away, surrounded by every bounty and comfort needed to cheer his heart, save the companion of his youth, who had long rested in hope beneath the clods of the valley, with his only daughter sitting by his side. For a long time not a word had been spoken, and he had seemed lost in silent meditation, till at length he said, "Mary, I want you to go and order the cattle yoked, and then get me a bag. I must go and carry some wood and flour to sister C."

"Why, father, it is impossible for you to go. There is no track, and it is all of a mile there. You would almost perish."

The old man sat in silence a few moments, and then said, "Mary, I must go." She knew her father too well to suppose that words would detain him, and so complied with his wishes. While she held the bag for him she felt, perhaps, a little uneasiness to see the flour so liberally disposed of, and said, "I wish you would remember that I want to give a poor woman some flour, if it ever clears off." The old man understood the intimation, and said, "Mary, give all you feel it a duty to—and when the Lord says, stop, I will do so."

Soon all things were ready, and the patient oxen took their way to the widow's home, wallowing through the drifted snow and dragging the sled with its load of wood and flour. About four o'clock in the afternoon the mother had arisen from her work to fix the fire, and looking out of the window, she saw the oxen at the door, and she knew that the Lord had heard her cry. She said not a word, but presently a heavy step at the threshold caused the daughters to look up with astonishment, as M—— strode unceremoniously into the room, saying, "The Lord told me, sister C., that you wanted some wood and flour."

"He told you the truth," said the widow, "and I will praise Him forever. What think you now, girls?" she continued, as she turned in solemn joy to her unbelieving daughters.

The same writer also relates the following incident: "In an humble cottage in Connecticut, two sisters were watching over and caring for a much-loved brother, who, for many long months, had been upon a bed of sickness. At length the younger of them began to be discouraged. She was dependent for her clothing upon her labor, her shoes were worn out, and how should she get another pair, unless she could leave the sick bed, and go away from home and work and earn some money?"

"Well," said the mother, "I know you need a pair of shoes, but don't worry, the Lord will provide."

"Do you think that *the Lord* will come down from heaven and buy me a pair of shoes?" said the younger sister, with an expression of discouragement and vexation on her countenance.

"No," said the mother, "but perhaps He will put it into somebody's heart to buy a pair."

"Perhaps He will, but I *don't believe* it," said the discouraged girl.

“ ‘Well’, said the other sister, who was a little more hopeful, ‘you won’t get them any quicker by fretting, so you might as well be quiet.’ Thus the subject dropped, and the day passed as usual.

“As the shades of evening were gathering, a brother, who lived at some distance, and who knew nothing of their previous conversation, called to inquire after their prosperity.

“After the customary salutations, he said, ‘You have been sick here a long time, and I thought I would come around and see if I could not do something for you. Thought that perhaps by this time the girls needed something.’ Then, turning to the younger sister, he said, ‘How is it, aren’t your shoes worn out?’

“She dropped her eyes, blushed deeply, and, perhaps a little conscience smitten, ‘answered not a word.’ Nothing was said of the previous conversation, though it was not forgotten by those who heard it. The brother soon saw for himself enough to satisfy him, and said no more, but went away. The next day two pairs of shoes were sent around to her, and with them came to her heart a lesson which she never forgot.”

The narrative of Stephen Grellet’s travels on the Continent of Europe, in the year 1813, furnishes a remarkable and instructive illustration of the care of the Almighty over his faithful servants; and of the manner in which they are at times safely led through dangers of which they are ignorant, by the revelations of his own Divine light in their mind; so that, by following the impressions of duty with which He favors them, they are guided through perils from which no human wisdom could have extricated them.

At that time Stephen Grellet was at Marseilles, France; and, in the prosecution of his religious visit,

wished to go to Italy. The country was in an unsettled state owing to the terrific wars in which the French were engaged under the lead of Napoleon Bonaparte; and the freedom of action of individuals was greatly hampered by the despotism of the police department, which looked with suspicion on anything out of the usual course. The public meetings which S. Grellet had held in the South of France had awakened a degree of jealousy, of which he seems not to have been aware at the time. The usual route from Marseilles was through Mont Cenis, and without going a long distance round, there was no other course, except a very difficult one over precipitous mountains by way of Nice. This, he felt it would be right for him to take; and trusting in the Divine Guidance, and being assured that the Lord could carry him through all, he went like a horse led by a bridle, and reached Nice in safety. From that point he went to Genoa, braving the danger of meeting with brigands, who were then very numerous, because many of the young men, who had been conscripted for military service, deserted rather than join the army, and being afraid to return home, sought the means of living by plundering all whom they met.

Of the road from Nice he says, "I found it lay over high rocky mountains, by the side of great precipices, and so narrow that a misstep of the mule would have precipitated us to a great depth. Sometimes even that narrow path was covered with rolling stones, and so steep that it was like ascending or descending a staircase. I was favored to pass all this without injury, though once or twice my mule stopped short, refusing

to go forward, till my guide, who had kept behind, coming in sight, had only to speak, and the mule went on. The scenery before me was frequently very grand, so that with admiration I could not help crying out, 'Great and wonderful are Thy works, Lord God Almighty!'

During my tarriance at Genoa, I was introduced into very close exercise of mind and trial of faith. Deep had been my concern on account of various parts of Italy—Rome, Naples, &c.,—places that I had felt for in years past, with an apprehension that I should be required to visit them in Gospel love. I thought that the time had come for me to engage in that service, especially as I was then in Italy. Finding, however, that it would be impracticable to go by land to Rome, on account of the numerous bands of robbers that attacked travellers, even when escorted by large companies of soldiers, I concluded to try to go there by sea, by way of Leghorn. As I was going to engage my passage for that port, my mind was introduced into unutterable distress—gross darkness seemed to be before me, whilst a bright stream of light was behind; I stood still for awhile, and found I could not go forward, I returned to my lodgings, and in my chamber poured forth my soul unto the Lord, entreating Him to direct me aright. He knew it was in obedience to his Divine will that I had come to these nations, and that to his Divine guidance and almighty protection I had wholly committed myself and my all. He very graciously condescended to be near me in my distress, and to hear the voice of my supplication. He gave me to see, and strongly to feel, that to Rome, Naples, &c., I should indeed go, that I had baptisms there to be baptized with, but that the time for it had not yet come, and the language of the Spirit was to proceed with all speed for Geneva and Switzerland. My soul was greatly humbled and tendered before the Lord, who thus con-

descended to instruct his poor servant, and to direct him in the way which He would have him to go. I remembered with awful reverence and gratitude the gracious promise made me before I left America, when, contemplating the extent and magnitude of the Lord's work to which I was called, my soul was dismayed: "I will teach thee and instruct thee in the way in which thou goest, I will guide thee with mine eye." Now I saw how wonderfully my blessed Lord and Redeemer fulfilled his Divine word, and He also renewed a little faith in the safety of his guidance and almighty protection.

From Genoa, he went by carriage to Turin. There he felt a strong drawing of love towards the Vaudois in the valleys of Piedmont, which were not far distant. But, in seeking for Divine direction, no way was open to pay them a visit at that time. "I felt as if I must proceed with all speed for Geneva; the impulse on my mind was as if I must flee for my life. Surely the ways of the Lord are above our ways! Vain would it be for poor man to inquire why or wherefore it is so? At least I found it so with me. Under the conviction that my only safety was in simple obedience to the Lord, I have said, 'Thy will be done.'" Accordingly he took passage in a carriage going to Geneva, where he arrived after a journey of five days and nights. Of his feelings at that time, he remarks:—

As I proceeded on my way, I felt that I was leaving a heavy weight behind me, and that a bright light shone on my way forward; such peacefulness accompanied me that I did not feel any weariness from the journey; the consolation of the Lord was so richly extended to me that my soul was poured forth in reverent

gratitude before Him, surprised nevertheless, in having been thus driven to Genoa, and now brought to Geneva; surely the Lord has wise designs in all this, though I do not understand it.

At Geneva he found considerable religious service required of him; and whilst there he learned also why it was that he had been led by such a peculiar route, and had felt the need of such urgency and haste to make his escape into Switzerland. He says respecting this,—

I now learn that the Prefect at Nismes wrote to the Minister of Police at Paris respecting me, as he told me he should do. He received an order from him to have me arrested, and sent to Paris. In consequence he sent his gendarmes after me to Marseilles, expecting that I was still there; but finding that I had left that place for Italy, they did not think I could have attempted to go there by that difficult road, through which the Lord directed my steps, but that I must have followed the highway through Chambery and Mont Cenis; and finding that I had not passed through Chambery, they reported to the Prefect that they could not discover where I had gone; and again, why I have been prevented, in such a remarkable manner from going towards Rome, or even among the Waldenses, and felt myself constrained to come here with such speed, is now explained as being a very merciful interposition of my blessed Master, under whose guidance I desire to be kept. The armies of Bonaparte have met with signal defeats in Germany, at Leipzig and in several other places, so that the survivors of his once large army, are hastily retiring, some over the Rhine to France; and the army of the king of Naples to Italy, by way of the Tyrol, the Simplon, &c.; so that

I had hardly left Italy when they began to arrive, closely pursued by the Austrians. A delay in Italy of a few days longer might have shut me up there, as there is no possibility, at present, for anybody to pass away from their lines; neither could I now escape from Chambery. Thus have I been delivered from two-fold dangers,—from being carried to Paris as a prisoner for the testimony of Jesus, or shut up in some corner of Italy. Bless the Lord, O my soul! trust forever in the guidance of his Divine Spirit, who alone can and ought to direct thy steps and all thy movements, especially in the service of the ministry of the Gospel, to which he has called thee.

The following incident was related by George Dillwyn, of Burlington, N. J., a valued preacher in the Society of Friends:—

One of the solitary habitations in the back settlement was occupied by a Friend's family, who lived in such secure simplicity that they had hitherto had no apprehension of danger, and used neither bolt nor bar to their door, having no other means of securing their dwelling from intrusion than by drawing in the leathern thong by which the wooden latch inside was lifted from without.

The Indians had committed frightful ravages all around, burning and murdering without mercy. Every evening brought new tidings of horror, and every night the unhappy settlers surrounded themselves with such defences as they could muster—even then, for dread, scarcely being able to sleep. The Friend and his family, who hitherto put no trust in the arm of flesh, but had left all in the keeping of God, believing that man often runs in his own strength to his own injury, had used so little precaution that they slept without even withdrawing the latch, and were as yet uninjured.

Alarmed, however, at length, by the fears of others, and by the dreadful rumors that surrounded them, they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and before retiring to rest drew in the string, and thus secured themselves as well as they were able.

In the dead of the night, the Friend, who had not been able to sleep, asked his wife if she slept, and she replied that she could not, for her mind was uneasy. Upon this he confessed that the same was his case, and he believed it would be safest for him to rise and put out the string of the latch, as usual. On her approving of this, it was done, and the two lay down again, commending themselves to the keeping of God.

This had not occurred above ten minutes, when the dismal sound of the war-whoop echoed through the forest, filling every heart with dread, and almost immediately afterward they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber, which was on the ground floor, and the next moment the door-string was pulled, the latch lifted, and the door opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was in the Indian language, was unintelligible; but that it was favorable to them was proved by the door being again closed, and the Indians retiring without crossing the threshold.

The next morning they saw the smoke rising from burning habitations all around them; parents were weeping for their children who were carried off, and children lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly slain.

Some years afterward, when peace was restored, and the colonists had occasion to hold conference with the Indians, this Friend was appointed as one for that purpose, and, speaking in relation to the Indians, he related the above incident; in reply to which an Indian observed that, by the simple circumstance of putting out the latch-string, which proved confidence rather than

fear, their lives and property had been saved; for that he himself was one of the marauding party, and that, on finding the door open, it was said: "These people shall live; they will do us no harm, for they put their trust in the Great Spirit."

A family of Quakers settled in a remote part of Pennsylvania, then exposed to the savage incursions of the Indians. They had not been there long before a party of Indians, panting for blood, started on one of their terrible excursions, and passed in the direction of the Quaker's abode. Though disposed at first to assail him and his family as enemies, they were treated with such open-hearted confidence, and with such cordiality and kindness, as completely disarmed them of their purpose. They came forth, not against such persons, but against their enemies. They thirsted for the blood of those who injured them; but these children of Peace, unarmed and entirely defenceless, met them only with the accents of love and deeds of kindness.

It was not in the heart even of a savage to harm them; and, on leaving the Quaker's house, the Indians took a white feather, and stuck it over the door, to designate the place as a sanctuary not to be harmed by their brethren in arms. Nor was it harmed. The war raged all around it; the forest echoed often to the Indians' yell, and many a white man's hearth was drenched in his own blood; but over the Quaker's humble abode gently waved the white feather of peace, and beneath it his family slept without harm or fear.

Shortly before the Revolutionary War, there were a few families of Friends who had removed from Dutchess County, and settled at Easton, then in Saratoga County, State of New York. That country was then new, and there were but few inhabitants; and the nearest meeting being at too great a distance to be regularly

attended, these Friends requested the privilege of holding a meeting for religious worship, which was granted.

This section of the country proved to be one which was so much distressed by scouting parties from both the British and American armies, that the American Government, unable to protect the inhabitants, issued a proclamation, directing them to leave their country; and most of the people went. Friends requested to be permitted to exercise their own judgment, saying, "You are clear of us, as you have warned us." They accordingly remained at their homes, and kept up their meetings.

Robert Nesbit, who lived at that time at East Hoosick, about thirty miles distant, felt it right to walk through the wilderness country, and attend one of their week-day meetings. After Friends had assembled, and were sitting in the meeting with the door open, they perceived an Indian peeping around the door-post. When he saw Friends sitting in silence, he stepped forward and took a full view of everything that was in the house; then beckoning to his company, they placed their arms in a corner of the room, took seats, and remained till the meeting closed.

Zebulon Hoxie, one of the Friends present, then invited the Indians to his house, and, placing some bread and cheese on a table, desired them to help themselves. After they had eaten, they went quietly away.

Robert Nesbit, who could speak the French language, had a conversation with the leader of the Indians, who told him that they surrounded the meeting-house, intending to destroy all who were in it; "but," said he, "when we saw you sitting with your door open, and no weapons of defence, we had no disposition to hurt you; we would have fought for you."

A writer in the *New York Observer* relates a remarkable circumstance that was told him by a Methodist friend whom he loved and esteemed, but who belonged to a different religious denomination from himself, although, he says, "I found that we agreed in our religion, as probably, at heart, most all men who have solemn moments do." This substantial agreement in practical religion, which may exist even where the *opinions* of people are very different, flows from the fact that all true religion depends on the work of the Spirit of Christ in the heart of man, bringing him into subjection to the Divine government, and enabling him to forsake his sins and live holily, justly and unblamably." As it flows from the same fountain, it will necessarily be similar in all who partake of it.

In reply to the query, Why he was a Methodist? the man replied as follows :

It was my mother's church, that is why, and I am certain that her prayers were heard on high. It was demonstrated to me once, while I was yet a boy, and it not only made me a better one, but helps my efforts as a man. It was on this wise: We were very humble in our status, and were very poor. My father, through ill health, had first lost occupation, and then had gone to bed, it seemed, to die. No funds came in, our all had been expended several days. I had just returned from my fruitless efforts to get any work, and found my mother seated, stricken with dismay, amid the little group of still more hunger-stricken baby mouths that wailed to her for bread. Of this, there literally was none. The cupboard now, indeed, was bare. It had been so so long that famine, visaged with despair, was now our guest, and seated at the board. After I had

related my boyish failure to obtain help without, my mother sat a moment, pitiably crushed, then, with agony, she threw herself upon her knees, and prayed, as Hagar did, "My God, give us our daily bread!" That instant, shall I ever forget it? said the good, gray-haired old patriarch, as tears rolled down his kindly, furrowed cheeks, and while my own heart cried, its "Amen" to the throne on high, there came a knock so loud at the door that, rising with a face resigned and quieted by prayer, my mother opened it. A man standing there threw down a heavy bag of meal, saying, "I am ordered to leave this here." "I fear you are mistaken, sir," my mother said, "for we have not ordered it." "Are you not the wife of John —?" he replied. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Then I am right. This is the place. I was to hurry. It is paid for and all right. Good evening." He was gone. My mother closed the door, and once more falling on her knees, she thanked the God who sent us of his plenty. Somehow we mended from that very moment. My father rapidly got better, then found work, and in due time we were able to come to America.

A year or two after this, the old gentleman went on, there was a revival in a town where we were living, in the course of which a man got up and said, "Well, my friends, my own conversion came about in this wise: I am a miller, as my people always were. I was well-to-do in life, but labored hard and faithfully for all I had. One afternoon, when grist was dull, and I was weary, I retired to sleep, but had no sooner fallen off than a voice said to me, so distinctly that I awoke, 'Arise and send John — a bag of meal.' It startled me, but as it was a dream, I once more composed myself to sleep. Again a sharper summons roused me, using the same words. This time I was disturbed in mind, but as I knew no such a man, and could not yet believe my senses, I again fell fast asleep. And now the summons

was repeated so imperatively, as if surprised and almost outraged at my heedlessness, that I could mistake it no longer. 'Why do you delay? Arise, and send John — a bag of meal. He lives at —. Give it freely. And haste then on about thine own affairs.' I arose, and dressing, filled the largest bag I had, and sent it by my wagon as rapidly as I could. But the mystery grew on me, till I grew myself to know the God of heaven."

When the narrator had seated himself, my mother, who had visibly trembled as he rose, stood up and asked the gentleman, "Did you never find out, sir, who this man might be?" "No," he replied; "but soon after I took occasion to inquire quietly around, and found out he was poor and worthy, but had left, for where, I could not learn." "He is my husband, sir," my mother said, "and your gift was God's own answer to prayer."

"I need not describe the scene further," said the old Methodist, "but that is why I keep my mother's faith, and yet am liberal to all other creeds."

The person who furnished the above incident to the *New York Observer* says, in reference to it, "Let those call this coincidence who will, but let them also have the grace to thank the God who rules coincidence, in that He has so ordained even the laws of accident that they may sometimes minister to human needs." And he further observes, when speaking of the difference in dreams, between those which have a special significance and those which have not: "When one can feel with Daniel that the 'dream is certain, and its interpretation sure,' then surely does it well behoove him to attend to what the vision seems to bid."

*The Christian* publishes another remarkable incident,

which was furnished by the secretary of the London Open Air Mission. The dream occurred to one of the out-door preachers in the streets of East London. He said :

A friend gave me five pounds to give to the poor. My mind was somewhat exercised as to the selection of the most deserving cases, and after asking for Divine guidance, I went to bed. During the night, in my dream, there stood at the foot of my bed a good Christian man, J——, whom I had known for ten years, and always considered, as the owner of two small shops, in comparatively comfortable circumstances, but this night the look of distress on his countenance was something appalling.

At the same time the donor stood by my bedside, and, in a very deliberate manner, put in my hand—counting the money—three pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, then looked at me earnestly, then turned his eyes to my distressed friend at the foot of the bed, J——, as much as to say, “*That* is the particular amount he is in need of. Go and give it to him.”

On waking the next morning, I related the matter to my wife, and said, “I shall certainly go and see J—— to-night,” and accordingly went, carefully taking four pounds in my pocket. I sat in his house, talking with his wife and his mother for about half an hour, hoping they would let me know if anything were amiss, but not a word was dropped about it. At last I said :

“Mrs. J——, I hope you will excuse me, but I want to know if there is anything peculiar in your circumstances at the present time, and if so, will you object to tell me?”

I noticed immediately the sudden exchange of glances between the wife and the mother. And the wife replied, “Well, Mr. Hamilton, as you have asked that

question, I am bound to tell you. My husband has a bill that will become due to-morrow for forty pounds, and all he is got is thirty-six pounds, and that four pounds he has tried hard, but cannot possibly get it anywhere—and, though he is suffering from bronchitis, yet, this fearful night, amidst wet and fog and cold, he has gone to Croydon to try and sell enough to meet the bill, or we are ruined.”

I simply rose from my seat, gave her the pounds, and with a few kindly words, departed. On my way home, as though evidence must be multiplied that I had been rightly guided, I met an excellent young Christian woman whom I had known several years, to whom I related the circumstances, carefully avoiding any reference to the name or neighborhood.

“Oh!” she replied. “Why, I know where you have been. You have been to J——’s.”

I replied, “How do you know that?” “How do I know that,” asked she. “Because his trouble over that was so great that for several nights he has called a few friends to his house to ask the Lord to help him out of his difficulty, and I was one of them, and the Lord has sent you.”

I called the next morning. He had not taken one farthing from his journey to Croydon, and came home with a broken heart, not knowing but wife, large family of little children, aged mother and himself, an invalid, would all be turned into the street soon, when, lo! the money was awaiting his return. In the morning he looked at, and made me look at, his cash-box, where I saw the forty pounds. He then said:

“Do you know I have opened the children’s money-boxes, and have got there two shillings and sixpence.”

Thus, if I had given the three pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, the children’s money-boxes would exactly have made up the needed four pounds.

The donor of the five pounds was much interested

in the circumstances when I told him. I also mentioned it to two infidels, who said it was remarkably strange, but Christians say it is an answer to earnest prayer and a cause for devout thankfulness to God.

Those who choose the Lord for their portion, and endeavor to keep a conscience void of offence towards Him, may rely on the assurance, "He is my refuge and my fortress." Such have often found Him to be a deliverer in time of trouble.

An incident related in the life of John Roberts or Hayward, shows in an interesting manner the care of the Lord over those who are sincerely endeavoring to be faithful to that which He requires of them. It was a time of much persecution in England on account of religion; and John had been unjustly and illegally committed to prison by one of the magistrates, who was very abusive, and even spoke of cutting his throat. In the evening his uncle, who was one of the Justices, came to the prison, and gave him liberty to go to his own home, until the time of the next assizes. Accordingly on the morrow he went home. His son who relates the account says:—

In the night, a concern came upon him with such weight that it made him tremble. My mother asked the reason of it; he answered, "The Lord requires hard things of me; if it would please Him, I had rather lay down my life than obey Him in what He requires at my hands." To which my mother replied, "If thou art fully persuaded the Lord requires it of thee, I would not have thee disobey Him: for He will require nothing of us but what He will enable us to go through; therefore we have good cause to trust in Him." On

which he said, "I must go to this *John Stephens* who is my great enemy, and sent me to prison, where he said he would secure me; and as my uncle *Solliss* in kindness has given me leave to come home, I can expect no more favor from him, if I now go and run myself into the mouth of my adversary. But I must go, whatever I suffer."

He arose and prepared for his journey; but durst eat or drink nothing. When he mounted his horse, the command of the Lord was to him, "Remember Lot's wife, look not back." So on he rode very cheerfully eight or nine miles, till he came within sight of the justice's house; and then he let in the reasoner, who reasoned him out of all his courage, presenting to his mind, that his uncle *Solliss* and his neighbors would say, "He had no regard for his wife and family, thus to push himself into the hands of his greatest enemy." This brought such a cloud over his mind, that he alighted off his horse and sat down upon the ground, to spread his cause before the Lord. After he had waited some time in silence, the Lord appeared and dissipated the cloud, and his word was to him, "Go, and I will go with thee, and will give thee a threshing instrument, and thou shalt thresh the mountains." Now he was exceedingly overcome with the love of God: and I have often heard him say, he was filled like a vessel that wanted vent, and said in his heart, *Thy presence is enough*, and proceeded to the house with great satisfaction.

He was soon called [into the justice's room]; and my father no sooner saw him, but he believed the Lord had been at work upon him; for as he behaved to him with the fierceness of a lion before, he now appeared to him like a lamb, meeting him with a pleasant countenance, and taking him by the hand, said, "Friend *Hayward*, how do you do?" My father answered, "Pretty well;" and then proceeded thus: "I am come

in the fear and dread of Heaven, to warn thee to repent of thy wickedness with speed, lest the Lord cut the thread of thy life, and send thee to the pit that is bottomless. I am come to warn thee in great love, whether thou wilt hear or forbear, and to preach the everlasting Gospel to thee." The justice replied, "You are a welcome messenger to me; that is what I have long desired to hear." "The everlasting Gospel," returned my father, "is the same that God sent his servant John to declare, when he saw an angel fly through the midst of Heaven, saying with a loud voice, "Fear God, and give glory to his name, and worship Him who made heaven and earth, the sea and the fountains of water." The justice then caused my father to sit down by him on his couch, and said, "I believe your message is of God, and I receive it as such. I am sorry I have done you wrong; I will never wrong you more. I would pray you to forgive me." After much more discourse, he offered my father the best entertainment his house afforded; but my father excused himself from eating or drinking with him at that time, expressing his kind acceptance of his love; and so in much love they parted.

While John Roberts was from home on his visit to Justice Stephens, his wife went to a meeting appointed the same day by William Dewsbury. But she was under so much mental exercise on her husband's account that she could receive but little benefit from it. After the meeting was ended, William Dewsbury walked to and fro in a long passage, groaning in spirit; and by and by came up to the wife, and, though she was a stranger to him, he laid his hand upon her head, and said, "Woman, thy sorrow is great; I sorrow with thee." Then walking a little to and fro as before, he

came to her again and said, "Now the time is come, that those who marry must be as though they married not, and those who have husbands as though they had none; for the Lord calls for all to be offered up." By this she saw the Lord had given him a sense of her great burthen; for she had not discovered her exercise to any; and it gave her such ease in her mind, that she went home rejoicing in the Lord. She no sooner got home, but she found her husband returned from the justice's, where his message had been received in such love as was far from their expectation; "the sense of which," says the narrative, "much broke them into tears, in consideration of the great goodness of God, in so eminently making way for and helping them that day."

Although in this case the Lord was pleased to deliver his servant from the apparent danger; yet it would have been no just cause for complaint if He had permitted the justice again to send him to the jail from which he had just been delivered. In those days, there were thousands of his fellow professors, who suffered cruel imprisonments and other hardships, for their faithfulness to the commands of their Divine Master. But these were not forsaken; and often the prison house was made as a sanctuary, where heavenly peace, comfort and joy consoled these saints amid their outward afflictions. And when, as many times was the case, they sank under the unhealthy influences of their confinement, they found it was the blessed means of more quickly introducing them into the company of saints and angels, and the spirits of just men made

perfect, where they could join in the song of thanksgiving to Him who had redeemed them. The Almighty Ruler of the Universe will carry out his own plans in his own way and time; and no efforts of man can thwart them. What he requires of man is faithful obedience to his commands.

*The Methodist* records an interesting case, in which one who felt the convictions of Divine Grace could find no peace or settlement of mind, until he had been made willing to submit himself in all things to the Lord's government. It was a time of religious revival in the section of Ohio in which the man resided; and he felt with the others the need of the converting power of the Lord. As he wrestled in spirit for the blessing, the question presented to his mind, as to what he would do with his crop of corn. He was a farmer, and most of his neighbors sold their corn crops to the distillers to be converted into whiskey. He tried to dismiss the question from his mind, as one that was not his present concern. But whenever he attempted to pray to the Lord, the subject of his corn would come up; and the conviction was fastened upon him, that he could not expect to have a clean heart unless he was willing to give to the Lord a clean business. It was a close trial of faith and allegiance. For the man was in debt, and relied upon this crop to pay a mortgage which rested on his farm. The distillers were the principal, and in that neighborhood almost the only purchasers, and paid the highest price. Day after day as he struggled with his conviction of duty, his distress increased, and the cloud over him increased in darkness,

until in his agony he cried out, "O Lord, I will sell no more corn to the distillers. It may rot in the cribs, or the fowls of the air may carry it off kernel by kernel." When he had thus yielded to the Divine requiring, great was the peace and joy that flowed into his soul.

This would have been an ample reward for his obedience, even if his corn had been altogether lost. But it was so ordered, that the succeeding summer was unusually dry. Crops were light in consequence, the price of corn nearly doubled, and his having been unsold in the previous winter was now needed for food, and was sold at an advance sufficient to pay off all his mortgage.

There is much instruction in the experience of Richard Davies, a member of the Society of Friends and a native of Wales, who lived in the days of religious persecution.

One of the first Friends he had met with when a lad had been a man by the name of Roger Prichard, who at that time had been a minister in the new denomination. He had helped the lad in his spiritual exercises, but as the years rolled on, they lost sight of each other, and Prichard, through fear of the sufferings he encountered at every turn, became unfaithful to the ministry he had received. Left in the darkness that his disobedience had induced, he finally denied the very faith that he once so ardently contended for. But when R. Davies was about thirty-five years of age, he, in one of his journeys, ran across his old acquaintance of nearly twenty years before, and was the means, under Divine

Providence, of restoring the latter into fellowship with Friends. He says :

At the lower end of the county of Radnor we had a sweet living meeting, and the power of the Lord tendered the hearts of many. When the meeting was ended we drew a little aside from Friends, being bowed before the Lord in a sense of his goodness amongst us. After a little while I turned my face towards the Friends, and saw a man coming towards me in much brokenness and tears, and when he came to me he took me in his arms and held me there. I was very tender of him, though I knew him not. He asked me if I did not know him. I told him I did not. He said he had cause to remember me. When I looked upon him again, I asked him whether he was not Roger Prichard. He said he was the man that had gone astray. And I was glad, yea, very glad, that the lost sheep was found and that he came to know the true Shepherd and his voice in himself, and he followed Him and went not astray again as he did before.

We went thence towards Pembrokeshire, where we had several good meetings, and the Lord was with us. Then we came homewards, and before we parted with Roger Prichard we appointed a meeting at his house, which was at Almeley-Wooten. The Lord helped us on our journey, and we came there according to the time appointed, and a large, sweet, comfortable meeting we had. I know not that any meeting had been there before. I appointed another meeting to be there, and in a few weeks after my return home, I went accordingly.

The concern of that part of the county of Herefordshire was much upon me, and I was often there, and when the people of that village saw me come, they would say one to another, "Come, let us go to Mr.

Prichard's, for we shall have prayers there to-night," and the house hath soon near filled with people. A comfortable time we used to have together, and many were gathered to the Lord in those parts. As for Roger Prichard, the Lord blessed him in basket and in store, and his heart and house were open to Friends, and he built a fine meeting-house at his own charge, and also gave a burying-place, and settled both upon Friends for that service, and lived and died in love and favor with God and in unity with his brethren. "Say to the righteous, it shall go well with them."

The Friends of that day in Wales suffered much from the action of men called Informers. These men would inform on the exercises of the persecuted denomination when in their meetings for Divine worship, and would find their pay for this disreputable work in receiving part of the proceeds of the fines levied by the magistrates to whom the information was conveyed. Thus it often happened that honorable and gifted ministers of the Gospel would become the prey of idle, deceitful and wicked men. But happily for Richard Davies, his liberty-loving Welsh neighbors seemed to take small stock in such miserable methods to injure a man, who, while belonging to a despised sect, was yet respected and loved by men of all creeds.

Right under the room where the Friends of that locality held their meetings, was the abode of a man named John David, who took upon himself the business of informer against the Quakers. This man, when once going by R. Davies' barn, said to some of the neighbors of the latter, "These cattle are all mine." They asked how they were his. He replied, "Richard Davies has preached three times this day, and, by the

laws, there is sixty pounds on the preacher for the same." Soon it was noised around that Richard Davies was likely to be financially ruined. His neighbors were much concerned, and one of them, an alderman and a relation of his, came to him and chidingly asked if he had a mind to ruin his wife and family—could he not leave off his preaching, when he knew the laws were so severe against them? Davies replied that he could not when the Lord required it of him, and desired his relation to let the informer alone, and let things take their course. But this relation, who seems to have been somewhat of a Friend in some respects, and a very poor Friend in others, replied that he would not let the man alone. He said, "I will tell thee what I will do. I will take him along with me to Severn-side, and whet my knife very sharp, and I will cut off one of the rogue's ears. And if he ever informs against thee again I will cut off the other." R. Davies finally induced his zealous friend to not injure his persecutor.

This informer was a weaver by trade, and so incensed were the neighbors at his taking advantage of a pernicious law, that they took their work away from him. His children were soon begging, but received little help, some of the townspeople telling them that their father had got a new money-making trade on hand, and there was no need for them to give anything. Consequently the little children suffered much, and when in this condition they received assistance from R. Davies' wife, who literally fed her enemies.

Even the town jailer ridiculed the, by this time, unfortunate informer. Once, when R. Davies was going down the street, the jailer said to the informer, "Mr. Informer, you see Richard Davies is going out to preach somewhere to-day. I advise you to look out diligently after your business, and find him out. If you will not inform against him I will inform against you. You have got a good trade in hand." Thus he was jeered

as he started out to obtain a warrant from Lord Herbert, who, when he ascertained the object of his errand, was very angry, and declared that he would not issue a warrant against the loving and peaceable Quakers. Herbert doubtless recollected his previous interview with R. Davies, and exclaimed, "Is it not sufficient to put my peaceable neighbors in prison? Must I give a warrant to make such a rogue as this rich by ruining them and their families?" So the rebuffed informer returned to his home. Later he met with Richard Davies and asked his forgiveness, acknowledging that he and his family had been ruined by his own wicked behavior. The man was freely forgiven by the Friend, and never again made any trouble.

In the year 1675 the Friends of Merionethshire were much persecuted by the action of informers, especially at a town called Penllyn. Hearing this, R. Davies and his friend, Charles Lloyd, were concerned to visit the meeting held there, which was larger than the house could hold. At the meeting also came two informers, with warrants to arrest the preachers. But so overcome were these men by the ministry of the visitors, that the conclusion of the meeting found them utterly incapable of serving the warrants.

R. Davies says of this incident, "The two informers kneeled on their knees with us while I was at prayer, and one of them, named Robert Evans, did exceedingly tremble, and when I had concluded the meeting, the said Robert Evans took a paper out of his pocket, with much trembling and shaking, and could say nothing to us but 'A warrant, a warrant, a warrant.' Friends stood quiet in the possession of that life and power that God had blessed them withal that day, and we said nothing to him, nor he to us, which was almost an

amazement to the spectators, for he was an envious, spiteful man that had done much spoil upon Friends in those parts. At last I asked him what he had there. He told me he had a warrant. I desired him to let me see it. He was not willing to let me see it, but said if we would come a little further on our way we could see it. We told Friends we were not bound to follow him, and desired Friends to depart to their habitations, but our loving, tender-hearted Friends would not part with us. Charles Lloyd and I had a great mind to see what the tenor of his warrant was and who the justices were that signed it. So we went along with him to the house where he said we should see it. We told him he should have it safe again, and at last he let us see it." They then found that the papers had been issued by a Colonel Salisbury, many of whose tenants were Friends, and also by a Colonel Price, who had been an old schoolmate and was a relation of Charles Lloyd.

The two Friends started that very night to hunt up the persecuting colonels, so as to lay before the latter the sufferings of their brethren. Price was at home, but refused to see them. They then journeyed on to see Colonel Salisbury. He, too, being conscious of the evil he had done, refused to allow them to be admitted into his house. As a last resort, they sent word by one of his servants that they had come a long way to see both him and their suffering friends in that country, and that Charles Lloyd, as a *relation*, would desire to see him. But this final request was of no avail, and, foiled in their efforts, the two Friends departed. They then continued their visit in that locality, and returned to their families.

R. Davies did not give up his efforts to relieve the

suffering Friends of Merionthetshire, but soon after called on Lord Powis, whom he speaks of as being a particular friend of his. He induced Powis to have the Duke of Beaufort write a letter to Colonel Price, which was accordingly done. The letter read as follows: "Sir, I have stopped the complaint of his Majesty's subjects, called Quakers, from coming before the council-board, concerning the severe persecution of the penal laws against them." Just as soon as R. Davies had secured this letter he hastened to have it delivered to Colonel Price. The good effect was at once apparent. Not only was the persecution stopped, but the magistrates commenced to call the informer to account for the money he had collected from the Friends. This he was unable to do, and, as a consequence, was in turn almost financially ruined himself. "So," says R. Davies, "it pleased God that himself fell into the snare and evil that he intended against his neighbors."

It is a precious thought that the Lord watches over his children, as a tender father does over his sons and daughters; and if they are obedient to the intimations He gives them, not only often protects them from dangers, but enables them to be as instruments in his hands for the good of others.

In the *African's Friend* for Third Month, 1892, an instructive illustration of this truth is given by one of the parties thereto. He says:—

During the summer of 1879 or 1880, almost daily for some weeks, I was drawn through the gentle intimations of required duty to retire near an open window

(the weather being warm) in the back part of my store, and there read aloud a chapter in the New Testament, followed by the reading in like manner of a psalm, and frequently would be thus engaged in this unusual vocal exercise, unconsciously on my part; and why, or for what purpose, I was led to do so, I could not tell, and for the time being, it was veiled in mystery. I had rented the upper stories of my building for a dwelling to a family, which comprised a widowed mother and four daughters, who, while professedly members of a large and influential religious denomination, were inclined to a life of gayety and self-indulgence in the fashionable amusements of the day. It was to gratify this passion for the enjoyment of worldly pleasures that induced the eldest daughter one afternoon on the First-day of the week to go on a steamboat excursion to Wilmington, Delaware. The trip was attended with her taking a severe cold, which eventually terminated in a fatal pulmonary disease, her illness lasting through a period of about two years. Some time after her death, the Rector of the Epiphany Protestant Episcopal Church, located at the corner of Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, called at my store, and questioned me in relation to my having the preceding summer been in the habit of withdrawing at a certain hour in the day to an open window, and there reading aloud a chapter in the New Testament, followed by the reading of a psalm. I replied that such was the case, but for what particular object I had not the most remote idea; neither could I give any valid reason therefore, only that I would be thus occupied in reading aloud in the same place, and at about the same hour, nearly every day. He then went on to narrate that the young woman above alluded to was a member of his church congregation, and it was in the line of his duty as her pastor and spiritual adviser, to visit her while confined in her sick chamber, which he did for a num-

ber of times, and, as he apprehended, with but little satisfaction or profit to either party, she apparently having steeled herself against every thought and impression which tended to remind her of that goal towards which she was so surely hastening. In one of his subsequent visits he said he perceived a change had been wrought in her feelings and manners by an influence independent of any agency of his own. That the aversion with which she had hitherto shrunk from the contemplation of her approaching end seemed removed, and a disposition manifested to no longer evade that deep-searching and contrition of heart which she now realized was so essential to the salvation of her immortal soul; and in the course of another visit, she fully and unreservedly unfolded to him how that in going to the window of her room to enjoy the fresh air, and for temporary relief from pain, her attention was attracted in hearing our friend, standing at the window below, reading a chapter in the New Testament, followed by the reading of a psalm, which she said she could distinctly hear, although she was altogether hidden from his view. At length, after listening to these repeated readings, she became deeply imbued with a consciousness of the transgressions and follies of her past life, and her soul aroused to the imperative necessity for a true repentance of and remission of her sins, preparatory to an entrance into another and a better world. Her pastor then went on to relate: "Thus, unknown to yourself, were your daily readings made instrumental in the Divine hand of so softening her hitherto cold and callous heart as to render it susceptible to the visitation of the spirit of Divine grace, by which she was enabled, through the condescending love and mercy of her holy Redeemer, to witness her iniquities pardoned, and her sins washed away in the blood of the Lamb."

In the *Friends' Intelligencer and Journal*, the following incident is described, the truth of which is vouched for:—

A woman who was at home alone one night with her little children, saw by the movements of her wardrobe door that some one was inside of it. Without apparently knowing this, she quieted one of her little ones who was restless, put out the light, and retired as usual. But before getting into bed, she made an earnest, heart-felt prayer, audibly. She says, she felt she was under the influence of the Spirit, and she had no fear. Soon after she was quiet in her bed, she heard the door of the closet open, some one come out, go down stairs, and leave the house. Then when fortitude was no longer needed, she gave way to the natural physical weakness, and wept herself to sleep.

Some time afterwards the same woman with her husband, owing to a detention upon a railroad journey, was stopped at a place she had never before visited. There was a little house near, at which refreshments were sold, the proprietor of which urged them to come there and get something to eat. While there he said to the woman, "Did you know there was a man in your room at such a time?" She said, "I did." He replied, "That night you not only saved your life, and perhaps that of your children, but you saved mine. After your prayer I determined I would never live by evil means again. I reformed, saved my money, and when I was able to do so, married the best woman in the world." He then introduced his wife, and this woman whose faith had saved him, has ever since maintained a pleasant intercourse with them both.

An old number of *Chamber's Edinburgh Journal* contains the following narrative:—

Upon the 4th of April, 1823, I was pacing as usual

the Glasgow Exchange rooms, when my eyes got a glimpse of some Jamaica Gazettes on a side table and remembering that piracies were then prevalent in the West Indies, I glanced over them till I met with a case which arrested my attention. One Henrique Buche had been recently tried in Jamaica for piracy, on the testimony of a person who swore that he was a mariner in the ship *Malcom*, belonging to James Strang & Co., merchants in Leith; that they sailed from that harbor on the 9th of November, 1819, and upon the 30th of December following, whilst in the Bay of Honduras, they were boarded by pirates; that these plundered the ship of a great variety of stores, of which the witness specified the weights, quantities and qualities with such a minuteness which seemed to me quite incredible, as he *confessedly* took no notes of them at the time; was a mere fore-castle man; was stationed at the helm all the time; and that *several years* had elapsed since the alleged piracy took place. The witness added that the pirates departed with their booty, and he did not see any of them till *three years* afterwards, when he pointed out to a police officer the prisoner at the bar as one of them, whilst he was entering the harbor of Kingston in a boat.

The only other witness was the police officer who had seized poor Buche on the allegation of the sailor, so that the latter was the sole witness to the crime charged—a charge which Henrique Buche indignantly denied on his trial, stating that, if an extension of time had been allowed him, he could have proved that he was of respectable connections in the Island of Guadeloupe, where he possessed a competency which placed him far beyond the necessity of following the infamous and perilous profession of a pirate; adding that it would be seen from Lloyd's lists that no ship of the name

stated by the crown witness had left Leith at the time alleged.

In reply the prosecutor stated that the prisoner had already been allowed time sufficient to produce evidence of his alleged *status* in Guadaloupe, and that, as to the inference drawn from the silence of Lloyd's lists, it was well known to the jury that these lists, though correct as to the port of London, were far from being so as to distant ports like Leith. He therefore demanded a verdict of guilty; and my surprise was inexpressible when I found that twelve men had consigned a helpless stranger to an ignominious death, on the single unsupported and incredible testimony of an obscure seaman and common informer, of whom no one seemed to know anything, and who probably had been stimulated by the hope of *blood money*, then freely given for such disclosures.

Animated by these feelings and fears, I instantly stepped to the side bar of the exchange rooms, and soon discovered incontestible evidence that poor Buche had been convicted, condemned, and I feared, hanged, on the testimony of a perjured man. The Leith shipping lists proved that no vessel of the name stated by the Crown witness had left Leith on the day in question, or during the whole of that month. I also found from the directory that there was no company of ship owners, or of *any* profession, of the firm sworn to in Leith or Edinburgh during the whole of the year in question. These facts I instantly communicated to Lord Bathurst, as minister for the colonies, with a view to the rescue of Buche; if, happily, his execution had not taken place, or, at all events, for the seizure and punishment of his perjured enemy. And great was my delight when, in the course of post, his lordship's chief secretary wrote me thus:—

“It will, I am persuaded, be satisfactory to you to be informed that the Governor of Jamaica, in officially reporting the trial and conviction of these unfortunate persons, has stated the circumstances which induced him to grant a *respite* to Henrique Buche, in order that the necessary inquiries might be made to establish the truth of the particulars which he stated in his defence. I have therefore to acquaint you that *your letter will be transmitted to the Governor.*”

Buche was liberated, and leaving Jamaica, returned to his native island. The moral, the writer draws from the circumstance is,—“That each of us should be prompt to help the other, and all of us to help humanity at large.”

Dr. A. J. Gordon tells a touching incident, in which the effort to relieve the distress of a fellow being, was made instrumental in promoting the person's own happiness—The narrative is as follows:—

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a home within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—as fine creatures as I ever saw. I was to buy groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly; she had never had a store doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made for her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to “buy a big one.” Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you

pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up.

It might have been more prudent to stay till morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her doll. I mounted a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down, dark as pitch, while I was in the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well; although, when the storm that had been brewing broke out and pelted the rain in torrents, I was almost five miles, or maybe six, from home. I rode on as fast as I could.

But all of a sudden I heard a little cry, like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass—called again, and again I was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares, and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away.

But once more I heard that cry; and said I, "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die." I searched again. At last I be-thought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me; and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat, as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy.

It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there for over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the door-yard, I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dread fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amidst them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

“O, don’t tell him,” she said; “it will kill him!”

“What is it, neighbors?” I cried.

And one said, “Nothing, now, I hope; what’s that in your arms?”

“A poor lost child,” says I, “I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I’ve turned faint;” and I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly!

It was my darling, and none other, that I had picked up on that drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet “daddy” and doll, while her mother was at work; and Dolly they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees before them all.

It is not much of a story; but I think of it often in the night, and wonder how I could bear to live now, if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel’s chirp.

It is much of a story. It is a story in which the great moral of the world’s redemption lies wrapped up. It is a story which translates for us the deepest meaning of the cross. In exposing his life to danger this man restored the life that was dearest to him. “He that loseth his life shall find it.”

## CHAPTER IV.

*CONVERSION.*

Stephen Grellet—Ann Branson—Joseph Pike—Wm. Dewsbury—Thomas Wilson—John Churchman—Maria Hall—Elizabeth Wing—John S. Stokes—Job Scott—Holy Spirit among the Kaffirs—Edward Wright—“Ye are not your own”—The Dutch painter—Effect of a tract—Effect of a judicious conversation—Peter Yarnall—Frederick C. Browne—The robber’s auction—The Georgia farmer—Women crusaders—“Behold the Lamb of God”—Samuel Cope on the steamboat—Gilmore Marton—Jane Dunning—“The wicked flee when no man pursueth” No. 68—Convinced by an old blind woman—The file grinder—John Browning—Jacob Ritter—A deist converted—Revival at Great Falls—Samuel Fay—“The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin”—The Florida pirate—Mitchell K’s prayer—The “dumb sermon”—“Say your prayers in fair weather”—David Sands.

The preceding pages contain many instances of the preserving power of God, and of his safe guidance in the midst of trial and danger; but the best proof of the greatness of Divine love and mercy is to be found in those operations of his grace by which the sinner is turned from evil, and enabled to walk in the highway of holiness which leads to eternal blessedness. Not only is the Lord willing to pardon the repentant sinner, but, as Isaac Penington expresses, “He gives brokenness, He melteth the heart that He may be tender towards, and embrace it in his arms of reconciliation, and in the peace of his Spirit.”

The account which Stephen Grellet gives of his own conviction of the truths of the Gospel, and of his

conversion, is an interesting illustration of the great truth, that the change from darkness to light is effected through the power of Divine grace.

He was a refugee from France, driven out by the convulsions attending the French Revolution, and, at the time this great change occurred, was residing on Long Island, a young man of twenty-two years of age, living a moral and respectable life, but one who, like many others of the educated class among the French people, had rejected religion as a system of priestcraft, and was a professed unbeliever. He thus describes what he terms a visitation of the Lord, "by the immediate openings of the Divine light on my soul:"

One evening, as I was walking in the fields, alone, my mind being under no kind of religious concern nor in the least excited by anything I had heard or thought of, I was suddenly arrested by what seemed to be an awful voice proclaiming the words, "Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!" It reached my very soul, my whole man shook, it brought me, like Saul, to the ground. The great depravity and sinfulness of my heart were set open before me, and the gulf of everlasting destruction to which I was verging. I was made bitterly to cry out, "If there is no God—doubtless there is a hell." I found myself as in the midst of it. For a long time it seemed as if the thundering proclamation was yet heard. After that I remained almost whole days and nights, exercised in prayer that the Lord would have mercy upon me, expecting that He would give me some evidence that He heard my supplication. But for this I was looking to some outward manifestation, my expectation being entirely of that nature.

I now took up again the works of William Penn, and opened upon "No Cross, No Crown." The title alone

reached to my heart. I proceeded to read it, with the help of my dictionary, having to look for the meaning of nearly every word. I read it twice through in this manner. I had never met with anything of the kind, neither had I felt the Divine witness in me operating so powerfully before.

I now withdrew from company, and spent most of my time in retirement and in silent waiting upon God. I began to read the Bible, with the aid of my dictionary, for I had none then in French. I was much of a stranger to the inspired records. I had not even seen them before that I remember. What I had heard of any part of their contents was only detached portions in prayer books.

Whilst the fallow ground of my heart was thus preparing, my brother and myself, being one day at Col. Corsa's, we heard that a meeting for Divine worship was appointed to be held next day in the Friends' meeting-house, by two English women on a religious visit to this land, to which we were invited. We felt inclined to go. The Friends were Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young. The sight of them brought solemn feelings over me. But I soon forgot the servants and all things around me, for, in an inward, silent frame of mind, seeking for the Divine presence, I was favored to find *in* me, what I had so long, and with so many tears, sought for *without* me. My brother, who sat beside me, and to whom the silence, in which the forepart of the meeting was held, was irksome, repeatedly whispered to me, "Let us go away." But I felt the Lord's power in such a manner that my inner man was prostrated before my blessed Redeemer. A secret joy filled me, in that I had found Him after whom my soul had longed. I was as one nailed to my seat. Shortly after, one or two men Friends in the ministry spoke, but I could understand very little of what they said. After them Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young spoke

also, but I was so gathered in the temple of my heart before God, that I was wholly absorbed with what was passing there. Thus had the Lord opened my heart to seek Him where He is to be found.

My brother and myself were invited to dine in the company of these friends at Colonel Corsa's. There was a religious opportunity after dinner, in which several communications were made. I could hardly understand a word of what was said, but, as Deborah Darby began to address my brother and myself, it seemed as if the Lord opened my outward ear and my heart. Her words partook of the efficacy of that "Word" which is "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." She seemed like one reading the pages of my heart, with clearness describing how it had been, and how it was with me. I was like Lydia, my heart was opened. I felt the power of Him who hath the key of David. No strength to withstand the Divine visitation was left in me. O what sweetness did I then feel! It was indeed a memorable day. I was like one introduced into a new world. The creation and all things around me bore a different aspect—my heart glowed with love to all. The awfulness of that day of God's visitation can never cease to be remembered with peculiar interest and gratitude, as long as I have the use of my mental faculties. I have been as one plucked from the burning—rescued from the brink of an horrible pit. O how can the extent of the Lord's love, mercy, pity and tender compassion be fathomed?

This lively narrative, while it gives the glory of his conversion to the immediate workings of the grace of God, which bringeth salvation, shows also how an anointed ministry, proceeding from the working of the

*same Divine power* in the heart of another, co-operated therewith, and tended to confirm and deepen the impression previously made. This is the effect of true ministry, flowing from the Source of all good. It brings to remembrance the language of John Richardson, himself a faithful laborer in the cause of Christ :

How comfortable, how easy and pleasant are even all the books and testimonies and exhortations that are given forth in the Spirit, love and light of Christ! Yea, the very company and conversation of such who are preserved in the life, become a sweet savor of Divine life to the living. There is comfort and consolation, a strengthening and building up one of another in the most holy and precious faith, so that I find the truly quickened soul taketh great delight to resort to, and as much as may be, converse with the awakened and truly quickened souls who take up the cross of Christ daily.

Although Stephen Grellet so feelingly acknowledged the benefit he received from the lively ministry of Deborah Darby, yet he was preserved from placing his dependence on anything short of the Divine power. He says : " In religious meetings, as well as out of them, my *single* concern was to feel after the influences of the Holy Spirit in my own heart." The meetings he attended were mostly held in silence, and for some time he had no communication with those who assembled there. He afterwards regarded it as a favor, that his lot had been cast in a place where he had no outward dependence to lean upon. It was in a silent meeting that he was favored with a further manifestation of the way of redemption, and his prayers for his brother were answered by the extension to him of a

visitation of Heavenly love. Of this season of Divine favor he says :

My dear brother, seeing how my face was turned, began to unite with some of the people about me in reproaching the way in which the Lord led me, which added much to my grief. He could not bear to hear me tell of the Lord's work, as it was upon me. In my absence, however, I found, after a while, that he read in William Penn's works. This encouraged me to hope that a seeking disposition was awakened in him, though he tried to shake it off. One First-day morning, when my prayer had been renewedly put up in secret for him, he called me back, after I had set out to go to meeting, saying he would go with me. How thankful did I feel ! Very few words passed between us on the way. The earnest petition of my heart was unto the Lord, that the power of his love and presence might be so displayed as to convince my dear brother, and bring him to bow to his righteous sceptre. My prayer was heard. It was a memorable meeting—held in silence, however, as usual—never to be forgotten. Very soon after sitting down, great was the awfulness and the reverence that came upon me. It was succeeded by such a view and sense of my sinful life, that I was like one crushed under the millstones. My misery was great. My cry was not unlike that of Isaiah, "*Woe is me, for I am undone!*" The nearer I was then favored to approach to Him "*who dwelleth in the light,*" the more I saw my uncleanness and my wretchedness. But how can I set forth the fullness of heavenly joy that filled me when the hope was again raised that there was One, even He whom I had pierced, Jesus Christ the Redeemer, that was able to save me ! I saw Him to be the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, who was delivered for our offenses, and raised again for our justification, who is

our propitiatory sacrifice, our advocate with the Father, our intercessor with God. I felt faith in his atoning blood quickening my soul, giving me to believe that it was He who could wash me from my many pollutions, and deliver me from death and destruction, which I felt to be my just desert for my many sins and transgressions. On my earnest petition being put up to Him the language was proclaimed, "Thy sins are forgiven, thy iniquities are pardoned." Floods of tears of joy and gratitude gave vent to the fullness of my heart.

Then I thought I heard again a sweet language saying, "Proclaim unto others what the Lord has done for thy soul." Apprehending that this was a requisition of *present* duty, I began to plead excuses from the consciousness of my inability to perform the service. "Thou knowest, O Lord, that I cannot speak English so as to be understood," was my answer," "and what am I, that I should proclaim thy name?"

There was not the least feeling then in me to flinch from doing, or becoming, whatever the Lord would require of me, but a sense of my inability and unworthiness. I have since seen that this was more to prepare me for a future day than a command for a present offering. My spirit continued so prostrated before the Lord, and encircled with his love and presence, that I was insensible to what passed around me. The meeting concluded and the people retired without my noticing it, till my brother, speaking to me, drew my attention, and I saw that we two only were left in the house.

My gratitude was great when I found that my brother had partaken of the heavenly visitation. From that time he attended diligently, and was a great comfort to me.

The experience of every thoughtful and seriously-minded person furnishes illustrations of the truth of the Scripture assertion, that the Lord hath showed

unto man what is "good"—that He impresses on the mind a sense of right and wrong, and of the duty of following the one and avoiding the other. This is indeed the law of the spirit of life, and it reaches to all; so that all are left without excuse who disobey and reject it. "Light is come into the world," and the ground of condemnation is that many reject the Light, because they are unwilling to renounce their evil deeds, and to submit to the government of Christ. However varied are the forms in which the Divine Guidance is manifested to man; and however different the duties required of the servants of Christ; yet they are substantially the results of the same foundation principle—a reverent attention to the manifestations of the Spirit, and obedience to that which is shown to each one to be his individual duty.

When Stephen Grellet was a young man, and had been Divinely visited, and rescued from the infidel principles he had imbibed, and had begun to attend a meeting of the Society of Friends at Newtown on Long Island, near which he was living, some of those about him observing that he was disposed to embrace the views of those people, began to reproach him. Notwithstanding the natural intrepidity of his character, he hesitated, and did not go to the meeting which he felt that he ought to do. Strong convictions for the sin of disobedience were the consequence. The Holy Spirit again set before his view the thralldom and misery of his past life, and he wept bitterly. When the next meeting-day came, he concluded to go; but he went "through fields and over fences, ashamed to be

seen by any one on the road." It so happened that the meeting on that day was held at another place, and so the house was closed. He sat down "in a retired place, and in a very tried state." Like Nicodemus, he had attempted to come by stealth, and he felt that he had been "ashamed publicly to confess Christ before men." It was a time of great humiliation and searching of heart, and it proved a means of confirming him in a more open and decided course for the future.

Having become convinced of the propriety of using the plain language of thou and thee to individuals, he says:—

I took up my cross in that also, though it exposed me to much ridicule. Being about to write to my parents, the cross became great, chiefly because this way of speaking was then adopted by the Revolutionist party in France, from whom my parents, with most of the nobility, were suffering so much. But I was under the necessity with plainness and simplicity to make use of the language I saw to be my duty, leaving every consequence to the Lord. Thus, becoming resigned, I felt sweet peace, and this exercise tended not a little to strengthen me to bear the various railings and frowns of the world that I had to encounter. Some who before had courted my company, now turned away, and this became a blessing to me, for it tended to make the separation greater between me and the world. One circumstance occurred that I may not omit, as it shows that, when we are endeavoring to follow the ways of the Lord, He may turn our anticipated difficulties into encouragements. I had occasion to go to New York to see one of our first merchants on business. I was afraid lest, presenting myself before him in such a different manner, he might make some mortifying re-

marks; for it was a strange thing to see a Frenchman becoming a Quaker. I felt my mind very low, and exercised before the Lord, when I came to him. He, seeing my embarrassment, said to me, in a very mild and respectful manner: "Sir, I perceive you are embracing the principles of the Society of Friends; it is one of the most respectable societies I know." This was an unexpected encouragement.

Stephen Grellet's experience as to outward business, shows the safety there is in trusting the Lord in such things, and following the Divine Guidance therein. He says, in reference to this subject, that after removing to Philadelphia in 1795:

I had several offers to engage in commercial concerns, both in Philadelphia, and from my European friends, particularly in Holland, from whom I received proposals, by letters, to place me in an extensive way of business with the West Indies and Holland. But, keeping my eye single to the Lord, whose direction I sought, I could not be easy to accept any offer of this kind; for I saw that if I did, the sense of life in me, that was very tender, might easily be destroyed. I therefore preferred, for a while, the occupation of teaching the French language. I engaged in it, it is true, much in the cross; but, having repeated evidence that it was a *right* engagement for me, it became easy to submit to it. I was at first concerned lest it should not be sufficient to procure me a living. For, from the complexion of things in France, I could not entertain any expectation that I should receive pecuniary means from that quarter. After many anxious thoughts on this head, one day, as my mind was gathered in reverent silence before the Lord, the language was strongly impressed: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things needful shall be added."

The evidence that it was the direction of Omnipotence, whose promise is sure, was so clear, that no doubt remained; and for months after that, I was so relieved from temporal anxiety, that I had no more thought about it than if I had not lived in the world. I was closely engaged in my school, and though I scrupulously paid every requisite attention to it, yet, during the intervals, my mind was wholly relieved from anxious thoughts about it. The one thing needful only absorbed me, whilst walking in the streets, or sitting in the house.

The promise thus given to Stephen Grellet of outward support was verified by life-long experience. Much of his time was spent in peculiarly arduous, and often expensive journeys of a religious nature, in this country, and on the Continent of Europe; which necessarily took him from business, and made heavy drains upon his resources, as he paid his own travelling expenses; yet such was the blessing that rested on his labors to provide things honest in the sight of all men, that he knew no lack of the requisite means.

In his conscientious care to walk in obedience to what was required of him, he found himself led for a time in a peculiar path. What he passed through led him to caution those in a similar situation to be careful not to judge their brethren who were not similarly restrained.

Making a distinction, he says, between that which is essentially and permanently obligatory, and those straits and exercises that belong only to yourselves, in order to keep you under close discipline, and in which obedience will be equally requisite, when the Divine command may go forth to you, to cease from those things,

as now, when you think you are called to practice them. And you who are not led into straits, like your brethren, be tender of their scruples,—feel for them—and encourage them, even to faithfulness; for nothing, ever so small, which is of the Lord's requiring, is to be slighted; and it is in proportion as we are faithful in little things, that we are made rulers over more.

One of the difficulties under which I was brought related to my eating and drinking. I felt myself prohibited from partaking of animal food, and also of everything that was the produce of slavery, for the sense of the sufferings of that people was heavy upon me. After I had been thus led for about two years, I began to be afraid lest I should continue in that manner of living from former apprehensions, and not from the continued requireings of the Lord, and thus, by being singular among my friends, improperly draw their attention to me. In much fear I ventured one day to partake of animal food again, but great distress came upon me, attended with a renewed evidence that my outward man, as well as my inner one, must be kept in much lowness. I felt also an assurance, that when the days of my release from this fast should come, I should have the same undoubted assurance of it, as I had then of being led into it.

I continued about five years under that exercise, and when my release came, the free use of everything in the creation was set before me, so that I received it with thankfulness and moderation. Great was the fulness of the Lord's love, at that time, and the sweetness of his presence. It seemed as if heaven was opened, and the angelic host was about me, proclaiming the Lord's praise and glory, to which I was permitted to join my feeble accents.

The grace of God, which is designed to lead his chil-

dren safely along in the highway of holiness to the celestial mansions of endless peace and joy, often visits children while still young in years, and reproves them for wrong-doing. Ann Branson records :

I was naturally of a volatile disposition, and took great delight in childish play, though I can remember having very serious thoughts and impressions when quite young. On one occasion, having told an untruth when a child, it gave me great uneasiness, so that I could not sleep when I went to bed, but prayed that I might be forgiven; and I remember going into the orchard alone and praying to my heavenly Father to keep me from evil and make me a better child. I am satisfied that the minds of children are often seriously impressed with good desires and feelings when quite young.

At one time, having committed a mischievous act which I knew would occasion my father to inquire of his children who was the author of the mischief, I had great reasonings in my mind whether to own or deny the act, but finally resolved to speak the truth, though it might subject me to the discipline of the rod. So, when my father called upon us to know who had committed the depredation, I unhesitatingly answered that I did it, and I felt great joy that I had been preserved from equivocation, or wilfully departing from the truth, through the fear of punishment; and it was a strength and encouragement to me afterwards to adhere to the truth.

In the account left of his experiences by that worthy elder, Joseph Pike, of Cork, Ireland, he says :

Before I was seven years old the Spirit of the Lord began to work in my mind, and strove with me, to bring me off from my childish playfulness and vani-

ties. His holy light in my soul, as I soon after found it to be, convinced me that I ought not to give way to, nor do this or the other thing which presented; and when at any time I did what I should not have done, it brought upon me trouble and condemnation, even in those early days, as it hath always since, when I did anything that offended the Lord. Though I did not presently know that it was the Lord's Spirit which I felt working in me, as Samuel knew not the Lord's voice when a child, yet being convinced in myself by its holy convictions, that I ought not to do those things which brought trouble upon me, and also, that when at any time I refrained from doing what caused this trouble, I had sweet peace and satisfaction of mind, it made me the more to attend to its dictates.

William Dewsbury was an eminent minister in the early days of the Society of Friends. He says that before he was eight years old the light in his conscience witnessed against wrong things. "About this time I was eight years of age, the word of the Lord came to me—'I created thee for my glory; an account thou must give me for all thy words and actions done in the body.'"

Thomas Wilson, who also was a powerful minister of the Gospel, relates in an account he left of his life and travels: "While I was a youth, I had great hungerings and thirstings in my heart after righteousness and the true knowledge of the living God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ. After long travail of spirit and great concern of soul, the Lord was graciously pleased to make me sensible, that what was to be known of God was manifested in men; about which time I went into an evening meeting of the people called Quakers, with strong desires in my mind to the Lord, that if it was the true way of salvation which they preached I

might have some inward feeling and testimony thereof, by the blessed word in my own heart. After sitting some time in silence, a Friend began to speak, directing and exhorting to an inward waiting upon the Lord in faith, to receive power from Him over every unclean thought. The Lord's power arose in the meeting and fell mightily upon me, to the breaking and tendering of my heart, and a glorious time it was, as the mighty day of the Lord. I was full of inward cries, to this effect: O Lord, create in me a clean heart!"

John Churchman says in his Journal: "Though I early felt reproof for bad words and actions, yet knew not whence it came, until about the age of eight years, as I sat in a small meeting, the Lord, by the reachings of his heavenly love and goodness, so overcame and tendered my heart, and by his glorious light discovered to me the knowledge of himself, that I saw myself, and what I had been doing, and what it was that reprov'd me for evil; and I was made in the secret of my heart to confess that childhood and youth, and the foolish actions and words to which they are propense, are truly vanity. Yet, blessed forever be the name of the Lord, who, in his infinite mercy and goodness, clearly informed me, that if I would mind the discoveries of his Truth and pure light for the future, what I had done in the time of my ignorance He would forgive. And oh! the stream of love which filled my heart with solid joy at that time, and lasted for many days, is beyond all expression."

Maria Hall, of Belmont County, Ohio, who died in the year 1862, at the age of nine years and four months, said in her last sickness, "My Heavenly Father has prepared me for the change more than any of you know of." And at another time remarked, "I am going to Heaven, I am going to Heaven, to the blessed mansions where I shall rest forever in the bosom of my Saviour."

She had long given evidence that her thoughts were much turned to serious things, although a lively, animated child.

Very touching is the account given of a little child, who was lying on its couch apparently slightly unwell, and uttered a few words, substantially as follows: "I love father, I love mother, I love everybody in the whole world," and shortly after ceased to breathe. Who can doubt that its infant heart was pervaded with a measure of that Divine love which would gather all within the holy enclosure.

The diary of Elizabeth Wing says: "In early life the Lord visited me with a tender impression of his love, so as often to melt my heart, but particularly when my parents gathered their children together for retirement, a practice my dear father was much in the habit of. Oh! surely I cannot forget some of these seasons, when my dear parent would feel concerned to pray for his children. My heart would be greatly affected, but as yet I knew not that it was the hand of the Lord that was at work in my heart.

Our late valued friend, John S. Stokes, an acceptable minister in the Society of Friends, in some memoranda left behind him, says, "I think I was not more than four or five years of age, when I was first made sensible of Divine impressions in meetings. My spirit was often tendered, and desires raised in my heart that I might walk in the love and fear of the Lord; and, if I lived, I might be a good man."

That eminent minister of the Gospel, Job Scott, remarks in his Journal, "Almost as early as I can remember anything, I can well remember the Lord's secret workings in my heart, by his grace or holy Spirit; very sensibly bringing me under condemnation for my evil thoughts and actions, as rudeness and bad words (though

not frequent in the use of them), disobedience to parents; inwardly wishing, in moments of anger, some evil to such as offended me; and such like childish and corrupt dispositions and practices, which over and beyond all outward instruction I was made sensible were evil, and sprang from a real root of evil in me. And I am in a full belief, that in every quarter of the globe, children, at an early age, have good and evil set before them, in the shinings of the light of Christ in their hearts, with clearness and evidence sufficient to ascertain to them their duty, if they honestly attend to it. I am satisfied if the teachings of men were never to thwart the teachings of the holy Spirit, many things would fix on the minds of children to be evils which they are now instructed and persuaded are innocent and commendable."

James Backhouse records in his *Travels in South Africa*, a conversation with an intelligent missionary at Caffraria, who fully admitted that the conviction of right and wrong was known by the Kaffirs; but he attributed it to "their thoughts accusing or else excusing one another," by a merely natural process. He observed, however, that if this were the case, the thing was the work of God, and therefore the glory belonged to Him, and that the difference between his views on the subject and those of James Backhouse and his companion, merely related to the question, whether these convictions were, or were not, the immediate work of the Holy Spirit. James says:—

We were prepared to admit that there might be a misinformation of the conscience, by which it might be troubled and misled, but this did not alter our conviction, that the condemnation felt by unconverted persons

respecting things essentially evil, in which it would be natural for them to take pleasure, could not reasonably be attributed to themselves, but was referable to a Divine light, which was essentially good, shining into their darkness; and which, though not comprehended, nevertheless made manifest the things that were reprobable. My companion could appeal to his own experience, in being first led to the reception of Christian doctrine, by attention to such convictions; under the persuasion, that that which bore witness against him, could not be of himself; and that these convictions bore the character of what was described in the Scriptures as the work of the Holy Spirit. I had been taught from infancy to regard these convictions as the teaching of my Heavenly Father by his Spirit; and in attending to them I had been given to feel the love of Christ, and gradually to understand the way of salvation. We could, also, both testify abundantly to the Divine condescension, in regard to the measure in which we had been favored with the guidance and teaching of the Holy Spirit in the progress of the work of grace; and to the constraint of spirit which we often felt, to testify to others of the grace of God, given through Jesus Christ, and drawing to Him, as the sacrifice for sin and the Saviour of those who repent and believe in Him.

On another occasion during his South African travels, James Backhouse met with a proof that the Holy Spirit acts on the heart independently of any outward teaching. He says:—

After a scanty meal of coffee and bread, we rode briskly about twenty miles, over sandy ground, on which the fresh traces of the Gemsbock's feet were numerous, to Oeg Grawep, or Footjes Kraal, where there was a hole of good water, near a solitary mat hut,

occupied by Jonas Engelbrecht, an aged man of Hottentot descent, and his family, who had charge of some cattle belonging to J. H. Schonelen. Here we rested, the heat being intense; read to the people, and spoke to them on the way of salvation. At the conclusion, J. Engelbrecht said, he could acknowledge that what had been said was the truth; for that before any missionary came into this part of the country, he was much troubled in mind, under a feeling that all was not right with him, though he could hardly say in what: as he kept under these feelings, he was made watchful and became more peaceful; but when he heard that a missionary was come into the neighborhood, he went to hear him, and then he learned more clearly the way of salvation.

It is the Grace of God that bringeth salvation, and to this Divine power and the mercy of God we must attribute the good effects of the various dispensations by which sinners are turned from the evil of their ways. The Christian rejoices in these evidences of Divine love and is never wearied of tracing the hand of Providence in the varied experiences which accompany the transformation of apostate man.

Among the persons mentioned in the life of Edward Wright, of London, is one whose history illustrates the power of Divine Grace in effecting the marvellous change "from darkness to light," and from living under the dominion of Satan to being a humble follower of the Lord Jesus.

E—— P—— was the son of respectable parents, his mother having had £15,000 left her on her parent's death. Her first husband was a dissolute character, and spent her money. The second husband, the father

of E——, was a surgeon in a hospital, but died when his son was but seven years old.

He learned the trade of a shoemaker, and when he attained the age of manhood earned good wages, but spent it at the concert-room, theatre, and other places of amusement. Being a good singer, his company was much sought after by the frequenters of music halls and public-houses. At such places he would spend his evenings, and waste his money in drink and in treating his flatterers.

His marriage did not prove a means of reformation, for as his wife was fond of amusements too, he still continued in his wild career. Business was neglected, his trade fell off, and he was reduced in his circumstances. Pursuing a downward course, he purchased stolen goods; cards, gambling and other vices followed; and he began to be known in the neighborhood where he lived as a confirmed drunkard and notorious blackguard. The deeper he descended into sin, the stronger became his hatred of religion, and the more he scoffed at holy things. Even in this condition, he seemed scarcely conscious that he was a sinner; his feeling being that he had not done harm to any one but himself.

One day, he was seized with typhus fever, and as he was recovering from it, a relapse brought him apparently to the brink of the grave. How far the Lord may have used this humbling dispensation to soften his heart, and to teach him his need of Divine help, cannot be told, but after his recovery he was induced to attend a meeting, at which he was convinced of his sinfulness,

and that he needed mercy and forgiveness. So great was the change wrought in him, that he became an open advocate of the religion he had once despised, and earnest in endeavoring to persuade others to come to the Saviour.

Another interesting case mentioned in the same book, is that of a man who, at the early age of fifteen, became connected with a gang of burglars at Plymouth, England; and having been detected in a robbery, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, fourteen days of which were to be spent in solitary confinement; and he was ordered to be flogged twice. Having found in his cell a copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, he read it with eagerness to pass the time; and reflecting on his wretched condition, he wept and mourned over his sins, and promised that he would reform when he left the prison.

When his term of imprisonment was ended, he resolved to go home to his friends; but visiting some of his old companions, was soon drawn into sinful courses again. For many years he led an unsettled life, following many occupations. His love of drink made him a beggar and his wife was compelled to go into service.

It pleased God at last to bring him to his senses; and when he felt how greatly he had sinned against the Lord, his mind was filled with remorse. While under these convictions, he attended a religious meeting, where, he says:—

That faithful monitor, conscience, told me that I had

been a wicked and most unprofitable servant. The battle then waged fearfully in my breast; I was determined to quiet conscience, if possible, and conquer this seeming weakness that possessed me. I had not been here long, however, before the cry was raised of "Fire," and I hastened with the giddy multitude outside to the scene. The thought of fire in my wretched condition of mind was very painful. I have been in prison awaiting my trial; and when in my solitary cell it has been sad for me to think that perhaps I might soon be banished from my friends, my home, and my country: but still this feeling was nothing to that which filled my soul when God appeared to say to me, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." These were some of my thoughts on that memorable evening. I went sorrowfully home that night and wept and prayed.

That merciful God who never said to the wrestling seed of Jacob "seek ye my face in vain," and whose ears are open to the cry of the penitent sinner, was pleased to give him a sense of forgiveness, so that he could say, "I am now rejoicing in a loving Saviour, who has graciously plucked me as a brand from the burning. It is free grace and never-dying love that has made me happy; for I am saved through the atoning blood of Jesus. Oh! to think and know that God condescends to save a poor wretch like me?"

When the news of the change which had taken place in this man was told to his brother, he exclaimed, "Yes, prayers have been piled up, pile upon pile, for him, and God has answered them all at once." When his mother heard of it, she burst into tears,

and cried with joy, "At last, at last, the prodigal has returned."

The assertion of this "brand plucked from the burning," that he "*was saved*," while true in the sense that his feet had been turned from the broad way that leadeth to destruction, into the narrow way that leadeth to everlasting life, would not be true, if by it was meant that his eternal salvation was secured. For, although he could rejoice in the feeling that his sins had been forgiven, and that the mercy and goodness of a loving Saviour were extended to him; yet every experienced Christian knows that it is easy to lose a good condition, if humility and watchfulness are not kept; and that it is essentially necessary to observe our Saviour's command, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

How true are the words of Isaac Penington! "When the pure springs of life open in the heart, immediately the enemy watcheth his opportunity to get entrance; and many times finds entrance soon after—the soul little fearing or suspecting him, having lately felt such mighty, unconquerable strength; and yet, how often doth he then get in, and smite the life down to the ground! and, what may he not do with the creature, unless the Lord graciously help!"

Another of the cases described in the life of Edward Wright, is that of an aged shoemaker in London, who was an habitual drunkard, very profane, and one who scoffed at all religion. His wife became a Christian, at which he was greatly incensed, forbade her to read the Bible, and opposed her going to religious meetings.

Sometimes, when enraged by drink, he would watch outside the place of meeting, and as she came out would swear at and otherwise ill-treat her.

One evening, when he was away drinking, she went to the meeting, where Edward Wright was in the habit of addressing the people. Towards the close of the service, she heard her husband's voice outside. He had so frequently threatened "to knock Jesus out of her," and to murder her, if she went again to the hall, that she feared he would really attempt to carry out his threat. To prevent a disturbance she went to E. Wright, and begged him to prevent her husband from entering. Before he could reach the door, the drunken fellow staggered in, calling out vociferously for his wife.

Finding that he would not quit the building without her, she hastened out of doors, her tormentor assailing her with curses. Edward cried after him, as he went along the passage, "Be sure your sins will find you out! Be sure your sins will find you out!!!"

Hurrying home, the agitated woman left her drunken husband to stagger along as he could; and having reached the house, she carefully hid every dangerous thing that he might turn into a weapon of attack, and knelt down in prayer that her Heavenly Father might grant her protection. To her astonishment, when her husband arrived, he did not offer to assail her, but sat down on a chair, and muttered, "Find me out! Be sure your sins will find you out! What does he mean, eh?—find you out!"

Throughout the evening he was in a semi-delirious state, every now and then repeating the words which

had been addressed to him. The next morning he was quieter; and when he sat down to work he seemed lost in thought, and during the whole of the forenoon did not say a word, save when he whispered, as if to himself, the words which had so seriously impressed him.

Meanwhile his wife was silently crying to the Lord, that He would have mercy upon her husband; and whenever she heard him repeat the passage, "Be sure your sins will find you out," she begged that it might even be so, that he might see their enormity, and be rescued from the consequences of continuing in them. Towards evening he became sociable, and said to his wife, "Are you going to the hall to-night?" "I should like to go," she meekly replied, "if you would allow me." To this he at once consented, and expressed his determination to accompany her, and ask the preacher what he meant by crying after him, "Be sure your sins will find you out!"

At this meeting the good impression already made upon his mind was deepened, and confirmed, and his heart was affected with a sense of the mercy of a long-suffering and gracious Father, who sent his beloved Son into the world to save sinners. He laid aside the use of strong drink, which had been one of his easily-besetting sins; and his whole manner of life was changed.

In this instance, the stirring words of the preacher, "Be sure your sins will find you out!" were an instrument used by Divine Grace to bring the sinner to repentance. In the anecdote which follows, the blessing of the Lord appears to have rested on the perseverance

of a Christian wife. The occurrence took place many winters ago in Connecticut, at a place where a few zealous Methodists held their meetings in a dwelling-house.

On a First-day morning, a woman in the neighborhood asked her husband, who narrates the story, if I would be kind enough to take her across the pond in the boat (a large tide-water mill-pond was between our house and the church, the distance being nearly two miles farther around than across it), "for," said she, "I purpose to go to the Methodist Meeting to-day. You know it is a long walk, the nearest way to go; the road is bad, and it looks very much like rain. I wish to go early, that I may have time to pick my way, and get there before it begins to storm." Thus she stated all the most weighty objections herself, and answered them at the same time, with a determined countenance. However, I objected to her request, notwithstanding. "Well, then," she replied, "I must go around the pond," and started. "Here," said I, "if you *will* go, come—get into the boat." She returned, took her seat, and I rowed with a great deal of irritation of feeling, but in profound silence. We reached the other side of the pond and found the tide had flowed over the meadows so much more than usual that it was impossible for the boat to reach the dry land by several rods. I inquired, with considerable spirit, "What are you going to do now?" "Why, I suppose I shall have to wade, if there is no other way to get on dry land." I began to turn the boat towards home again. "Stop," said she; "if you can't get any nearer the land, let me get out." "What, into the water! You will get your death of cold." "Well, then, you can carry me to the land; you have thick boots on; you will not wet your feet." "I don't believe I shall try it." "Well, then, stop, and land me as near the dry land as you can, and

I will get out some way. If you take me home I shall have to go around." "Then you are bent on going?" "Yes, if I can possibly get there." I found it of no use to dissuade her, so in a rage I turned the boat, and rowing it as far on to the meadow as I could, jumped out into the water, caught her in my arms and started for dry ground. I set her on the land and returned home. After my fit of passion had passed away, I began to reflect, and the more I thought upon the occurrences of the morning, and upon my past life, the more uneasy and restless I felt.

The result of his reflections was, that he made up his mind to go to the meeting himself; and what he met with there was instrumental in turning him into the right way. In speaking of the incident above related, he said, "I bless God for a persevering wife, for if she had not thus persevered, I should have continued in my sins."

An anecdote is told of a wealthy and worldly-minded man, who was walking at leisure, and thinking within himself, "I am a happy man, with a large fortune, all of which I have acquired myself, so that I am dependent on no one. It is all my own." Just then a thunderstorm drove him for shelter into the open door of a meeting-house. As he entered, the preacher was announcing his text, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." At the sound of words so opportune, the rich man started; and, as he listened, he saw his folly, and became henceforward, taught by the Spirit, a wiser and humbler man.

Our Father in Heaven is often pleased to make use of apparently accidental circumstances for the accom-

plishment of his gracious purposes. Such a case was related by John de Liefde, in *Sunday at Home*, of a Dutch painter, who was appointed a member of a fire-brigade, and forgot to appear at the town-hall as required by law, to have his name registered. The penalty was a fine of five shillings, or one day's imprisonment. As five shillings was half a week's wages, he thought it would be cheaper to go to prison, and so, on Seventh-day evening, he went to the jail, where he was locked in with a dozen others, who were in the same plight with himself, and who received him with cheers.

Some were playing cards, and some were humming vulgar songs. The painter, who was a pious man, did not enjoy his situation among them, but lifting up his heart to the Lord for help and guidance, he took a little Bible from his pocket, and drew near the window to catch the sunset rays, and offered to read a few pages to the others.

The prisoners drew near around the painter, who opened his book at the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and began reading the parable of the Prodigal Son. By the time he had finished the last verse the sun set.

"I know that story very well," said a voice. "It is from the Bible."

"I never heard it before," said another. "It is a fine story."

"Have you never read the Bible?" asked the painter.

"No, we don't," replied the last speaker.

"Ah, you are a Catholic," said some voices. "Your priests forbid you to read the Bible, don't they?"

The painter, perceiving that the conversation was about to turn into a dispute about Protestants and Catholics, at once raised his voice and said:

"But *your* ministers do *not* forbid you to read that

book. Well, then, permit me to ask you, have *you* read it?"

The company was silent. There was a pause. At length a voice said:

"Yes, I read a little of it when a boy, but I have forgotten all about it."

"I have no time to read books," said another.

"I cannot read at all," said a third one.

"Well, then, if you have no objection, we will read it to-morrow," said the painter.

"Very well," cried the prisoners. "It will help us to shorten the day."

The next day the painter again read to the prisoners, and they agreed to hold a religious meeting; in which he pointed out to them the love of God in sending Christ into the world, and exhorted them to take the Redeemer as their Master. His words seemed to make considerable impression on those about him.

About six months after, he learned that one of the company was awakened, during that day in jail, to a sense of his sinfulness and of the Lord's mercy, and had since abandoned the way of the world.

In the *Christian Advocate*, of New York, I met with an incident which shows that even so simple a thing as the handing of a tract to a fellow-traveller, may be a link in a chain of events of the highest importance to an immortal being.

A woman who was on her way to a Western city to enter upon a responsible position as a teacher, on entering a car at the New Haven Depot in Connecticut, saw a small printed leaf on one of the cushions. Seating herself, she examined the leaflet, which proved to be a part of the fifth chapter of Matthew, containing the Beatitudes. Her eyes happened first to fall upon

the eighth verse, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God," and, hardly knowing why she did so, she emphasized it by a penciled line, and added her initials to the margin. Raising her eyes, her attention was attracted to a young man on the opposite seat. He was apparently about seventeen years old, had a fine head, and his appearance was that of a youth of unusual promise. But there were tell-tale marks of dissipation. He was flashily dressed, and his face indicated the beginning of fast living; yet it was so honest and ingenuous a face that it seemed to reveal the inner history of a boy whose better nature was striving for the mastery over evil influences. She was interested in him, in spite of herself; and, as she rose to leave the car, she was moved by a sudden impulse to place the leaf in his hand. He looked up in surprise, and, evidently impressed by her face and manner, accepted it, with a bow of acknowledgment.

In the stress of new scenes and experiences the incident of the railway car was quite forgotten. In course of time she returned to Connecticut, and accepted an invitation to visit an old friend, whose summer home was in a retired village among the mountains.

There she met with a young man, who was the Superintendent of a First-day school connected with the only place of worship in the village, whose presence seemed strangely familiar; and yet she could not tell when or where they had met. They were introduced to each other, and he asked for her full name. When it was given, he produced from a vest pocket a bit of paper, worn and ragged; on which she recognized her own initials and the penciled line around the eighth verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew. Then she remembered their former interview in the car. He related to her the following story:—

"When you saw me in the railroad car, I had been

for six months in the employ of a Boston man who kept the largest and most elegant liquor saloon in the city. In justice to myself I will say that I did not seek the position, but I accepted it because I was in great need of employment, and received larger wages than I could get elsewhere. My grandfather was a Methodist clergyman, and I was brought up in a Christian home. I was kept at school until the death of both my parents, when I found myself without one penny to call my own, and you will see how I was tempted by easy work and good pay. At first I did not at all enjoy what I was obliged daily to see and hear. I wanted money, however, and resolved that I would not be influenced by my surroundings. But I do not believe it possible for any young man, however well he may be fortified, to stay six months in such a place and escape contamination. I yielded so gradually that I did not realize what a rowdy I had become, nor how debased I had grown in taste and feeling.

“I had just been reading an evil book, and my mind was so full of its impure suggestions that I hardly noticed any one in the car; and when a beautiful lady suddenly dropped something into my hand, it seemed more like a vision than reality, and as if an angel said to me, ‘Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.’ I cannot describe the sudden revulsion of feeling that I experienced; it seemed as if demons were raging and tearing within me. I grew sick in body and mind, and upon landing in Boston, instead of reporting to my employer I went to my boarding-place, and locked myself into my room. But I could not stay alone, and, not wishing to meet the other inmates of the house, I did not go to the supper-table, but went out into the street. Church bells were ringing, and feeling that I must do something or die, I walked into a mission chapel, and when the minister read the text, what should it be but this, ‘Blessed are the pure in

heart: for they shall see God!" and at the very sound of the words, the tumult within me began again. I grew calmer as I listened; yet every word that good man said made me more wretched, for my eyes were open to see how degraded I was in mind and heart, and what a gulf there was between me and my former self, and it seemed as if I never could be innocent and clean-hearted again."

After the service was over, the minister entered into conversation with him. He told the young man he remembered hearing his grandfather preach, and invited him to go home with him. He helped and encouraged him until he found forgiveness and peace in Christ, and felt in himself the hope of an upright manhood. The young man was at this time a book-keeper in a manufactory near the village.

In the anecdote which follows it was not a tract, but the judicious conversation of a fellow passenger which was blessed in producing a change of thought and of intention.

As a train was about to start for a distant place on the sea-shore, a young gentleman, in a hurried manner entered. On the porter accosting him somewhat rudely with the question, "Where are you going?" he peevishly replied, "To hell!—away with you!" and immediately the train started. One of the other passengers was shocked at the expression, and carefully observed the person of him who had uttered it, who was well dressed, but was somewhat pale and sickly. He waited till the other passengers had removed, when he watched his opportunity and contrived to sit near the young traveller. Entering into conversation, he made himself very agreeable to him, and they continued discoursing till the evening drew on. At length he said to him, with somewhat of a serious air and tone,

“When do you expect to arrive at your journey’s end?”

“I can hardly tell,” replied the youth, “as I am going to a place” (which he mentioned) “beyond the sea, for the benefit of my health; which I am told is the only chance of my recovery.”

“Oh, I did not mean that,” rejoined the other; “but the place to which you told the porter you were going, on entering the carriage?”

His companion paused; the recollection forced itself upon him, and he observed, with an air of thoughtfulness,

“Perhaps it may be so.”

“Perhaps it may,” replied his fellow-traveller, and proceeded to point out from the Scriptures, the end of a course of sin. “But,” he added, “there is a way of escape!” and, being encouraged to proceed, he unfolded the Gospel to him.

On reaching the place of his destination, he was thanked by the young man for the interest he had taken in him, who expressed a feeling of regret that he was to part with him. But having procured a Bible, he went with him on board the vessel, and putting it into his hand, asked him to read it with prayer, which, with great emotion he promised to do, the tear glistening in his eye. They took leave of each other, never, most likely to meet again, except in a world where the interview and its results will be made known.

When Gerard T. Hopkins, of Baltimore, visited the Indians in 1804, at Detroit, he met with a Major Pike, a native of New Jersey, who had considerable knowledge of the Society of Friends. In the course of conversation he inquired after Peter Yarnall, and said that Peter and himself were in the same military company during the Revolutionary war. He related the follow-

ing circumstance, which Gerard has preserved in his account of his journey :

He told us that several officers, with Peter and himself, were lodging together; that one night Peter alarmed them all with loud screams to such a degree, that on first awaking he supposed the enemy had fallen upon their army with bayonets. Peter was on his feet and appeared to be awake. They spoke to him repeatedly and endeavored to approach him, but every advance they made increased his alarm. Finally he recovered himself and became composed, and for several days afterwards, instead of satisfying their inquiries, appeared to be sunk in distress and gloom. He afterwards told them he considered his alarm as a warning to him, and that his fright arose from a plain representation of the devil come to take him off. Peter in a short time left the army, and (said the Major) I always believed that his reformation had its rise from that circumstance.

Peter Yarnall's reformation was a thorough one, and he became an eminent preacher of the Gospel, enforcing the importance of submission to the cross of Christ, which he had before revolted from. The Lord's warnings are extended to many, but there are many who do not profit by them as they should.

In the *Newton Republican* (Kansas) of Sixth Month 11th 1891, there was published a letter from Frederick C. Browne, then a prisoner in the county jail. The article is as follows :

Fred C. Browne, who is now confined in the county jail waiting to be taken to the penitentiary, is the author of the following letter, which he requests the *Republican* to publish. It will be remembered that on the

evening of April 16th, Browne went to the Palace Clothing Store to purchase clothing. He selected goods to the amount of thirty-six dollars, giving in payment a check on the Citizens' Bank, signed by Ady F. Hodges. Upon investigation it was found that the check was forged and Mr. Browne was arrested Thursday; he was convicted and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary:

“To the young people of Newton:

“Kind people—It is a self-evident truth that the ways of the world, the gay and the frivolous, are not always to be desired. Experience teaches that frivolity is but the stepping-stone to a life of degradation, perjury and shame. This is the experience of the writer at least, and assuredly the experience of thousands who for their frivolous, ungodly, dishonorable conduct now repent in sack-cloth and ashes, as it were, behind the bars of the State penitentiaries, reform schools, bastiles and bridewells. ‘Show me the company you keep and I will tell you what you are,’ is a proverb that can scarcely be doubted. At the jail in this city, confined therein for safe keeping, with a sentence of two years' hard labor at the State Penitentiary you may find a young man known as Fred C. Browne, who is to-day considered a convict. A young man of twenty years, in the prime of life, a man that might have been an honor to the State which gave him the advantages of a fine education, had he so desired; and more than all this he might have been a comforting staff to his aged father and infantile brothers and sisters. But what was once a bright and happy home is now made desolate.

“Reader, do you ask to what I owe my downfall? For the benefit of wayward, unthinking youths of this city, I have been persuaded to relate my experience. Born at Shelbyville, Illinois, a town of some five thousand people, I had the honor of graduating at the high school as valedictorian of my class. Not having much

money 'to blow in,' as the slang phrase has it, I obtained a position as clerk in a grocery store, thereby forming the acquaintance of travelling salesmen who, considering me a green hand, endeavored to break me in. Card playing followed; money honestly earned fell into the hands of shrewd men, and in order to maintain my position as leader, I had to resort to a polite way of stealing by 'knocking down.' Soon this was discovered and my father made good the deficiency to save his name from the talk of saloon loafers. Of course I was discharged, but chance favored me and I was soon in a law office, with every means that wealth could procure in the way of becoming a lawyer. But this was not to my taste. Collections were made by me for the firm and the money pocketed. A short time after the day of settlement came, and knowing I was short in my accounts with my employers, I assumed a different name, procured a railroad ticket from an operator, and skipped the country. I have never seen my relatives since, not even have I been known by the honorable name my parents gave me, and were the news of this affair to reach the ears of Dr. Daniel Winter, who believes me dead, I certainly would bring his gray head to the grave with sadness. Young man, have you any sympathy for a deep-hearted criminal? Then take warning by this and leave the saloon alone, leave the card-table stand on its legs, for you will rue it too late. There is no cross-cut to fortune. He who lives and saves his pennies to-day will be the millionaire twenty years hence. 'Take care of the dimes and nickels, and the dollars will take care of themselves.'

"The name of Fred Browne is not known in New Mexico. There it was that my first desire to become noted as a criminal occurred to me. Never before October 23rd, 1887, did I think of what I had been. When I found myself a fugitive from home and friends, young in years, but old in crime, I then, like a good many

others, resolved to take a whole loaf or none. Result none, save that I am a convict. My life is what I made it, and, readers, your life is what you make it.

“The first step toward my present condition I attribute to the use of tobacco, with the accompanying habits of lying, theft and reading dime novels. My now angel mother forbade its use, my school teachers forbade the use of this filthy weed upon the premises of the school ground, and, simply to be smart, I contracted the habit of chewing and smoking tobacco, and, as ‘leader of the gang,’ induced my associates to follow my example. The next thing I knew was, that I found myself in deep waters. Unable to retrace my steps, I took a plunge head first, not caring whether such conduct would bring shame or grief upon my dear mother’s head. Then followed the neglect of her advice and her teachings. What causes the heartaches of so many mothers? What wrecks so many lives that might otherwise be happy?”

“No agent is more subtle than the wiles of the devil, when he tells a young man or woman of twenty to strike out, see the world, let mother’s advice be, you are able to take care of yourself. These are the flowery arguments at which the young people jump, but, alas, like the writer, they assume that they know it all, and when mother is no more, they are bound to confess that they know nothing. They are wise in their conceit, but fools in the eyes of common-sense fathers and mothers.

“Another equally prime factor in destroying happy homes is the prevailing desire of possessing a large quantity of fine and costly dress goods. It is the ambition of every young lady to appear well dressed. To a great many life is a burden, unless they can rule as queen among their associates. ‘To be in society first, last and all the time is all I care for.’ But beware. Did it ever occur to any cautious reader, that beneath all artificial attempts at appearing beautiful, lies the cruel

heart of the flirt, the adventuress, the criminal, the smooth-tongued gambler, and the thousand and one other reprobative characters? Beware of the wolves that appear in sheep's clothing, or you will regret your life, and answer that great question, 'Is life worth living?' in the negative.

"I trust this may catch the eyes of some one who is yet in the dark as to the world. Should this reach you, dear friend, think of Fred C. Browne, when he asks you in all fairness to consider first your parents' wishes. He will then be repaid and perhaps feel that to some extent his reformation was effected through some reader. I thank you, dear reader, and beg to submit myself.

Very respectfully,

FRED C. BROWNE."

There was a strange auction in one of the deep, inaccessible dells of the Black Forest some years ago. It was in the dead of night. The place was lighted by torches, which cast a ghastly glare through the darkness of the abyss. Savage-looking men, armed to the teeth, were sitting in a circle, while one stood in the midst, holding up articles for sale. It was a gang of brigands who that evening had robbed a stage-coach. According to their custom they were engaged in selling the stolen articles among themselves. After a good many pieces of dress and travelling bags had been disposed of, and while the glass and bottle were going from hand to hand, and each member of the company vied with his neighbor in making unseemly jokes, and setting the assembly in a roar, a New Testament was held up last of all.

The man who acted as auctioneer introduced this "article" with some blasphemous remarks, which

made the cavern resound with laughter. One of the company suggested jokingly that he should read a chapter for their edification. This was unanimously applauded, and the auctioneer, turning up a page at random, began reading in a voice of mock devotion.

While the company were greatly amused at this sacrilegious scoffing, it was not observed that one of them, a middle-aged man, who was one of the oldest members of the gang, and used to be foremost both in their crimes and their debauchery, became silent, and, clasping his hands on his knees, was absorbed in deep thought. The passage which the auctioneer read was the same which that man's father had read years ago at family worship, on the morning of the day when he, to escape the hands of the police, fled from the parental dwelling, never to return again.

At the sound of the words which he remembered so well, the happy family circle of which he had been a member rose to his mind. In his imagination he saw them all seated round the breakfast table, which was crowned with the blessings of a new day. He saw his venerable old father sitting with the open Bible, reading the chapter. He saw his kind, tender-hearted mother sitting by his father's side, attentively listening. He saw himself with his brothers and sisters joining in the devotional exercise, which entreated for them the guidance, protection, and blessing of God during the day. He saw it all clear before his mind, as it had happened that morning.

But now, at this moment, it was as if the soul awoke out of a long sleep of years—as if the snow of a long winter melted away on a sudden at the sound of that well-known Bible word. Absorbed in those hallowed recollections, he forgot all that was round him, heard nothing of all the scoffing and blaspheming that was passing in his presence, until on a sudden he was

wakened out of his reverie by a rude tap on the shoulder, which was accompanied by the question:—

“Now, old dreamer, what will you give for that book? You need it more than any one of us, for you are undoubtedly the biggest sinner under the firmament.”

“So I am,” he answered, struck to the very bottom of his heart by the truth which he recognized in that rough joke. “Give me that book. I will pay its full price.”

The next day the brigands dispersed through the neighborhood to turn their bargains into money. But the man who bought the Bible repaired to a lonely place, where he spent the whole day and night in the agonies of unspeakable remorse. But God had mercy upon that repenting sinner, and sent a message of peace and reconciliation to his heart. The next morning on entering a village, where he resolved to speak to a minister, he heard that the gang was overtaken the night before by a detachment of soldiers, and taken to prison.

His resolution was confirmed now all the more. He told the minister the whole of his life's story, and requested him to direct him to the police office, where he gave himself up to the hands of justice. This proof of the sincerity of his repentance saved his life. His comrades were all put to death, but he obtained a reprieve from the Grand Duke, to whom his story was reported. After an imprisonment of seven years he was set free on account of his exemplary conduct. A Christian nobleman took him into his service, and he proved a blessing to his master's household till he died in peace, praising Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he confessed himself to be the chief.

“Every good and every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of Light.” There can be no gift more

precious than the visitations of Divine grace through which our salvation is effected. These visitations may vary much in their attendant circumstances, but they all come from the same unfailing fountain of good, whether they reach the heart directly from the heavenly source, whether they are impressed upon the mind by the force of pious example, or whether the individual is awakened to a sense of his condition by words fitly spoken under the authority of the Head of the Church.

A. J. Jarrell, in the *Guide to Holiness*, says that "in 1887 I attended a great camp-meeting in Georgia. One morning I noticed a big-hearted farmer very restless on my left. I said to him, 'Brother, you want to talk—I'll stop all others and hear from you now.' He sprang to his feet and said, 'I do want to talk. I want to tell what I never told a living soul before. Across that altar sits my wife—she knows nothing of the secret purpose I am going to tell. I was impressed before the war, but lost all religion in the army. I became worse than I ever had been. I came home, but my dear wife was as true as steel. I hated the church—I hated the Bible—I was harder than a rock. Years went by and all the time there was a gulf between my wife and me. I hated her religion and she seemed to love it more even than she did me. No man ever had a better wife.

"Now I come to my secret purpose. I determined I would sweep all that Bible nonsense out of my house. Every time I would try to settle it for good, I would run against her pure life, and I could not get an inch further. Again and again I failed.

"At last I said if I can just unsettle her, I will know it is all a sham. I picked my chance. Children all out, I said, 'Wife, we have been very happy together. We

used to think and feel and act just alike and were so happy. But it is different now. You believe in that old Bible; I know it is not true. You believe in praying and serving God; I know that it is all sham. Now let us throw that all aside; let us be happy like we once were.

“She said not a word while I was talking. When I was done she leaned forward—her eyes kindling as she spoke, like I had so often seen them. ‘Husband, I am very sorry I have not been a better wife. If God spares me I will do better. I will go with you anywhere you want to go. I will work these fingers down to the stumps for you—but hear me—I will die in my tracks before I will yield one inch from my Bible or my God.’

“Brethren, when she said that the lightning struck me—the old time conviction. She had got her grappling hooks into me and jerked me clean over to her side again. I am here to-day—happy on my way to heaven. That good wife did it.”

I went back next year to the same camp-meeting. I missed him. Second day I missed him. The third day I said, “Where is Brother White?” “Have you not heard? He died last January, blessing his good wife, who had saved him from ruin by her heroism.”

In 1874, J. M. Buckley, the editor of *The Christian Advocate*, attended at Cincinnati a convention of the “Women Crusaders,” in which one of the women related her own experience:—

She said that in the town where she lived a number of women assembled in the church to pray for those who went out upon the crusade. She was one of the active workers, and they went from saloon to saloon, meeting with either sympathetic or merely civil treatment, until they reached a certain place. The pro-

prietor demanded of them in the gruffest and most threatening manner their business. They told him they were crusaders and wished to sing and pray; whereupon he cursed them, declaring that that was his place, and "if they had no business there they had got to get out, and if they didn't start forthwith he would put them out."

As he advanced upon them the woman whose experience we heard, lost her temper and said to him: "My husband is a lawyer, and you have used language to us that no man has a right to use to a woman in the State of Ohio. I shall report your conduct, and see that you are prosecuted."

Whereupon he grew more violent, declaring that if they "did not vacate the premises at once, he would pitch them into the gutter."

They returned to the place of prayer and told their story, at which the oldest and most devout of the company said:—

"Sisters, I feel that we have made a mistake. We went forth in the spirit of Jesus, but we came back in the spirit of the wicked one. We cannot expect the blessing of God until we go to that man and apologize for our conduct."

The woman who related the incident continued:—

"After spending some hours in prayer we determined the next morning to take up the cross and go to that man and ask his pardon. We started to do so. As we filed into the room he scowled and sprang up, and, seizing a chair, fairly shrieked at us, '*Get out!*'"

"Tremblingly I said: 'We have not come on a crusade; we have come to apologize to you. We came here yesterday, professedly in the spirit of Christ; to try to lead you to a better life; but we forgot ourselves, and used language that we ought not to have used, and showed the very evil spirit that we were trying to lead others to forsake.'

“I had got thus far, when such a change took place in that man’s face as I never before saw. His features relaxed, he broke utterly down and said:—

“‘You came to me yesterday like a man, and you talked to me like a man; and if you had not gone out I would have broken your head as I would that of a man. But now you come and talk to me like my mother and my sister and my dead wife’—then, pausing, he said: ‘This is an awful business that I am in. I know it, and I am going to get out of it.’”

Some years ago, C. Spurgeon, intending to preach in the Crystal Palace, London, on a certain date, himself went to the Palace for the purpose of giving orders as to where the partitions were to be put up, that his voice might be heard over as wide an area as possible. He tried his voice from various parts, reciting aloud the text, “Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.” Years passed by, and when Spurgeon was laid aside by sickness, a message came to him requesting that he would visit a man who was dying, and was desirous to speak with him. He, being unable to go, sent his brother, and the dying man said: “Tell Mr. Spurgeon that twenty years ago I was working in the Crystal Palace, making some alterations previous to a sermon which he was going to give. He came to the Palace to see the partitions raised, and called out several times, ‘Behold the Lamb of God.’ It was that text sounded out in a strange manner, that was the arrow that God used to pierce my heart, and made me see my Saviour.”

*The Presbyterian* of Philadelphia relates the following incident: A little girl, one evening, clambered upon

her father's knee, and, looking up tearfully into his face, said, "Papa, why is it that you do not love Jesus?" Had a pistol been fired off close to his ear, the man could not have been more startled. Through the blessing of God, that question from the lips of his young daughter, sent him in penitence to the cross of Christ.

Under date of Sixth Month 30th, 1889, the writer received a letter written by his valued friend, W. P. Townsend, of West Chester, in which he relates from memory an incident which happened in 1846, on a steamboat on the Ohio River, as he was returning in company with Samuel Cope, a favored minister in the Society of Friends, from the attendance of Ohio Yearly Meeting. He says:—

There were on board quite a number of passengers, many of whom spent their time playing cards at a series of tables along the saloon or dining room. The weather was warm, water low, progress tedious, and some four hundred hogs down in the lower part of the vessel. To avoid the odors and the scenes in the cabin, and to procure some fresh air, Samuel and myself had availed ourselves of the shade of an awning stretched over the forward part of the boat, outside of the cabin. Sitting there one afternoon quietly, quite a number, perhaps fifteen or twenty of the passengers, gave up their cards in the saloon and came out and took seats near. It seemed as though a little silence spread over us, when one of the men sitting some twenty or twenty-five feet away from Samuel, called the attention of the company to him, by saying in a tone of voice loud enough for all to hear, "Look at that old man sitting over there; just look at his face; I tell you, there is something good

in that old man; just look at his face." Venturing to raise my eyes I found there was an expression there, calculated to impress the beholder; and I do not wonder that these men, rough and uncouth as to outward appearance, were impressed by the solemnity and awe so perceptibly stamped on his features. There was nothing said, but the inference is, that the heart of that good man was secretly engaged in silent supplication for the eternal welfare of the seemingly thoughtless minds around him.

These incidents show the importance of guarding well our thoughts and the frame of spirit in which we indulge. For we know not who may be impressed, either for good or for evil, by our words or actions, or even by our countenance and deportment. J. M. Buckley, the editor of the *Christian Advocate*, had a long acquaintance with General Gilmore Marston, of New Hampshire, and once asked him how it was that he had never become a Christian?

"Well," said he, "I might have been perhaps, though I won't say so positively, if it hadn't been for this: When I was a student in college an evangelist came along that deeply impressed me. I sat one evening by the side of one of the young men, and the evangelist came to him and said: 'Young man, will you give your heart to God to-night?' 'No,' said the young man, 'I'm not ready.' 'You do not think there is anything I could say that would move you?' 'No.' 'Well,' said he, 'if that is the case there is no need of my wasting my time any longer with you. Have you a piece of tobacco with you?' And," said the General, "the cool business way in which he passed from exhortation to tobacco made me feel as if there was nothing in it, and the feeling I had soon went away."

Various are the ways in which it pleases Him who is perfect both in wisdom and goodness, to awaken the careless and rebellious sons and daughters to the danger of their situation, and to lead them to seek his help and forgiveness.

A minister once called to converse with a family on the subject of religion. A gay young woman, perceiving him, withdrew through the back door to the house of a neighbor, saying, as she ran, "He shall not get me this time." The minister came in disappointed. He bethought himself, however, of a method of reaching the fugitive, and picking up a Bible, turned down a leaf at a passage, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth," and requested the mother to hand it to her when she should return. She returned in triumphant glee after the minister had left the house, joyous in her thoughtlessness, when her mother showed her the passage. She looked at it, her countenance fell. The thought struck her that she could not flee from God, from whose searching eye not the remotest distance, nor the deepest darkness could hide her. Deep conviction succeeded to serious reflections. She now sought the minister, and with weeping eyes made her apology to him, which was rather an humble confession than an apology. "Make your confession to God," said he. "Who am I? You have given me neither offense nor injury. But you have offended your Saviour, and to Him you must go."

The *Youth's Companion* relates the following incident:

Many years ago a gentleman, his wife, and their little

boy ten years old, were visiting the State Prison at Charlestown, Mass. While they were passing through one of the corridors, the gentleman made some inquiry of the attendant in regard to a man sentenced to imprisonment for life for a brutal murder. "By the way," said the officer, stopping before an open door, "this is his cell," and as the three visitors drew near, the father gently pushed his little boy inside, and closed the door. The child was terribly frightened, and at his screams the door was at once opened, his mother saying, as she took him in her arms and wiped his eyes, "No, no, they shan't shut up my little son in prison!" As they walked on, the boy gave one more glance at the dreaded cell, and saw upon the door in large yellow figures the number "68." Years passed by. His parents died. He became a sailor, and at the age of twenty-three was second officer on board a large steamer plying between New York and the Isthmus of Panama. Unfortunately, however, he contracted the habit of drinking, and lost his situation. Unable to obtain another, he went to Boston, where his uncle, a man in prosperous circumstances, entertained him with the utmost hospitality, obtained for him a situation in New York, and gave him a liberal amount of money and a railroad ticket for that city. On his way to the station the young man stopped at a saloon for "one glass," and falling in with some old companions, remained until midnight, when he was turned into the street by the proprietor. His money and ticket were gone, and half mad with drink, he resolved to rob his uncle's house. He entered the house successfully, but while he was packing a large quantity of plate and other valuables some member of the family discovered him, and his uncle, exasperated at his ingratitude, gave him in charge of the police. He was sentenced to four years in the State Prison. Upon his arrival there he was conducted to a cell, upon the door of which he saw in large figures

the number "68." It was the same cell into which he had been thrust when a child. Up to this time he had been in a state of sullen indifference, but suddenly memories of his childhood came rushing upon his mind. He heard his mother say, "No, no, they shan't shut up my little son in prison!" and throwing himself upon the floor he wept bitterly.

There upon the cold, bare stones he breathed a fervent prayer that God would help him in his great affliction. He rose from his knees with a determination to redeem his lost character. After serving out his sentence he obtained, with some assistance, a situation aboard a vessel. A few months later the warden of the prison received a letter, from which the following extract is made, "I deem it my duty to drop you a line. I should have written long ago, but I thought it might be best to delay it until I had been long enough in the service to know whether I liked it or not. It was rather hard at first—at least it seemed so to me. But now I can say I am perfectly satisfied, and was never more at home in a ship. I have the good-will of all the officers, and especially of the captain. I am coxswain of his boat, and he tells me that he will get me an appointment as boatswain in the service, on my return."

"A few years had passed," says the warden of the prison, who tells this true story, "when a gentleman whom I did not recognize, was shown into my office, and after greeting me warmly, introduced himself as my former prisoner. He had risen step by step, and now occupied a position far above any he had hoped to attain. Best of all, he had faithfully abstained from liquor since the day when he became 'Number 68,' and asked God to aid him in retrieving his wasted past."

A minister had delivered a course of lectures on infidelity, and as time went on he was delighted to find that one who had been regarded as an infidel was anx-

ious to unite himself with the congregation. "Which of my arguments did you find the most convincing?" asked the minister. "No argument moved me," was the reply, "but the face and manner of an old blind woman who sits in one of the front rows. I supported her one day as she was groping along; and putting out her hand to me, she asked, '*Do you love my blessed Saviour?*' Her look of deep content, her triumphant tones, made me realize as never before, that He who could suffice to make one so helpless bright and glad, must be a *Blessed Saviour* indeed."

The *Christian Weekly* publishes the following incident under the heading, "The File-Grinder's Story:"

I met an old "file-grinder" a few years since, who told me the following story:

In the room where he had worked nearly twenty years, were twelve massive grindstones. Each stone had its boss, who daily "dressed" it, and, mounted on a wooden seat above it, ground files. Occasionally a stone while going at full speed would burst, flying in all directions with tremendous velocity, and as two men had been killed in that room, and a stone might burst at any time, it made the men quiet and cautious; yet among them all there was no Christian.

It was just after the noon hour, and the operatives had come in from a half-hour discussion about the genuineness of some recent conversions among the "furnace men." The general opinion was that it was a matter of imagination, and if there was a God no man had ever heard from Him; that He never did either call or warn any one.

The "speed" had started, the grinders were in their places, and work was progressing rapidly, when one of the men got down from his seat, pale and agitated, and staggered to the other side of the room. He was

hardly able to speak for an instant, but when pressed, said :

“ Boys, something or somebody said to me, ‘ Get down from your seat ; the stone will burst.’ ”

Hardly had he said this when the very stone over which he had been working burst in pieces, crushing his seat to a shapeless mass, and breaking the heavy “ guards ” as if they were glass.

There was no more scoffing that day.

“ Sir,” added the old file-cutter, “ we all felt that it was God who spoke, and it made us pretty thoughtful. The man to whom it happened died last year a happy Christian, and there are five of us in that room that are trying to serve God. It is hard work to keep straight there, but it pays. A man can do his work better, and he feels that if a stone should burst and kill him it would be all right with him.”

“ So you think that God really spoke to that man, do you ? ” said I.

“ Certainly I do, sir,” he said, earnestly. “ He saw that we were all asleep ; that it would take a loud, strong voice to awaken us, and so He spoke as He did, loud and strong, and we could not help hearing.”

Friend, look back over your life. Has not God spoken to you many times ? Have your ears become so deafened by the clatter of the world’s machinery that you can no longer hear his voice ? You are in danger.

In the valuable journal left by John Churchman, there are mentioned in close connection the cases of two persons who had become members of the Society of Friends, but under different feelings.

When visiting meetings on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, he took for a guide John Browning, “ who,” he says, “ some time before had been convinced of the

blessed Truth, by the inward operation of the Holy Spirit, without any instrumental means. He had been a member of the Church of England, and for his sobriety was chosen a vestryman; but after a time felt a scruple in his mind about taking off his hat when he entered the church-yard, so-called, fearing it was a superstitious adoration of the ground, from its supposed holiness; but would take it off when he entered the worship-house, and walk uncovered to his pew. But after a time he could not uncover his head, until what they call Divine service began; which, as he kept attentive to the scruple in his mind, became very lifeless to him, who was inwardly seeking for substance and life. He therefore withdrew from it, and after some time went to one of our meetings, rather out of curiosity than expecting any good, but felt himself owned, and had a taste of the peace which the world cannot give, and from that time became a constant attender of our meetings.

“We had a meeting at Queen Ann’s, amongst a people who, for want of keeping to the life of religion, had almost lost the form. In conversation at a house in the evening, I asked whether she was a Friend’s child, or one convinced of our principles. Her reply was, that when she was young, she lived at a Friend’s house, and took a notion of going to meeting with them, which she had done ever since. Alas! when notion changes the will, and not that faith which works by love to the purifying of the heart, the religion is without reformation, empty and dead.”

Another incident in connection with the same subject is related in John Churchman’s account of his travels in England. He says:—

We rode to Cornwood, in Northumberland, and lodged at the house of a man who had been for several

years of a disorderly conduct, and much given to the excessive use of strong drink, until he had very much impaired his constitution. But it pleased the Lord to open his understanding, and make him acquainted with his blessed truth, whereby he was made free from that evil, and received strength to forsake his old companions. His joining with Friends was a great grief to his wife, who informed me, that through prejudice for a time, she would rather he had continued his former course of living, than to become a Quaker, until observing the sweetness of his temper and the recovery of his health in some degree, with a solid and sober conduct, she was made to believe in the power by which he had known such a victory, and joined herself in the same religious profession; they appeared to be steady Friends. I would to God that all tipplers and drunkards would turn to that great Prophet who is in Israel, that they might by Him be cleansed from that leprosy of sin!

It was the "sweetness of temper" and the "solid and sober conduct" of this man that was the means of convincing his wife of the reality and blessed power of the religion he professed. And we believe there is no outward agency so effective in spreading the religion of our Saviour in the earth as the godly lives of those who are truly under its influence. A man of more than average mental ability, and who was sceptical as to the truths of Christianity, said: "I have read a great many books on the evidences of Christianity, and most of the arguments in them I can answer satisfactorily to my own mind. But the change I have seen in the life of my little daughter, in the year or two past, I cannot explain. There is evidence of some power working in her which I cannot understand."

Various are the ways and means which the Lord makes use of to convince people of their sinful condition and of the truths of his Gospel. Jacob Ritter thus relates how he was convinced of the unlawfulness of war, while in the battle of Brandywine, during the revolutionary war. Though he had before had some sense of the horrors of war, yet he had joined the militia when about twenty years of age through the influence of a clergyman of the Lutheran denomination to which he belonged. This man preached the propriety and necessity of standing in defence of our country against her enemies; "so," he says, "I was persuaded against my better judgment, to join the army; and taking up my musket I entered the American service."

The company and battalion to which I belonged marched down to Brandywine at Chadd's Ford, and joined the army under command of Washington and Lafayette. We had orders to work day and night to erect batteries, &c., in order to resist the progress of the English army.

After several days hard labor, we became so drowsy that nearly all the men except the sentinels fell asleep. General Washington stood in the midst of our camp, and called out to us with a loud voice: "Boys, get up—but be silent, the enemy is nearly upon us." About daylight the alarm gun was fired by the British; then all our army made ready for battle.

General orders were given for every company to maintain its ranks, and each man to keep his place. An awful pause preceded the engagement, and some of us stood in solemn silence. I then remembered what I had seen and felt of the mercies of God, and was afresh convinced that it was contrary to the Divine

Will, for a Christian to fight. I was sensible in my own heart that I had done wrong in taking up arms, and the terrors of the Lord fell upon me. I then secretly supplicated the Almighty for preservation, covenanting that if He would be pleased to deliver me from shedding the blood of my fellow-creatures that day, I would never fight again. Then the love of God was shed abroad in my heart, and all fear of man was entirely taken away; and throughout the engagement I remained perfectly calm, though the bombshells and shot fell round me like hail, cutting down my comrades on every side, and tearing off the limbs of the trees like a whirlwind; the very rocks quaked, and the hills that surrounded us seemed to tremble with the roar of the cannon.

It happened that the standing troops were called into action before the militia, of which the brigade that I belonged to was partly composed. Towards evening, (for the battle lasted from sunrise to sunset,) our battalion was ordered to march forward to the charge. Our way was over the dead and dying, and I saw many bodies crushed to pieces beneath the wagons, and we were bespattered with blood. But no orders were given to use our small arms, and thus I was enabled to rejoice, that though I was provided with sixty cartridges, I did not discharge my musket once that day. Forever magnified be the God of my life that I was mercifully delivered from spilling the blood of any of my fellow-creatures.

As we had to march directly under the English cannon which kept up a continual fire, the destruction of our own men was very great, and Washington called out to us: "Men, retreat; it is not worth while to sacrifice so many lives." It was now drawing towards night, and we retreated as well as we could. I took shelter in the woods, and having found a thick grape

vine, crept under it, and worn out with hunger and fatigue, fell sound asleep.

The next morning I crawled out of my hiding place, and a sense of my forlorn condition covered my mind. I knew I had sinned in entering into the war, and no man going to execution could have felt more remorse. I went along till I came to a little cottage where dwelt a Dutch woman. I entered at a venture and begged her to give me a little broth, for I had not tasted a mouthful of food for two days. She took pity on me and gave me some, but I had scarcely done eating it, when a party of Hessians came in and took me prisoner. War-worn and weary as I was, they marched me before them, beating me most unmercifully with the butts of their guns, and occasionally placing their bayonets at my breast; they swore they would kill me on the spot because I was a rebel. In this trial I experienced heavenly Goodness to be near, and again all fear of death was taken away.

They took me to the Hessian general, Count Donop, who, after much rough language, ordered me to be put under the provost-captain; and, with a number of other prisoners of war, I was marched to Philadelphia and lodged in prison.

The number of American prisoners in jail at this time was about nine hundred. During the first five days of our confinement, most of us had nothing to eat, and many died from want. One poor fellow who had been, as far as I can remember, five days without food, got at last a little piece of dry bread, which he devoured greedily, and then leaning his head back, immediately expired!

I had been three days without a mouthful to eat, when an aunt of mine got leave to see me. She gave me a small quantity of food and then left me, and in a day or two after she sent her son with some more; and thus, under Providence, saved my life. Ah! when I

have seen the tables of Friends in Philadelphia loaded with all the luxuries of wealth, it seemed as if I could weep over them, remembering the days of my famine, and fearing that the day of plenty was not enough valued.

While I was thus suffering under this cruel imprisonment, I remembered the impressions of my mind on the day of the battle at Brandywine, and feeling myself as a poor worm of the dust, I used to go out every evening after dark, into the jail yard, and throw myself prostrate with my face upon the ground, in deep abasedness of soul, and supplicate the Lord for mercy.

This sense of my undone condition lasted for a considerable time, until at length the voice of Divine compassion passed through my mind, that my prayers were heard and that I should experience deliverance from my troubles. I arose from the ground with gladness of heart.

J. R. was soon after released from prison, and returned to his father's house in safety.

Samuel Fay was born nearly sixty years ago, in the very heart of Alabama's black belt, not far from Montgomery. He was a slave, and wore his chains for nearly forty years, not being able to read a word or write his name. By the time he was old enough to work he had taken such a dislike to the cotton field and the overseer that he resolved to hire his time, so having arranged with his master, he left home and engaged himself to work in a printing-office. He soon came to be pressman and served continuously in the same office till he saw that hand-presses were about to give place to steam-presses, when he engaged to learn the carpenter's trade. As he was obliged to pay full wages to his master while learning his trade, he would often work all day at the bench and at night work the press.

and frequently for weeks at a time have not a wink of sleep, except as now and then, while the boy fixed the rollers, he would bow his head on a pile of paper and rest for a moment. Three men are still living in the city of Montgomery, who, at different times were connected with the office in which he worked, and each one has told me (says the narrator), before and since his death, that he has never seen his equal either in powers of endurance or excellence of work.

He was very anxious to excel as a carpenter, but in those days it was not the custom to teach a colored apprentice much beyond the coarser parts of the trade. To overcome this, when dinner-time came he would often feign sickness, and lie down on the bench as if to rest, but the moment the shop was empty he would jump up and proceed to examine the fine work that was going on, and often he would take it carefully apart, and having seen how it was done, would put it together again, and when the workmen returned he was, apparently, fast asleep on the bench as if nothing had happened in their absence.

He came to be a master workman, and some of the largest and most expensive buildings in Montgomery were built by his hands.

Until the time came when he witnessed a change of heart, Samuel Fay was a man of almost ungovernable temper. In the days of slavery he was known as a "dangerous negro," and every new overseer was warned in regard to him. In those times he always went armed with some sort of a weapon, and it was a standing vow with him to kill any man that attempted to lay hands on him, and then be hanged himself and go at once to hell.

In this darkened state Samuel continued until about ten years ago, taking no interest in religion, and very rarely consenting to accompany his wife and daughter to the meeting-house of the Congregationalists, of

which denomination they were members. Finally, however, with an honest purpose in his heart, he resolved to go to a certain meeting and give good heed to what should be delivered. Under God's blessing he was thoroughly reached, and then without delay he desired to become a church member.

Gradually the tendency to excessive anger disappeared, and religion became a real thing with him. He said in explanation, "A few years ago I made me up a little prayer and I have prayed it every morning since then, and though many have wronged me, I have had no trouble with any one." It was found that this prayer was the so-called "Eleventh Commandment," "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." It was about the time that he made up or made use of his little prayer, that many of his old friends were heard to say, "How gentle the ways of Sam Fay are becoming." And while he was growing in gentleness it also became noticeable how his concern for the right order of meeting matters and everything pertaining to the interests of the people developed. Especially was he the children's friend. He died the latter part of last autumn, and, says the narrator, "So much had he come to be a part of our best life that, in our homes, in the church and on the street, we feel lost without him."

The following interesting narrative shows how our Father in heaven made use of a child to awaken her mother to a sense of her responsibility.

"Mother," said Fanny C., a sweet little girl of seven years, brushing back her auburn curls, "mother, what does this mean?—'For our conversation is in heaven.'"

The child had been sitting a full half hour, on the cricket at her mother's feet—her bright face bending

over her book with that earnest gaze that betokens the most intense thought; but she had not, it seemed, entirely satisfied herself. So she looked up confidently to her mother for information. But she was also absorbed in a book and did not heed the gentle child, who again repeated more eagerly, "Mother, what does this mean?—'For our conversation is in heaven.'"

"What book have you, Fanny?" asked her mother. "Oh! the Bible." "Well, I am glad you are reading it to-day;" (it was First-day) and the conscience-struck mother glanced at the "last new novel" in her own hand, which she had been devouring.

"But you have not told me what this means, mother—'For our conversation is in heaven.'"

"Oh! it means that we should talk about good things, that is, about heaven and the angels; and read the Bible," said her mother.

"You know when the ladies were here at your party, mother?"

"Yes, my love."

"Was their conversation in heaven?"

"I fear not, my child. But why do you ask?"

"I have been thinking," said the little girl, drawing a long breath, as though her thoughts had been compressed with much difficulty—"I have been thinking that people must speak very loud to have their conversation in heaven, and I wanted to know if that was the reason which made the ladies at your party talk so loud."

Her mother could not forbear smiling at the idea of such nonsense as usually comprises the conversation of a fashionable party, being heard in heaven; yet she keenly felt the rebuke of the innocent child, while she endeavored to answer carelessly—"We do not talk about heaven at our parties, Fanny."

"But when is your conversation in heaven, mother?" persisted the little girl.

The question was a simple one, but her poor mother was more troubled to answer it than she would have been to discuss the effects of gravitation or the properties of light. She bent her lips to the cheek of her lovely daughter, and a tear mingled with a kiss, as she thought how this world had engrossed her heart and soul, her time and her talents; and how neglectful she had been of the moral and religious training of her precious child. "And now she is teaching me," thought the mother.

G. F. Pentecost relates a very interesting instance of the work of Divine grace, as told to him when in Scotland, by a minister who said he could vouch for its truthfulness in every particular. His narrative is as follows :

Madam M. was the daughter of a very distinguished and wealthy French family. When she was quite young, about twenty, I believe, she was married to a young man of equal wealth and high social position. As was common, these young people were worldly and gay, given to everthing going on in the fashionable world, and had nothing to do but to amuse themselves and gratify every whim which an idle fancy suggested. Of course, they were destitute of spiritual knowledge of God and Christ, though, in their way, devout enough Roman Catholics; that is, they attended church, and went through all the necessary ceremonials of Rome to secure to them the approval of "Mother Church."

Shortly after their marriage they went one night to the theatre, and witnessed a play in which, in one of the scenes there was enacted the slaughter of the Huguenots. The scene was so vivid and life-like that it greatly distressed the mind of the lady. She asked her husband, with bated breath and strained eyes, what it

meant. The reply was, "It is a representation of the killing of the Huguenots."

"Why were they killed?" asked the young wife.

"Oh, they were killed for their heretical religion!"

"And was it for no other reason than for their religion?"

"For no other reason. They were heretics."

"And who had them killed?"

"Why, I suppose it was done by order of the Church. *They were heretics!*"

"And did our holy Church have these poor people massacred for no other reason than for believing Jesus Christ could save them without the help of the Church?"

"For no other reason, so far as I know," was the reply. "They were not criminals, but heretics."

And as far as he was able to do so, the young husband related the story of the massacre, without either justifying or condemning it—speaking of it rather as a matter of course.

This scene and the story of the slaughter of the Huguenots, with which she had not been familiar, so wrought upon the young wife that she begged her husband to take her home. For days she could not shake off the impression of that scene and story. It continued to prey upon her mind until she fell into a deep state of melancholy and profound conviction of sin. There was none to help or instruct her, and she was as utterly ignorant of the Bible as she was destitute of the possession of one. The husband became so distressed and alarmed at his wife's condition that he called in medical advice. After hearing from the husband the occasion of his wife's mental distress, and from the lady herself the story of her horror,—“that these poor people should be killed for their religion,”—and being plied by her with questions concerning religion which he was utterly unable to answer, the physician withdrew and reported the case to the husband.

“It is a case of religious monomania—a very bad one. You must act at once and promptly, or your wife will fall into hopeless melancholia, and perhaps end in permanent insanity. You must take her about. Go to concerts, to balls, to parties—travel. Do anything and everything that will divert her mind from the terrible subject that possesses her.”

Acting upon his advice, the husband began a round of pleasure and fashionable dissipation such as even they had never before indulged in.

Night after night they were out at the theatre, at balls, at concerts, and entertainments; the wife going reluctantly but obediently. One night they were at a grand ball in Paris. They had entered the spacious hotel, and were passing through a long and brilliantly lighted corridor, lined with lackeys, and leading toward a broad flight of stairs up to the *salon* where the guests were assembled. Of a sudden, like an apparition, there darted out before them, from some side door, a little man dressed in black, and apparently a clergyman, though not a priest.

This little man stepped up to the lady, and, without a word of introduction or apology for speaking, said, “Madam, do you know the blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth from all sin?”

To this startling and unheard-of proclamation the lady replied, “What did you say? Will you repeat those words?”

At which the little man in black again declared, without note or comment, but with intense eagerness and pathos, “The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s Son, cleanseth from all sin,” and then disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared.

The lady stood still for a moment, dumbfounded, and then remarked to her husband, “Did you ever hear that before? That is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard. What can it mean?”

But as she mused on these words, and climbed the broad and lofty stairway, there fell upon her a peace so sweet and ecstatic that her whole face seemed lighted up with an unearthly gladness.

She went at once into the crowded *salon*, and approaching the first lady whom she saw, she said to her, "I have just heard the most extraordinary statement. I wonder if you ever heard it, and what does it mean: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin?'"

As might have been expected, the lady to whom this inquiry was addressed was amazed; and the amazement spread through the *salon* as Madam M. passed from one to another, repeating her question, and asking if any one could tell her what it meant. Of course, in a few minutes the word was whispered from lip to ear, "Madam M. has gone mad." But, like Paul, she was not mad, only filled with the gladness of God's blessed peace.

Noting the excited (or what seemed to him the excited) state of mind in which his wife had been thrown by the apparition of the little man in black, with his singular declaration, and the real excitement into which she was throwing the fashionable people in the *salon* by her continuous inquiry of every one whom she met concerning "the blood of Jesus Christ," her husband took her home. For days she simply dwelt in a paradise of joy, repeating over and over again the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin." Her depression, her so-called religious monomania, her deep melancholia, was gone; and, instead, an ecstasy of gladness had taken its place.

She told everybody about the house, her servants, and beyond the house, her neighbors, of this "precious blood." She found out, finally, where the saying came from. For the first time she got hold of a Bible, and soon devouring the New Testament, she learned the

whole glad truth. Her joy was not for a day or a week, but continued until her husband, again alarmed, sent for his medical adviser, the same who had seen her some months before. He had another interview with her, and was treated to the Gospel of Christ and a relation of her joy and peace in believing.

The medical man returned to report to the husband, and, with a grave shake of the head, declared, "It is the same thing—religious monomania. It is a very bad case. It has changed its type, taken on another form. Before she was depressed; now she is ecstatic. I am afraid it has reached an acute stage. You must watch her very closely, and do everything you can to divert her mind."

And so the wise fool departed. But the joy did not leave Madam M. It continued, and became the inspiration of a new life to her and to all about her. The Bible was now her daily companion, and she became a sweet witness for Jesus. Again and again she besought her husband to receive Jesus as his Saviour.

Some months after, her husband gave a dinner party to a number of artists, wits, and *litterati* of Paris. At the table the conversation turned on religion, which was ridiculed as superstition; and presently blasphemous and ridiculing sneers were levelled at Jesus Christ and the Bible.

After the ribald conversation had gone on for a few moments, the host, Mr. M., arose at the head of the table, and said, "Gentleman, I cannot have the name and religion of Jesus Christ taken in vain and made the subject of ridicule at my table. Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and our Saviour, and his blood cleanseth from all sin."

The effect of this speech may be more easily imagined than described. Mr. M. had never before articulated his faith, and his happy wife for the first time

now knew that her testimony and her life of peace had been blessed of God to his soul also.

This lady lived on for sixty years, dying only a few months ago. She never ceased to carry her joy and testimony wherever she went.

The singular thing about the whole matter is the sudden appearance of the little man in black, in the great house on the night of a grand ball, and his apparently mad approach into the ball-room. The explanation is simply this. He was a Protestant clergyman, who had some occasion to visit the master of the house that night on business, and as he was about to leave he was seized with an irresistible impulse to rush into the corridor and tell the first person he met that "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin." Not knowing why he was so strangely led, and himself partly terrified at what he did, not knowing Madam M., or having ever heard of her, or of the deep conviction of sin under which she had been laboring for some months, he saw in her only the first person he met; and delivering his message, he rushed from the house, not knowing the result of his action until months afterward.

Who shall say that God the Holy Spirit, who took Philip from Samaria to declare Jesus to the eunuch, is still not doing these wonders of grace? God has not forgotten to be gracious, and the Spirit of God "has not ceased to convince men of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment;" nor to take extraordinary means to lead souls to God through Christ, when extraordinary means of grace are necessary.

Among the instrumental means which the Almighty has made use of to awaken the sinner to serious reflection on his situation, an interesting one is related by Audubon in his *Ornithological Biography*. In speaking of the Zenaida dove, he says:—

A man who was once a pirate assured me, that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sands of the well-known Key, which must be here nameless, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings that had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind, which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villians that ever annoyed the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially by those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence.

After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in humble supplication for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be "the noblest work of God," an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers; but no danger seemed to him comparable with the danger of one living in the violation of human and Divine laws; and now he lives in peace in the midst of all his friends.

Captain Mitchell K. was from early life accustomed to the sea. He commanded a merchant ship that sailed from Philadelphia. After his marriage, he again went to sea, and one day committed to writing, while in a highly devotional frame of mind, a prayer for the temporal and eternal happiness of his beloved wife and unborn babe. This prayer, nearly filling a sheet of paper, was deposited, with his other writings, at the

bottom of an old oak chest. The captain died before the completion of the voyage, in the year 1757, and his instruments, papers, &c., were returned to his wife. Finding they were generally what she could not understand, she locked up the chest for the inspection and use of her babe (who proved to be a son), at some future period. At eighteen, this son entered the army, and in 1775 marched for Boston. He gave the reins to his lusts, and for many years yielded to almost every temptation to sin. At last, he was called to the death-bed of his mother, who gave him the key of his father's chest, which, however, he did not open, lest he should meet with something of a religious kind, that would reprove his sins and harass his feelings. At length in 1814, when in his fifty-sixth year, he determined to examine its contents. When he reached the bottom, he discovered a paper neatly folded and endorsed—"The prayer of Mitchell K. for blessings on his wife and child, August 23, 1757." As he read it, the scene, the time, the place and circumstances under which it was written and put there, all rushed upon his mind, and overwhelmed him; for often had his widowed mother led him to the beach, and pointed to him the direction on the horizon, where she had traced the last glimpse of flowing canvas that bore his father from her, never to return. He threw the contents back into the chest, folded up the prayer, and put it in the case with his father's quadrant, locked up the chest, and determined never again to unlock it. But his father's prayer still haunted his imagination, and he could not forget it. From that time he became an altered man, and lived and died as a Christian.

William Tennent once took much pains to prepare a sermon to convince an infidel of the truth of Christianity. But, in attempting to deliver this labored discourse, he was so confused as to be compelled to stop.

This unexpected failure in one who had been admired for the force of his eloquence, led his infidel auditor to believe that he must at other times have been aided by a Divine power. This reflection proved a means of his conversion. Tennent afterwards used to say, that his *dumb sermon* was one of the most profitable sermons he had ever delivered.

An anecdote was introduced by the late Nathan Kite, into one of the many articles he wrote for THE FRIEND, of a sailor whom the captain of a ship found, in time of a storm, on his knees below decks, repeating prayers. The captain roughly shook him with the admonition, "*Say your prayers in fair weather.*" On arriving at port, he left the vessel, but these words of the captain abode so constantly with him that he was led to consider his manner of life, and seek for help from the source of all blessings, and ultimately became a preacher of the religion he had once practically despised. The captain in the meantime continued to lead a careless and unconcerned life; and a few years after, being on land, was persuaded by a friend to visit a place of worship, where his former worthless sailor was now officiating as a minister, although he knew it not. In the course of the services, the preacher recognized his former captain, and with a loud voice uttered the command which had so deeply impressed him—"Say your prayers in fair weather." He then related the circumstances which had led to its first utterance, the effect it had had on him, and the desire he felt, that it might prove profitable to others. The events of that day are said to have made it a turning point in the life of the captain also.

In the Journal of David Sands a letter is inserted, which he received from one whom the Spirit of Christ had reached through his ministerial labors. The writer of the letter says:—

I was a poor benighted traveller, wandering in darkness and doubt; often querying with myself, who is Jesus of Nazareth, whom they call Saviour and Redeemer? I have never known Him, or seen his works, though it is said He wrought miracles, raised the dead, and even gave up his life for the redemption of sinners. I heard and read all this, but still queried,—Is it not a fable? What have I to do with Him? His blood, if it was shed, is nothing to me. I was, like Paul, a persecutor. I cried peace, while peace was a stranger to my heart; I wandered up and down the earth in search of rest to my weary soul; in the bright allurements of folly I believed I should find it; but like a phantom, when near, it eluded my grasp. Thus I passed my days in seeking pleasure, my nights in mourning; and while my Heavenly Father was striving with me, and knocking gently at the door of my heart; though I was ready at times to cry out with anguish, I still rejected Him, saying, as it were, “Go thy way for this time, at a more convenient season I will send for thee.”

While wondering which way to turn my steps, I heard that some people called Quakers, had arrived in our village, and were going to have a meeting in the school-house that evening. I had heard that yours were a self-denying people; singular in dress and address; and I determined to go, being more prepared to receive amusement than instruction; in truth, I tried to be an unbeliever in the things of God, and of his heavenly kingdom. When I entered the house, I was struck with the awful solemnity that overshadowed you. It were vain to attempt to describe my feelings, while we sat in this solemn silence. It seemed as though my poor tempest-tossed spirit would have burst its confines, and deserted its earthly tenement. While in this state of conflict you arose, and commenced with those ever-memorable words: “Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden; take my yoke upon you,

for it is easy, and my burden, for it is light." Oh! that blessed invitation of our dear Redeemer unveiled the darkness, and I could see, as in a glass, the very depths of my soul, and was ready to cry out, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." Never shall I forget the sweet words of hope, which flowed from your tongue, words of eternal life; your countenance became radiant with the theme of the goodness and glory of the Almighty God and Father, who gave his dear Son, that through Him we might be saved. Oh! how soon the glimmering of hope dispelled the darkness of infidelity! I felt the invitation was to me, and most joyfully accepted it, for I was indeed weary and heavy laden, and longed for rest. I returned home, my heart filled with praises to God; the image of my suffering Saviour was before me, and I felt I could suffer and die for his precious sake."

In a letter to his wife, written from Ireland in 1798, when that country was agitated by civil war, David Sands mentions the following interesting case of one who became convinced of the peaceable nature of the kingdom of Christ. The letter says:—

Some convincement has appeared in the course of my late journey, and that amongst the men mighty in war. A person who had long approved himself one of the most fearless and undaunted, and an officer of no inferior rank, having sat with us in several meetings which I had in a town that had been besieged, and many lives lost, and from which the clergy had fled, invited me to his house to breakfast, which I felt easy to accept. After it was over, I had a religious opportunity with himself and his family. He was much tendered and reached, as he had been in meeting before. He arose, and stripped off his military clothes, and laying by his sword, asked for some other garments, say-

ing to his wife and children, "I shall never fight more, for I am convinced it is not in accordance with the Spirit of Christ. I am a Quaker." Since this, he appears very solid, and I hope he will make a valiant man in the cause of Christ.

In the course of one of David Sands' early journeys in the work of the ministry, he arrived at a town or village where the Society of Friends or their principles were unknown. He put up at an inn where was to be a large ball or assembly that evening.

Being their custom, on such occasions, to invite strangers who might happen to be there, to join them; and his appearance being new to them, and very singular, they invited him to attend. He accepted the invitation, and after they were all assembled, and their mirth and music commenced, he walked into the midst of them. His solemn and impressive demeanor struck the company with awe; the music and dancing ceased, and they all stood in silent amazement, waiting the result; when he commenced addressing them to the following import—

My friends, for what purpose is this gay company assembled? Is it to worship Almighty God; Him from whom all your favors and blessings flow; who, in his love and compassion, gave the dear Son of his bosom as a ransom, that through Him you might have eternal life? Or have you rather suffered yourselves to be led captive by the enemy of your souls' peace, who, for a season, may hold out bright and pleasant allurements to tempt your unwary feet to stray from the true fold of peace, revealed in and through Christ Jesus your Saviour and Redeemer; He who suffered his precious blood to flow to wash away your sins? Oh! be per-

suaded by a brother who loves you with that love which flows from the Fountain of all good, to turn from these follies and devices of satan, which will lead you astray. Oh! be persuaded, I say, to seek the Lord whilst He may be found, turn to Him and He will turn unto you; knock, before the door of mercy is eternally closed, and He will receive you and encompass you with unbounded love, and lead you gently into pleasant places, even into the kingdom of heaven, where you will rejoice for evermore; singing praises unto the Lamb. Yea, He will be unto you as a shield and buckler; and as your strong defence in times of trouble. Suffer Him not to stand knocking at the door of your hearts until "his head shall become wet with the dew, and his locks with the drops of the night."

Thus did he continue to address them until the power of the Most High was so made manifest among them, that they listened to his communication with deep interest; and, as some of them afterwards expressed, he appeared as a messenger from heaven, sent to warn them of their danger. Many of them were brought to tears whilst he was speaking; and after he concluded, acknowledged, with gratitude, their sense of his solicitude for their welfare; saying, "We have heard this night what we never can forget." After taking a tender leave of them, they separated, almost forgetful of the cause for which they had assembled.

## CHAPTER V.

*EFFECTS OF REGENERATION.*

Christian Eddy—S. Grellet—W. Evans—G. Fox—Preaching by faith—A view of religious services—Perils—Edward Wright—“He first loved us”—Subdued by kindness—Helping others—Dorothea L. Dix—Abram Simmons—Cyrus Butler—Thomas Blagden—Dr. Pinel—William Tuke.

The wonderful change in character which results from coming fully under the transforming influence of the Spirit of Christ, our Saviour speaks of as being *born again*—a process which He declares *must* be experienced by all who would become partakers of his heavenly kingdom. In this state man is no longer governed by his own selfish impulses, but being leavened with the loving Spirit of Christ, he is led to seek the welfare of others, to lay aside all malice, to be holy in all manner of conversation, not to render evil for evil, but to love as brethren, to be pitiful and courteous. Under the power of this Divine love many have been made willing to devote their lives to the promotion of the material and spiritual welfare of their fellow-men. An interesting illustration of this is furnished by the history of Christian Eddy, a native of Cornwall, England. Her biographer says :

At the age of seventeen the girl sustained the heaviest loss that could befall her, the loss of a good mother, who, in dying, committed her children to the care and love of her Saviour.

Christian Eddy left home early, but was driven back by illness. Her stepmother watched the sick bed of the

invalid, and, better still, watched for her soul as one who must give account. Another, a heavenly watcher, was also keeping guard over the sufferer; and she rose from her illness a new being. Henceforth to her "to live" was "Christ."

Consistency is the rock that re-echoes every prayer, the hammer that drives home every nail, the feather that wings every arrow. One felt it to be so with her; and some of her converts owe their spiritual life, under God, to this alone. Years before she left service her mistress said, "She has been a bright lamp in my house these eleven years;" and a fellow-servant testifies, "I went into the family saying, 'such cheerful, consistent piety cannot last.' I watched her closely for six months, and she was always the same. So then I began to think there was something in religion. I sought Jesus, and she helped me to find him, nor has she been different all these fifteen years."

But she was not satisfied with the silent rebuke her life gave to sin, and the silent testimony her character bore to Christ. No miser ever coveted gold as she coveted souls. To seek them she was "instant in season and out of season." When sent to the post, she would take care to have some little remembrancers of Jesus, which without loss of time she might leave by the way. Tracts, little books and penny Gospels were always at hand. One, whom we knew, dated his first serious conviction to the day she met him, a stranger, and gave him one of the Gospels. "What could have put it into her mind to give me this?" was his remark to his child, with which began a train of thought which ended in his conversion.

Years ago, in London, God put it in her heart to visit one of the worst lanes in the metropolis. A policeman remonstrated with her. "It is not safe," he said, "we never go down there, except two at a time." "But Jesus is with me," she replied; and she went,

and He *was* with her, and gave her favor amongst the people, and every one received her gift or word.

But "the disciple" is not to be above "the Master;" loving appeals will sometimes be met by refusals and resistance. Once, when going about doing good, she was struck down. Instantly bystanders rushed upon the assailant, and would have taken him before a magistrate. "You must let him go," she said. "But he hit you!" "Yes, he did; but you must let him go." "But he struck you to the ground!" "Still you must let him go, I am sure Jesus would." And so her meekness was as rare as her energy, and had the stamp of the same mint, the ring of the coinage of Christ.

Her courage has come out in some of the cases I have mentioned. Let me give another instance. In the next street to where she lived there was a shoemaker, a tall, athletic man, who stood six feet two, and could walk forty miles at a stretch. He was the terror of many, and hated religion with a terrible hatred. The devoted clergyman of the district tried to influence him, but in vain. A missionary, a friend of our friend, went, but came back shaking with terror. She began to go herself ten years ago or more. "How did you find him to-day?" they would ask, when she came back out of the lion's den. "Don't ask me how I found him," she would reply; "I leave all that to Jesus." She confessed, however, that she expected every moment to feel his huge stick, especially one day, when she dropped on her knees and prayed for him in his presence. The brave heart was kept up by its faith. Here were the hidings of its power, the assurance that God would bless his word. "How I love the spot!" she said once, as she passed the window; "what joy it will be when I have him with me in glory!" And this while his fury still raged. For nine years she visited him without apparent result; but at the end of that time he was stricken with illness. She begged to be

allowed to see him, and was permitted, on condition that she would neither speak to him nor pray for him aloud. Three times the silent visitor went, and watched and prayed. In spite of the silence he had enforced on her he had looked for her visits, he told her afterwards. "The clergyman has given me up, the missionary has given me up, and now she has given me up, and I shall be lost." Nay, but she had not given him up, nor had God either. On the third visit the shoemaker held out his hand. The ice was broken, and the waters began to flow. The soul was opened to the Saviour; the man lived for a time to Him, and then died to Him, and now may have welcomed his benefactress into everlasting habitations.

Her decision of character was shown as much in her faithful remonstrance with what she believed to be error, as in her steadfastness in seeking those who were known to be lost. Once she wandered into a ritualistic place of worship, and entering into conversation with some of the sisterhood, she pointed them from images of saints to a living Saviour. At that moment the priest came up. Unabashed, instead of ceasing her testimony, she turned to him, and with admirable tact enlisted him, as it were, on her side by saying, as she quoted the book he was bound to acknowledge, "Is it not so, dear sir?" "I am afraid you do not reverence the Virgin Mother," he answered, parrying the shaft. "I love her as a blood-bought sister," was the comprehensive reply.

But all this holy effort could not go on for ever. "The spirit, indeed," was "willing, but the flesh" was "weak." Disease manifested itself, though no one knew the severe suffering it occasioned, or dreamt that it would soon put a period to her beneficent labors. No one but herself. She, it now appears, felt that "the little while" was for her becoming very short indeed. When they spoke of getting ready for any meal, "I

hope we shall be ready for Jesus," she would often say. "Next [Fourth-day], if not in glory," was her weekly farewell to one dear friend; "I cannot be here always to help you," her frequent warning to another. Still they could not, would not, heed it. How should they, when, after a day of enforced confinement to her bed, she would come down as if nothing were the matter, bonneted, and smiling as she said, "I hope we shall do some work for Jesus to-night!" So late as [Fifth-day, Fourth Month], 18th, 1872, she toiled up the long weary hill that leads to the workhouse. It was the last time. It was noticed that her frame was suffering and her steps were slow. That day fortnight she was carried within sight of the same spot, to be laid in her grave.

By [Seventh-day] the symptoms had become violent, and it was said she was to go to the hospital for an operation, an operation which it was hinted might be fatal. "Do you hear that?" she said, turning to her dear, kind friend. "Yes, they say you are very ill." "They say I may never get well again; and won't it be beautiful to burst forth in glory?" Then, seeing her friend in tears, "Don't be troubled," she said; "you will spare me for Jesus; you won't grudge my going to glory?" "No bride," says the same close observer, "wedded to a lord, ever went off so happily for her honeymoon as she went to the hospital."

The way in which she gloried in tribulation was the wonder of the patients, the nurses and the doctors. As they carried her to the operating room, they expressed surprise at her jubilant joy. "It is not me," she said, "it's Jesus." The secret of that supernatural joy indeed could never be self, it could only be the Saviour.

When asked a day or two after by a friend how she had felt when the hour of suffering came. "I felt," she said, "as if in the glory. And now Jesus is so precious, so precious." "And her face brightened as

she spoke, like unto the face of an angel," said my informant. To another visitor she said, "I'm so happy, so happy, so happy!" and she repeated it three times with eyes upraised to heaven. And then, "the ruling passion strong in death," she added in tones lowered to a whisper, "Jesus has found a little work for me to do here. I've given away all my Gospels." "Here is one more for you then," said the friend, handing her the only one in his pocket. "Read a little," she replied; and he read, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Before twenty-four hours she had entered one of them. She walked through the valley of death, but feared no evil; his rod and his staff they comforted her. To her "to live was Christ," and therefore "to die was gain."

One of the many ways in which the Lord employs his servants in helping others, is by the exercise of Gospel ministry.

The Memoirs of Stephen Grellet furnish instructive illustrations of the preparation passed through by those on whom the Lord designs conferring a gift in the Ministry, of the heavenly power which qualifies for its exercise, and of the manner in which the messenger of glad tidings is often directed, without that outward knowledge which might be supposed necessary to guide him.

At the time when S. Grellet felt that he was to be called of the Lord into this service, there was much to discourage him. In speaking of the feelings in the prospect, he says:

I saw my unworthiness to engage in such a solemn service, and felt myself to be altogether a child, that was only beginning to breathe the breath of life.

Though I had made some progress in the knowledge of the English language, I knew how defective I was, and especially unqualified to act as an ambassador for Christ, in the congregations of the people. How great was the Divine condescension in those days of my deep probation! As a father answereth his child, so the Lord condescended to answer all my pleadings and excuses; to give me also a sense of the source from whence all power, strength and ability flow. He showed me how He is mouth, wisdom and utterance, to his true and faithful ministers; that it is from Him alone that they are to receive the subject they are to communicate to the people, and also the *when* and the *how*. It is He who giveth the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the understanding heart, and enableth the dumb to speak.

In the Third Month of 1798, he was recorded as a minister of the Gospel, by the Monthly Meeting for the Northern District of Philadelphia, of which he was then a member.

In the summer of that year, the yellow fever was fatally epidemic in Philadelphia. At the time Stephen Grellet was engaged in religious service at Cape May, Egg Harbor, &c. Here he received a remarkable premonition of what he would be called upon to pass through, which he relates as follows:—

A few days after I heard of the appearance of the fever, while I was yet in Jersey, as I was sitting in a room, with my mind retired before the Lord, I was seized with a terrible pain in my back, head and bones, accompanied with a great shaking; but my mind continued perfectly calm in the Lord's presence. After having remained some time in that state, considering why it was so with me, a secret language was proclaimed: "This is the manner in which those who are

seized with the yellow fever are affected; thou must return to the city, and attend on the sick; and thus also shall the disease take hold of thee," or words very similar. My spirit bowed in prostration before the Lord, and said, "Thy will be done." Then I felt again free from pain, I proceeded immediately to Philadelphia, keeping these things, however, to myself.

I went about for some time, visiting the sick and dying, and assisting in burying the dead. My friend E. G. was a faithful colleague in this solemn work, which, however awful and gloomy, was yet attended with much peacefulness.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth of the Eighth Month, having been engaged that day, in providing for about ten Lascars (East Indiamen), discharged from a ship, and left destitute, without friends in a deserted city, and also with some of my dear friends who were ill with the fever, as I was in my chamber, exercised before the Lord on account of the sick, some of whom were near their end, and actually dying at that very time; about eleven at night, just as I had laid down, my spirit being gathered in the Lord's presence, I felt myself seized with the same kind of pains I had upon me when in New Jersey, and the language was heard: "This is what I told thee thou must prepare for." My soul was, as it were, swallowed up in the love of God, and perfectly contented in the will of the Lord, though I did not see the end of this dispensation. After remaining about an hour in that state, feeling my strength fast declining, and being alone in the house, I went down stairs to unlock the front door. Had I deferred this a little longer, it is probable that I should not have had sufficient strength to do it, for it was with difficulty that I went up stairs again. My friend E. G., not seeing me the next day at the usual time, came to the house. He soon brought me a physician and a nurse. The former paid me but a few visits; for he took the

fever, and died five days after. The disorder so increased upon me that, my extremities having become cold, my coffin was ordered, and I was even returned among the daily deaths to the board of health, as a "French Quaker." But my dear Master had some further work for me to do, before I could be prepared to enter his Divine rest.

During the whole of that sickness I continued entirely sensible, and whilst death seemed to be approaching, and I had turned myself on one side, the more easily, as I thought, to breathe my last, my spirit feeling already encircled by the angelic host in the Heavenly Presence, a secret but powerful language was proclaimed on this wise: "Thou shalt not die, but live—thy work is not yet done." Then the corners of the earth, over seas and lands, were opened to me, where I should have to labor in the service of the Gospel of Christ. O what amazement I was filled with! What a solemn and awful prospect was set before me! Sorrow took hold of me at the words; for it seemed as if I had already a foot-hold in the Heavenly places. I wept sore; but as it was the Divine will, I bowed in reverence before Him, interceding that, after I had, by his assistance, been enabled to do the work He had for me to do, and the end of my days in this probationary state had fully come, I might be permitted to be placed in the same state in which I then was, pass through the valley and shadow of death, strengthened by his Divine presence, and enter finally into those glorious mansions, at the threshold of which my spirit had then come. I saw and felt that which cannot be written. Suffice it to say, that from that very time the disorder subsided.

In the year 1800, as Stephen Grellet was returning from a religious visit in the Southern States, he relates

that on the eighth of Ninth Month, he reached Chichester in Pennsylvania.

There I was permitted by my blessed Master, who knoweth what is good and necessary for my purification, to be introduced into very deep baptisms,—O the depth of the anguish that came upon me! No past experience of the Lord's redeeming love and power was able to administer to my distress. I was plunged into a state of doubting, and even of unbelief in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ; a dark spirit, on which account I have at times so bitterly suffered for those who have been carried away by it. I continued in such a state for some days, that I could not travel. It would indeed have been presumption to go forth as an ambassador for Christ, while I was tempted to doubt his eternal Divinity and God-head, his meritorious sacrifice for the sins of the world, even to let go the hold of my hope in Him, through whom is the atonement, through faith in whom alone remission of sins is to be obtained. O the workings and subtlety of this spirit of unbelief! For ever and ever blessed be the Lord, who, after days and nights of fiery conflict, was pleased to lift up again the light of his countenance upon me, and at the brightness thereof, darkness fled apace. O never have I beheld the excellency of the Gospel of Christ, with more ravishing beauty than I did then. The same light which gave me to see the transforming power of Satan and his temptations, showed me also the Lord of Glory, even Him who has been delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification; who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; without whom none can come to the Father.

Whilst wondering why such an exercise should come upon me, I saw I must be prepared to feel for, and enter into, the states of those that are thus variously

tempted, through the subtleties and stratagems of satan.

In the Epistle to the Hebrews it is said of our blessed Redeemer, "In that He himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." And it is neither marvellous nor unusual that his servants should pass through similar dispensations to fit them to sympathize with, and wisely to labor with those under temptations of various kinds.

Our late valued friend, William Evans, mentions in his Journal, that before he reached the age of manhood, at a time when the sensible influences of the blessed Spirit were withdrawn.

The enemy took advantage of this bereaved condition, and started the doubt whether Jesus Christ was my Saviour. I remembered that He had declared: "My sheep hear my voice and they follow me;" and then I began to doubt whether I was one of his sheep; for satan insinuated that I had never heard his voice. This was a new trial; but when I was so clouded that I could not be certain I had really heard the voice of the true Shepherd, then the devil raised the doubt, whether Jesus Christ was the Son of God; and without having done anything that I knew of, to bring myself into this state, I found I was incapable of really believing in the Saviour of the world. I felt no disposition to deny or to reject Him, but I could not command that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, which I had heretofore, as I once thought, possessed. Great distress and anxiety came upon me. Unwilling to lose my faith, I searched the Holy Scriptures, and diligently read various religious works which I hoped would restore the lost pearl; but it was all in vain. I was

utterly unable to regain my faith in Christ, which had been an anchor to my soul in many tossings and tempests. For a long time I was kept shut up in this condition, until I gave over searching books, or striving to satisfy myself by any argument. I looked up to my Heavenly Father, but all was hid from me, and I wondered how it was, that I should be unable to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, who I had been taught to believe and never before doubted, was the Saviour; and yet through all, something kept me steadfast and patient; and I never told any one of my suffering condition.

One evening as I was walking out for meditation, according to my frequent custom, with my mind turned towards the Lord. He whom my soul sought above all things, suddenly came to his temple, and by his Holy Spirit, revived my faith, and gave me to see, that He alone is the author of that faith which entereth within the veil, and giveth victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil; and that it is not founded merely on what is read, but is really of the operation of God on the heart. I rejoiced exceedingly and gave thanks to Him who is worthy of all praise and honor, and who will not give his glory to another. I could now firmly believe in the Lord Jesus as my Saviour, because of the renewed revelation by the Holy Spirit giving me that faith in Him,—and through mercy I have never since been permitted to feel any doubt respecting his divinity, his mediation, or any of his offices in the redemption and salvation of man. I record this under a sense of my own nothingness, and for the purpose of exalting the glory of his grace; believing that the foundation of true Gospel, saving faith is the immediate manifestations of the Holy Spirit, and it is this which draws the dedicated soul to Christ, and enables it to believe in Him savingly, to rely upon and to follow Him in the regeneration, as our Redeemer and Captain of our salvation. This faith works by love, and this

love is evidenced and maintained in obedience. No man can be in the true faith unless Jesus Christ dwells in him; and where He rules, the fruits and the works of the Spirit will be brought forth; and the faith of such, though it may be tried as gold in the fire, will be renewed from time to time, and give the victory over all the powers of darkness.

William Evans remarks that he often afterwards referred to that time of trial as a peculiar favor and blessing. It gave him clearly to see the error of those who denied the divinity and atonement of the Lord Jesus; and also of those who have regarded the Holy Scriptures as the origin and foundation of true faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

George Fox mentions that soon after he had gone forth, at the Lord's command, to proclaim the truths of the everlasting Gospel, "One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, a temptation beset me; and I sat still. It was said, 'All things come by nature!' and the elements and stars came over me, so that I was in a manner quite clouded with it. But as I sat still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sat still under it and let it alone, a living hope and a true voice arose in me, which said, 'There is a living God who made all things.' Immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all; my heart was glad, and I praised the living God. After some time I met with some people who had a notion that there was no God, but all things come by nature. I had a great dispute with them, and overturned them, and made some of

them confess that there is a living God. Then I saw that it was good that I had gone through that exercise.”

The statement of George Fox, that as he sat still under this temptation and let it alone, a living hope sprung in him, recalls the advice of Isaac Penington to one who was under trial of spirit, not to heed the distressing thoughts which might arise, “but be still awhile, not believing in the power which thou feelest they have over thee;” and “to pant after the hidden measure of life,” which is “in that which inclines to the patience, to the stillness, to the hope, to the waiting, to the silence before the Father.”

When travelling in the Southern States in 1809, and near Norfolk, Va., S. Grellet says :—

We had a meeting at Bennet’s Creek, where I was greatly oppressed under a sense of the wickedness, and even the blood-guiltiness of some present, and I spoke to the people of the awful condition of those who thus follow the way of Cain. After meeting, I heard that three men were present who had been engaged in the murder of a black man; but, as the evidence of slaves is not received, the law takes no cognizance of their crime.

On another occasion, during the same visit, he was led to speak on a subject peculiarly appropriate to a part of his hearers. His Journal says —

At South River [near Lynchburg, Va.,] as I was setting forth the abominable traffic in human flesh, three men came in and sat before me. It afterwards appeared, that they were travelling through the country

on such inhuman business, and, seeing a concourse of persons coming to the meeting-house, they came in also, in hopes of hearing of some slaves they might purchase. I knew nothing of these circumstances; but, as I was speaking, tears would now and then escape them, and after meeting they said to some persons, that I so represented the wickedness of their trade that they could not refrain from weeping. Oh, that they might be tears of true repentance!

In like manner, when travelling in England in 1812, Stephen Grellet was led to speak on a subject, the peculiar appropriateness of which he did not see. He says:—

At Beverly I had not felt at liberty to allow Friends to give any notice of my being at their meeting, and yet a number of strangers came in, when my mind was introduced into great weight of exercise. Dwelling under it, I felt it my place to communicate what appeared to be the word of the Lord unto the people. Though the outward appearance of those present would have persuaded me that such a communication could not be suitable to such a congregation. I opened to them what were the requisite qualifications, under the law, for the priests to minister in the outward temple, and from whom the Lord's prophets received their authority and ability to speak in his name. With this I contrasted the services of the priests of Baal and of Jeroboam, and the state of the false prophets, who some of them mixed with the words of their own imagination and deceit, those they had stolen from the true prophets of the Lord. Then I proceeded to unfold what, from the early days of Christianity, has constituted a minister and an Apostle of Christ. What was their anointing, from whom their mission and authority

came, what made them able ministers of the New Testament, and what evidence they gave that the Lord, by his Spirit, had sent them; showing that as the ministration of the Gospel is now the same,—the same Gospel, and no other is to be preached, the same anointing and qualifications for the solemn service are to be received from the same source, even the Head of the Church, the Lord Jesus Christ, who bestows his Divine gifts upon his servants according to the several offices to which He has appointed them. Thus I set forth the nature, office and qualifications of a Gospel minister; described what the Church of Christ is, in what consists that worship, which the Father of spirits requireth, and which it is our duty to offer unto Him, even in spirit and in truth; finally, I contrasted with all this, the present formal worship of many Christian professors, their man-made ministry, whence their qualifications proceeded, &c. It was a solemn good meeting. I was informed afterwards that several clergymen were present, who had been induced to come by the novelty of a French Friend being there.

When travelling as a minister in the Western States, then newly settled, in 1809, Stephen Grellet met with many hardships and much exposure, at times having very little food, and even, as he says, “being obliged to chew the bark of wood for a meal.” His exercise of mind, added to fatigue and exposure, so pressed upon him, that at the close of a meeting at Cæsar’s Creek, in Western Ohio, he fainted. After resting, he proceeded on his journey to Fairfield, where symptoms of a fever prevailing in the neighborhood, joined to inflammation of the lungs, rendered him unable to travel further. Whilst sitting in an appointed meeting, his Journal says, under date of fourth of Ninth Month, “I became convinced that it would be in vain for me to attempt to proceed any further at present, and that

I must be resigned, if it was my dear Master's will, to lay down my earthly tabernacle in these distant parts, far separated from my dear wife and near friends. I was then engaged on bended knees, with fervency of spirit, to supplicate for resignation to the Lord's will, whether it might be a continuation of my life, to have it devoted to the service of my Saviour and Redeemer, or now to lay it down, amidst my engagements in advocating his blessed cause of righteousness and Truth. I interceded also for all those among whom I have labored for years in the Gospel, that my feeble services among them may be so blessed as to draw their hearts to Christ; and lastly, prayers and intercessions were offered for the assembly present. After this I felt sweet peace, in the prospect of being laid on a bed of sickness.

“I now went to my kind friends, William and Henrietta Willis', who gave me every attention and accommodation their circumstances, in a new country, allowed. Their log-house or cabin is rather more commodious than the others in the neighborhood, which have but a single room, where all the family sit and sleep, and where all the cooking is done; but this had another small log-chamber joined to it; this they prepared for me, and it is to me like a little palace, though it is so open that I can count the stars as I lie on my bed. The fever soon increased to such a degree that those about me gave up all hope of my recovery. I was fully aware of my situation, but under a sense that I had come here in the service and at the command of my blessed Redeemer, I felt sweet comfort in committing myself to his Divine disposal and care, now in sickness, as He had strengthened me to do in the prosecution of the work of his Gospel. I had again a full view of what I had beheld of the joys of God's salvation through Jesus Christ, when near the gates of death with the yellow fever in 1798; but I have seen also, that the end

for which my days were then lengthened is not yet answered, that though I have been extensively engaged, as it was shown me then that I should be, in the service of the Gospel of my blessed Master, very wide and extensive fields are yet before me, both in this and in distant nations; therefore I have said, 'Lord, thy will be done,' do with me and for me as is good in thy sight, only bestow upon thy poor servant the blessing of preservation, that through life, and the sufferings attending, I may glorify thee, as also by my death, whenever the work thou hast for me is accomplished. The place of my release, near or far from my beloved family, and the circumstances attending my earthly dissolution, I resign, O Lord, entirely to thy disposal.'

After Stephen Grellet's return, in 1814, from his *second* religious visit to Europe, he entered into business in New York. In his Journal he says: "I had entertained a hope that I had accomplished in Europe the whole of the work that my dear Master had for me there; and very sweet peace had continued to attend me, when I recurred to the deep and peculiar exercises, and the nature of my services there; but now I beheld such a field of further labors in those nations, as well as in the West Indies, which I should have to enter, that my soul was dismayed at the prospect. The North of Europe, Norway, Sweden, Russia, parts of Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Rome, many parts of Germany and Spain, &c., were brought into view, as portions of the earth where I should have to proclaim the Lord's redeeming love and power. Strong and awful was the impression made on my mind, that I could not enter into my Master's rest till this work was accomplished. With this a little faith was given that Omnipotence can enable to perform what to man seems impossible. I bowed very low before the Lord, and through the aid of his Divine grace, I was enabled to say, 'Here I am, Lord!

do with me as thou wilt; only go with me, and fulfil again thy blessed promise, as thou hast so graciously done on every previous occasion when thou hast sent thy poor servant on thy Gospel errands'—'I will teach thee and instruct thee in the way in which thou goest; I will guide thee with mine eye.' O Lord! thou hast not only guided thy servant, but also helped, sustained and to this day preserved him, a monument of thy goodness, mercy and power."

Again, in 1816, near the close of an exercising visit in Hayti, he was seized with a severe attack of illness, while at Port-au-Prince. Of this he makes the following record: "The disease made such rapid progress, that in a few days I was reduced to the greatest weakness; neither the physician nor those about me thought my recovery possible; my limbs were already cold. I was very sensible of my situation, and that my life did now hang on a very slender thread, and that it was proper I should stand prepared for the moment of my departure, should the Lord order it to be so near at hand as it appeared to be. Accordingly I gave directions for my funeral and circumstances attending my demise. My mind, through my dear Redeemer's love and mercy, was preserved in much calmness, and, in peaceful acquiescence with his sovereign will, prostrated before Him. I marvelled if, in his Divine mercy and compassion, He would now indeed cut short my work in righteousness, and release me from the great weight of service which I have repeatedly felt for many of the European nations particularly. At the time when I was the lowest, my concern in Gospel love for these nations came upon me with force, and the language was proclaimed in my ear, 'Thou shalt indeed visit those nations; the days of thy earthly race are not yet accomplished.' My soul bowed reverently before the Lord, and I said, 'Do with me, O Lord, according to thy Divine will.'"

The following year, under the date of twenty-sixth of Eleventh Month, Stephen Grellet makes the following memorandum, "The weight of the service which the Lord calls for from me in Europe, becomes heavier and heavier; my whole mind is at seasons absorbed by it. I greatly wonder that services of this kind should be laid upon me in nations whose language I understand not, where I do not know that there is even a practicability to travel, and where numerous difficulties and great perils must necessarily attend me. Yet sometimes it seems as if I saw a plain path before me in Norway, Sweden, Russia, toward the Crimea, over the Black Sea, in Greece, Italy, &c., with a conviction that the Lord can remove every difficulty and 'make of the mountains a way.' Many days and nights I have spent prostrated with much reverence before Him; and now believing that in simple faith and childlike submission, I must submit myself to his Divine requireing, I have found it my place to prepare to follow the Lord where-soever He is pleased to call me. My dear family, my life, and my all, are again offered up to Him, even if, as it may prove to be, I should never return to this land. Thus my first step must be to wind up all my temporal concerns and retire from my business, which has become a prosperous one, whereby I have been enabled to defray the heavy expenses of my last journey, to provide for my beloved family, and to lay up enough to pay my expenses during the extensive service before me. The little substance with which the Lord has blessed me is offered to his service, and a promise made me years ago, 'that if I endeavored faithfully to serve Him, He would provide for me everything necessary,' is renewed."

The Journal of Stephen Grellet mentions that when on his way to Europe on a religious visit, in 1807, the vessel in which he was sailing encountered a severe

storm. "The waves were like mountains, taking us up on high; then they would suddenly break asunder, and let the ship fall as into a deep abyss, with a great crash, as if she would break in pieces under the shock; then she trembled like a leaf. We were under the greater apprehensions as she is deeply laden, which makes her labor hard; truly applicable to our situation is the description given by the Psalmist. (Ps. cvii: 23-29.) At a time when my mind was absorbed in the deep contemplation both of the nature of the religious services I had before me, and the perils by which I was surrounded, my attention was directed to those lofty waves and deep abysses, and the heavy shocks the ship endured, amidst which she was preserved; and I felt a living hope springing in me, that the Lord God Omnipotent would also uphold me, under the various afflictions and trials that would befall me, if I only maintained a constant trust and confidence in Him. Thou hast shown thy servant, O Lord, that thy power is over all, that he that trusteth in thee is like Mount Sion that cannot be moved; thou hast condescended to revive my drooping spirit, when under complicated fears and dreads, from within and from without, the soothing language, 'Fear not, thou worm Jacob, for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God; when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee,' &c."

A few weeks later, after entering the Mediterranean, and before reaching his port, he was again exposed to imminent danger; this time from violent and unreasonable men. But he was favored to experience the

same calm confidence in the Lord, without whose permission no evil can befall his servants; and who is able to make the wrath of man an instrument in promoting his designs. His Journal says, under date of twenty-fourth of Seventh Month:—

This afternoon we saw a ship coming toward us. I apprehended she was a suspicious vessel; she had another in tow, and as she came alongside of us, we saw her full of rough-looking men, with swords or cutlasses in their hands, and other weapons. The captain thought they were Algerines. They ordered us on board their ship, and our seamen were in the act of lowering our boat, to obey their summons, when, discovering an English frigate in chase of them, they immediately made all possible sail to escape with their prize, which was probably some merchant ship they had lately captured, the crew of which they reserved for slavery; this, very probably, would have been also our portion, had the frigate been a few moments later in making her appearance. When our poor seamen saw the danger we were in, some of them made doleful lamentations at their prospect of slavery. My own mind was preserved calm; for I remembered what occurred to me some months ago, in New York, whilst in a religious meeting, my mind solemnly gathered before the Lord; I then felt that there was a possibility of my being taken, during the passage on that sea, by some of the Algerines, or Morocco powers, and carried into slavery by them. My spirit bowed reverently before the Lord, in confidence that He might, if it was his good pleasure, deliver me from the hands of merciless men, and every other evil; but, if He had a service for me among those people, I bowed in humble resignation to whatever He might suffer to come upon me, praying that it might only turn to his glory and the

salvation of my soul. Thus, whilst these men were by the side of us, I was waiting to see what the Lord had for me now to do for his great name. I thought I could willingly proclaim to them the Gospel message of redeeming love, or suffer among them for the sake of Him, who has suffered and died for us, "the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." But after this day's fresh interposition of Divine power to deliver, my soul has ascribed blessing, and praise unto Him.

The writer recently came into possession of some additional particulars of this adventure, not mentioned in the Journal, but which are not inconsistent therewith. According to this statement, the pirate captain was already in possession of their vessel, and was about transferring a portion of the captured officers and crew to his own ship. Among the rest he ordered Stephen Grellet to go aboard the pirate. He hesitated; the captain sternly commanded him to move on. He moved a little, then stopped, looking all the while intensely at a certain point of the compass, where nothing could be seen but an expanse of water. He was again ordered in threatening tones to proceed; and at length had gone so far as the first steps of the ladder to the boat, still looking at the mysterious, invisible object. The captain now called for his telescope, to see what his captive was looking at. After a moment's observation, without telling what he saw, he ordered the men already in the boat back to their own ship, went with his own men to his, suddenly hoisted sail and departed. Soon after a "man-of-war" appeared from the point to which S. G. was looking;

and had not the pirate been quick in his movements, he would probably have been taken.

It may readily be supposed that a feeling of modesty, an unwillingness to render himself too conspicuous, might have induced Stephen Grellet to omit such details as are above given, from his own narrative; especially as what he has recorded bears full testimony to the goodness and preserving care of the Almighty. A further evidence of this modesty, is the anecdote told of a friend calling to see Stephen Grellet and his wife, in his old age, at their home in Burlington, N. J., and found them looking wearied and worn. Stephen explained, by saying that they had been going over a large collection of letters, received from various persons with whom he had met on his travels in Europe and elsewhere, and that he had found many of them to contain expressions so complimentary to him and his services, that he felt it right to destroy them, whilst he was still living.

Love for their offspring is a feeling deeply implanted by the great Creator; not only in mankind, but in those animals of a lower order among whom the young are so helpless as to require for a time the watchful care and attention of their parents. One of the brutalizing effects of vice is to deaden the sensibility and finer feelings of its votaries, so that the children of such are often badly treated. But when the convictions of Grace, and the softening effects of the love of God are allowed to operate, such parents find in their hearts a feeling of tenderness towards their children to which they were before strangers.

It is recorded of Edward Wright, who had been a notoriously wicked man, that in that portion of his life when he was living in sin, he had but little love for his offspring and treated them with much severity. But being remarkably visited by Divine Grace, and submitting his heart to the heavenly visitation, the affection that sprang up for his children was like a new revelation, which filled his eyes with tears and his heart with emotion. "How he could have been so savage a brute seemed now to him strange. How he could have permitted them almost to starve while he was drinking and rioting, passed all comprehension." Seeing the poor little creatures huddled up in the corner of the room, "his first feeling was to weep; his next to take them up in his arms and kiss them. There and then he made a solemn vow that, with the help of Him who had awakened such gentle emotions of love in his breast, he would ill-use them no more, but act the part of a Christian parent."

An interesting illustration of that Divine love which reaches to all mankind, even to the unthankful and unholly, was given by one who was endeavoring to impress on the mind of another, the goodness of Him who *first* loved us, and willeth not the death of the sinner, but that all men should return, repent and live. He said to his friend, in substance: "When I leave you I shall go to my own residence, if the Lord will; and when there the first thing that I expect to do is to call for a baby that is in the house. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle, and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with unutterable tenderness. But the fact is she does not love me, or to say the most of her, she loves me very little. If my heart were breaking under the burden of a crushing sorrow, it would not disturb her sleep.

If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play with her toys. If I were dead she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clasp her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this she has never brought me a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. Yet, although I am not rich in the world's possessions, there is not money enough in the world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

The Scriptures contain many passages which speak of the love of God to man, and of the offers of mercy held out even to those who have been rebellious, and disobedient. But while the penitent sinner may well take comfort in reading and meditating on these, it is wise also to remember, that those who continue to reject the invitations of the Almighty shall finally be cut off without remedy. In the Bible, we have both invitations and warnings, and we must not shut our eyes to either class of the inducements thus held out to walk in that way that is well-pleasing to God.

At one period there was considerable sickness in the family of Christopher Healy; and the physician had often attended upon them. When Christopher called upon him for the bill for his services, he replied, that if he would give him fifty dollars, the bill would be considered settled, although that was a low charge for the labor performed. Christopher had not the money,

but promised to give it to him, when it came into his possession.

Some time after he received through the mail an envelope containing a fifty-dollar note and nothing else—nothing to indicate from what source it came. The money was paid to the physician and the debt discharged.

Having occasion to go to Philadelphia, and being at Henry Cope's house, he related the circumstance; and then asked Henry if his hand was not in this occurrence. Henry then acknowledged, that feeling an impression to send Christopher \$50, he had done so.

The kind feeling which Henry Cope entertained for his friend Christopher would not have added much to the latter's comfort, if he had not performed the act which that feeling prompted. Indeed our Saviour said, that a tree is to be known by its fruit; and we may well doubt the sincerity or the reality of those professions of benevolence which never lead to corresponding efforts to relieve the distress of others. In a letter to Richard Reynolds who was a very liberal giver to the wants of the poor, John Thorp says:—

I never had much to give, but I remember an instance, by which I was deeply instructed in the nature of Christian charity. One evening when I lived in London, as I passed by rather a retired corner of a street, a poor woman sat, (I think with a child in her arms), and very modestly asked charity. I felt pity strongly raised in my heart, and a language like this was feelingly raised in it, "The Lord help thee;" but I passed by, and it very livingly arose in my heart, "By what means?"—"by putting it into the hearts of

such as can feel as thou now dost, to relieve her." I turned back and gave her something.

Too many of those who are surrounded by outward comforts, forget that they are only stewards of their possessions, for the right use of which they must give an account, when their Lord calls them to a reckoning. They now find many excuses for smothering the feelings of compassion which would prompt them to be liberal in relieving the wants of others; and either spend more than is needful and proper on themselves and their families, or keep on accumulating their means, adding farm to farm, field to field, or increasing the amount of their investments. Are not some of us too thoughtless and unconcerned about the warning conveyed by our Saviour, who said that at the day of judgment those should be turned away with the goats, who had neglected to feed and clothe and visit the hungry, naked and sick?

Years ago, I met with the following anecdote which interested me greatly at the time. I do not remember the paper in which it was originally published.

A merchant very extensively engaged in commerce, in one of our Atlantic cities, died intestate at the age of seventy-five. After his death, among his papers, a package of very considerable size was found, carefully tied up, and labeled as follows:—

“Notes, due-bills and accounts against persons down along the shore. Some of these may be got by suit or severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fisherman’s luck. My children will do what they think best. Perhaps they will think with me, that it is best to burn this package entire.”

About a month after he died the sons met together, when the elder brother, the administrator, produced this package, read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong, impulsive temperament, unable at the moment to express his feelings in words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other towards the fire-place, indicated his wish to have the package put into the flames. It was suggested by one of the other brothers that it might be well first to make a list of the debtors' names, and of the dates and amounts, that they might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven.

On the following day they again assembled, the list had been prepared, and all the notes, due-bills and accounts, the amount of which, including the interest, amounted to thirty thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

It was four months after our father's death, continued my informant, that I was sitting in my eldest brother's counting-room, waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, when there came in a hard-favored, little old man who looked as if time and rough weather had been to windward of him for seventy years. My brother replied that he was administrator, as our father died intestate.

"Well," said the stranger, "I've come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman."

My brother requested him to take a seat, being at that moment engaged with other persons at the desk. The old man sat down, and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient leather pocket-book, and began to count over his money. When he had finished, as he sat waiting his turn, slowly twirling his thumbs, with

his old gray, meditative eyes on the floor, he sighed, and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, came hard; and I secretly wished the old man's name might be found upon the forgiven list.

My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the ordinary questions—his name, residence, &c. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars; it had stood a long time, and with the interest amounted to between seven and eight hundred dollars. My brother went to the desk and after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance, and told me the truth at a glance. The old man's name was there! My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and a conversation took place between them, which I shall never forget.

“Your note is outlawed,” said he; “it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and no interest has ever been paid; you are not bound to pay this note; we can never recover the amount.”

“Sir,” said the old man, “I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed *here*, but I have no child, and my wife and I hope we may have made our peace with God as we wish to do with man. I should like to pay it.”

And he laid his bank notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over.

“I cannot take this money,” said my brother. The old man became alarmed.

“I have cast simple interest for twelve years and a little over,” said he. “I will pay you compound interest if you require it. The debt ought to have been paid long ago, but your father was very indulgent; he knew I had been unlucky and told me not to worry about it.”

My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and taking the bank bills, returned them to the

old man's pocket book, telling him that although our father had left no formal will he had recommended to destroy certain notes, due-bills and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them.

For a moment the worthy old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he said :—

“From the time I heard of your father's death I have raked and scraped and pinched and spared, to get money for the payment of this debt. About ten days ago I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay on my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow to make up the difference, and get the burden off my mind. I did so, and now what will my wife say? I must go back to the Cape, and tell her this good news. She'll probably repeat the very words she used when she put her hands on my shoulders, as we parted—‘I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.’”

Giving each of us a hearty shake of the hand, and a blessing upon our old father's memory, he went on his way rejoicing.

After a short silence, taking his pencil, and making a cast, my brother said :—

“There, your part of the money would be so much. Contrive a plan to convey to me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation; the money is at your service.”

The way in which Dorothea L. Dix first became interested in the care of the insane, which proved to be the main work of her life, is an interesting illustration of the manner in which our heavenly Father is at times pleased to lead his children in a way they know not,

and to open before them fields of service of which they had before no knowledge.

The labors of Dorothea L. Dix on behalf of the insane, evidenced not only a benevolent desire to alleviate the sufferings of others, but a degree of courage and perseverance which claim admiration.

Dr. Nichols relates, that "while a member of the theological school in Cambridge, I was one of a body of students who took the East Cambridge House of Correction in charge for Sunday-school instruction. All the women, twenty in number, were assigned to me. I was at once convinced that, not a young man, but a woman should be their teacher. Consulting my mother, I was directed by her to Miss Dix for further counsel. On hearing my account, Miss Dix said, after some deliberation, 'I will take them myself!' I protested her physical incapacity, as she was in feeble health. 'I shall be there next Sunday,' was her answer.

"After the school was over, Miss Dix went into the jail. She found among the prisoners a few insane persons, with whom she talked. She noticed there was no stove in their room, and no means of proper warmth. The jailer said that a fire for them was not needed, and would not be safe. Her repeated solicitations were without success. At that time the court was in session at East Cambridge, and she caused the case to be brought before it. Her request was granted. The cold rooms were warmed. Thus was her great work commenced. Of course I claim not a particle of credit. I was simply the instrument of the Good Providence to open the door for this angel of mercy to come in."

Was the state of things in the East Cambridge jail an exception, or did it simply exemplify the rule throughout the whole commonwealth? This was the



ery cannot be exhibited in softened language, or adorn a polished page.

“I proceed, gentlemen, briefly to call your attention to the *present* state of insane persons confined in this Commonwealth, in *cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens; chained, naked, beaten with rods, and lashed into obedience!*”

Page after page, the Memorial then goes on to recite the details of a long catalogue of horrors.

In one of her public documents, Dorothea L. Dix narrates her first visit to Little Compton. As it throws light alike on the courageous mercy with which she went about her work, and on the character of the persons in whose charge such poor wretches were placed, it seems needful to give it.

After investigating carefully the condition of two or three miserable beings confined there, and being warned not to go into the cell of Abram Simmons, as he would surely kill her, she proceeds as follows with her narrative:

“Your other patient, where is he?” “You shall see. But stay outside till I get a lantern.” Accustomed to exploring cells and dungeons in the basements and cellars of poor-houses and prisons, I concluded that the insane man spoken of was confined in some such dark, damp retreat. Weary and oppressed, I leaned against an iron door which closed the sole entrance to a singular stone structure, much resembling a tomb, yet its use in the court-yard of the poor-house was not apparent. Soon, low, smothered moans and groans reached me, as if from the buried alive. At this moment the mistress advanced, with keys and a lantern. “He’s here,” said she, unlocking the strong, solid door. A step down, and short turn through a narrow passage to

the right, brought us, after a few steps, to a second iron door parallel to the first and equally solid. In like manner, this was unlocked and opened, but so terribly noxious was the poisonous air that immediately pervaded the passage, that considerable time elapsed before I was able to return and remain long enough to investigate the horrible den. Language is too weak to convey an idea of the scene presented.

The candle was remote from the scene, and the flickering rays partly illuminated a spectacle never to be forgotten. The place, when closed, had no source of light or of ventilation. It was about seven feet by seven, and six and a half high. All, even the roof, was of stone. An iron frame interlaced with rope, was the sole furniture. The place was filthy, damp and noisome; and the inmate, the crazy man, the helpless and dependent creature, cast by the will of Providence on the cares and sympathies of his fellow-man—there he stood, near the door, motionless and silent; his tangled hair fell about his shoulders; his bare feet pressed the filthy, wet stone floor; he was emaciated to a shadow, etiolated, and more resembled a disinterred corpse than any living creature. Never have I looked upon an object so pitiable, so woe-struck, so imaging despair. I took his hands and endeavored to warm them by gentle friction. I spoke to him of release, of liberty, of care and kindness. Notwithstanding the assertions of the mistress that he would kill me, I persevered. A tear stole over the hollow cheek, but no words answered my importunities; no other movement indicated consciousness of perception or of sensibility.

In moving a little forward I struck against something which returned a sharp, metallic sound; it was a length of ox-chain, connected to an iron ring which encircled a leg of the insane man. At one extremity it was joined to what is termed a solid chain—namely, bars of eighteen inches or two feet long, linked together,

and at one end connected by a staple to the rock overhead.

“My husband,” said the mistress, “in winter rakes out sometimes, of a morning, half a bushel of frost, and yet *he never freezes* ;” referring to the oppressed and life-stricken maniac before us. “Sometimes he screams dreadfully,” she added, and that is the reason we had the double wall, and two doors in place of one; his cries disturbed us in the house.”

“How long has he been here?”

“Oh, above three years; but then he was kept a long while in a cage first; but once he broke his chains and the bars, and escaped; so we had this built, where he can't get off. Get off! No, indeed; as well might the buried dead break through the sealed gates of the tomb!”

What was the first practicable step toward providing fit accommodation and care for the miserable creatures she had found all over the State of Rhode Island? There already existed a small asylum in the city of Providence, conducted on wise and humane principles. But it was totally inadequate to the demands made on it. Still it furnished a good foundation, and an appeal to the wealthy and humane for means towards its immediate enlargement seemed the wisest present course.

In this juncture was it that the extraordinary power of D. L. Dix to reach the heart and purse of those whom everyone else failed to move, showed its first proof. Among the list of persons to whom she resolved to make appeal was Cyrus Butler, a man of large business capacity; who ultimately left an estate of four million dollars, but who, like so many men absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, had contracted a passion for accumulation that rendered it well nigh impossible to persuade him to give a dollar away. People smiled significantly when D. L. Dix announced her intention of calling

upon him, and expressed the usual sentiment about "getting milk out of a stone."

"But none of these things moved her." Her faith in human nature, if only strongly and wisely enough appealed to, was invincible.

Accompanied, therefore, to the house of Butler by Edward B. Hall, D. D., of Providence, who left her at the door, she made the momentous visit. It was a singular visit. For some time, through sheer force of life-long habit, Butler sought to put her off by diverting the conversation to the familiar but rather unprofitable topic of the weather. So great is the variety of weather in Rhode Island, as well as in her sister State of Massachusetts, that whole days might thus have been spent without exhausting the subject. Preserving her temper and self-control, D. L. Dix pleasantly adjusted herself to the humor of the scene, until finally, feeling that the thing had gone far enough, she arose with commanding dignity, and said, "Mr. Butler, I wish you to hear what I have to say. I want to bring before you certain facts, involving terrible suffering to your fellow-creatures all around you—suffering you can relieve. My duty will end when I have done this, and with you will then rest all further responsibility." Then, quietly, clearly, and with suppressed emotion, she told the pathetic story of what she had seen with her own eyes. She told it as though, there in that parlor, were standing for judgment two accountable beings before the tribunal of poor Simmons' avenging God. Cyrus Butler listened, spellbound, till she was through, and then abruptly said, "Miss Dix, what do you want me to do?"

"Sir, I want you to give fifty thousand dollars toward the enlargement of the insane hospital in this city!"

"Madam, I'll do it," was his answer.

No one who has ever visited the Hospital for the Insane of the Army and Navy, at Washington, D. C., could have set foot within its grounds without exclaim-

ing, "This is the ideal site for an asylum!" Situated at the junction of two broad and noble rivers, the Potomac and the East Branch; commanding a superb view by land and water; gently sloping on all sides from its highest elevation, so as to secure perfect drainage; and embracing within its bounds the most varied charm of wood and pasture, it seems to unite every conceivable advantage. Now at the date of the passage by Congress, in 1852, of an appropriation for founding an asylum for the insane of the army and navy, this beautiful domain was the private property of Thomas Blagden, and, in carefully examining the whole country surrounding Washington, Dr. John H. Nichols, who had labored indefatigably toward the passage of the bill, had made up his mind that there was no other site at all compared with it. Blagden, however, turned a deaf ear to every proposition on the part of Dr. Nichols to buy it. The estate had become endeared to him through the exceptional beauty of its situation, and was, moreover, the especial pride of his wife and daughters. Besides, the full amount appropriated by Congress for the purchase of a site was but twenty-five thousand dollars, and on no consideration, Blagden insisted, would he part with the property at less than forty thousand dollars.

One day, after having exhausted every personal effort, and thoroughly depressed in spirits, Dr. Nichols went in to see D. L. Dix. "There is nothing more to be done!" he exclaimed; we shall have to give the matter up; and it is the finest site for a hospital in the world!"

D. L. Dix listened without excitement, and then replied in her usual quiet tone, "We must try what can be done!" Seeking a personal interview with T. Blagden, so earnestly and movingly did she reason with him to surrender, for the future good of thousands of his suffering fellow-creatures, what was so precious, indeed, to him and his family, but to one household only, that

the appeal proved irresistible, and he gave her his promise of the estate at the amount appropriated by Congress. None the less, the parting with it cost him a fearful wrench; for on Dr. Nichols' calling on him the next day, with the requisite papers to sign, Blagden was found walking the room to and fro, weeping and wringing his hands in a half hysteric condition. "I don't want to part with it!" he kept reiterating. "It is dear to me and dear to my family. But I won't break my promise to Miss Dix, I won't break my word! I told her she should have it, and she shall have it."

Such scenes as this do honor to human nature. Indeed, it would be hard to instance a more beautiful tribute to the power of consecrated womanhood than is found in the following letter, so simple, hushed and awestruck in its tone, sent to D. L. Dix by T. Blagden, the evening of the day on which she had thus closed in, in Jacob's angel wrestle, with his deepest nature :

" WASHINGTON, November 13, 1852.

" DEAR MADAM :—Since seeing you, to-day, I have had no other opinion (and Mrs. B. also) than that I must not stand between you and the beloved farm, regarding you, as I do, as the instrument in the hands of God to secure this very spot for the unfortunates whose best earthly friend you are, and believing sincerely that the Almighty's blessing will not rest on, nor abide with, those who may place obstacles in your way.

" With Mrs. Blagden's and my own most friendly regards,

" Very respectfully,

" Your obedient servant,

" THOMAS BLAGDEN."

The history of the reform in the manner of treating insane patients, instituted by Dr. Pinel in Paris and William Tuke in England, furnishes an interesting

illustration of the influence that can be exerted by intelligent perseverance in a good cause. The following narrative is extracted from the life of Dorothea L. Dix, herself an untiring laborer in the cause of humanity:

Dr. Philippe Pinel, on receiving in 1792, the appointment of superintendent of the Bicêtre, the asylum for incurable insane males, exclaimed—"Off with these chains! away with these iron cages and brutal keepers! They make a hundred madmen where they cure one. There is another and a better way. The insane man is not an inexplicable monster. He is but one of ourselves, only a little more so. Underneath his wildest paroxysms there is a germ, at least, of rationality and of personal accountability. To believe in this, to seek for it, stimulate it, build it up—here lies the only way of delivering him out of the fatal bondage in which he is held!"

With unflinching persistency did Pinel urge these humane convictions on the Commune, and seek to get authority to try the effect of his scheme on at least one-fourth of his patients. The idea seemed to those he argued with as wildly visionary; as a deliberate proposal to go out to the Jardin des Plantes and fling wide the gratings to the jaguars and tigers confined there. At last, however, he persuaded the ferocious Couthon to go with him to the Bicêtre, and consider the problem on the spot. "They were greeted in the gloomy prison by the yells and execrations of three hundred maniacs, mingling the clanking of their chains with the uproar of their voices."

Already had Couthon had long and familiar experience in dealing with the most savage elements of society. But before the proposition now made him he utterly quailed. After looking over the patients, he said to Pinel, "Ah, ça! citoyen, es tu fou toi-même de vouloir déchaîner de pareils animaux? (Citizen are you

crazy yourself, that you would unchain such beasts?)” Permission, however, to try the mad experiment was finally given, some of the first results of which will be found recorded in the following abridgment of a portion of a memoir, read by the son of Pinel before the Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences:—

“Near the close of the year 1792, M. Pinel, having repeatedly importuned the government to issue a decree permitting him to unchain the maniacs at the Bicêtre, went in person to solicit what had been refused to his written representations. With courage and resolution he urged the removal of this cruel abuse. At length, M. Couthon, member of the Commune, yielded to the importunate arguments of Pinel, and consented to meet him at the hospital, to witness these first experiments, as well as to assure himself that this was not a stragem to give liberty to political offenders.

“Couthon proceeded, himself, to question the patients, but received only abuse and execrations, accompanied by terrible cries and the clanking of chains. Retreating from the damp and filthy cells, he exclaimed to Pinel, ‘Do as you will; but you will be sacrificed to this false sentiment of mercy.’ Pinel delayed no longer, he selected fifty who he believed might be released from their chains without danger to others. The fetters were removed, first, from twelve, using the precaution of having prepared strong jackets, closing behind, with long sleeves, which could be used if necessary.

“The experiments commenced with an English captain whose history was unknown; *he had been in chains forty years!* As he was thought to be one of the most dangerous, having killed, at one time, an attendant with a blow from his manacles, the keepers approached him with caution; but first Pinel entered his cell unattended. ‘Ah, well, captain, I will cause your chains to be taken off; you shall have liberty to walk in the

court if you will promise to behave like a gentleman, and offer no assault to those you will meet.' 'I would promise,' said the maniac, 'but you deride me, you are amusing yourself at my expense; you all fear me, once free.' 'I have six men,' replied Pinel, 'ready to obey my orders; believe me, therefore, I will set you free from this duress, if you will put on this jacket.' The captain assented; the chains were removed, and the jacket laced, the keepers withdrew, without closing the door. He raised himself, but fell; this effort was repeated again and again; the use of his limbs, so long constrained, nearly failed; at length, trembling, and with tottering steps, he emerged from his dark dungeon. *His first look was at the sky!* 'Ah,' cried he, 'how beautiful!' The remainder of the day he was constantly moving to and fro, uttering continually exclamations of pleasure; he heeded no one: *the flowers, the trees, above all, the sky,* engrossed him. At night he voluntarily returned to his cell, which had been cleansed and furnished with a better bed; his sleep was tranquil and profound. For the two remaining years which he spent in the hospital he had no recurrence of violent paroxysms, and often rendered good service to the keepers in conducting the affairs of the establishment.

"The patient released next after the captain was Chevinge, a soldier of the French Guards, who had been chained ten years and had been peculiarly difficult of control. Pinel, entering his cell, announced that if he would obey his injunctions he should be chained no longer. He promised, and, following every movement of his liberator, executed his directions with alacrity and address. Never in the history of human mind, was exhibited a more sudden and complete revolution; he executed every order with exactness; and this patient, whose best years had been sacrificed in a gloomy cell, in chains and misery, soon showed himself

capable of being one of the most useful persons about the establishment. He repeatedly, during the horrors of the Revolution, saved the life of his benefactor. On one occasion he encountered a band of 'sans culottes,' who were bearing Pinel to the Lanterne, owing to his having been an elector in 1789. With bold and determined purpose he rescued his beloved master, and caused that life to be spared which had been so great a blessing to the insane in France.

"In the third cell were three Prussian soldiers, who had been for many years in chains, but how or for what they had been committed, none knew; they were not dangerous, and seemed capable of enjoying the indulgence of living together. They were terrified at the preparations for their release, fearing new severities awaited them. Sunk into dementia, they were indifferent to the freedom offered.

"An aged priest came next; he fancied himself to be the Messiah. Taunted once with the exclamation, that if in truth he was Christ he could break his chains, he answered with solemnity, '*Frustra tentas Dominum tuum!*' Religious excitement had characterized his life. On foot he had made pilgrimages to Rome and Cologne; he had made a voyage to the Western world to convert savage tribes. This ruling idea passed into mania, and returning to France, he declared that he was Christ, the Saviour. He was arrested on the charge of blasphemy, and taken before the Archbishop of Paris, by whose decree he was consigned to the Bicêtre, as either a blasphemer or a madman. Loaded with heavy chains, he for twelve years bore patiently, sarcasm and cruel sufferings. Pinel had the happiness to witness *his recovery in less than a year*, and to discharge him from the hospital, cured.

"In the short period of a few days, Pinel released from their chains more than fifty maniacs, men of various ranks and conditions — merchants, lawyers,

priests, soldiers, laborers—thus rendering the furious tractable, and creating peace and contentment, to a wonderful degree, where long the most hideous scenes of tumult and disorder had reigned.”

It was in 1796, only four years after Pinel’s first experiment in the Bicêtre, and entirely independently of any knowledge of his work, that a precisely similar reform was inaugurated in England—this time not by a physician, but by a member of the Society of Friends, William Tuke, a merchant of ample fortune and great benevolence and force of character. In building with his own means “The Retreat,” at York, and retaining the absolute control of its policy in his own hands, he prepared a suitable place for a fair trial of the new method he proposed.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### *CHRISTIAN FRUITS.*

S. Grellet’s experiences—Testimonies against war—Joseph Hoag—True courage—Self sacrifice—“I might have saved *one* more”—The cattle train—The power of kindness—The sick baby.

It is a very remarkable circumstance that war, which is radically opposed to the precepts of Christ, should have been admitted into the political systems of so-called Christian nations. The spirit which animates the inspirations “If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink” never leads to kill, maim and

destroy—in other words, Christ never enjoins us to do the work of his great enemy and ours.

The extended travels of Stephen Grellet in Europe, in the early part of the present century, gave him many opportunities for observing the disastrous effects of war on the communities which were exposed to it.

He was in France in 1808, and when at Bordeaux, made the following entry in his Journal :

I have of late been greatly depressed on account of the condition of this nation; the almost uninterrupted wars in which it has been involved for some years past, together with the oppressive system of the conscription, have brought obvious desolation and distress over the face of the country. In many places comparatively few men, besides those in public offices, are to be seen, except those maimed by the war, or the aged, so that females have to perform, out of doors, a great part of the laborious work that generally devolves upon men. My heart is also often made sad in beholding the bands of young conscripts, marching towards the army now preparing to invade Spain.

Here, in Bordeaux, is a large number of handsome young men from Poland, of the first families of that nation, training for the new war. I have been with some of these young people, who appear to have received a religious, guarded education. How must their parents' hearts bleed to have them now thus circumstanced! Day and night my mind is turned towards Bonaparte. O could I plead with him! could I bring him to feel and see, as I do, the horror and misery he is accumulating upon man, and the vices and immoralities he causes poor, unwary youth to be involved in!"

In 1812, near Stilton, in England, Stephen Grellet

visited a body of about six thousand French prisoners of war; some of whom had been prisoners for nine years, and many had been brought up tenderly, even in affluence, having been conscripts that were forcibly taken from their homes; "bands of whom," he says, "I saw in France, fifty or more chained together, dragged as sheep to the slaughter."

When in France the following year, at a time when an active conscription was going on to replace the army lost in Russia, he saw still more of its horrors. "My heart," he says, "has often been sorely rent when hearing the bitter lamentation of parents on parting with their last son, some stating that five or more of their children had perished in the wars, and now their last hope, in their advancing years, was taken away from them. I was much affected also when meeting on the road companies of poor youths, thirty to sixty, fastened two and two to a long chain, and marched off to the army; these being such as had manifested some reluctance in going there. How numerous are the distresses caused by war! The catalogue of sin, immorality, cruelty, bloodshed and misery that is entailed by it, is beyond description."

The allusion to sin and immorality in the sentence just quoted is further enforced by a subsequent remark, that the few soldiers who had escaped being slain and had returned home, brought with them abundance of vice, which like subtle poison was diffused from them to those around them.

Stephen Grellet was at Toulouse in the Ninth Month of 1813, a few days after a battle between the French and English armies; when such a number of wounded soldiers were brought into the city, and so numerous were the amputations, that in several places piles of legs and arms, like heaps of wood, were to be seen; nevertheless, in the sight of all this, there were public diversions and great wantonness.

At Elberfeld, in Germany, the following year, his Journal says: "Through this part of the country many of the French troops passed on their retreat; desolation and destruction marked their steps, and as they were closely followed by the other armies, what had escaped the first destroyers fell a prey to the others; wanton acts of destruction have been committed; furniture and other articles which they could not carry away, were broken to pieces. But these have been their minor sufferings. The inhabitants were under the necessity to send their wives and daughters away to conceal them from the soldiers, and in various instances, because they refused to disclose the places of their refuge, they were sorely beaten, wounded, or even killed. It is also very lamentable that they received no better treatment from many who professed to be their friends than they did from the French, who treated them as enemies. Who that has seen the horrors of war, its accompanying cruelties and vices, can plead for it? Or who that has only heard of the wickedness and misery that attends, but must bitterly deplore it? From my observations I may say, that the sight of the bloody field of battle conveys but one part, and perhaps the smallest part, of the woes and miseries that attend this horrible scourge."

Stephen Grellet knew from his own observation somewhat of the corrupting character of military life. For when yet a minor, soon after the breaking out of the French Revolution, he had joined the emigrant army who fought to restore the old regime. To this he refers in touching language when in the neighborhood of Frankfort, in 1814. Very distressing was it to meet with wagons loaded with the wounded soldiers, being carried from the field of battle, and to see their blood running down from the wagons. "Very solemn," he says, "have been my feelings on the way, attended with reverent gratitude to the Lord, who has called me

from darkness to light, and from the service of the prince of darkness to that of his glorious and blessed Gospel. Twenty-three years ago, I passed through these parts as a military character, in the same spirit that actuates those I am now among, who have been the means by which torrents of human blood have mixed with the waters of the Rhine. It is true that by the Lord's tender mercy I was preserved from the shedding of blood, but nevertheless, I abhor myself in the remembrance of the spirit by which I was then animated. O that I might be an instrument of inducing many now to come and range themselves under the standard of the Prince of Peace! May it not be in good measure for such a kind of service that the Lord has sent me into these nations at this time? Day by day I have opportunities, at the inns particularly, to be with many officers, when the way is often made for me to preach Christ to them, and to unfold the nature of his kingdom, and the peaceableness of it. Though I have thus been very frequently engaged, I have once only met with an opposing spirit. It was at Frankfort, from the military governor, saying what he would do if Friends were sent to him as soldiers, and should refuse to fight."

The body of troops to which Stephen Grellet belonged during the short period he remained in the army was at first sixteen thousand strong, but was so recruited from time to time, that they lost about fifty thousand men in that bloody war, and there was but a handful of them left at last. Such was the religious insensibility manifested by many of these soldiers, that whilst their advanced posts were so near those of the French Revolutionists that, though they could not see one another because of the darkness of the night, they could distinguish the sound of their voices, and therefore spoke to one another only in a whisper, yet even then they were so intent on card-playing that they did it by aid of

g.ow-worms. These they held in one hand, and the cards in the other, now and then laying them aside to fire upon the enemy in the direction of their voices, whilst they were fired at in return. Though now and then some were killed, yet others would readily take their places and continue the game! Well might he exclaim, "O, the cruelty the depravity, and the wickedness that war brings with it! It baffles all description."

As war is from its nature, opposed to the teachings of Christ, it is no marvel that wickedness should abound among those who are trained in military affairs, in a greater degree than is usually the case with those engaged in more peaceable pursuits. J. Backhouse says: "Everything I saw and heard at military posts tended to deepen my conviction that satan rules in the army." And Daniel Wheeler speaks of a ship of war in which he was stationed as a midshipman, as "a school which is not often equalled, and but seldom surpassed, for vice and immorality." And the writer of this received a letter, mailed on the first of Eleventh Month, 1887, from one who is a pastor of a religious society, but who was a captain in the recent civil war in the United States, which strongly confirms the same view. This letter says: "The suffering on the battle-field, and in camps, and the demoralization dependent thereon, added to the destruction of life in battle, by sickness, and in barbarous prisons, are not a tithe of the sum of the evils of war. The domestic demoralization attendant upon so many thousands leaving home, and triply so upon that society where the war is waged, can never be measured or estimated. The utter de-

struction of every virtue, and the culture of every vice and passion among non-combatants—male and female—inciting outlawry, destroying all regard for chastity and for the sacredness of home, the depravity among men and shamelessness among women engendered,—these are more to be dreaded than all destruction of health and life.”

The picture of my correspondent is painted in strong colors. He writes from observation, and he may have seen more depravity than came under the notice of some others; but there are many witnesses who bear a somewhat similar testimony. It is no marvel therefore, that when Stephen Grellet was in Europe, in 1812, when war was raging on the Continent, and in the course of his visit he reached one of the towns of England, where weapons of war were largely manufactured, that his mind was brought keenly to feel. His Journal of that period says:—

When I came to Birmingham, I felt the exercise which had been upon me for a particular class of the inhabitants, greatly increased. I had overwhelming sorrow, also, because of the horrors of the war on the Continent, where torrents of blood flow. I felt as if I was among drawn swords and bayonets. Then deeply feeling the guilt of those who are the means of putting into the hands of the warriors the weapons of destruction, it appeared to me that those who manufacture them are sharers in the guilt. I felt it was the Lord's requiring that I should have a meeting with as many of these as could be convened together; though at that time all those artificers were in full employ, extensive orders having been given for such weapons. After consulting with Friends, who most feelingly entered

into my exercise, they endeavored to the utmost to promote my object. The large meeting-house of the Independents was considered the most eligible, being also central for those I wished most particularly to see. The minister of that congregation, a pious man, entered so fully into my religious concern, that he not only relinquished his usual service on First-day evening, but also spread the notice of my meeting at the close of his own in the forenoon. The concourse of people was very great, the house was crowded, and many remained out of doors. Awful and solemn was the weight that was on my mind on that occasion, and earnest was my secret prayer that the Lord would prevent the end, for which that multitude had been called together, from being frustrated; the crowd in the house was so great, and those out of doors so numerous, that I feared the consequences. The all-gracious and powerful God was pleased, after a while, to bring that multitude, both in and out of doors, into silence, and to cause a Divine solemnity to spread over us. He gave strength and qualification through his Spirit, to proclaim what the Christian religion is, and what should be the manner of life and conversation of the professors of it. It leads, it calls to love and peace; it is pure and undefiled, and enables to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit. These were contrasted with the fruits of the flesh; and the cause of war was unfolded, in all its awful and dreadful consequences—misery, wasting and destruction. In these are deeply concerned those who give countenance, and are in anywise auxiliary to it, as the manufacturers of arms and engines of destruction. I spread before them the consideration, whether a greater trust in God, and love to Him and man, would not lead to the pursuit of a kind of business in which his blessing might be expected, and by which his glory might be promoted; and if, as enjoined by our blessed Redeemer, we loved one another as He

loved us, all our works and labor would not tend towards the advancement of his kingdom, and the coming of that day when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and they shall learn war no more, nor fan the flame of it in anywise whatever. The meeting concluded in stillness; and the people separated in a frame of mind which gave some evidence that the power of Truth had been felt by them. I felt great peace after that meeting, which closed with blessing, adoration and praise and prayers and intercessions offered at the throne of grace.

In the year 1812, whilst Joseph Hoag was travelling in Tennessee he says:—"We stopped on our way at Knoxville, to take breakfast; the Indians having made an invasion on the frontiers of the white inhabitants, it was a time of great alarm while I was there. Being taken into the room where the General was with his officers, the sergeants made their returns to the general, that they had warned every man that the law required to do military duty, Quakers, and all, and there had not one Quaker appeared on the ground. In the meantime the General looked sharply at me, as I was walking the room, and said, 'Well, we have lost a number of our frontier inhabitants, and some of our soldiers, and a people who would not defend the frontier inhabitants when the savages were destroying and scalping them, could not be considered friends to their country, and should have no favor from him.' He then said, 'How do you like this doctrine, stranger?' I said, 'It is no doctrine for me; I have little or no opinion of it.' He asked, 'why?' I said, 'The people with whom I commune, who are sound in their principles, are all King's men, and are remarkably attached to their King, and our King told Pontius Pilate that his Kingdom was not of this world, for if it was, then would his servants fight, that He should not be de-

livered to the Jews; that his Kingdom was not from hence, and that his Kingdom was our Kingdom; that He had nothing to fight for in this world, neither have we; and you warriors are fighting for riches, honor, and glory of this world, and when you have got them, you cannot stay with them. We choose to lay up our riches, and have our treasures where the rust cannot mar them, nor thieves nor warriors get them from us.' The General sat down, but soon rose with these words, 'I am not going to give up the argument so; I see by the look of your eye that you are no coward; you are a soldier, and if an Indian was to come into your house to kill your wife and children, you would fight.' I answered, 'As for cowardice, I ever despised it, but,' pointing towards the guns standing in the house with bayonets on them, 'General, it would take twelve such men as thou art—and then you would not do it—to make me take hold of a gun or pistol, to take the life of a fellow creature,' and looked him full in the face. He said, 'I see you do not deny the sword.' I replied, 'No, I profess to be a swordsman, that is the weapon I go into the field with—a sword that was never beaten in the field nor foiled in battle.' He turned and sat down, but not long, and said, 'I will bring you to the point. If an Indian was to come into your house with his knife and tomahawk, and you knew he would kill you, your wife, and children, and you knew you could kill him and save all your lives, you would kill him; if you did not you would be guilty of the death of the whole.' I thought it time to come to look for a close, and proposed a standard to bring the argument to, that should decide it, but he declined. I then asked him if he professed to be a Christian, a Jew, or a Mahometan? He declined awhile. I then added, if he were a Jew, he was not prepared to fight; his men were not circumcised, he had not burnt a sin offering, nor a peace offering.

He exclaimed, 'I profess to be a Christian, I am not a Jew or a Turk.' I asked him if he believed Jesus Christ was the author of the Christian dispensation. He said, 'Yes.' I asked him if he believed Him sufficiently equal to the work as God himself, as he received all the works of God to do. He said 'he did.' I then told him I should keep him to the Christian platform or creed, laid down by Jesus Christ; and that he would not deny that a Christian was fit to live or die. I then told him I would give the subject a fair statement, and he might judge, I proceeded thus: 'I shall state, that myself and wife are true Christians, and our children are in the minority, and thou knowest it is natural for children to believe what their parents teach them, and therefore we are all true Christians as far as our several capacities enabled us to be; and now the question lies here; which is most like the precepts and example of our King—the author of the Christian religion—to lay down our lives, and all go to heaven together; or kill that wicked Indian and send him to hell; for he must be in as wicked a state as he can be, to kill a family that would not hurt him. General, it is a serious thing to send wicked folks to hell; they have no chance to come back and mend their ways; and thou dost not know but that if that wicked Indian was spared, he might feel remorse enough to make him repent, so as to find forgiveness, and go to heaven. I really believe I should feel much better to see him come there, than to send him to hell; and that is not all, General; when I killed that wicked Indian, and sent him to hell, I imbrued my hands in human blood; before they were clean; but now they are stained deep in the crimson gore, canst thou make thyself believe that I stand as good a chance to get to heaven, as to die when my hands were clean, and I innocent of human blood? And besides our King who was Lord of all, had disciples and many women who looked up to Him for pro-

tection, as much as a wife to a husband, or children to their father. Did He, when the wicked Jews came out with staves to take Him, cut off those wicked creatures, and send them to hell, when He could have the command of twelve legions of angels? He did not act without reason; He knew if he cut them off they would go to hell; and He knew if He laid down his life, He was going to heaven; and neither thou nor I knows but some of the poor creatures repented of their conduct, and found forgiveness, and are now in heaven, glorifying his name for sparing them. Now General, was He guilty of suicide? Thou wilt answer, He came into the world for this purpose; I reply that we are brought into the world to obey his commands, and to follow his example, and do likewise if called on; and General, we find He had one soldier among his followers who drew his sword and fought like a valiant for his Lord. But what then said his Lord? did He say, thou art a good fellow, I will promote thee for this? or, did He not say, put up thy sword into its sheath, for they that use the sword shall perish with the sword. General thou will do well to remember that saying; it is the word of a King. The General made no answer, but sat and hung his head for some time, one of the company at length replied, 'Well stranger, if all the world was of your mind, I would turn and follow after.' I replied, 'So then thou hast a mind to be the last man in the world to be good; I have a mind to be one of the first, and set the rest the example.' This made the General smile. He got up and went out at the door, and ordered his officers to let me go where I pleased, and not to interfere; then turned and came in, I was then walking the floor, and after a little discourse, the General said, 'Well stranger, there are a great many of your sort of people in this State.' I answered, 'Yes, and I hope thou finds them an honest, industrious, peaceable people; good inhabitants to

populate and clear up a new country, and make it valuable.' He said, 'Yes, they are an industrious harmless people. We were both on our feet, I turned, and looked him full in the face, and spoke with some emphasis, 'General, canst thou say that an honest, industrious people, who will harm nobody, are enemies to their country?' He paused awhile, and said, 'No, and they shall have my protection, and you have the word of a General for it.' I then felt easy that all was done that could be done. I had the same man's word who had said, 'No favor should be shown the Quakers,' now pledge his honor to protect them."

In the life of Dorothea L. Dix, the philanthropist, it is mentioned that a lady once said to her, "Are you not afraid to travel all over the country alone; and have you not encountered dangers and been in perilous situations?"

"I am naturally timid," said she, "and diffident like all my sex; but in order to carry out my purposes I know that it is necessary to make sacrifices and encounter dangers. It is true I have been, in my travels through the different States, in perilous situations. I will mention one which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited part of the country. In starting I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was doing with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies were committed on our road. I said to him, 'Give me the pistols; I will take care of them.' He did so reluctantly. In pursuing our journey through a dismal-looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horse by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him, with as much self-possession as I could com-

mand, 'Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor-houses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, or in distress and in want of money, I will give you some.' While thus speaking to him I discovered his countenance changing, and he became deadly pale. He exclaimed, 'That voice;' and immediately told me that he had been in Philadelphia penitentiary, and had heard me lecturing to some of the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on, and expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed. But I drew out my purse and said to him, 'I will give you something to support you until you can get into honest employment.' He declined at first taking anything, until I insisted on his doing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else before he could get into honest employment."

In the life of Samuel Hobart, an engineer on the road between Boston and Worcester, are given some interesting instances of courage and self-possession exhibited by railroad engineers.

A few years ago, Osborne, an engineer on the Morris and Essex Railroad for twenty years at least, was once delayed by snow on the track for several hours; but received explicit orders from the superintendent "to go ahead," for the road was clear, no other train was on the track. After satisfying himself that he had not misunderstood the order, he left the summit on a steep down grade, and in rounding a sharp curve came on a train that was ascending the same grade under full head of steam. In an instant he whistled down the brakes and reversed his engine. The noble thing, under such a tremendous strain, as if fully aware of

the danger, obeyed and threw itself back to avert the catastrophe. Meanwhile the other engineer had done the same thing with his locomotive; but it was possible only to modify the shock. Together rushed those two panting and reluctant giants, their joint weight not less than sixty tons, with the gathered momentum of their following trains. They rose like two furious animals in fight, standing on end, and in a trice the two splendid machines were in ruins. The cars behind them were also badly crushed. Osborne did not leap from his engine; but never moving his hands from the lever which controlled it, he stood as resolute as a rock at his post until the shock came and then quick as thought adjusted his valves to allow the steam to escape without explosion. Man can furnish no clearer proof of the finest courage.

During the war an incident occurred on the Pennsylvania Central. A regiment of soldiers was on a train, stopped by a freight-train off the track. It was in the night, and most of the thousand men were asleep. Four heavily loaded coal cars belonging to a train ahead had by accident become detached and had begun the descent from the summit toward Johnstown. The engineer heard the roar of the descending cars, and, surmising what was the matter, put on steam to meet the approaching line, if possible, to break its force and save the train. His locomotive was a large freight, and he had moved several rods ahead when the cars struck him like a thunderbolt and crushed his engine back on the train; but his heroic courage had saved many lives. The man's name was Strong, and his grateful beneficiaries presented him some elegant silver-plate, with the deed itself and their names engraved on the pieces. When asked why he did not abandon his train, he replied, "Quick as lightning I thought I had better die than to have those runaway cars cut clean

through the train destroying hundreds." It was an heroic answer.

On the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad formerly were a number of trestle bridges. The funds were low. The men were not paid. A train with the directors on board was going over it. A miscreant determined to throw it off and kill them all. The engineer discovered the obstruction. He seemed to know instinctively that the momentum was too great to save the whole train, and he signaled the brakes down and reversed the engine—to stop, if possible, the cars before reaching the chasm. Then opening the throttle-valve his engine sprang forward so violently as to break the connection with the train, and dashed to the awful leap. The bold man as this was going on ran out of his window on the engine and opened the escape-valve. While standing there the engine went over with him and, marvellous to relate, he, falling under the huge weight, was preserved from being crushed by the engine-bell at his side. The train for the rescue of which he had exhibited such incredible pluck, stopped just soon enough to escape the horrible leap after the engine.

That the roll-call of heroes is constantly filling up was proved on Tenth Month 22, 1882, as a train composed of ten passenger cars containing over six hundred persons, passed through Bergen Cut, on the Pennsylvania Central, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. "Fire! Fire!" was shouted by conductor and passengers as a volume of smoke and fire suddenly burst through the open door of the smoking-car next to the tender. Great consternation instantly prevailed among the passengers of the crowded car. Their alarm became a panic when the fireman came clambering over the tender into the car and it was found that the train was dashing wildly on with the engine pouring forth flames which, if not promptly checked, must speedily

involve all the cars in destruction. The speed of the train made it hopeless to think of escape by leaping off, and the passengers began to contemplate the possibility of death in one of the most horrible forms which the imagination could possibly conceive.

"Shut the door! Shut the door!" was shouted. The door was closed, but almost immediately it flew open again, and the engineer and fireman emerged from the fire and smoke and stumbled into the car. The train dashed on with no one to govern the engine. Men rushed to the rear platform and there met a frightened crowd from the next car. Others raised windows only to realize at what speed the train was going, and to know that to jump out would be death. "Get to that closet," shouted engineer Joseph A. Seeds to the fireman, pointing to the rear of the car, "and work the air-brakes." But the passage was blocked with passengers and the fireman found it impossible to make headway.

"What is going to be done?" asked one, of the engineer.

Seeds made no reply. There was no time to talk. Action was now the imperative necessity. See him. He is well. He is in the prime of life. In face and form he has a comely appearance. All is forgotten. The lives of six hundred passengers are in his hands. He must dare death that they may have life. He does not hesitate, but plunging into the seething sea of fire he climbs upon the tender and disappears. The flames originated from the "blow-back" on the engine, forcing the flames out of the furnace when the door was opened. Seeds must go through the flames to reach the air-brake and the throttle-valve. *He went through.* He reached the throttle-valve and with burning hand pulled the "air-brake" and reversed the engine. He knew that whatever came to him, the train would stop and its precious load be saved. Nearly a minute passed

and then the train came to a stop on the bridge over the Hackensack River, and all knew that the brave man had put on the "*air-brake*" and reversed the engine. This done, he tried to save himself; ran back to the tender, lifted the lid off the water-tank, and leaped in.

In the meantime the peril was past. The passengers, wild with delight, began to wonder what had befallen the engineer. Rushing forward to the engine they found that the cab was still enveloped in flames, while the head and shoulders of a man appeared above the water-tank on the tender. They sprang to drag him out. They found him weak and half unconscious. His clothes were completely burned from him. His face was disfigured and his hands were shockingly burned. His body was blistered so badly that some of the flesh stripped off in moving him. Tenderly they cared for him. To the Jersey City Hospital they bore him, and there he died four days afterward. No wonder that little children and mothers and friends united in contributing money to create a fund for his family in Philadelphia. Such heroism deserves to be rewarded.

Our admiration for acts of kindness increases in proportion to the sacrifice which they require of the actors. From this point of view, the following incident is peculiarly touching:

David Ker tells of a ship foundering at sea, when all on board were driven to the boat as their only hope of escape from going down with the sinking vessel:

"Stand by to lower the boat!" shouted the captain; and then he muttered gloomily to himself,—"*It's our only chance now.*"

It was, indeed. For three days the French brig *St. Pierre*, homeward bound from the Isle of Bourbon, had

fought against as fierce a gale as ever swept around the Cape of Good Hope. Captain and crew had done all that men could do to save the ship, but in vain. Their only chance now was in taking to the one boat that the storm had left them. As Captain Picard turned around from giving his orders he found himself face to face with a pale, delicate-looking lady in deep mourning, who had just come up the after-hatchway with a little boy in her arms.

Poor woman, she might well look worn and sad. Her husband had gone home an invalid; her only daughter had died a few weeks before; and now, just as there seemed a chance of her seeing home and friends once more, death in its worst forms was hovering over herself.

Captain Picard broke to her as gently as possible the fatal news that the ship was sinking, and that their only hope was to take to the sea in a small boat. At this announcement the poor mother's sickly face grew paler still, and she pressed the child convulsively in her arms.

"Ma'amselle, no fear," said a huge Senegal negro, emerging from the hatchway at that moment; "old Achille and Pierrot take care of her and Henry, too—Henri, come to Achille."

He took the child in his arms as he spoke, while a second negro came up to help the captain in lowering the woman into the boat, which was so fiercely tossed by the surging waves that it was no easy matter to reach it. At last the boat was full, and they shoved off. Hardly had they got clear of the ship when she gave a violent roll, plunged forward, rose again, and then, with a sound like distant thunder, the in-rushing water blew up the decks, and down went the doomed ship, head foremost.

But those in the overloaded boat soon found that they had only exchanged one danger for another. The huge

waves that broke over her every moment, wrenching them all to the skin, filled the boat faster than they could bale her out; and crowded together as the sailors were, they had no room either to row or make sail. The sailors whispered together and looked gloomily at the lady and her party, and at last one was heard to mutter:

“Better get rid of them that can’t work than of them that can, anyhow.”

“Our lives are as precious to us as theirs are to them,” said another. “If the boat’s got to be lightened, *they’re* the ones to go.”

Several sailors were already on their feet to fling the helpless mother and child overboard, when two gigantic negroes stepped between.

“You want to lighten the boat? Black men heavier than white lady. Let Madam and Henri live, I and Pierrot jump overboard!” It was all over in a moment. Merely saying good-bye, they plunged headlong into the sea.

The heroic sacrifice was not made in vain. The boat thus lightened could be more easily managed, while the gale at length began to show signs of abating. On the following afternoon they were seen and picked up by an English schooner, and a few weeks more saw the wife safe with her husband at Lyons.

But the negroes had not been drowned. They chanced to find a spar of the ship and to this they clung until they were picked up. Suffice it to say, that after hunting for their mistress a long time, they at length found her in Lyons, and it is unnecessary to say that they were the best cared for servants in the south of France.”

A writer in *The Presbyterian* speaks of a friend, who manifested unflinching zeal in the work of Christ, and who explained his earnestness by the following incident:—

As soon as college closed in the summer of 188—my classmate, John Marsh, and I went to a little Canadian village on the shores of one of the Great Lakes, to spend part of the vacation.

One night there came up a severe storm, such as is seldom seen in that locality, and particularly at that season. The waves on the lake seemed to rise almost mountain-high, the wind howled, and rain came down literally in sheets. Every now and then could be heard, through the storm, the crash of a fallen tree, or of some building being overturned.

In the midst of the storm news came that there was a vessel, only a short distance from land, signalling for help, and evidently in great distress. Hastening down to the wharf, we found quite a crowd of villagers already assembled. By the flashes of lightning we could see the vessel, hardly three hundred yards from where we were standing, evidently not able to hold together much longer in that furious sea.

John Marsh knew as much about the sea as an experienced sailor, and I knew that he was not the man to stand by and let those poor creatures on the vessel drown without making some effort to save them. One or two of the Canadian fishermen volunteered to go with him, and, after almost superhuman effort, they succeeded in launching a boat right side up.

It seemed almost impossible for the frail little fishing boat to float ten minutes in such a sea; but strength and skill carried her safely through the waves and out to the sinking vessel. John and his crew could only bring off four men at a time, and then the utmost care was required to bring rescuers and rescued safe to shore. They made two trips, and were returning for the rest of the vessel's crew—three men, I believe—when the vessel seemed to give a sudden lurch, and went down forever.

When the rescuing party returned once more to land

John Marsh was lying in the bottom of the boat. Loving hands lifted him carefully, and loving hearts did every thing possible for him, but to no avail. He did not seem to feel any fear, although he knew that he had broken a blood-vessel, and was bleeding to death, a painless death, but swift and certain. All night long I watched by his bedside, and he was perfectly conscious to the last. Over and over again he kept saying, "I might have done better! I might have saved one more! God forgive me! I can hear those poor fellows calling to us, praying to us to come back and save them, but now it is too late, too late forever, and I might have saved at least *one* more."

As long as I live, that wail of anguish, of self-condemnation will haunt me. "I might have saved one more; God forgive me!" He seemed to lose sight of the men he had saved, of his own condition, of every thing but those who were lost.

About daybreak he died—my strong, kindly friend, and down to the very gates of eternity he carried his burden of remorse.

Never a day passes that the scene does not come back to me. It seems as if he had left me a legacy of anxiety for the salvation of others. He strove to preserve men from bodily death; I, from eternal. It seems to me that the day is always before me when the Master will call for an account of my stewardship; and, O! the horror of the thought that perhaps I may have nothing to bring Him, only idle years and wasted opportunity to lay at his feet!"

The following incidents furnish additional illustrations of the blessing that attends kind actions.

Somewhere above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of a window at a water-fall which came tum-

bling over the rocks, and spread into a wide pool that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle train; and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

Full in the hot sun stood the cars; and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths.

The cattle lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other, in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while that I was tempted to go out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up; and, while I hesitated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

I could not hear what they said; but as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats, their bare feet, and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and, emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made the little Bare-foot's task a hard one.

But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and, having no pail, filled her "picking dish" with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet pic-

ture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity.

“What a dull, dreary day!” How many times these words had been spoken, and how plainly were they expressed on the faces of the dozen passengers that afternoon. We were to change cars at this place, but on our arrival found that the train was two hours late, so there was no alternative but to wait.

It was a cold, rainy day; the streets were filled with mud, and a chilliness and gloom seemed reigning everywhere, even in the hearts and actions of the waiting passengers. No one seemed inclined to talk, so there we sat, with long, sober faces, thinking what a dull, dreary day.

While we thus sat waiting, an old man entered the room, carrying in one hand a cane to support his feeble body, and in the other a basket filled with sundry articles for sale.

He approached the passengers, one by one, commending the usefulness, durability and cheapness of his goods, but no sale did he make. One said that he had no use for such things; another that she was well supplied already; another that he did not care to be bothered with such articles while travelling; and so on, until the entire circuit was made. And the manner of each one seemed to say to the old man that such an intrusion on his part was very unwelcome.

He had turned away, and was leaving the room, when a lady, almost unnoticed before, approached him from a remote corner where she had been reading, and desired to look at his goods. She first invited him to a comfortable seat, and then selected one after another of the useful little articles, until five or six had been stored away in her satchel.

In paying for her purchases the exact change could

not be made, and several cents were due her, but she told him not to trouble himself to get so small an amount, the goods were cheap, and well worth the money she had paid for them. The old man's face brightened up during this transaction, and he expressed his gratitude by saying:—

“I thank you, ma'am, with all my heart, for this little trade. Business don't amount to much such a day as this, but I have to keep working all the harder, for you see we get hungry this kind o' weather, as well as when the sun shines. 'Twas so wet and muddy that I didn't go home to dinner to-day, and trade was so dull I couldn't 'ford to buy any; but 'twill be all right now, for I'll go home an hour earlier to-night.”

He was again about to start off, when the lady asked him if he would not remain seated by the stove a few minutes, until her return. She then repaired to a lunch room connected with the depot, and soon came back with a nice lunch and a steaming cup of coffee, and asked the old man if he would not like a little refreshment before starting out in the cold rain.

What a look of honest surprise and gratitude beamed in his face! He thanked her quietly, for he seemed too deeply touched by her kindness to say much, and ate the luncheon with a hearty relish. When he had finished he approached where the lady was sitting, and said:—

“You may be sure I won't forget your kindness, ma'am. It's not often that any one takes any notice of a poor old man like me; and your kindness has warmed up the feelings of my heart as the coffee did my body. Good day; and may God bless you all the days of your life!”

The little group of passengers had been silent witnesses of the scene; and, as the old man turned to go, a gentleman stopped him, saying he would like one of

his picture books for his little boy. But his purchase extended to several articles, and some of the others who had before refused to purchase, now bought quite liberally.

After thanking his customers, the old man went his way, much gratified by their liberality.

What a change had come over that room! If a sunbeam had burst through the dark, lowering clouds, the effect could not have been greater. The lady, who was plain in her dress and retired in manner, resumed her seat in the remote corner.

The gentleman who had bought the picture book approached her and said:

"We are strangers, but I want to thank you for the good your little sermon has done me."

She looked at him in surprise, as she asked:

"My little sermon, did you say sir?"

"Yes. I am a minister, and have preached many years, and should be very glad to know that one of my sermons ever did the good that your act of kindness has done."

The lady modestly replied that she had done no more than obey the golden rule.

The mental clouds had dispersed by this time, and a friendly conversation sprang up among the passengers.

The time of waiting, that had commenced so gloomily, passed away in the most pleasant manner, and we all felt that it was due to the power of one little act of kindness.

In *Youth's Companion* the following incident is related:

It was the day express train on one of the great trunk lines of railway in the Middle States, filled as usual with through passengers. They sat for the most part silent, each absorbed in his own thoughts. There were

two great railway magnates, on their way to New York to consult about a "deal;" there were commercial travellers with their canvas valises beside them; there were merchants, lawyers, farmers, glancing over their note-books, reading the papers, dozing; there was a richly dressed, supercilious-looking woman, who, with her child and maid, sat a little apart from the rest; there were chattering, giddy school girls, an old negro "aunty," and asleep at the back of the car a bloated, shabby old man, smelling of whiskey. These people, gathered out of all classes, had no intercourse; they looked askance and indifferently at each other.

The train, with a shriek and a jar, came to a full stop in the midst of the mountains. For a few minutes the passengers sat undisturbed, with the calm faith of the American in the power of officials to set all things right. As the train continued stationary, however, one man after another went out.

They returned with the tidings that a bridge had given way, and that the train would be detained for twelve or fifteen hours.

There was a general outcry of annoyance and vexation. It was near noon, everyone wanted luncheon. Each man insisted that his business was urgent and could not be delayed. One little woman in the corner, with a baby in her arms, began to weep unnoticed. The other women complained more or less loudly. For a few minutes every face was clouded, and the car was filled with a babel of angry voices. Presently somebody noticed the mother crying over her child, and spoke to her.

"O, my baby!" she sobbed. "It is sick, and I hoped to get home in an hour! I think it is dying!"

There was a startled silence. Then an elderly gentleman at the back of the car came forward. "I am a physician," he said. "Let me see the child."

It was dangerously ill, and in need of active treat-

ment. The haughty woman who had hitherto held herself aloof was the first to speak; she had a box of mustard plasters in her satchel, and she tore up her fine handkerchiefs for bandages. The old negro woman quietly went out, kindled a fire on the roadside, and heated some water to give the child a hot bath.

One man knelt and chafed its feet; another made a bed for it with shawls. The porter brought pillows; a Hebrew drummer produced from his bag a bottle of laudanum, for which the doctor expressed a wish, and even the poor drunkard at the back of the car urged his flask of brandy on the mother, as being "a first-rate medicine, ma'am." He looked at the child for a minute and turned away. "I'm a poor loafer," he said, "but I kin feel for the baby as much as any of you."

In the course of three or four hours the child was relieved, and fell into a sweet sleep. But before that time the passengers in the car had all become its nurses and kinsfolk. When it was out of danger, and lying calmly in its mother's arms, they went out to the grassy bank by the side of the river, and improvised a picnic.

Some of the men had found a farm-house a mile or two away, and brought bread and ham; a few of the other passengers opened their satchels and produced some dainty morsel. The Jew had potted chicken; a Presbyterian minister, oranges; a farmer passing had cheese. There was but a little of each article as it was handed around, but there was abundance of good-will.

When, late in the evening, the engine puffed and whistled, and the conductor shouted "All aboard!" a company of friendly companions crowded into the car, and when they parted, a few hours later, it was with many hearty hand-shakes and a general exchange of good wishes.

"What good, kindly folks they all were!" said the little mother. "But I believe if it had not been for my

sick baby they would never have found each other out!"

We are apt to forget that pain and sickness are keys to unlock the hearts of men toward each other. The happy, prosperous man rarely knows of the depth of tenderness which lies in his brother's bosom, ready to meet his call of need.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### *DENYING WORLDLY LUSTS.*

Tobacco—Edward Wright—John B. Gough—Loveday Henwood  
 The pint of ale—Enough to do without dancing—Neal Dow—  
 Samuel Hobart—Breaking the jug—The village tavern—David  
 Ferris—A sad group—The wise fisherman—Gambling—The  
 forging broker—Temptations resisted—J. G. Paton and Austra-  
 lian sacred things—William Taylor on the universality of Divine  
 love—Deaf and dumb missionary—Elizabeth Fry on fashionable  
 amusements—J. B. Gough on the theatre—The converted actor.

The Grace of God which bringeth salvation, the Apostle says, teaches us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts. He found it necessary for himself to curb his appetites, and bring them into subjection to the government of Christ; and such is the experience of all those who are truly in earnest in seeking a heavenly kingdom. Those who enlist under the banner of Christ find that they can no longer indulge themselves in whatever their appetites and desires may prompt; but that all must be brought into subjection to his will. Especially does this apply to the indul-

gence in those stimulants which so affect the system, that those using them become almost incapable of doing without them. Many who have been in the use of such substances, and have afterwards come under the dominion of Grace, have felt the force of the exhortation, "Ye are not your own, but ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's;" and have been convinced that they were not glorifying God by using drugs which were impairing the health of their bodies, or otherwise lessening their ability to be useful in the church and in the world.

In the narrative of Edward Wright, a reformed thief of London, it is stated that "all his life he had been a terrible smoker. Early in the morning, before, and after all his meals; going to and returning from his work, in the evening and at night, he might have been seen with his pipe. He took it to bed, and sometimes fell asleep with it in his mouth, and if he awoke during the night he would at once relight his pipe. And after his conversion he still remained for a while the slave of his old propensity."

Several of his friends advised him to leave off the habit of smoking; and he tried to adopt their advice. But the roots of the habit were deep; and although he abstained on one occasion for a week, he resumed it again. At another time he denied himself for about six weeks, when, coming home one night, he passed a man who was smoking a Havana cigar. The smell was delightful; and the craving came stronger than ever. So he reasoned that perhaps smoking was not wrong, it had a soothing influence over him, and many good men had been smokers. The result of his reasoning, and dallying with temptation was, that if he found

a tobacco shop open between the place where he was and his own house, he would have a smoke; but if he could not find one, he would regard it as an intimation that it was a forbidden pleasure! Having so far deviated from the path of simple obedience to the impressions of duty as to set up an unwarranted test of this kind, it was not surprising that he went still further astray, and did not honestly observe even his own previous conclusion. For, he found all the shops on his road home were shut; but on the plea that he had not reached home, he diverged and went through what is called the "New Cut" where he knew there would be plenty of tobacco shops open; and there he obtained tobacco and a pipe.

Instead of retiring to rest, he sat in his humble garden summer-house, smoking his pipe, and surveying the star-bespangled heavens. But his wife was filled with apprehensions lest this habit should lead to others which were worse. She concluded that it was safer for her husband to abstain altogether from tobacco; and, in her anxiety for his welfare, she earnestly prayed that God would cause the pipe to turn his stomach, that he might be disgusted with it. At length Edward turned in-doors, complaining that he was inclined to vomit. "Thank God for that," replied his wife; "for I have been praying this last hour to cause that pipe to turn your stomach. Oh, Ned, you are surely taking a wrong step in resuming that pipe. You have given up all for Jesus, and now you have gone back to one of your old habits, so connected with our past unhappiness and misery. I am sure you have not asked God to bless the pipe to your benefit and his glory."

The result was that E. Wright became convinced that smoking was wrong for him, and abandoned it altogether.

John B. Gough, the celebrated lecturer on Temper-

ance, mentions the manner in which he was induced to give up the use of tobacco. He was then in England lecturing, and was the guest of a member of Parliament, who resided at Worcester. After dinner, J. B. Gough strolled out of sight of the house, took out his cigars and matches and proceeded to light a cigar. The wind blew out one match after another, and even taking off his hat to shield them from the wind was of no avail. He then knelt down close to a rock to secure his object. What followed is thus related by himself:—

Now, I never go on my knees, but I am reminded of prayer, and the thought came, "If any one should see me, they would probably think that some man had sought that retired spot for private devotion, and that he was saying his prayers; and what am I doing? I am sucking away at a cigar, hoping to obtain fire enough from the match to get a smoke. What would the audience say who heard me last night, should they see me now?" The inconsistency of my practice with my profession struck me so forcibly, that I said, "I'll have no more of it." I rose from my knees, took cigar and matches, and threw them into the river; and I never touched a cigar to smoke for eighteen years.

In the account preserved of Loveday Henwood, a pious woman, who resided in Cornwall, England, and who at that time was a member with the Methodists, it is stated that at one time her mind was perplexed with doubts, and not keeping close to her Heavenly Guide, she was in danger of fainting in her spiritual journey. While in this state she had a severe attack of toothache, for which she was advised to smoke tobacco. It gave her relief, and she repeated it when-

ever the attacks came on. Thus she fell into the habit, of which she says, "I found it took off my attention from a great deal of unpleasant feeling and restless inquietude which I felt within, from having negligently ceased to persevere in the path of Divine life. I continued this foolish indulgence for some years, much to the hurt of my soul and body. This simple thing, as some may call it, was a curse to me, inasmuch as it was a barrier between me and my God. It was an indulgence and gratification of the flesh, and often when I have taken the pipe to smoke, the judgment of the Lord has arisen in my soul."

This practice caused her much sorrow and trouble before she was able to break the chains in which it had enslaved her, but at length, being fully convinced that it was injurious to the body and also to the mind, by diverting her from seeking to the only source of true comfort and support under trouble, she was strengthened of the Lord to give it up entirely.

A Manchester calico printer was, on his wedding day, persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share. He rather winced under the bargain, for though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard; and he was seldom out of the public house as soon as the factory closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other, except at breakfast; but as she kept things tidy about her, and made the small sum which he allowed her for housekeeping meet the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint; and he perhaps had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other, except that at odd times she succeeded, by one little gentle artifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions. They

had been married a year; and on the morning of the anniversary of their wedding-day the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse as he observed, "Mary, we have had no holiday since we were wed; and only that I have not a penny in the world, we would take a jaunt to the village to see your mother!" "Would you like to go, John?" asked she, softly, between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak so kindly, as in old times: "If you would like to go, John, I will stand treat!" "Thou stand treat!" said he, with half a sneer; "hast got a fortune, wench?" "No," said she, "but I have got the pint of ale." "*Got what?*" said he. "The pint of ale," was the reply." John did not understand her till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counting out her daily pint of ale, in the shape of three hundred and sixty-five threepences, put £4 11s. 3d. into his hand, exclaiming, "You shall have the holiday, John." John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten and charmed. He would not touch it, but said, "Have you not had your share? Then I will have no more." They kept their wedding-day with the old dame; and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of investments that ultimately swelled into a shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat.

*The Wesleyan Advocate* relates the following:—

A young bride of high social position having just moved to the city, where her husband lived, was called upon by one of the leading ladies of a fashionable dancing club, and formally invited to attend its dances, as an introduction into the society of her new home. With beautiful candor and great firmness she thanked the lady and those she represented for their courtesy; but she said:

"I am a Christian—and when I was converted I

promised the Lord to abandon the dance and devote myself to his service. Besides, my husband is irreligious and his soul's salvation will depend upon my life. I must work to win him. Then, I dare say, I can find much to do in this city in visiting the poor and the sick, so that I will find employment without going to dances."

That young wife astounded her worldly-minded visitor, who remarked, after leaving the home, "I felt as if I had committed a great sin."

Neal Dow, in the form of a conversation with a fellow-traveller, explains in a very clear manner the nature of the satisfaction derived from smoking tobacco by those who have acquired the habit. He says:—

My new friend and I were no sooner started on our little journey, than he took a cigar-case from his pocket and said:

"Will you have a cigar?"

"No, thanks; I never smoke nor use tobacco in any way. That part of my education was neglected."

"But it is a very great pleasure to smoke; I could not get on without it."

"In what does the pleasure really consist?"

"Well, after eating, a good cigar is a greater pleasure even than a good dinner to a hungry man."

"But I wish to know in what the 'pleasure' consists. We have just had a good dinner. I am perfectly satisfied and comfortable. I cannot think of anything to eat or drink that I should like. But you want your cigar, and if you could not have one, wouldn't you be uncomfortable?"

"Yes, I confess that I should."

"Would you be *very* uncomfortable?"

"Yes, I acknowledge that I should be so."

"Pray excuse me for pressing the matter, because I

am really anxious to ascertain, as accurately as I can, whether any real pleasure comes from tobacco—a pleasure that a sensible man need not be ashamed of. No man likes comfort, real, downright comfort better than I do. I greatly enjoy suitable and intelligent pleasure. Now, if I were to allow myself to be influenced by your example, so as to have a share of the pleasure you speak of, what would happen? I could not smoke freely at once, I suppose, as you do now?”

“You must learn to smoke by slow degrees.”

“During this process of learning I suppose I should be very sick?”

“Yes, of course you would be sick.”

“Very sick, I suppose. I have heard it said there would be deathly nausea at the stomach, and violent, prolonged vomiting, with a cracking, snapping headache? Is that a fair description of what I should suffer?”

“Probably; but all beginners do not suffer so much.”

“Yes, I understand that; there are differences in physical constitutions. And besides that, some children are saturated with tobacco smoke; they live in a tobacco atmosphere, so that they would not suffer so much in learning to use tobacco in any way. But, as a rule, people learning to use tobacco are dreadfully sick and suffer very much.”

“Yes, as a rule they do. I did.”

“For how long a time does this suffering continue?”

“That varies in different persons. I was sick for about four weeks. That’s the average time. Some people suffer less and some more, and some persons cannot learn to use tobacco; they are always sick if they touch it.”

“Yes, that corresponds with what I’ve often heard. But now, suppose I’ve fully made up my mind to learn to smoke, so as to have my share of the ‘pleasure,’ the ‘comfort’ coming from it. I have great powers of en-

duration; I sit down to my task as in a dentist's chair to have all my teeth pulled out. I don't flinch, but endure heroically the torture of the dreadful nausea, the retching and violent vomiting, and the crashing headache. My lips are livid, my face has the pallor, the anguish of a painful agony. You stand by to keep my courage up. 'Don't be afraid,' you say, 'you'll not die. I've been through it all, and more. For all this suffering and anguish you'll be rewarded many fold in the pleasure and comfort of smoking.' Would you say all that to encourage me?"

There was a pause. He didn't answer at first. Then he said, "I've never thought of it in that way. I do not think I should encourage you, or even stand by the bedside of any one learning to use tobacco and encourage him to persevere." Laughing heartily. "I never thought of the ridiculous, absurd figure a man makes in learning to use tobacco. In fact, men never acquire the habit, and then very rarely, and then under exceptional circumstances. It's boys who learn, because they think it smart and manly to use tobacco. They steal away into secret places; they hide behind the barn, or creep under the wood-shed, out of sight, because they're ashamed, and there they smoke and vomit. That's the way in which ninety-nine of every hundred tobacco-users acquire the habit."

"But to come back to myself. I do not nauseate now, or but very little. I've conquered that, but I have no desire whatever for a cigar. I can smoke one without being sick, but I would not touch one but for the example of others. Isn't that exactly what would happen?"

"Yes, that was precisely my case."

"But I persist in smoking, and by-and-by it becomes a necessity, because if I omit the customary cigar I should suffer. After a year or two of the tobacco habit

I should suffer very much if I could not have my cigar.”

“Yes, that is a fair statement of the case.”

“Then, in short, I continue the tobacco habit only to avoid the intense suffering which would otherwise torment me. The ‘pleasure,’ the ‘comfort’ coming from the tobacco habit is this—only this, and nothing more—it wards off pain.”

“I’ve never heard the matter put in that way before, but I must confess that that is the whole of it. If I cannot have my cigar I suffer; while I am smoking the pain is relieved, and, in fact, that is all the pleasure that comes from smoke.”

Upon the whole, then, I do not think I shall learn to use tobacco! to acquire a habit which is very costly, which makes one offensive to many people—a habit which unmans one so far that he feels himself under a bondage which he cannot throw off without an effort that few men find themselves equal to.

Sam Hobart was a railroad engineer on the Boston and Albany Railroad, and an earnest Christian, who worked in the temperance cause and opposed the use of tobacco, which he believed often led those who used it into other evils. In his life the following incident is related:

On one occasion when in Vermont, he was welcomed by a minister whose mouth was full of tobacco.

“Glad to see you, Mr. Hobart. There is great need of a movement in favor of temperance up here.”

Sam eyed him, saw him expectorating tobacco juice, and in a polite and quiet way walked on. At night he was to speak. The house was crowded. The minister presided. Sam told this story:

“My pastor was up in the northern part of New York to speak on temperance. A minister of great prominence welcomed him. The minister was an inveterate

user of tobacco. My pastor gave up tobacco to save a son of a deacon from making him an excuse for intemperance. He has fought tobacco as relentlessly as he fights rum, because by striking tobacco he hits the idol of vast numbers in the church."

The minister who was by his side began to move uneasily. His mouth was full of tobacco and he could not expectorate without drawing attention to himself. Sam went on:

My pastor told this story: A man given up to strong drink, who was bringing ruin upon his family, was remonstrated with by a man who used tobacco. He said:

"Neighbor, I have come to see you. All the neighbors are worried about you."

"Why?"

"Because you are drinking up health, property and happiness."

"I am no worse than you."

"Than me; what do you mean?"

"Simply this. You use tobacco and I use rum. Your wife knows that you dirty your house more than I do mine; and when they ask you to give up tobacco you say it is necessary to you. That is what I say about rum."

The man went home under conviction. He called to his wife and inquired:

"Have you been telling of my filthy habit?"

"Certainly; I was telling the wife of our neighbor not to think she had all the trials; that I had mine, and that I thought the use of tobacco was worse for the house than drinking, but not so bad for the man. Look at that spittoon. Think how our clothes are scented by the fumes of tobacco. You don't get crazy from the use of the weed, but go without it and you act like a fool or a madman, and it must be had."

“Wife, you are right. Bring my box and pipes.”

She brought them. He worked at the fire diligently while she was away, and when she came back he had got up a good blaze. Taking the box of tobacco and pipes he threw them on, and while his idols were burning he asked his wife’s pardon for having been so oblivious to the comfort and neatness of his home. The next morning he called again upon his neighbor.

“Good morning, my friend.”

“Good morning.”

“I have come to talk to you about your peril because of the use of strong drink. Its effects are telling on you.”

“No worse than yours?”

“Why?”

“You use tobacco and I use rum. Yours is as much an appetite as mine, and I think quite as disgusting.”

“You are mistaken, neighbor.”

“In what?”

“I don’t use tobacco.”

“Since when?”

“Since yesterday. I gave up the practice that I might have power with you. Now, neighbor, let us both be clean.”

“Agreed.”

The man signed the pledge and kept it, and the minister who had greeted my pastor so warmly felt the rebuke and became a champion of cleanliness, which is next to godliness.

“Hold up, Mr. Hobart. I am converted,” said the minister in the desk with Sam. “Henceforth I will be free.”

The *Christian* gives an interesting anecdote of Isaac Price, an honored and esteemed member of the German “Brethren in Christ,” which was related by a friend in Germantown, Pennsylvania:—

In the gone-by days when some things were not seen in as clear a light as they are at the present time, Isaac Price for many years kept a country store, where supplies of all kinds were furnished to the farmer folk in the vicinity. In those days ardent spirits were one of the commodities which were usually obtainable at the country store, and hence were included in the stock of goods sold by Isaac Price.

One day a man who was already indebted to him some forty dollars, came to buy a quantity of goods. His means were somewhat limited, and he was not able to buy all that he desired, but he took care among his earlier purchases to include a gallon of liquor, and then as he watched the expenditure of the money he brought, he said, he wanted to get his girl a pair of shoes, but he should have to let them go for the time, as he was unable to pay for them.

His words sank into the heart of Isaac Price. There came before his mind the sight of the poor little shoeless girl, deprived of what she needed for her comfort while her father had spent for rum the money which should have bought her shoes. He studied over the matter for a little time, and finally said to the man:

“If you will let me break this jug and will promise never to drink any more strong drink, I will give you a pair of shoes for your daughter, and will forgive you all you owe me.”

It was his customer's turn now to do some thinking. He did it, and after due consideration he accepted the proposal. Isaac Price broke the man's jug, spilled its contents on the ground, set all the liquor he had in his store running, and never sold any more of the stuff.

Years after as Isaac Price was going to some neighboring place to attend a meeting, he was met at the railway station by a person who was to convey him to the place appointed. The man, though a stranger,

seemed to know Isaac, who, after some little conversation, remarked:

“You seem to have the advantage of me. I do not know you.”

“Do not know me?” said he. “I am the man whose jug you broke.” This explained the matter. That jug-breaking was the turning point in his life, and he was glad to take Isaac with him and show him what a comfortable and happy home he had, as the result of breaking that jug.

Of the evils which sometimes flow from the use of spirituous liquors as a drink, the following narrative gives a vivid picture.

The following sad picture is from real life. The scenes all took place in a hill town of Connecticut, and the story repeated is the old, old story of rum and its work of ruin.

Twenty years from the time I first set out from home, I found myself, one dreary evening in November, winding down the road by the old mill at the head of the valley in which I was born.

Some strange whim led me around by the graveyard. The church building looked like the face of an old friend; but the lattice on one side of the belfry was broken away, and a loose shutter swung back and forth in the bleak wind, which made sad music amid the tall elms and wide-spreading willows. The changes in the graveyard were sad enough, too. Death had been at work in that quiet valley, and many new tombstones were there.

While indulging these sad thoughts I heard the church-yard gate creak on its hinges, and withdrawing myself still further into the deepening shadows, I witnessed a scene I can never forget. An old man, with feeble, tottering steps, which he vainly endeavored to

steady with his staff, crept slowly up the path. His thin white locks and pale, white face were in sad keeping with his threadbare clothes. As he approached I could observe the strange expression of his countenance, which now seemed lighted with painful and most vivid emotions, now sunk into hopeless imbecility. He passed so near me that I could have touched him, and tottering toward a cluster of graves, he dropped upon a tombstone to rest his trembling limbs, and, leaning upon his staff, and rocking himself to and fro, wailed in low, muttering tones his dirge for the dead. For awhile his words seemed incoherent and rambling. By degrees they became more distinct, and at last, with startling earnestness, and in a voice the recollection of which even now thrills me with horror, he thus broke forth :

“Yes, ye are all gone!—all; there is not one left of all I so truly loved! And I sent ye here! The husband and father who should have been your guide and stay was your bitterest foe. But ye are quiet now. Ye may have rest here, where I can never break your peace or happiness again. The bitter tears I shed are a fit reward for my deeds. Oh, if the grave could give up its dead before I lie down beside you, I would tell you of the depth and bitterness of my repentance. Well are ye avenged. The worm that dieth not already preys upon my vitals. The fire that is not quenched is already kindled in my bosom. Death can bring me no relief. The mountains cannot hide me from the wrath of an offended God!”

Then throwing his arms wildly upward, with a feeble shriek, he fell prostrate on the ground.

I hastened to him; and raising him in my arms, chafed his cold hands, and strove to restore consciousness. He sighed heavily, and slowly withdrawing himself from me, sat down on the newly-made grave, and burst into tears. With much entreaty I prevailed

on him to leave the place, and suffer me to lead him home. Home—alas! he had none. The almshouse was his only refuge, and, having conducted him thither, I sought my father's house.

It was a joyful meeting. I was like one restored from the dead: and though I missed some bright happy faces from amongst the group that welcomed me, yet the tears I shed for them were mingled with gratitude to the Good Shepherd who had gathered the lambs of the flock to his bosom, in the years of their innocence and purity. When all inquiries were satisfied and our thoughts turned from ourselves to our neighbors, I learned the history of the old man I had seen in the graveyard.

When I left home he was an industrious, thriving farmer, with a wife and three fine children; the oldest a son of eighteen, the second a daughter of fifteen, and a little boy of seven years. His wife was a kind, gentle creature, who had long been an invalid, and who seemed only to live for her husband and children. Her daughter, a sweet girl, was far too frail to contend with the fierce storms of life. The first rude blast withered the delicate flower.

But I must go on with my story. Soon after I left home there came a stranger to reside in the neighborhood. Hitherto, as there was little or no travel through our quiet valley, it had not been thought necessary to have a house of public entertainment. All who came that way were welcome to the hospitalities of our fire-sides. A stranger came to establish one. It would, he said, induce travellers to visit the neighborhood when it was known there was a good public-house on the road. He was welcomed with kindness, and took up his abode among us. It soon began to be whispered that the new tavern did not depend so much upon the custom of strangers as that of our own citizens. The bar was supplied with choice wines and liquors, and

the polite landlord made the rich and poor alike welcome. Soon the fruits began to appear. Red-faced, bloated men were to be seen at all hours, lounging about the tavern door, or sleeping off the effects of the last night's excess by their own firesides. Among the victims there was no one whose ruin seemed more certain than that of the ill-fated James Bond. Day and night he was the inmate of that hateful tavern. First came the loss of character and credit, and with this the loss of business. Then came poverty and sickness, and death to his wretched family. The daughter first passed away. The neighbors said it was more from a broken heart than anything else, for she had been her father's favorite, and his disgrace was more than she could bear. Next, the youngest son fell a victim. Thrust by his father from the house into a drenching storm, he never looked up again, and soon lay beside his sister in the graveyard.

The wife and mother, who, strong in her love for her husband and children, had struggled against the sad reverse, now that her youngest darling was gone, had nothing to live for, and soon she, too, slept beside her children.

The oldest son, naturally wild, had only been restrained from following his father's pernicious example by the tender watchfulness and earnest prayers of his mother. But her restraining influence was no longer felt. He yielded to temptation and plunged headlong into intemperance and vice. His career was a brief one. Before he had completed his twenty-fifth year he was killed in a drunken brawl.

The last blow seemed to fall with stunning effect upon the father. When he awoke to reason and reflection, deep remorse took possession of his soul. Over the bloody corpse of his son, he felt those bitter pangs which are only known to him who has a child's blood upon his soul. Tears of repentance availed nothing.

The last one was gone; and, though he would have poured out his heart's blood like water to have them restored to life, it was too late. Intemperance had finished its work. This ruined family were its first victims in our hitherto peaceful and happy valley. And it was soon generally admitted by all that the shortest road to destruction, both in this world and the next, lay through the village bar-room.

When David Ferris entered upon storekeeping as a business, he found it was the practice to sell rum. He says: "I was told if I did not conform to it, I need not expect to do any business of importance. So without waiting for [Divine] direction, I fell into the practice; and followed it for several years; until it became a subject of uneasiness to me. I found many used that article to the injury both of body and mind. Some spent their estates to procure it; and thus brought themselves and their families into want and distress; which gave me trouble of mind. But, being unwilling to lose the profits of this branch of the business, I adopted an expedient to soothe my pain; which was to refuse selling it to such as I thought would make an evil use of it. But this did not answer my expectations; for they would send for it by those who were not suspected. At length I was made willing to relinquish the profits on this article; and trust to Providence for the result. I ceased to sell it; which afforded me peace, and made no great diminution of my business."

An article in the *Western Friend* says: "Entering the depot at Columbus a short time ago, to take the train for Kansas City, my attention was attracted by crying that indicated deep sorrow. Upon inquiry as to the cause, the sheriff who stood near answered that he had just brought a convict to the depot to take the train for the penitentiary, and that it was the parting

of his wife and children. The man was about fifty years old, had been drinking, when some rowdy associates came to his house; he ordered them away, and when they did not obey, he fired on them and killed one of them. He was sentenced for ten years to the penitentiary. His wife sat beside him, his daughter, almost a young woman, stood to one side, a little boy probably eight years old, stood before him gazing into his face, tears streamed from his eyes, and he cried as if his heart would break, a little girl of perhaps four years old, sat on the mother's lap, while the poor man held his babe, perhaps fifteen months old. This was the group. The weeping husband taking his final farewell of his heart-broken wife and weeping children, was the saddest sight I ever beheld. For one rash act, committed under the influence of strong drink, this man who from what I saw, loved his family, was torn away from them and deprived of his liberty. His wife lost a husband and was left poor in the world with a large family. The children lost a father at a time when they needed him most. As the poor man was torn away and took his place in the car, manacled to another criminal, and was hurried away from all he held dear on earth, toward the gloomy walls of his prison; a sadder and more disheartened countenance I never beheld. For days the terrible and touching scene was present in my mind. It was a powerful lesson on the danger of intoxicating drinks, and the crime of Government in allowing such temptations to be put before men."

"Fish, sir? Caught within the half-hour; not been lying in the boat all day in the sun. Fresh from the water sir!"

We stopped to look at his fish, but quite as much for a look at his fine frame, which had attracted our attention as he strode through the water, carrying with

ease upon one shoulder a weight of yard and sail-cloth under which most men would have bent and staggered. His eye was quick and bright, and his complexion of that clear red and white, showing through the sun tan, which comes only by nurture on fresh air, sunshine and wholesome food. What a royal heritage? a sound body, accompanied by a sound mind.

"Your mates do not appear to be as strong as you are," I remarked, looking at the two who were bringing more of the day's catch from the fishing smack anchored a little distance from the shore.

"Well, no, sir, they're not; and it's their own faults, more's the pity? You see, they're old neighbors, and I hire them by the day because very few others will; but they wont either of 'em be good for work much longer if they don't mend their ways a bit."

"You are the master of the fishing-vessel then?"

"Yes, sir; master and owner too, thanks to my father being a wise man."

"I'd like to hear something of that wisdom of his, if you don't mind telling me," I said.

"Not a bit, sir. Always feel as if it was a testimony, as you learned folk call it, to him, now he's gone."

The fisherman laid his load down on the wharf, and sat on a barrel end as he went on:

"When I was a young boy there was a great deal of beer drinking going on all about me. My father fell in with the custom, too, in a moderate sort of way; but as time went on things seemed to get worse and worse. For I've always noticed, sir, that when the devil gets a good hold on a neighborhood he's never a bit inclined to let up on it, but gets a tighter and tighter hold on it unless the Lord sends his own power to throw him, which He always seems to do sooner or later.

"Well, my father had the good sense to see that it wouldn't do for his boys; so when the temperance movement came our way, he took hold with all his

might, and didn't begin by saying to us boys, 'You do thus and so,' but he did it himself. Yes, sir, his name went down among the very first that signed the pledge, and then he says to us, 'Now, boys, if you'll pledge yourselves never to touch a drop of liquor till you're twenty-five, I'll pay you your beer money every week,' for there were plenty of boys about the neighborhood that expected their beer money as regular as a man, and got it and drank it up, too. You see my father thought that if we could be kept from it until we were twenty-five, we'd have sense enough to know what was good for us, if ever we had it.

"We put our money into the savings-bank, where it brought interest. And we put all our earnings we could spare beside it. I think the having a bit there already made us more likely to save what the other boys thought nothing of spending, and you'd be astonished to see how a little money grows if you only give it a good chance.

"When I was twenty-five I took out my money and bought that boat. My brothers have stuck to the pledge the same as I have, and they are both in good business of their own, calling no one master except One,"—the fisherman looked reverently upward—"and He makes a good Master, sir."

Another of the evils which the grace of God teaches us to deny, is gambling. Dr. Sutherland, in an article on "The Gambling Mania," published in *The New York Observer*, says:

The gambler's progress is dramatically pictured in John B. Gough's description of the man who started in a chase after a bubble, attracted by its bright and gorgeous hues. At first his way was through vineyards, heavy with purple grapes, past fountains sparkling in the sunshine, and amid the music of singing birds:

As he runs, the excitement grows into a passion, and the passion into a disease. The pursuit gradually leads him away from things bright and beautiful, up the steep sides of a fearful volcano. Falls come to him and leave him bruised and blistered—but on he presses in the mad determination to have the glittering prize, cost what it will. “He must secure it. Knee-deep in the hot ashes, he falls, then up again, with limbs torn and bruised, the last semblance of humanity scorched out of him. Yet there is his prize! He will have it. With one desperate effort he makes a sudden leap. Ah! he has it now!—but he has leaped into the volcano, and, with a burst bubble in his hand, goes to his retribution.”

So it is with the man seized with the mania of gambling. At first, life is full of new excitement and the thrilling rush of pursuit after gain. Warnings are unheeded, the sober dictates of reason are flung to the winds. Friends speak to him of wasted hours and crippled means; but they might as well speak to a stone image. What was once his pastime is now his life. Existence is unbearable without the keen enjoyment of the gaming-table. And so the sad tragedy runs its dreary length until the curtain falls, amid the wails of a gambler's doom!

This is no fancy picture. Every observer of the facts of life will bear testimony to its truth. Fascination, selfish oblivion to every interest save the master passion, the feverish excitement of alternate loss and gain, final ruin, and often suicide, are the stages in the gambler's downward career. Ask the pastors of city churches about the hold gambling has on those of their parishioners unfortunate enough to come under its spell, and they will tell you with unanimous voice that chains of adamant are not stronger than the chains of the gambling habit. Once the betting fever seizes a man, he becomes impervious to good influences. So-

cial duties, family affections, respect of friends, and the claims of the Gospel, are sacrificed in the mad chase to snatch a golden prize. If this be not a mania, full of despair and darkness, what is?

Gambling does not lack advocates even among those who ought to know better. Young men are taught that there is no sin in betting if they bet only for small amounts. A distinction between small and large bets is both false and pernicious. If the thing be wrong in principle, staking five cents is as criminal as staking five hundred dollars. It is high time to emphasize the truth that this is not a question of money quantity but of moral quality, and to strip away the veil of sophisms which so long hid the deformities of this vice. Gambling must be either wrong or right. If it is wrong, no man with any pretense to morality dare extenuate its practice in any form. Brand the habit with the irrevocable stigma of evil-doing, and you have taken a long stride toward its suppression.

Gambling is opposed to the spirit of Christianity. This is questioned by its supporters, who sometimes say, "Point out one express command against gambling in the Bible, and we will obey it." Our answer is, that the Bible concerns itself more with principles for the regulation of conduct than with detailed injunctions. Whatever makes for love and righteousness, is commended by it; whatever militates against love and righteousness is condemned by it. Is there one supporter of gambling brazen enough in effrontery to maintain that it helps to establish love or righteousness? It shows its love by bringing a man into a slavery whose only reward is ruin for body and soul. Its righteousness is conspicuous by its absence. Every law of righteousness laid down by Christ is travestied in the practice of gambling.

What is anti-Christian and anti-social can never be right under any circumstances. Let all those who pro-

fess to love God and man learn this lesson, and act accordingly. We protect lunatics from the dangers to which their madness exposes them. Why should we not do something to save the victims of the gambling mania?

As the way to the kingdom of heaven involves much self-denial and bearing the cross, there are constantly occurring temptations to enter the broad way that goes down to the chambers of death.

The *Independent*, of New York, published some comments on the case of a broker who had been sentenced to imprisonment at Sing Sing for forgery, which contain matter of instruction.

A few months before the discovery of his crime, he had an excellent business and social reputation, and was a member of a Christian church. The following explanation is given of his case:—

Several years ago, while suffering under that mysterious trouble, nervous prostration, scoffed at sometimes by the strong, and realized only by those who have come under it, and being also in great pecuniary strain at the time, there came into his hands, in the ordinary routine of his business as a stock broker, a certificate of some stock which in its most important part was blank—the figure 9 was written in the place for it, but the line in the body of the certificate where the number of shares represented by it should have been filled by the word “nine” was clear white paper.

There came before him the thought how very easy it would be to write “ninety” in the blank space and add a cipher to the figure 9 in the other place. It was that fatal old suggestion—how *very* easy, and how very

easy to cover it up and make it good, and nobody would ever know it, and no harm would be done, and other people do similar things, etc.

As usual in such cases, he did not adopt the suggestion at once. But the tempting paper was in his possession several weeks, and the emergency did not pass; so, after familiarity with the thought had undermined resistance, he took his pen and did that easy act. The old story of repetition followed, for there seemed no other way to wrest success from the circumstances and avoid exposure. Moreover, although his double life was rather exceptional in not including personal vices, a drain came upon him, partly in trying to assume money losses of friends and customers, and partly by that fatal facility of disappearance which is noted in borrowed money and is much more the habit of what is ill-gotten. It never became possible for him to get firmly on his feet, and certainly it never became less easy to go on.

We certainly shall not argue that he was blameless because an opportunity which he neither made nor foresaw, nor was responsible for, presented itself to him, and in circumstances which gave it peculiar power. It seems like palliation, and that it could be easily argued; but in order to avoid any difference of opinions let that pass.

Which of us can truthfully look back and say that he has never thought about—not contemplated doing, but thought of—some vile thing?

It is our part to repel the suggestion instantly and finally; it was his part, and he is suffering the consequences of not having done so. The tempted are to resist temptation—from the earliest consciousness of moral responsibility till we shut our eyes on this world, we all know this.

Nevertheless, what of the tempter? One may tempt without meaning it, and without even knowing it.

Who it was that half filled out that stock certificate which slew poor Smith, and who or how many they were through whose train of hands it passed to his, will never be publicly known—probably they do not now know themselves. Yet it is not clear that they became tempters unconsciously; were they not guilty of contributory negligence, and is not such negligence morally wrong? Is it not at once contrary to public morals, cruel and wicked to say, as plainly by actions as could be said by words, and in any place or relation from that of the bank officer down to the errand boy, “here is an opportunity, unchecked and unnoticed, for you to steal if you choose?” To leave valuables in sight, drawers unlocked, checks signed in blank, negotiable papers in such a condition that they can be easily forged or altered—are we not our brother’s keepers? To trust is one thing and necessary; to tempt by carelessness is another—the distinction is plain.

There is a story of an eminent jurist whose little boy came to him frequently for answers to questions or other help, and the only answer was “Run away now—I am busy.” The jurist lived to see his son, for whose training he was always too busy, stand at the bar to receive sentence for a crime. Contributive negligence clearly. Was it sinful? Judge for yourselves. Are sins of commission always worse than those of omission? Perhaps not; at least, both sorts are genuine sins.

Care and forethought are a duty, and they pay. Carelessness and neglect are a sin; they scatter the seeds of temptation and spring up rankly in more sins.

There is no doubt that we are responsible and incur guilt, if we voluntarily place unnecessary temptation in the way of others. Our Saviour taught his disciples to pray—“Lead us not into temptation.” But yet there

is a Divine power extended to man which enables him to overcome and thus escape the snares of him who seeks to beguile and lead us astray.

The *Baptist Weekly* records the case of a distinguished public man of Indiana, who was engaged at the time of his sudden death, in writing reminiscences of his life. He was narrating to his daughter who was writing from his dictation, the story of a terrible temptation which assailed him when quite a youth. By attention to business and correct deportment he had won the implicit confidence of all who knew him. This confidence was shown, when on one occasion—before the days of easy and rapid communication by means of railroad and telegraph—he was intrusted with twenty-two thousand dollars to deliver in the then far-distant Cincinnati. Day after day, on his long horseback journey, he guarded his treasure with the most scrupulous fidelity, without a thought of dishonesty. But he said—“There was a moment, a supreme and critical one, when the voice of the tempter penetrated my ear. It was when I reached the crown of those imperial hills that overlook the Ohio River, when approaching Lawrenceburg from the interior. The noble stream was the great artery of commerce at that day, before a railroad west of Massachusetts had been built. What a gay spectacle it presented, flashing in the bright sunlight covered with flatboats, with rafts, with gay-painted steamers, ascending and descending, and transporting their passengers in brief time to the Gulf of Mexico, the gateway to all parts of the world. I had to sell my horse and go aboard one of these with my treasure, and I was absolutely beyond the reach of pursuit. There was no telegraph then flashing intelligence by an agency more subtle than steam, and far outrunning it; no extradition treaties requiring foreign governments to return the felon. The world is before me,

and at the age of twenty-one, with feeble ties connecting me with those left behind, I was in possession of a fortune for those early days. I recall the fact that this thought was a tenant of my mind for a moment, and for a moment only. Bless God, it found no hospitable lodgment any longer."

There is much instruction in the remark, that this temptation to evil doing "*found no hospitable lodgment*" in the mind. For if we permit ourselves to dally with temptations, and allow the thoughts to dwell on the desirable objects presented to our view there is great danger that the strength to resist evil will gradually lessen, and we finally be overcome. The only safe course is to turn resolutely away from the presentation and look to God for strength to walk uprightly in his sight. The Scripture declaration is, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you," but this must be a positive, determined resistance, and it is safe to occupy the mind as speedily as possible with other things. It is cheering to read of those who have withstood temptation:—

"Stop a minute," said a gentleman to the friend who was walking with him. "Just here I once fought for my soul's life, and by the Grace of God won it."

"How was that?" asked his friend.

"It happened in the time of my clerkship," was the answer. "I left my room one Friday evening for a stroll. While standing right here for a moment I was hailed by a young clerk whom I knew. He was two years older than myself—smart, clever, with manner that to me was very attractive. Pointing toward a neighborhood then notorious for its haunts of evil pleasures, he invited me to go with him there.

“Young and social myself, it seemed impossible to resist. Having taken a few steps with the young man, all at once the sight of the chapel, in the rear of the church yonder, reminded me of a promise I had made to an old friend to meet him there some Friday evening at the prayer-meeting. But I was moving the other way. It seemed now as if I heard this voice: ‘If you go yonder to-night, you will never again feel like going to the chapel. Which party will you join? Answer.’

“It was the crisis of my life. Here I stood where two ways met. The debate was torture. I prayed inwardly and power came. I stopped short, mentioned the promise I had given to my older friend, bowed my good-night and hastened to the chapel.”

When one of the kings of France solicited a M. Bougier, who was a Protestant, to conform to the Roman Catholic religion, promising him in return a commission or a governorship, “Sire,” he replied, “If I could be persuaded to betray my God for a marshal’s staff, I might be induced to betray my king for a bribe of much less value.”

When J. G. Paton settled on the island of Aniwa, in the New Hebrides, the natives would not permit him to occupy a position which he had selected, but compelled him to take another. He says:—

At first we had no idea why they so determinedly refused us one site, and fixed us to another of their own choice. But after the old chief, Namakei, became a Christian, he one day addressed the Aniwan people in our hearing, to this effect:

“When Missi came we saw his boxes. We knew he had blankets and calico, axes and knives, fish-hooks and all such things. We said, ‘Don’t drive him off,

else we will lose all these things. We will let him land. But we will force him to live on the Sacred Plot. Our gods will kill him, and we will divide all that he has among the men of Aniwa.' But Missi built his house on our most sacred spot. He and his people lived there, and the gods did not strike. He planted bananas there, and we said, 'Now, when they eat of these they will all drop down dead, as our fathers assured us, if any one ate fruit from that ground, except only our Sacred Men themselves.' These bananas ripened. They did eat them. We kept watching for days and days, but no one died! Therefore what we say, and what our fathers have said, is not true. Our gods cannot kill them. Their Jehovah God is stronger than the gods of Aniwa."

I enforced old Namakei's appeal, telling them that, though they knew it not, it was the living and true and only God who had sent them every blessing which they possessed, and had at last sent us to teach them how to serve and love and please Him. In wonder and silence they listened, while I tried to explain to them that Jesus, the Son of this God, had lived and died and gone to the Father to save them, and that He was now willing to take them by the hand and lead them through this life to glory and immortality together with himself.

The old chief led them in prayer—a strange, dark groping prayer, with streaks of heathenism coloring every thought and sentence; but still a heart-breaking prayer, as the cry of a soul once cannibal, but now being thrilled through and through with the first conscious pulsations of the Christ-Spirit, throbbing into the words, "Father, Father, our Father."

When these poor creatures began to wear a bit of calico or a kilt, it was an outward sign of a change, though yet far from civilization. And when they began to look and pray to One whom they called "Father,

our Father," though they might be far, very far, from the type of Christian that dubs itself "respectable," my heart broke over them in tears of joy; and nothing will ever persuade me that there was not a Divine heart in the heavens rejoicing too.

Very decided and very touching is the testimony of Bishop William Taylor as to the universality of this love of God. From a report of some remarks which he made at Carlisle, Pa., when on a visit in this country, we extract the following:—

Many divines assert that benighted heathen will be sent to perdition if Christians do not send them the Gospel. The heathen will be saved or lost according as they accept the Light which has lightened every man that cometh into the world. Is it true that enough light has been given to send them to hell and yet not enough to save them? It is not fair play that so large a proportion of human kind as is represented by the heathen should have no way of escape. It is not like God's other dealings with men. He is no respecter of persons. "Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge!" The night of the heathen has knowledge. God has two schools, the primary school, where all flesh has knowledge of Him, and the high school of Revelation. It is this high school which we enjoy.

On my way I stopped at a hut in which was an old woman grinding paint between two stones. I knew some of her language, and addressing myself to her, said, "God is good." She dropped her work, clasped her hands above her head, looked toward heaven and answered that she was "so glad I knew about God." O, friends, if that poor African woman, who had never read a word of Bible, did not go to heaven, where would she go, I ask you?

At one missionary station, where we had worked for some time, we had noticed a perfectly deaf and dumb man—we had addressed nothing to him, for how could he understand? One night a voice was heard down by the river; a noise of screaming in no language, but in dreadful sounds. The young men got torches and went down to see from whence the notes proceeded. There was the deaf and dumb man calling to God in his wordless voice and looking up to heaven his dwelling place. For a long time he continued his cries and in the morning came to the missionary and asked to be baptized. He then wanted a license to preach—a license for a deaf and dumb man to preach! We evaded him, and still he insisted, and just to get rid of him we gave him a copy of the New Testament. He went away with the Bible under his arm, content that it was his license. Among the wildest tribes by signs he made many feel their sins—how great God is, that He had a Son who was like them, and yet not like them, who died and rose again and is now living with his Father at the court of the great King. He became a great preacher, though instructed himself in only the primary school and in the art of giving and receiving object lessons only. Was not this a manifestation of God? All heathen do not hear the voice of God—they have rejected it as many of us have.

When a person has not been brought under religious conviction, nor felt the force of the command, "Whether ye eat, or whether ye drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God;" it is difficult to make such an one see the necessity for that non-conformity to the spirit of the world which the Gospel requires. This is especially the case in regard to various fashionable amusements; some of which would be innocent in themselves, if it were not for the associ-

ations connected with them, or the tendency to excessive indulgence. "By their fruits shall ye know them;" and in applying this rule the sincere seeker after salvation soon finds the effect of them on his mind to be evil, and he is forced to refrain from such things as tend to dissipate serious feelings, and to encourage improper excitement or frivolity.

Elizabeth Fry mentions in her memoirs that about the time she was coming under religious conviction, she paid a visit to London, and while there entered various scenes of gayety, and attended balls, and other places of amusements. She remarks in reference to these things,—“I consider one of the important results was the conviction of these things being wrong, from seeing them and feeling their effects. I wholly gave up on my own ground attending all public places of amusement; I saw they tended to promote evil. I felt the vanity and folly of what are called the pleasures of this life, of which the tendency is, not to satisfy, but eventually to enervate and injure the heart and mind; those only are real pleasures which are of an innocent nature, and are used as recreations, subjected to the cross of Christ.”

When John B. Gough was a youth he had, he says, “an intense desire, almost amounting to a passion, to adopt the theatrical profession. I was fascinated by the theatre, stage-struck, enamored of all dramatic representation.”

When about sixteen years of age he paid his first visit to the theatre, and was dazzled by the dresses, the music and the lights. His little bed-room seemed mean and poor; his plodding in a shop to learn a trade, a dreary monotony; regular business, tame and grovelling compared with the occupation of an actor. Some per-

sons, he remarks, "cannot conceive the attraction of all the stage paraphernalia, and the glamor thrown around certain minds by the glitter and unreality of the stage." All his spare money was spent on theatre-tickets. His regular business was neglected, and finally he obtained a situation among those employed at a theatre in Boston. The effect on his mind of an *inside* acquaintance with the stage, he thus describes:—

"I found the gold to be tinsel. I acquired a thorough distaste for all theatrical representations, and all the genius and intellect displayed by the most famous actor has not, and never can reconcile me to the sham, the tinsel crowns, the pasteboard goblets, the tin armor, the paltry spangles, cotton for velvet, all make-believe, the combats, and the sham blood. Even the nightly disguise became an annoyance; the painting the face, corking the eyebrows, pencilling the wrinkles, the doing up with false whiskers, hair, moustache, the French chalk, the rouge, the burnt cork, to say nothing of the habiliments, rendered the whole thing at last odious to me; and I never felt meaner or had less self-respect, that when I was bedizened to do some character. How men of ability and common sense can submit to this caricaturing night after night, passes my poor comprehension.

"Oh, the disenchantment! The beautiful women were, some of them, coarse and profane; the noble gentleman often mean, tricky and sponging. In fact, the unreality of it, the terrible temptation to the lower forms of vice, especially to those of the nervous, excitable temperament, increased by the falsehood and fiction involved in their profession, in seeming to be what they never were or could be, while their lives were wholly vicious, repelled me. I do not say this of all actors, I only speak of the special temptations of the profession."

His connection with the drama lasted but three

weeks. And on looking back to that period of life in after years, he expresses his gratitude to the Almighty that hindrances had been thrown in the way of accomplishing what had been a cherished design—hindrances which he regarded as mercies, because they were the means of rescuing him from probable ruin.

There is a Wesleyan tract on “The Theatre,” professedly written by one who had followed for years the business of acting on the stage. I have no means of ascertaining the accuracy of its statements, but no reason to suppose it is not substantially correct. He was successful in his undertakings, and was preserved from much dissipation; but says that many of his companions fill the drunkard’s grave, and that he dare not describe the scenes he witnessed. The manner in which he was induced to give up a lucrative engagement on the stage, is thus described:—

It chanced that, in a new play, the part of an eccentric clergyman was cast for me; and as there was a living original I determined to visit him, on some pretext or other, and study him, so that I might present my part more perfectly. One sunny day I walked to his residence; and on inquiry I found the good man was not at home, but was expected soon. As I was ushered into a side room for the purpose of waiting until he returned, a young lady was wheeled in on an invalid’s chair. I immediately arose, and was on the point of retreating; but she requested me to remain, saying that her father would return in a few minutes.

Never shall I forget the appearance of this fair girl. She could not have seen more than seventeen summers, and I was sure that the seal of death was even then stamped upon her brow. There was a beauty in her

countenance such as I had never met with before; and as with the candor of a child she soon began to converse with me, and told me out of the fulness of her heart, simply and fervently, of the arduous duties in which her father was engaged, and of the good he was daily doing, my spirit failed me. I had come for the purpose of setting forth the actions of this excellent man in the light of ridicule.

I said to her at last, being overwhelmed with confusion, and desirous of finding some excuse to leave, "Have you not been suffering from illness?"

A flash of light broke over and played along her features, as she exclaimed, "Oh, I have many months ago given up the hope of life. I have been very ill, I shall never be better than you see me now; and I so long for my heavenly home!"

There was no acting in that reverent glance upwards, the folding of the hands, the flitting tremor of the delicate lips. I felt as if a sword had cut me to the heart. The pure sweet presence smote me with a powerful conviction. I sat there, accused by the Spirit of God; and when the good old pastor returned, I told him trembling, for what I had come, and now for what I remained—Christian counsel.

This part of my experience seems so wonderful to me as I look back. I entered that old parsonage a careless, trifling, proud and wayward man; I came from it humbled, repentant, and a sincere seeker after the peace and holiness that gave to that dying girl the face of an angel.

Time passed, and found me at length no longer an actor by profession, but a minister of Christ. Gladly I gave up my lucrative employment, and became comparatively a poor man.

One day a man, who appeared to be a servant, came to my house and left a message for me. It was to the effect that a young gentleman, very ill, residing on

— street, wished to see me. I hurried to the place designated, an elegant mansion in the upper part of the city, and was ushered into a chamber, where on a luxurious couch, with all the indications of wealth surrounding him, the sufferer lay in what seemed to be a death-like sleep. A troubled, grieved, care-worn look gave to the exceedingly youthful features the emaciated appearance of age. I sat down silently by his side, thinking him unconscious, when suddenly he glanced up at me :

“ You—you—have—come,” he said, slowly, with difficulty, “ to see—the wreck you have made ! ”

The startled minister recognized in the patient before him, one whom years before he had often seen sitting in the pit at the theatre, and whose evident admiration of himself had gratified him exceedingly. He was smitten with awe and remorse now, when his former admirer told him, that thrall'd by his power, he had followed him until he was happy nowhere but in the atmosphere of the theatre, which had drained him of every good, sapped his virtue and destroyed his soul ! and that now he was going prematurely to the grave, a disgrace to his name. “ Lying here, day after day,” he said, “ I have thought of you ; how in my eager admiration I followed you, and learned to love through your enticements the stage ; and I have hated—yes, I have cursed you.”

“ I deserve it all,” was the reply of the humbled minister, “ but, oh, I cannot bear to think that you will die cursing me.” And then he endeavored to point him to the rejoicing in heaven over every sinner that repents, and to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Subsequently he learned from the mother of the young man, that before he was taken away, “ there was light before him,” and he was willing to die. Of his own feelings at that solemn interview, when listening to the reproaches of the dying man, the

writer of the tract says: "Oh, to have him die thus! Oh, to feel that his soul would be required at my hand! He the beautiful temple, prostrate in ruins through my agency. Wonder not that I say, words cannot express my agony. I prayed and wept over him as I had never wept and prayed before."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### *FAITHFULNESS.*

Prisoners at Aberdeen—Gilbert Latey—Little Scotch granite—Matthew Hale—Archbishop Ussher—An honest job—William Williams' testimony—"Seek religion now"—An awful end—Henri Heine—The infidel lecturer—Daniel Wheeler.

In Gough's History of the Quakers, mention is made of the persecutions which they suffered at Aberdeen, in Scotland, where some of those in authority were very bitter against them.

Patrick Livingstone and James Halliday, from England, in the course of a religious visit to their brethren in Scotland, came to Aberdeen, where they were apprehended and imprisoned. But they continued undauntedly to bear a testimony to the Truth, and had frequent opportunities, especially on market days, to publish their doctrine out of the prison windows, and had more hearers than they probably could have had in their own meeting-places, so that even their confinement, designed to prevent it, tended to promote the testimony they had to bear. Their experience was similar to that of the Apostle Paul, who wrote to the Philippians from Rome, "that the things which hap-

pened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel.”

The prisoners at Aberdeen, being cruelly treated and confined in narrow limits, appealed to the Commissioners of Scotland, who directed a part of them to be removed to Banff. The deputy sheriff treated them with much civility, ordering a guard to attend them thither, with directions to take their own time, whereby they had the opportunity of several religious meetings, where they had such remarkable service that some of the guard who conducted them were effectually converted to the Truth they promulgated.

Gilbert Latey was one of the early members of the Society of Friends who resided in London, where he followed the business of a tailor. Being a man of ability and great uprightness, a Divine blessing appeared to rest on his labors, and he had a large trade among persons of considerable rank and station in the world.

In the year 1654, he attended a meeting, where Edward Burrough so livingly proclaimed the truths of the Gospel that he was convinced thereby, and led to follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit as the guide of his life. He was then in a very prosperous way of business, in which he employed many journeymen to answer the calls of his employers, many of whom were persons of rank and fashion.

The power of the cross of Christ induced him to deny himself of all superfluity and needless ornaments in his own apparel, in conformity to the plainness of his profession, and the doctrine of the apostles of Christ, which was against the wearing of gold and silver and costly array.

The same principle of light and grace which had instructed him to lay aside all superfluities in his own person, instructed him further, that he could not keep up his testimony for the simplicity of the Gospel with

clearness, while he was in the practice of furnishing to others those superfluities which he had, from honest conviction of their tendency to nourish a vain mind, and their inconsistency with Christian gravity and humility, laid aside.

In order to appease his conscience, he declined to adorn any apparel with superfluous ornaments of lace, ribbons, and such like needless trimming, or to suffer his servants to do it; which occasioned many to imagine he was losing his reason. His customers left him; his trade declined. He was obliged to dismiss his journeymen for want of employment; his outward prospects were so discouraging that he did not know but that he might now be reduced to the necessity of working in the capacity of a journeyman himself, and of earning his bread by his daily labor. Yet, being thus strengthened to prefer the testimony of a good conscience to the acquisition of outward treasure, and to give up all the flattering prospects of this world for solid peace of mind, possessing his soul in patience, and submitting to be accounted a fool for Christ's sake, he experienced the kindness of Divine Providence, supporting him through his trials; so that as his outward discouragements abounded, his inward peace did much more abound; and having faithfully sought the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all things necessary for his accommodation in this life, were added to his full content.

Another incident is related of him, which shows his faithfulness to the Lord's requireing. In the year 1671, having occasion in the way of his trade to wait upon Lady Sawkell, Sir William Sawkell, her husband, who had a command in a regiment of horse, entered the room. He had a friendly respect for Gilbert, and now asked him what meeting he frequented. "The reason is," said William, "that I have orders to break up a meeting of your people at Hammersmith next Sunday

from so high a hand, that I cannot avoid executing them; and therefore I inform you, that you may refrain from coming on that day." Gilbert, notwithstanding, believing it his duty to attend Hammersmith Meeting, let William know it before they parted.

The day came. Gilbert, not reasoning with flesh and blood, attended the meeting, in which he was much favored, and as he was preaching, the troopers came, and stood for some time in silence to hear his testimony, till one of the under sort cried out, "This man will never have done, let us pull him down," and accordingly laid hands on him. The commanding officer, coming in, said "Latey, did I not tell you that I was commanded to be here to-day?" "Yes," replied Gilbert, "and did I not tell thee that I was commanded by a greater than thou to be here also?" He was taken before those in authority and fined, but was able, through his influence, to save his friends of that meeting from the sufferings designed for them.

His honest faithfulness met with an abundant reward, for in his old age he was often heard to say, "that he had done the work of his day faithfully, and was now sat down in the will of God, and his peace he felt abounding towards him; that he waited the Lord's call and time of being removed, and that there was no cloud in his way."

A few hours before his departure, he said to those about him, "There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. He is the lifter up of my head; He is my strength and great salvation."

Little children who are always true, who would "rather die than lie," are always honored. People may sometimes make fun of them, but in their secret souls they honor them and wish they were like them. The story of a true boy, which we clip from the *Manchester Times*, illustrates this:—

Burt and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely. At night, before the close of school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say "Ten," if he had not whispered during the day, he replied:—

"I have whispered."

"More than once?"

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher, sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, that night, after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"O, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I will tell ten lies in one heap?"

"O, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him.

He studied hard, played with all his might in play time, but, according to his account, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to. Yet the school-room seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Willie never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see, and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise. Well, at the end of the term, Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told that the man was general —, the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once, for the child whose name was so low on the credit list had made the truth noble in their eyes.

It is said of that upright judge, sir Matthew Hale, that he would never receive any private addresses or recommendations from the greatest persons in any matter in which justice was concerned. One of the first peers of England went once to his chamber and told him,

“That, having a suit in law to be tried before him, he was there to acquaint him with it, that he might the better understand it when it should be heard in court.” Upon which, Sir Matthew interrupted him, and said, “He did not deal fairly to come to his chamber about such affairs, for he never received any information of causes but in open court, where both parties were to be heard alike”—so he would not suffer him to go on. Whereupon the duke went away not a little dissatisfied, and complained of it to the King, as a rudeness that was not to be endured. But the King bade him content himself that he was no worse used, and said, “He verily believed he would have used himself no better, if he had gone to solicit him in any of his own causes.”

In one of his circuits, a gentleman who had a trial at the assizes had sent him a buck for his table. When he heard his name, he asked, “If he was not the same person that had sent him the venison?” And finding he was the same, he told him, “He could not suffer the trial to go on, till he had paid him for his buck.” To which the gentleman answered, “That he had never sold his venison, and that he had done nothing to him which he did not do to every judge that had gone that circuit”—which was confirmed by several gentlemen then present; but Matthew would not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid for the present. At Salisbury the Dean and Chapter, having, according to custom, presented him with six sugar loaves in his circuit, he made his servants pay for the sugar before he would try their cause.

A beautiful testimony to the unspotted life of Archbishop Ussher was borne by Bishop Burnet, who said of him, “In free and frequent conversation I had with him, for twenty-five years, I never heard him utter a word which had not a tendency to edification; and I never saw him in any other frame than that in which I wish to be found when I come to die.”

The influence which true religion exerts over a man in all the relations of life, is well shown in a conversation between two workmen, over a piece of work which one of them was doing :—

“Are you going to let that pass?” said one workman to another, a shade of surprise in his voice.

“Why not?” was the answer, “it will never be seen.”

“Would you buy the article if you knew just how it was made?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because it might give out in a year, instead of lasting five years.”

“And you are going to let that job pass, when you know that whoever buys it will be cheated?” said the fellow-workman.

“Oh, you’re more nice than wise,” returned the other, with a toss of the head. “You draw things too fine.”

“Suppose Mr. Gray, down at the store, were to sell you stuff for pants that he knew would drop to pieces in less than six months; wouldn’t you call him a swindler?”

“Perhaps I would.”

“Is there really any difference in the cases? Whoever buys this article that you are making, will be cheated out of his money. You will not deny that. As much cheated as you would be if Gray sold you rotten cloth.”

The journeyman shrugged his shoulders and arched his eyebrows.

“We must draw things fine,” resumed the other, “if we would be fair and honest. Morality has no special bearing, but applies to all men’s dealings with their fellow-men. To wrong another for gain to ourselves is dishonest. Is not that so?”

“You slight this job, that you might get it done in

a shorter time than would be possible if you made it strong in every part. Thus in order to gain a dollar or two more than honest work will give, you let an article leave your hands that will prove a cheat to the man that buys it. I tell you it is not right! We must do as we would be done by in our work, as in everything else. There are not two codes of honesty—one for shoppers and one for workmen. Whoever wrongs his neighbor out of his money, cheats him.”

The other journeyman turned away from his monitor, looked half offended and bent over his work-bench. At first he went on finishing his job; but after awhile his fellow-workman saw him take out a defective piece of wood and then remove another, which had not been properly squared and joined. Observing him still, he saw him detach a piece of wood which had simply been driven into place and which gave no real strength, and after selecting another, three or four inches longer, set it by mortise and tenon firmly into the article he was making.

All this was done at an expenditure of time not exceeding half an hour. “There,” said he, in a tone of satisfaction, speaking to his fellow-workman, “if that does not last forever it will not be my fault.”

“A good honest job,” remarked the other, “and you feel better about it than you would have done had it left your hands to cheat the purchaser out of his money?”

“Yes, I do,” the answer came frankly.

“How much more time did it cost you to do this work well?” was asked.

“Oh, not over an hour or two.”

“And the thing is worth ten dollars more to the buyer. In other words, it is a well-made article, as it should be, and will cheat nobody. Now you have done as you would be done by; have acted as a Christian man should.”

“Oh, as to that, I don’t profess to be a Christian,” said the other; “I’m no hypocrite.”

“A Christian profession is one thing and a Christian life another,” answered the fellow-workman. “All professors are not Christians. Religion is a thing of daily life, and unless it comes down into a man’s work and business, it is not worth a copper. No amount of church-going or praying or singing will save a man, if he is not honest in his dealings. He must do as he would be done by—must begin just as you have begun—by refusing to wrong his neighbor, though tempted to do so that he may get an advantage for himself.”

“A new kind of religion that,” remarked the journeyman.

“As old as Christianity,” said the other, “and the only kind that will save men. ‘As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.’ He who said this knew all about it. And I am sure that if we begin to be just to our neighbor, to try all things, to do as we would be done by, our feet will have entered the way that leads Heavenward—and though we may be a long way from that happy country, if we keep walking on, we shall surely get there in the end.”

The account of the closing days of William Williams, of Tennessee, contains much encouragement to continue faithful to the Lord’s cause.

His last journey was to part of the meetings of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, in 1823. His health soon after further declined. During the remainder of his time he was mostly confined to his chamber and bed, and quietly ended his days in the Eighth month of 1824. The concluding entries of his Journal are as follows:—

After my return home, I enjoyed great inward peace of mind, and often felt that my travels and vocal labors were drawing to a close; that my day's work had been done in the day time, and that if the night is approaching I feel resigned.

In a few weeks after my return home, I was taken apparently with a great cold, and very hard cough, which soon confined me to my chamber, and pretty much to my bed. After being long confined; my mind became impressed to write as follows:—

It is well known to many on this continent, that I have lived an active life, in which I have not believed, nor followed cunningly devised fables, neither the rudiments of men, nor human reason alone; but have believed in the doctrines of the glorious Gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as they stand recorded in the Scriptures of Truth, and not only because they stand there, but because the Spirit of God bore witness with my spirit, that these things were true.

This doctrine I have believed from a child, and when I became obedient to the manifestations of Divine grace in my own breast, given to me, (and not to me alone, but to all men,) to profit withal, I was called upon to publish the same to mankind, which call I obeyed, conferring not with flesh and blood, but trusting in his Divine promise, "that He would be with his followers to the end of the world." This promise I have found fulfilled; so that through his Divine aid, I have been enabled to go forth amongst all classes, and to publish this, his Gospel, in large and mixed assemblies, where there were various states: the power accompanying the word; so that the mouths of the gainsayers were stopped, and the minds of the unbelievers shaken. In these close exercises no one dared openly oppose me, but the unbelievers often talked behind my back, call-

ing me a liar, and a fool, and saying that I would alter my mind before I died.

Now, as I have been confined fifteen months to my chamber and bed, wherein I have had full opportunity to consider, and reconsider these things, and feeling that my close is drawing near, for the comfort of my well-wishers everywhere, and for the stopping of the mouths of gainsayers, I give this forth as my last testimony to the glorious Gospel, that my faith hath in my silent meditation, become more and more strengthened in God, in his Son, Jesus Christ, and in his glorious Gospel. I have become deeply exercised from day to day, on account of the disobedient and unbelieving, seeing the awful situation that they are in, and will unavoidably centre in, if they do not return, repent, and live. "*Verily, there is a reward for the righteous, verily, there is a God that judgeth!*"

Now, to the glory, honor, and dignity of that God, in whom I have believed, be it ascribed that I feel no condemnation, but that my soul is enabled to say, "oh death, where is thy sting! oh grave! where is thy victory!" and this, not in the *dark*, but under the influence of the inshining *light* of the glorious Gospel, wherein I may say, that I feel many who have seen and heard me, very near to my best life; hoping that we shall ere long, meet in the mansion of eternal peace.

An awful contrast to such a condition of mind is found in the state of those, who have refused to listen to the calls of the Lord, and rejected his pleadings in the day of their visitation.

The following impressive narrative, we met with many years ago, and more recently in one of the publications of the American Tract Society, from which what follows has been taken. It exemplifies in a striking manner the danger of putting off for "a more con-

venient season," the great work of religion. Such foolish persons do not sufficiently consider, that it is only when Divine help is extended that they can take any step in the way of salvation; and that they cannot command a fresh visitation of the Grace of God, but are entirely dependent on the Lord's goodness and mercy.

"My children," said the old man, "the words of your dying father will be few. I wish them to sink deep into your hearts." Then raising himself a little in his bed, with a degree of strength which he had not been able to command for several of the last weeks of his sickness, he proceeded:

"When young, I enjoyed religious privileges, and was the subject of occasional serious reflection. When just entering my sixteenth year, religious impressions were made on my mind with unusual force. I seemed to hear a voice continually saying to me, *Seek religion now*. I was unhappy; my former amusements lost their relish. Still I was not willing wholly to relinquish them, and obey the voice which urged me to seek religion immediately. One day, after much reflection, I deliberately promised to God, that, as soon as the season of youthful amusements was past, I would give myself to religious pursuits. My anxieties immediately left me; I returned to my amusement, and the whole subject was soon forgotten.

"When at twenty-five, the monitory voice returned, reminded me of my promise, and again pressed upon me the importance of eternal things. Though I had not thought of my promise for years, I acknowledged its obligations, but an immediate fulfilment seemed more impracticable than it did nine years before. I vowed with increased solemnity, that, when the cares

of a rising family should subside, I would certainly attend to the concerns of religion.

“Again I applied myself to worldly avocations, and soon buried all thoughts of the admonition I had received. At fifty, when you, my children, were diminishing instead of increasing my cares, this heavenly monitor returned. ‘Fulfil your promise, *seek religion now,*’ was continually pressing upon my mind. I knew that I had made such a promise, but I felt dissatisfied that its fulfilment should be claimed so soon. I regretted that I had not attended to the subject before, when I could have done it with less difficulty; but such was the extent and pressure of my business, that to do it then seemed impossible. The subject made me unhappy, and, after much deliberation, I sought relief to my troubled feelings by most solemnly renewing my promise to God. I said, when the pressure of my business is past, I will devote my whole attention to a preparation for eternity.

“No sooner had I fixed my mind on this course, than my anxieties left me; the strivings of the Spirit ceased in my bosom, and ceased for ever. When sickness warned me of approaching death, I sought to fix my feelings on this subject, but it was in vain. There was a gloom and terror drawn around religion, at which my soul shuddered. I felt that I was forsaken of God, but it did not move me. I had no love to God, no repentance for sin, nor wish to forsake it. I felt nothing but the sullen gloom of despair. I knew I was in the hands of a justly offended God, from whom I expected no mercy, and could ask none. With these feelings I am now about to enter the eternal world. To you, my children, I can only say, Profit by my example: quench not the Spirit; seek religion now, if you would avoid a miserable eternity; put not off the concerns of your soul till”——. The sentence died upon his lips; his strength, which had been all sum-

moned to make this last effort, suddenly failed; he fell back upon his bed, and with a groan that seemed to speak the pains of another world, the immortal spirit took its flight from that body which it had inhabited nearly fourscore years, to receive according to that it had done.

In the life of John G. Paton, who afterwards spent many years laboring among the inhabitants of the New Hebrides, an account is given of an infidel whose wife was a Roman Catholic, who became unwell and gradually sank under great suffering and agony. His blasphemies against God were known and shuddered at by all the neighbors. J. G. Paton says:—

His wife plead with me to visit him. She refused, at my suggestion, to call her own priest, so I accompanied her at last. The man refused to hear one word about spiritual things, when I mentioned the name of Jesus. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him!" There is a wisdom which is at best earthly, and at worst "sensual and devilish." His wife asked me to take care of the little money they had, as she would not entrust it to her own priest. I visited the poor man daily, but his enmity to God and his sufferings together seemed to drive him mad. His yells gathered crowds on the street. He tore to pieces his very bed-clothes, till they had to bind him on the iron bed where he lay, foaming and blaspheming. Towards the end I plead with him even then to look to the Lord Jesus, and asked if I might pray with him? With all his remaining strength he shouted at me—

"Pray for me to the devil!"

Reminding him how he had always denied that there was any devil, I suggested that he must surely believe

in one now, else he would scarcely make such a request, even in mockery. In great rage he cried—

“Yes, I believe there is a devil, and a God, and a just God, too, but I have hated Him in life, and I hate Him in death!”

With these awful words, he entered into eternity, but his shocking death produced a very serious impression for good, especially amongst young men, in the district where his character was known.

How much more cheering is the case of Henri Heine, who had been one of the most skeptical and cynical writers of his age. He passed through terrible torments caused by disease of the spinal marrow.

One day, as a friend was calling upon him, he said:—

If I could only walk on crutches, do you know where I would go?

No.

Straight to the church.

You jest.

No, no; straight to the church.

His illness continued, and this is the narrative of another of his friends, who visited him some years later, in 1849:—

I found Heine in Paris, but in what a state! He was lying on a mattress spread upon the floor. The poor man was almost wholly blind, and his body was a prey to the most poignant anguish; his withered arms stretched lifeless by his side; his disease incurable. His back, burned in spots by the surgeons, was one sore. He seemed the very picture of pain; and yet his fair and noble visage had a strange aspect of peace and submission. He talked of his sufferings as if they were those of another. For a time I could not under-

stand so much peace and resignation in the midst of such an experience, especially in the case of one who had declared himself an atheist.

He was not long in giving me the explanation. A smile upon his lips, he described to me yet further the dreadful sufferings he endured, and after having said that he should never get better, he proceeded in that steady and powerful voice which still remained despite his utter weakness :

“ My friend, believe me, it is Henri Heine who tells you so, after having reflected on it for years, and after having reconsidered and maturely weighed what has been written upon this subject by men of all sorts, believe me, I have reached the conclusion that there is a God who judges our conduct, that the soul is immortal, and that after this life there is another, when the good are rewarded and the wicked punished. Yes, this is what Henri Heine says, who has so often denied the Holy Ghost. If ever you have doubted these grand truths, fling from you these doubts, and learn by my example that nothing but simple faith in God’s mercy can sustain, without repining, atrocious pains. Without that faith, convinced as I am that my bodily state is desperate, I should long since have put an end to my days.”

Profoundly moved, I seized his hand. He went on :

“ There are fools, who, having passed their lives in skepticism and mistake, and denied God in their words and acts, have not courage to own that they were wholly deceived ; as for me, I feel compelled to declare that it is a cursed falsehood which long made me blind. Only at present I see clearly ; and any man who knows me must confess that it is not because my faculties have become weak, for never was my mind more clear and strong than it is this moment.”

John G. Paton tells us in his life, of an infidel lec-

turer, residing in his district, who became very ill. He says:—"His wife called me in to visit him. I found him possessed of a circulating library of infidel books, by which he sought to pervert unwary minds.

"Though he had talked and lectured much against the Gospel, he did not at all really understand its message. He had read the Bible, but only to find food for ridicule. Now supposed to be dying, he confessed that his mind was full of terror as to the future. After several visits and frequent conversations and prayers, he became genuinely and deeply interested, drank in God's message of salvation, and cried aloud with many tears for pardon and peace. He bitterly lamented the evil he had done, and called in all the infidel literature that he had in circulation, with the purpose of destroying it. He began to speak solemnly to any of his old companions that came to see him, telling them what he had found in the Lord Jesus. At his request I bought and brought to him a Bible, which he received with great joy, saying, 'This is the book for me now;' and adding, 'Since you were here last, I gathered together all my infidel books, my wife locked the door, till she and my daughter tore them to pieces, and I struck the light that reduced the pile to ashes.'

"As long as he lived this man was unwearied and unflinching in testifying, to all that crossed his path, how much Jesus Christ had been to his heart and soul; and he died in possession of a full and blessed hope."

The Memoirs which Daniel Wheeler has preserved of his own life, contain an interesting illustration of the danger of concluding, that because a person is willing to die, it is sufficient proof that he has passed through that spiritual change which is necessary to prepare him for happiness hereafter.

During the days of his estrangement from God, he

had enlisted in the British army, and was sent about the year 1794, with a detachment of troops to Holland, to operate against the French, with whom England was then at war. The English forces were inferior in number to the French and were forced to retreat before them under the most distressing circumstances. They were often poorly supplied with shelter and provisions; and in addition to those who were killed in battles and skirmishes, many perished through exposure and from a peculiar fatal form of typhus fever which attacked the disheartened troops. Daniel Wheeler gives a pathetic account of his own sufferings from fatigue and sickness. The retreating army had reached the town of Nimeguen, where they were crossing River Waal on a floating bridge, amid frequent interruptions caused by the fire of the French upon it. When his own regiment came in sight of the bridge, his gradually increasing illness became so severe that he was unable to proceed, and leaving the ranks, leaned against the wall of a house. As he beheld the last of the rear of the regiment pass and leave him behind, there seemed no hope left, but, he says, "in adorable mercy, my gracious Lord was pleased to put into the hearts of some of the regiment to send two of the men back to endeavor to find me out, and render every assistance in their power." These men placed him in charge of a picket of cavalry, which was left to cover the retreat of the army through the city; and in the morning he was placed on board a vessel provided for the reception of the sick and disabled. In two or three days they reached the town of Rhenin, close to the bank of the Rhine, and he was transferred to an old monastery that had been fitted up for a hospital.

Whilst in this hospital, he says, "I was brought so near the brink of the grave, that, to all appearance, no alteration for the better could be expected. I am not aware that I had even a wish to live; but my mind

was so reconciled to the prospect of death, which then seemed near and inevitable, that I had given my watch into the hands of an acquaintance, with a request, that he would inform my family where I had ended my days. Indeed, when some expectation of recovery was at last held out, I could not help looking forward with a feeling of regret, to the probability of having to encounter the series of hardships and distress to which I should unavoidably be subjected."

Many years after, in commenting on his feelings at this time, Daniel Wheeler makes the following instructive remarks: "I cannot avoid adverting to that period of my illness, when my mind felt so reconciled to the prospect of death, as before mentioned; and I now fully believe from what I have since been mercifully favored to experience, that so far from being in any degree prepared for such an awful event, a deceptive feeling must have been superinduced by the state of torpor and insensibility in which I then was, and which totally benumbed any better feelings and desires as to the future. To this may be added a predominating fear of having to endure more of those sufferings, of which I had no small share; which, the probability of being again restored to health seemed to banish every hope of escaping. Truly awful is the thought which this view of my then lost condition occasions. And yet, when my end was apparently so near and inevitable, if such questions as are frequently proposed on the like occasions had been put to me, I have little doubt but satisfactory answers would have been returned, as to my belief and hope in the essential truths of the Gospel. But alas! this would have been from hearsay and traditional report, and not from any heart-felt saving knowledge of my own; for it is now plain to my understanding, that no man can have saving faith in Jesus Christ, who is unacquainted with, and does not walk in the light of that Divine Spirit, which is so

justly styled the Spirit of faith. It is through this alone, that the death and sufferings of Christ and his whole sacrifice for sin are availing, and truly applied to all those, who through faith lay hold of Him, the true Light and Saviour of them that believe in his inward and spiritual appearance." "A man may yield an assent to all the great and solemn truths of Christianity; the miraculous birth, holy life, cruel sufferings, ignominious death, and glorious resurrection and ascension of our blessed Redeemer; he may believe, in the abstract, in his inward spiritual appearance in the hearts of mankind by his Holy Spirit; and yet he may fall short of the prize immortal,—unless he comes to witness the saving operations of the Holy Spirit in his own heart, and to know thereby, through faith in it, a purifying preparation for the kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

The deceptive quiet which is sometimes the result of the benumbing of the faculties on the approach of death, and of which Daniel Wheeler speaks, is no more an evidence of the peace and favor of God than is the anxious concern which at others covers the mind at this solemn season, a proof of the Divine displeasure. The previous course of life furnishes much more reliable ground for confidence as to the state of preparation for futurity, than do the words of those whose faculties may be weakened by disease, or by the decay of nature. Yet even those who have lived godly and upright lives are often led to review the ground on which they are building their hopes, and made sensible, as expressed in his last hours by that dedicated minister, Samuel Emlen, that "it is a serious thing to die."

## CHAPTER IX.

*ILLUSTRATIONS.*

“Going up or down?”—Electric light—The wounded ducks—Brahmin and the Microscope—Evil imagination—The Bulgarian student—Instructive hints—Choosing—Lady sunshine—Settling differences—Daily duties—The skeptic’s creed—Poor Nancy—“Is my case ready?”—Trying to save too much—Blessing of adversity—Faith in the pilot.

There are many incidents of apparently little importance that may be converted into means of instruction. In some of these cases it is safe to say that the Spirit of Christ uses them as means of warning, or awakening the soul that is too thoughtless about the great object of life : A preparation for eternity.

A writer in one of our periodicals says :—

Recently I was on a street car, when it occurred to me that I was going in the wrong direction. Asking the conductor whether I was going up or down, he replied, “You are going down.” As I wanted to go up-town instead of down-town, I left the car immediately, and took one that was going up. The question was one that seemed to echo itself, “Am I going up or down?” There is more than one kind of travelling—there is a thought travel. Are our thoughts taking us down or up? It strikes me these days that a good many people are on the wrong car. I was in a comfortable seat, only I was going down instead of up. Spiritual travel is of the utmost importance. We first want to settle where we want to go. Surely we want to go on unto perfection. Then we ought to make sure we are on the right road.

Another describes interestingly the lesson taught by an incandescent light :—

Sitting at the door, resting, and slowly recovering from a serious illness, I learned this lesson. Just opposite, on the other corner, was an incandescent light. As the evening came on, all became dark. But, by and by, there was a slight indication of light, but of no value, but, as I kept watching, that invisible carbon in that little glass bulb began to grow brighter, and in a few minutes there was a white, beautiful light, as clear as though it was a stray beam direct from the sun itself, and the traveller found his pathway lightened as he went homeward. Well, no hand touched that fine carbon wire, but away off there was a dynamo, made up of steel and iron, of copper and wire; near by was an engine, and the globes in that dynamo were made to revolve with great speed. From that dynamo there stretched a single wire, away up above the house-tops. But what of all this? That engine was hard metal! That dynamo had no light! That wire was dull and inanimate. But from that dynamo there was struck a spark! That mysterious, secret, unseen agency we call electricity! Along the wire it sped and touched that invisible carbon, and a new power was imparted, and it blazed with brightness and beauty.

Thus I have seen a man, steeped in sin, the invisible soul dark, the mind clouded, neither light nor usefulness in all the life! But as we watch him, we see a change. He becomes clean in his habits; his life is different—attractive, where it had been repulsive. He goes in other company; his words are purer; at home he is kind where formerly he was cruel. He was previously avoided; now his company is sought. He becomes an example instead of a cause of reproach. All is changed. The very same man, the very same mind, the very same living soul! What could have produced this wonderful transformation?

A strange, unseen, mysterious power touched that man. The "Holy Spirit" we call it. That principle of life reached that mind, and that soul. At first it was but a glimmer, outwardly at least. But that mighty power is making its influence felt, and the man becomes a new creature. Where there was mental darkness, spiritual blindness and cruelty, there is light, sight and love. All see the marvellous change.

The *Presbyterian Herald* relates the following anecdote, told by Dr. Miller, of Princeton, which he used in his lectures to illustrate some point in his teachings:—

A celebrated judge in Virginia was, in his earlier years, skeptical as to the truth of the Bible, and especially as to the reality of experimental religion. He had a favorite servant, who accompanied him in his travels around his circuit. As they passed from court-house to court-house, they frequently conversed on the subject of religion, the servant Harry venturing at times to remonstrate with his master against his infidelity.

As the judge had confidence in Harry's honesty and sincerity, he asked him a great many questions, as to how he felt and what he thought on various points. Amongst other things, Harry told his master that he was very often sorely tempted and tried by the devil. The judge asked Harry to explain to him how it happened that the devil attacked him (Harry), who was so pious a man, so sorely, whilst he allowed himself, who was an infidel and a sinner, to pass unnoticed and untempted. Harry asked, "Are you right sure, master, that he does let you pass without troubling you?" "Certainly I am," replied the judge; "I have no dealings with him at all. I do not even so much as know that there is any such being in existence, as the devil. If there is any such being, he never troubles me."

“Well,” said Harry, “I know that there is a devil, and that he tries me sorely at times.”

A day or two afterwards, when the judge had gotten through his docket, he concluded to go on a hunt for wild ducks on one of the streams which lay across his road homeward. Harry accompanied him. As they approached the river they espied a flock of ducks quietly floating on its surface. The judge stealthily crept up the bank and fired upon them, killing two or three and wounding as many others. He at once threw down his gun and made strenuous efforts with the aid of clubs and stones to secure the wounded ducks, whilst he permitted the dead ones to float on, for a time, unnoticed by him.

Harry, as he sat on the seat of the carriage, watched his master's movements with deep interest, and when he returned said to him, “Massa, whilst you was a splashin' in de water after dem wounded ducks, and lettin' de dead ones float on, it jist come into my mind why it is dat de debil troubles me so much, whilst he lets you alone. You are like the dead ducks; he's sure he's got you safe. I'm like the wounded ones, trying to get away from him, and he's afraid I'll do it, so he makes all de fuss after me, and jist lets you float on down the stream. He knows he can get you any time; but he knows its now or never wid me. If you were to begin to flutter a little, and shows signs like you were going to get away from him, he would make jist as big a splashin' after you as he done after me.”

The illustration struck the learned judge with great force, and led him to investigate the grounds of his skepticism, and through Harry's instrumentality, he was finally brought to sit with him at the feet of Jesus, and learn of Him.

The illustration is a homely one, but it sets forth a great truth in the experience of those who have set out in the Christian course. They must expect to be as-

sailed by satan as they were never before. If he fails in causing their fall by the use of one form of temptation, he will try another.

A Brahmin in India, whose religion strictly prohibits him from eating any animal food, or from taking away the life of any living creature for that end, was shown one day by means of a microscope that the vegetable food he was eating was full of minute little insects, so that he crushed whole swarms of them at every mouthful. The microscope made this too plain for even a Brahmin to doubt or argue against; what then could he do? Alarmed at his position, and finding no other way left by which he could escape from the evidence of his very senses—evidence that went to prove him defiled by the horrid sin of taking animal life every time he took food, in spite of all his religion—he flung from him the microscope, and broke it into a hundred pieces! And now he could eat on in quiet.

Young people, have you ever *broken the microscope*? When sin has been pointed out to you; when you have been shown that your heart is full of enmity to God the Father, and to the Beloved Son, and the Spirit of Grace, have you not often risen up and thrust the disagreeable conviction away by rushing off to some amusement? Was not this “breaking the microscope?” When shown your danger of hell—eternal hell—have you not often sought to put aside the consideration of the subject rather than to settle the question honestly? Were *you* not the Brahmin that broke the microscope?

When troubled by the haunting thought, “I am still out of Christ, and so not safe,” how often have you made your escape by *forgetting* the God with whom you have to do? When forced to admit that you had none of the marks of real conversion, how many times have you put aside the Bible, or a text of the Bible, or the

words of a friend, or the book that flashed in that unpleasant conviction? Was not this "breaking the microscope?"

You have been reproved for neglect of duty, and could not defend yourself. You felt it too true that you had not been attentive to your lessons, to the will of your parents, to the directions of your teacher. But still—you disliked this feeling, and determined to get quit of it. How? By *breaking the microscope that showed your fault*—by putting out of mind and memory what had been pressed upon your consideration and had galled your conscience.

I met a man some days ago who said to me he had so injured certain nerves of his eyes—according to the instruction of a prominent oculist, by excessive smoking of tobacco—that there was continually before his sight a small black speck, which lit upon everything he beheld. If he looked at the bright sun, or fair moon, or beautiful landscape, or white lily, or into the face of any man, woman or child, there was the ugly, deteriorating, black spot caused by his defective vision. It mattered not at what or whomsoever he gazed, the first thing to attract his thought was this black spot. I could but think while listening to the sadly afflicted man, oh, how many there are, who, by an excessive use of an evil imagination, have so weakened and, in many cases, entirely destroyed the sensitive organ of moral perception, that now they can scarcely look upon anything God has made, no matter how fair and sacred and holy, without beholding at the same time some black spot which mars for them the fair design. Let one allow the thoughts to dwell frequently on that which is evil, the imagination to revel amid scenes that are impure and unholy, and ere long the vision of the soul will become so diseased and unable to see aright, that it will be far beyond the skill and power of any

human being to restore it to what it was in the days of innocent childhood. Only by applying to the divine Physician and continuing to anoint the eyes with the eye-salve He has prescribed, can a perfect cure be effected.

F. E. Loring, in *The Independent*, gives a lively and interesting account of the efforts used by a poor Bulgarian peasant boy to obtain an education. His home was a little hut made of mud and stones; and his father was so poor he could hardly get food enough for his large family. Their clothes cost little, as they all wore sheep-skins, made up with the wool outside. He was a bright, ambitious boy, with a great desire for study. And when he heard of Robert College at Constantinople, he determined to go there. So he told his father one day, when they were away together tending sheep, that he had decided to go to college. The poor shepherd looked at his son in amazement, and said:—

“You can’t go to college; it’s all I can do to feed you children; I can’t give you a piastre.”

“I don’t want a piastre,” the boy replied; “but I do want to go to college.”

“Besides,” the shepherd continued, “you can’t go to college in sheep-skins.”

But he had made up his mind, and he went—in sheep-skins and without a piastre. It was a weary march of a hundred and fifty miles to Constantinople, but the boy was willing to do anything for an education. He found kind friends all along the way, who gave him food and shelter at night. So he trudged sturdily on day after day until he reached Constantinople. As he was not one to let the grass grow under his feet, he soon found his way to the college, went into the kitchen and inquired for the President.

He asked for work; but the President kindly told him there was none, and that he must go away. "Oh, no," the boy said, "I can't do that. I didn't come here to go away." When the President insisted, his answer was the same: "I didn't come here to go away."

He had no idea of giving up. "The King of France, with forty thousand men went up a hill, and so came down again;" but it was no part of his plan to go marching home again. And three hours later the President saw him in the yard patiently waiting.

Some of the students advised him to see Professor Long. "He knows all about you Bulgarian fellows." The Professor, like the President, said there was no work for him and he had better go away. But he bravely stuck to his text: "I didn't come here to go away."

The boy's courage and perseverance pleased the Professor so much that he urged the President to give him a trial. So it was decided that he should take care of the fires. That meant carrying wood, and a great deal of it, up three or four flights of stairs, taking away the ashes, and keeping all the things neat and in order.

The President thought he would soon get tired of such hard work. But a boy who had walked a hundred and fifty miles for the sake of an education, and was not ashamed to go to college in sheep-skins and without a piastre, would not be easily discouraged.

After a few days, as he showed no signs of "weakening," the President went to him and said: "My poor boy, you cannot stay here this winter. This room is not comfortable, and I have no other to give you."

"Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied," he replied. "It's the best room I ever had in my life. I didn't come here to go away."

Evidently there was no getting rid of him, and he was allowed to stay.

After he gained his point he settled down to business, and asked some of the students to help him with his lessons in the evenings. They formed a syndicate of six. That was good old Dr. Hamlin's way, so none of the boys found it a burden to help him one evening in a week. It was a success on both sides; the boys were patient and kind, and the newcomer was as painstaking and persevering in his lessons as in other things, so that he made great progress.

After some weeks he asked to be examined to enter the preparatory class.

"Do you expect," asked the President, "to compete with those boys who have many weeks the start of you? And," he continued, "you can't go into class in sheepskins, all the boys would cry 'baa.'"

"Yes, sir, I know," he said "but the boys have promised to help me out. One will give me a coat, another a trousers, and so on."

Nothing could keep back a boy like that, who overcame all the obstacles in his way.

After the examination, the President said to Professor Long:

"Can that boy get into that class?"

"Yes," was the reply. "But that class can't get into that boy."

It was not all plain sailing yet. Although he had passed the examination he had no money, and the rules of the college required each student to pay two hundred dollars a year. That was a question in mathematics that puzzled the good President.

"I wish," said Professor Long, "that the college would hire this boy to help me in the laboratory and give him a hundred dollars a year. He has proved himself very deft and neat in helping me there,

and it would give me much more time for other things.”

So he became the Professor's assistant, and was perfectly delighted with his good fortune. But where was the other hundred coming from?

President Washburn sent an account of his poverty and great desire for an education, to Dr. Hamlin, the ex-President of Robert College, who was in America. The Doctor told the story to a friend one day, and she was so much interested that she said:

“I would like to give the other hundred.”

And that's the way he gained the wish of his heart.

He proved the truth of the old saying, that “where there is a will there is a way.” But his way was so hedged in that no boy without a strong will and great perseverance would have found it.

Of course such a boy would succeed. To-day he is head master of one of the schools in his own country.

C. H. Spurgeon, says:—by keeping our eyes open, and judging things upon Scriptural principles, we may often be forewarned in our dealings with certain characters. One man cannot see further into a mill-stone than another, and yet shrewdness sees where the ordinary observer is in the dark. A prudent man, with the fear of God before his eyes, is almost a prophet. Two or three instances are before our mind at this moment.

A friend met the deacon of a church in the street—a man whom he much esteemed. The aforesaid deacon begged the loan of one hundred pounds, and the friend would have lent it to him with pleasure; but in the course of conversation the deacon observed, “Other people might rob you; but you know me as an old pilgrim. I am, I trust, quite past temptation.” The

money was refused, for the friend said to himself, "Past temptation? Past temptation? Why he must be quite ignorant of his own heart. He must surely be a hypocrite." And so he was. He knew that he was hopelessly involved even when he was seeking a loan from one who could not afford to lose the money; before that day was over he had failed.

A man who stood high in the city observed, with great satisfaction, that he had in a single morning cleared thirty thousand pounds by a speculation. A brother merchant remarked that he ought to be very grateful to Providence for such good fortune; whereupon the successful merchant snapped his fingers, and said, "Providence! pooh! that for Providence! I can do a deal better for myself than Providence can ever do for me." He who heard the observation walked away, and resolved never to deal with such a man again except upon cash principles, for he felt sure that a crash would come sooner or later. Great was the indignation of the man who stood high in the city when he was told, "If you and I are to have dealings it must be on strictly ready-money terms." He was insulted; he would not endure it; he would go to another house. That other house welcomed his custom, and in due time it was repaid by losing many thousands.

A patient put himself under a surgeon's care for professional examination and treatment. He says, to begin with: "I hope you won't hurt me, Doctor." The surgeon's answer is: "But what if I can't help you without hurting you?" "Oh! then you must hurt me; for I want to be helped even if I have to be hurt in the helping." *There* is choosing, yet not choosing; choosing relief from pain, if relief be safe as well as practicable, but not choosing relief from pain if pain be a necessity, as a means to a permanent cure. And if

this be so in our trust of an earthly counsellor, wherever our bodily health or our mortal life is involved, why should it not be the same in our trust of an all-wise and an all-loving Father, wherever our material as well as our spiritual interests are involved—beyond our limits of knowledge, even though not beyond our limits of longing! We wish for freedom from poverty; but what if poverty be best for us? We wish for full health; but what if sickness be to our advantage? We wish for love or friendship, for favor or renown; but what if desolateness and disfavor be the only state in which we can gain and grow in the likeness of God, and into the possibilities of his highest plans in our behalf? We wish for the prolonged life of one dearer to us than life; but what if God sees it to be better for that dear one, and for ourselves, that death should now intervene between us and that one so dear? We wish for an end to this endless struggle of unsatisfied desire; but what if, in God's sight, our safety and our hope are dependent on our struggling unceasingly? Dare we choose as to these things, even though our human hearts *do* choose in them, each and all, continually? We choose, yet do not choose. God knows the choice of our longing natures, and God knows also the choice of our heart of hearts, below our innermost human nature.

It had been one of those days on which everything goes contrary, and I had come home tired and discouraged. As I sank into a chair I groaned, "Everything looks dark, dark, dark!" "Why don't you turn your face to the light, auntie dear?" said my little niece who was standing unperceived beside me.

"Turn your face to the light!" The words set me thinking. That was just what I had not been doing. I had persistently kept my face in the opposite direction, refusing to see the faintest glimmer of brightness.

Artless little comforter! She did not know what healing she had brought. Years have gone by since then, but the simple words have never been forgotten.

*The Independent* of Twelfth Month 10th, 1885, contained a notice of the late Judge Foster, of Connecticut, at one time Senator of the United States, and Vice-President on the death of President Lincoln. In this it was told how he once settled a dispute; and the account shows that he was entitled to the blessing pronounced upon the peacemakers. It says:—

We heard it lately stated of him that while on the bench in Connecticut, a few years before his death, a case of great importance came before him on appeal at a session of the Court at Bridgeport. Two brothers had been in a bitter quarrel for years. At last they came to blows, which were to end in a double law suit. Each seemed to be filled full of hatred of the other, and each was determined to fight the battle out in a public court-room to the bitter end, no matter how much time and money might be consumed. The day came for trial, the court-room was crowded, and the contest promised to be a very bitter and a very angry one, which would disgrace both parties, lawyers included. Friends were present on both sides, and the excitement was intense. Judge Foster was deeply moved by this troublesome case. He knew enough about it to believe that both of the brothers had done wrong; were, perhaps, equally guilty, and that any decision in the courts, however just, would not settle the case at all. Judge Foster in thinking the matter over, felt it to be his duty to try and settle the case with the parties out of court, and he immediately invited the two brothers to come before him privately. He kindly and fairly presented the case from both legal and Christian standpoint. He told them plainly they

were both in the wrong, and were doing a foolish and an un-christian act in going into court with such a case. He appealed to them to settle it then and there; to forgive each other, and resolve to live in peace and brotherly affection the rest of their lives. The Judge then, in most touching and impressive language, called upon them both, then and there, to cease this unseemly contest. He then, as if divinely inspired, turned and said: "Will you Mr. —, now promise to forgive and forget the past, and love your brother and treat him kindly the remainder of your life?" His immediate response was: "I will." Then turning to the other brother, Judge Foster said, with tears of joy in his eyes: "Will you, Mr. —, do the same?" His answer was: "I will." "Now," said the Judge, "shake hands." They did so; and thus the great quarrel was happily ended.

*The Independent* adds:—"There are thousands of similar cases—if not as bad, which ought to be settled before these closing days of another year have passed away. Act now; death on one side or the other may come to prevent forever the performance of such an imperative duty."

A somewhat different yet an effective way, of settling a difference, was taken by a Friend, R. Tabor, of New England, to whom two of his neighbors applied, telling him they had agreed to refer to him a difference in their settlement of their accounts with each other. To his query how much the difference was, the claimant replied fifty cents. "Is that all?" he asked of the supposed debtor; who answered in the affirmative. R. then took that amount from his pocket and said, "I am too busy to-day to be hindered for a matter of fifty cents;" and, handing it to the claimant, added, "There take that, and do you go home and attend to your business; and I will to mine." He took the change and they departed.

The anecdote is told of the excellent Cecil, that calling one day, to see one of his parishioners, a blacksmith, who was diligently at work in his shop, the latter began to apologize for his appearance, and that he was not suitably dressed to receive his pastor, when Cecil pleasantly, but seriously stopped his apologies by saying, "May the Lord, when He comes, find me, as I find you, diligent and busy with your appropriate work."

And when a lady once said to Wesley, "Suppose you knew you were to die at two o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" he replied, "Why, just as I intend to spend it now."

And so when the celebrated dark-day came over New England, in 1780, and when it was proposed that the Legislature of Connecticut should adjourn because they thought the Day of Judgment was approaching, the memorable reply of good old Abraham Davenport, was, "If the Day of Judgment is *not* approaching there is no reason for adjournment; and if it *is*, I choose to be found doing my duty, so bring in the candles!"

"I don't believe in a personal God," remarked a skeptic to R. F. Jones, a Welsh Presbyterian minister, who was a fellow-traveller in a railroad train between Toledo and Cleveland some time ago.

"Why not?" asked the minister.

"Because I can't see Him. His existence is not demonstrable, capable of proof like facts of science."

The minister asked, "Don't you believe that you are alive, and that I am alive?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Why do you believe it?"

"Because I can see you move."

"Well," said the minister, "the locomotive that is drawing this train also moves—is it alive?"

"No," he answered, "but the engineer who runs it is alive."

“Please tell me,” said the minister, “whether the engineer is a part of the machinery or a living person.”

“He is a living person,” replied the skeptic

“Now sir,” retorted the minister, “consistency is a jewel—please tell me why you attribute the movement of the locomotive to a living person, but deny that God, who sets the universe in motion, is a living *person*?”

He could not answer. Silenced on this argument he branched off into another objection against Christianity.

“What I hate,” said he, “in orthodoxy is this eternal talk about creed, creed, creed, thrust upon us everywhere and at all times.”

“What do you mean by a man’s creed?” asked his opponent.

“I understand by a creed that which a man believes.”

“Well, sir,” rejoined the minister, “you have as much creed as I have. I believe there is a personal God; you believe the opposite doctrine. I believe in the incarnation of the Son of God for our redemption; you believe the opposite. I believe in the fallen estate of man; you believe the opposite. What difference is there in the bulk of our creed, only that I believe one side of the question and you believe the other? Now, sir, when we come to that point you have just as much creed on your side as I have on mine; but you want the right to advocate your sentiments, but wish to deny me the right on my side.”

He was silenced again.

“But,” said the skeptic, resuming the attack by another argument, common at this day, “Christianity is not capable of scientific demonstration. When we take the sciences all truths are capable of demonstration by experiments which prove them. You can put them to the test. I take peculiar pleasure in the study of chemistry. Its propositions are plain and capable of

proof by facts and experiments which appeal to the senses."

"You have studied chemistry, have you?" inquired the minister.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"Well," resumed the minister, "if you are a student of chemistry you are acquainted with the fact that charcoal, coal and the diamond are the same in their molecules—namely carbon. Now can you take a molecule out of the charcoal and put it into the diamond and get a perfect thing of it?"

He acknowledged he could not.

"Where, then," said the minister, "is your demonstration in chemistry? But so far as Christianity is concerned your objection is not valid, for it is capable of *spiritual* demonstration. You can try it and find it all that God has represented it to be. God says to all, '*O taste and see.*' Try it, and experience will attest its truth. Millions have put it to the test of their experience, and have found it '*the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.*'"

The skeptic then, in a somewhat conciliatory spirit, acknowledged that his father and mother were orthodox Christian people.

The minister inquired, "Were they good people?"

"Yes, excellent; my father was an excellent, good man."

"Well," inquired the minister, "what practical benefit do you get by changing the religion of your parents for *skepticism*? Does it make you a better man? Are you a better husband to your wife; a better father to your children; a better citizen in the community in which you live?"

He frankly acknowledged he was not.

"Have you a watch?" inquired the minister.

"Yes, an excellent time-piece," he said, taking it out and displaying a fine gold watch.

“It keeps good time, does it?”

“Yes.”

“Well, how would you trade it off? Would it not be for a better time-piece and more valuable, rather than an inferior one?”

“Yes, certainly.”

“Here again,” retorted the minister, “you are not acting consistently with reason; for you have changed the creed of your parents for one that, by your own confession, does not benefit you at all!”

He had no reply to make.

“Now, my brother,” concluded the minister, “why do you embrace Infidelity in preference to the faith of your parents? Is it not only because you love sin, and the first principle of Christianity is holiness—opposition to sin. Is it not so?”

He was speechless.

The train stopped and they separated. The skeptic seeming loath to part on unfriendly terms, insisted upon the minister repairing to a neighboring dining-saloon and enjoying a good supper at his expense.

God grant that the conversation may result in some good, and lead the skeptic to discard the sophisms and delusions of Infidelity, and anchor his soul, drifting without pilot or compass on life's troubled sea to the Rock of Ages, and find in Christ “a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of waters in a dry place, as the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land!”

In one of the towns on the banks of the Ohio River, there dwelt years ago a just judge, honorable in life as well as in title, and a poor lone African woman.

The judge was rich and highly esteemed. He dwelt in a mansion, not so fine as to repel, nor so splendid as to make him the envy of the foolish—large enough to be the social centre of the town, and plain enough to

make every one feel it a home; and his heart was in keeping with his house—large and open.

The poor African lived in a cabin on an alley, all alone, without chick or child, kith or kin. Her own hands ministered amply to her wants while she had her health. Her home though poor and small was always tidy. She belonged to the church of which the judge was an officer. But it so happened that they had never had free conversation together about the things of the kingdom.

At last she received a severe injury from which she never recovered; and for many weary months before her death, was dependent and helpless, alone and bed-ridden. During this time the judge's ample table and abundant wardrobe had contributed a full share to the comfort of the poor woman. But for a long time, for one reason and another, he put off a personal visit which he fully purposed to make her; until at last one day as he thought of the cheeriness of his own pleasant home, the contrast between this and the loneliness and desolation of the poor woman's cabin came into his mind, and filled him with sympathy for her. "Who can tell but I may cheer her a little, and perhaps by a little timely sympathy, save her from repining at her hard lot? Possibly, too, I may be able to throw some light upon the rugged pathway along which she is going to the kingdom."

The judge loved to do good. So, taking a well-filled basket, he sallied forth to visit the poor woman. As the door opened, he was struck with the air of neatness in the cabin. If she was bed-ridden, some kind hand supplied the place of hers. But again, as he looked around, and contrasted the social joys of his own ample mansion, where the voice of children as well as the presence of books and friends made all cheerful and happy, with the solitude of the poor woman alone here from morning to night, and from night to morning, only as

one and another called out of kindness to keep her from suffering, his heart filled again with sadness and sympathy.

Seating himself on the stool at the side of her cot, he began speaking to her in words of condolence: "It must be hard for you, Nancy, to be shut up here alone so many days and weeks."

"O no, thank God, massa judge, the good Lord keeps me from feelin' bad. I'se happy now as ever I was in all my life."

"But, Nancy, lying here from morning till night and from night till morning, all alone and racked with pain, dependent upon others for everything, do you not get tired and down-hearted, and think your lot a hard one to bear?"

"Well, I'se 'pendent on others, that's sure, 'deed I is, and I was allers used to have something to give to de poor, and to de missionary too, and to de minister, but den I'se no poorer dan my good Lord was when He was here in de world, and I'se nebber suffer half so much yet as He suffer for me on de cross. I'se very, very happy when I tink of dese things."

"But, Nancy, you are alone here."

"Yes, massa, I'se all alone, dat's true; but den Jesus is here too, all de time. I am nebber alone, and He's good company."

"But, Nancy, how do you feel when you think about death? What if you should die here all alone some night?"

"Oh, massa judge, I 'spect to, I 'spect nothin' else but jes to go off alone here some night, as you say, or some day. But it's all one, night or day, to poor Nancy; and den, massa, I 'spect I'll not go all alone, arter all; for Jesus says in the blessed book, 'I'll come and take you to myself, dat where I am, dare you may be also; an' I believe Him. I'se not afraid to die alone.'"

“But, Nancy, sometimes when I think about dying I am filled with trouble. I think how bad I am, what a sinner, and how unfit for heaven; and I think, now what if I should die suddenly, just as I am, what would become of me? Are you not arraid to die and go into the presence of a holy God?”

“Oh no massa, ’deed I’se not.”

“Why not, Nancy?”

“Oh massa, I was ’fraid, berry much. When I was first injer, I see I must die, and I thought how can such a sinner as I is, ebber go into such a holy place as de New Jerusalem is? An’ I was miserable. Oh, I was miserable ’deed, sure! But den by and by, arter a while, I jes thought I must trust myself to de blessed Jesus to make me ready for de kingdom. An’ so I foun’ res’ for my poor soul in Jesus, an’ since dat time I feel somehow all better. I know now He will make me all ready, pure and white for de New Jerusalem above. An now I love to think about de time when I shall come to ’pear before the Father’s throne wid Him in glory, all starry, spangly white.”

For a moment the judge sat in silence, admiring the power of Grace. “Well, Nancy, one thing more let me ask you: Do you never complain?”

“Complain! Oh now massa judge, complain do you say, massa? Why massa, who should such a one as I complain of? The good Lord, He knows what’s bes for poor Nancy. His will be done!”

The judge bowed his head in silence a moment and then rose and bade Nancy good-bye, without the word of consolation and prayer which he fully purposed to offer when he went into the cabin. All the way home he kept saying to himself, “Well, I never yet said, ‘His will be done’ in that way. I never felt it. Alone, poor, helpless, bed-rid, dependent, miserable in body, and yet happy as an angel. Ah there is a power there I never felt.”

The impression thus made continued, until after a season of much mental conflict and earnest waiting upon God, he was enabled in sincerity to feel, "Thy will be done," and a trustful peace succeeded to the season of agitation and distress through which he had passed.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." This "peace of God," which passeth all understanding, is fully known by those only who submit to the sanctifying operations of Divine grace, and through obedience to it are brought into fellowship with the Father and the Son.

A good illustration of the necessity of being willing to part with everything, in order that we may gain the salvation of the soul, the pearl of great price, is found in the case of a young man in a boat who was hunting near New Haven and broke one of his oars:—

A sudden rain-storm was coming up, but he was so desirous of securing a duck he had shot, he neglected to go ashore while he could. The squall drove him far from land, and with but one oar he soon found himself helplessly drifting out to sea. Finally, seeing no hope of safety by his own exertions, he took his handkerchief and tied it to the oar, and held it up to attract attention of others, should any vessel come in sight. After weary waiting, a sloop was at length seen making for him, and as soon as it was within hailing distance of the boat the captain bade the man jump aboard the instant the sloop came alongside, as it was sailing under a strong wind. The order was obeyed. He jumped and caught the taffrail with both hands. "Saved!" you say. No, for no sooner had he seized hold than he was pulled back, fell into the water, and was seen no more, as the sloop dashed onward in its course. He had tied the

boat's painter about his loins, and so the weight of the boat dragged him down into a watery grave. In trying to save his game he was driven out to sea; and then, in trying to save his boat, he lost his life. Had he divested himself of every weight and leaped unfettered into that ark of safety, which for an instant was within his reach, he would have been saved. O, the folly of those who are anxious to save trifles and reckless in risking all—who hesitate to lay aside every weight, and the sin that so easily besets them, and thus forever perish. Did they say as Toplady, "*Nothing in my hands I bring;*" did they drop what was dear to them as a right hand or eye for the sake of eternal life, they would gain heaven.

"He that forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be Christ's disciple. If there be love of money, or fear of hardship, or dread of ridicule, or choice of pleasure—whatever it is that fetters and loads down the soul, there is no hope of heaven. The gate is narrow. There is no room for the bulky appendages with which the self-righteous, or worldly, or covetous burden themselves. To dream of thus entering heaven is a fatal mistake. But by giving up all we gain all. By dropping the toys of time we receive the wealth of eternity."

The blessings of apparent adversity are prettily illustrated in the anecdote told of a distinguished botanist, who was exiled from his native land, and obtained employment as an under-gardener in the service of a nobleman. While he was in this situation, his master received a valuable plant, the nature and habits of which were unknown to him. It was given to the gardener to be taken care of, and he, fancying it to be a tropical production, put it into the hot-house (for it was winter), and dealt with it as with others under the glass. But it began to decay, when the strange under-gardener asked permission to examine it. As soon as

he looked at it, he said—"This is an arctic plant, you are killing it by the tropical heat into which you have introduced it." So he took it outside and exposed it to the frost, and, to the dismay of the upper-gardener, heaped pieces of ice around the flower-pot; but the result vindicated his wisdom, for the plant began to recover, and was soon as strong as ever.

It is so with Christian character. Ease is more dangerous to it than difficulty. There is a Divine power which can keep man spiritually alive in every situation in life, in which he is rightly placed; but this requires peculiar watchfulness and devotedness, when one is surrounded with luxury, and shielded from opposition and tribulation. Hence those afflictive dispensations which the all-wise Governor of the universe permits his children to experience, should be regarded as tokens of his love, by which He designs to strengthen their characters, and to lead them to draw closer to and depend more fully upon Him.

The effect upon man of different outward surroundings, has been illustrated by the comparison of a tree growing in the midst of a forest, surrounded on all sides by trees that shelter and shade it. It runs up tall and slender; and if its protectors are cut away, it is easily overturned by the storms. But the same kind of a tree, growing in the open field, where it is continually beaten upon by the tempests, grows up strong and well-rooted, so that it is able to endure much violence. In like manner, the man who is compelled to rely upon his own resources, acquires an independence of character, which he could not otherwise have obtained.

Several years since, being at a small seaport in Massachusetts, one of those easterly storms came up which so often prove fatal to vessels and their crews on that coast. The wind had blown strongly from the north-

east for a day or two; and as it increased to a gale, fears were entertained for the safety of a fine ship, which had been from the beginning of the north-easter, lying off and on the bay, apparently without any decision on the part of her officers which way to direct her course, and who had once or twice refused the offer of a pilot.

On the following morning, an old weather-beaten tar was seen standing on the highest point of land in the place, looking anxiously at her through his glass, while others listened with trembling to his remarks upon the apparently doomed vessel. She was completely landlocked, as sailors say (that is, surrounded by land), except in the direction from which the wind blew; and as between her and the shore extensive sandbanks intervened, her destruction was inevitable, unless she could make the harbor.

At length a number of resolute young men, perfectly acquainted with the intricate navigation of the bay and harbor, put off in a small schooner, determined, if possible, to bring her into port. A tremendous sea was rolling in the bay, and as the little vessel made her way out of the harbor, the scene became one of deep and exciting interest. Now lifted up on the top of a dark wave, she seemed trembling on the verge of destruction; then plunging down into the trough of the sea was lost from our view, not even the top of her mast being visible, though probably twenty feet high; and a "landsman" would exclaim, "She has gone to the bottom." Thus alternately rising and sinking, she at length reached the ship, hailed and tendered a pilot, which was again refused. Irritated by the refusal the "skipper" put his little vessel about and stood in for the harbor, when a gun was discharged from the laboring vessel, and the signal for a pilot run up to her mast head.

The little schooner was laid to the wind, and as the

ship came up she was directed to follow in her wake, until within range of the light-house, where a smoother sea would allow them to run alongside and put a pilot on board. In a few minutes the vessels came side to side, passing each other, and the pilot springing into the ship's chains was soon on her deck.

The mysterious movements of the vessel were now explained. She had taken a pilot some days before who was ignorant of his duty, and the crew, being aware of his incompetency, were almost in a state of mutiny. When first hailed from the schooner, the captain was below, but hearing the first pilot return the hail, went on deck, and deposing him from his trust, at once reversed his answer by firing the signal gun.

The new pilot having made the necessary inquiries about the working of the ship, requested the captain and his trustiest man to take the wheel, gave orders for the stations of his men, and charged the captain for the peril of his ship not to change her course a hand breadth but by his order. His port and bearing were those of a man confident in his knowledge and ability to save the vessel; and as the sailors winked to each other and said, "That is none of your land sharks," it was evident that confidence and hope were reviving within them.

All the canvas she could bear was now spread to the gale, and while the silence of death reigned on board, she took her way on the larboard directly towards the foaming breakers. On, on she flew, until it seemed from her proximity to those breakers, that her destruction was inevitable. "Shall I put her about?" shouted the captain, in tones indicative of intense excitement. "Steady," was the calm reply of the pilot, when the sea was boiling like a cauldron just under her bows. In another moment the same calm, bold voice pronounced the order, "About ship," and she turned her

head from the breakers, and stood boldly off upon the other tack.

“He knows what he is about,” said the captain to the man by his side. “He is an old salt, a sailor every yarn of him,” was the language of the seamen one to another; and the trembling passengers began to hope. The ship now neared two sunken rocks, the place of which was marked by the angry breaking and boiling of the sea; and she seemed driving directly on them. “Full and steady,” was pronounced in tones of calm authority by the pilot, who stood with folded arms in the ship’s bows, the water drenching him completely as it broke over her bulwarks. She passed safely between them; the order of turning on the other tack was given, and again she stood toward the fearful breakers. Nearer and nearer she came, and still no order from the pilot, who stood like a statue, calm and unmoved, amid the raging elements. The vessel labored hard, as the broken foaming waves roared around her, and seemed just on the verge of striking, when “About ship,” in a voice like thunder, arose above the fury of the tempest. Again she stood upon the starboard tack, and soon entered the harbor and cast anchor in safety.

One hour later she could not have been rescued, for by the time she had reached the anchorage no vessel could have carried a rag of sail in the open bay. Ship and crew, and passengers, more than one hundred in all, must have perished. When the order was given to “back their fore topsail, and let go the anchor,” a scene ensued which might baffle the description of the painter or poet. The captain sprung from the wheel and caught the pilot in his arms, the sailors and passengers crowded around. Some hung around his neck, others embraced his knees and tears streamed down the faces of old seamen who had weathered many a storm and braved untold dangers. All were pressing

forward if only to grasp the hand of their deliverer in token of gratitude. And now for the application.

*The ship's crew had faith in their pilot.*—Their faith amounted to confidence. They gave up the ship to his direction. It was obedient confidence. They did not say, "He will save us," and sit down indolently and neglect his orders. The helm was turned, the sails were trimmed and every rope loosened or tightened as he directed. Nor did they disobey, though sometimes apparently rushing into the jaws of destruction.

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## CHAPTER X.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

The bridge—Good for evil—Too rich—Faith and works—Confession and restitution—A cure for moths—Mary's house—Reproof—Wearing earrings—Silent reproof—The swearer's prayer—Wedgewood's rebuke—Inconsistency—Earnestness—Courage—G. Whitehead—Elisha Tyson—Thomas Shipley—Mingo—"Rain from the earth."

That ancient method of giving instruction by fables or allegories, is not very often resorted to at the present time. But many of our older readers can remember the pleasure and profit which they derived from the perusal of those which Lindley Murray placed in his series of Readers, and the strong hold which some of these took of their memory and imagination; so that they have often been brought to mind since, with instruction. The following piece of more modern date, from the pen of Jean Ingelow, may prove instructive.

There was once a beautiful city which stood upon the slope of a hill; it could be seen from a great distance and the fame of it was such that many people came from far to admire it, as well as to talk with its inhabitants, who were said to be a very wise race of men, skilful in all the arts of life, and constantly making new and great inventions.

One evening, a long time ago, a stranger came to this city. He had travelled a long way and seemed weary, but he had heard so much of the city and its wise inhabitants that he allowed himself little time to rest before he set out to inspect the streets, and admire the large squares with their long lines of overshadowing trees, the fountains springing up and tumbling into their deep marble basins, the tall graceful spires, and the clear windows shadowed with sweeping curtains and filled with flowering plants.

The more he saw the more he was delighted. The city was as beautiful as he had expected, and the people were wise and kind. Some of them were rich, and had houses like palaces; others were poor; but the rich were very good, and had built schools for their children, where they taught them the peculiar learning of the place with various arts and trades, by which the boys soon learned to get their own living, and the girls to practice needlework and other useful arts, besides which they had them instructed in the laws which had been made by the King; and so well were the children taught on this point that many of them knew as much about the King and his laws as their richer neighbors, who had founded these schools.

The stranger thought this such a pleasant city, that he wished to remain in it for awhile, that he might observe the manners of the people and how they employed themselves. So he went about from day to day, and observed how industrious the men were—how they built houses and wove cloth, dug wells and made bread

—and how the women spun and knitted, and took care of their children, and of their houses. He was pleased, too, to see the children going so regularly to their schools; and when their task was over he often followed them into the meadows to see how happy they were, gathering flowers and playing about in the long grass.

“This town of yours seems a very good place to live in?” he said one day to a man who was weaving a basket.

“So it would be,” said the man, looking up thoughtfully, “if it were not for the river.”

“What river?” asked the stranger. “I have not seen or heard of any river.”

“Why, no,” replied the man, “I dare say not, for it runs a little way out of the city, and we have planted some trees in that direction, that we may not see it; you will not often hear it mentioned, for in fact we do not consider it good breeding to allude to it.”

“But what harm does it do to the town?” asked the stranger.

“I don’t wish to say much about it,” replied the man, “it is a very painful subject; but the truth is, our King, whom you may have heard of, lives a long way off on the other side of the river, and sooner or later he sends for all here to cross over. We shall certainly all have to cross before long. The King sends messengers for us; there is scarcely a day in which some one is not sent for.”

“But are they obliged to go?” asked the stranger.

“Oh, yes, they must go,” replied the man, “for the King is very powerful. If he were to send for me to-day I could not even wait to finish my work. Sometimes he sends for our wives or our children, and the messenger never waits till we are ready.”

“What sort of a country is it on the other side of

the river?" asked the stranger. "Is it as pleasant as it is here?"

"The river is so wide that we cannot see across it distinctly," said the man; "and when our friends and relations are once gone over they never come back to tell us how it fares with them there. But yet every one here is agreed, and the highest evidence confirms it, that the country across the river is a far better one than this. The air is so pure that it heals all their diseases; besides there is no such thing as poverty or trouble, and the King is very good to them and so is his Son."

"Well, then," said the stranger, "if the country be so fine, I do not see why you should think it such a misfortune to have to go to it, particularly as you are to see there all your parents, and children, and friends who have gone there before you. Why are you so much afraid to cross the river?"

The man did not answer at first; he seemed to be thinking of his work: at length he looked up and said:—"When any of our friends are sent for we always say they are gone over into that beautiful country; but to tell you the truth, this river is so extremely deep and wide, and it rushes along so swiftly——"

"Well," said the stranger.

"I don't mind telling you," replied the man, "as you do not know much of these parts, that I think it very doubtful whether many of those who have to plunge in can get to the other side at all. I am afraid the strong tide carries some of them down till they are lost. Besides, sometimes they are sent for in the dark, and, as I said before, the messenger never waits till we are ready."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, "in that case, so far from envying these people, I wonder to see them looking so happy and so unconcerned. I should have

thought they would have been so anxious lest the messenger should come. Pray cannot your friends help you over?" The man shook his head. "We have made a great many rafts at different times," he said, in a doubtful tone, "but they all went whirling down the stream and were wrecked. We began a bridge, too, and it cost us incredible labor, but we could never make it reach beyond the middle of the river."

"Then," said the stranger, "are there no ships to convey you over; must you needs plunge alone and unhelped into those dark, deep waters?"

"I am not learned in these matters," said the man, evidently uneasy, "and I do not pretend to be wiser than my betters, who generally think this a disagreeable subject, and one that we should not trouble ourselves about more than we can help."

"But if you must all go?" said the stranger.

"I am a working man," replied the basket-maker, interrupting him, "and I really have no time to talk to you any further. If you want to know anything more about this, you had better go and speak to that man whom you see talking to that group of children. It is his business to teach people how to get over the river, but I have not time to attend to him. I dare say, when my time comes, I shall get across as well as my neighbors."

So the stranger went up to this man, who had been pointed out to him, and inquired whether he could tell him anything about the dreadful river.

"Certainly," said the man, "I shall be very glad to tell you any thing you wish to know. It is my duty, I am one of the ambassadors of the King's Son. If you will come with me a little way out of the town, I will show you the river."

So he led him over several green hills, and down into a deep valley, till they came to the edge of a whirling hurrying torrent, deep and swollen. It moved along

with such a thundering noise that the stranger shuddered and said:

"I hope, sir, it is not true that all the people in the city are obliged to cross this river?"

"Yes, it is quite true," answered the man.

"Poor people!" said the stranger, "none of them can strive against such a stream as this; no doubt they are all borne away by the force of the torrent. Do you think any man could swim over here in safety?"

"No," said the man, looking very sorrowful, "it is quite impossible, and we should all be lost if it were not for the bridge."

"The *bridge*," exclaimed the stranger very much surprised. "No one told me there was a bridge."

"O, yes," replied the man, "there is a bridge a short distance higher up; it was built by the King's Son, and by means of it we can pass in perfect safety."

"What! may you all pass?" asked the stranger eagerly.

"Yes, all. The bridge is perfectly free, and is the only way of reaching the country beyond. All who try to swim over or cross in any other way will certainly be lost forever."

"Sir," said the stranger, "if this be the case, I must hasten back to the city and tell the people that no more of them be lost in these swelling waters."

"You may certainly do so if you please," replied the man, "but know first that all the people have been duly informed of the bridge. My brethren and myself spend nearly all our time in telling them of the goodness of the King's Son, and how neither he nor his Father is willing that any should perish. But their pride is very great."

"What! so great that they would rather die than use the bridge?" asked the stranger in astonishment.

"Some of them have built up works of their own," replied the man, "which they think are strong enough

to bear them over into the King's country; others say they do not believe there is but one way of getting over; and some men throw themselves headlong into the flood, saying they do not believe there is such a provision, or at least that it was not meant for them. But, as I told you before, it is perfectly free, and the voice of the King's Son may sometimes be heard calling to the people over the flood, and inviting them to come to him; for, strange as it may seem to you, he loves them, though they are so backward to believe that he means them well."

"What!" interrupted the stranger, "does not the King's Son repent of what he has done, is he not sorry that he built a bridge for such a thankless race?"

"No," said the man, "though they slight his offers of safety he still sends ambassadors to call them to him, even at the very brink of the river. Nay, he often himself visits them, and by night, when all is still, he comes to their doors and knocks; if any man will open to him he will enter and sup with him. He will tell him how he has loved our nation, and what he has done for our sake; for indeed it cost him very dear to build that bridge, but now it stands stronger than a rock."

Now when the stranger heard this he wondered greatly at the ingratitude and foolishness of these people; and, as he turned away, I went up to the ambassador and ventured to ask him the name of that city and the country it stood in.

But it startled me beyond measure when he told me the name of that country; for it had the same name as my own!

The Memoir of John Roberts contains a pleasant illustration of the exercise of that Christian virtue which the precepts of our Saviour enjoin, of returning good for evil. He lived in England in the latter part of the

seventeenth century; and like many other good men of that time experienced the truth of the Apostle's declaration, "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution," having to endure imprisonment and loss of property for assembling with his friends to worship the Lord.

Among those who were active in persecuting their neighbors, was a justice named James George. It so occurred that a murrain broke out among his cattle, and some of them died. His steward told him that he must send for John Roberts to doctor them, or that he would lose them all. "No," said the justice, "don't send for him now, because I have warrants out against him and his sons [for being at a religious meeting], send for anybody else now." So the steward sent for another, who did what he could for them, but to very little purpose, for the cattle continued to sicken and die as before. The steward then told him, "Please, worship, if you don't send for John, I believe you will lose all your cattle. I don't find as this man does them any good. But if you please to send for John, I don't question but he could be of service to them." "Send for him, then," said the justice, "but don't bring him in as you used to do. When he has done what he can, pay him and dismiss him." So John was sent for, and went, (having learned the great Christian lesson, to return good for evil), and did his best for them. When he had done, as he was wiping his hands in the entry, the justice undesignedly came by him; and seeing he could not avoid his notice, said, "So, John, you have done something for my cattle, I suppose." "Yes," replied John, "and I hope it will do them good." "Well," said the justice to the steward, "pay John."

*J. Roberts.* No, I'll have none of thy money.

*Justice.* None of my money. Why so?

*J. Roberts.* To what purpose is it to take a little of thy money *by retail*, and thou come and take my goods *by wholesale*.

*Justice.* Don't you think your coming to drink and bleed my cattle will deter me from executing the king's laws.

*J. Roberts.* It's time enough for thee to *deny* me a favor when I *ask* it of thee. I seek no favor at thy hands. But when thou hast done me all the displeasure thou art permitted to do, I will, notwithstanding, serve *thee* or *thine* to the utmost of my power.

John Roberts' son, who wrote out this narrative, says that his father presented the justice with a piece against persecution, written by Thomas Ellwood, "which, together with my father's readiness to serve him, so wrought on him, that I don't remember any of his corn being taken from him at that time."

A gentleman died some time since, at his residence in one of the up-town fashionable streets, in New York, leaving eleven million dollars. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, in excellent standing; a good husband and father, and a thriving citizen. On his death-bed, lingering long, he suffered great agony of mind, and gave continual expression of remorse at what his conscience told him had been an ill-spent life! "Oh," he exclaimed, as his weeping friends and relations gathered about his bed, "Oh! if I could only live my years over again. Oh! if I could only be spared for a few years, I would give all the wealth I have amassed in a lifetime. It is a life devoted to money-getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down, and makes me despair of the life hereafter." "You have never repented my avaricious spirit," he said to the minister. You call it a wise economy and forethought, but my riches have been only a snare for my soul! I would give all I possess to have a hope for my poor soul!" In

this state of mind, refusing to be consoled, this poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to the mere acquisition of riches. Many came away from his bedside impressed with the uselessness of such an existence as the wealthy man had spent, adding house to house, dollar to dollar, until he became a millionaire. All knew him to be a professing Christian, and a good man, as the world goes, but the terror and remorse of his death-bed administered a lesson not to be dismissed from memory. He would have given all his wealth for a single hope of heaven.

The connection between faith and works is illustrated in the description given by Thomas Jones, an old colored preacher, of his escape from slavery. He says: "When I found myself out on the ocean, I prayed to God to help me, and He *did* help me. I found some boards and got on to them. Well, what did I do then? Did I stop praying, and think because I had got a few boards I could go alone now, and I didn't need the Lord's help any more? No! I kept on praying, and held on to the boards. Well, what did I do then? Sit still, and expect the Lord to carry me safely through, and think that I had nothing to do? No! I took a stick for a paddle, and went to paddling and praying. I did not sit still, like those who have a name to live, and are dead; but I just went to paddling, and I did not forget to pray; and by paddling and praying I got through. So God expects us to pray and also to paddle, and not wait for Him to do the work that He has set us to do."

There was a real evidence of conversion in the answer of the little maid servant, who gave as a reason for believing that the change in her was a real one, "Now I sweep *under* the mats." She had evidently learned that her work must be performed faithfully, as in the eye of her Heavenly Master, and not slighted, as

is often done by those who merely desire to escape the censure of their earthly masters. To "sweep *under* the mats," has a special meaning to the present writer, because it brings to mind the days when he was a school-boy, and at times it was his duty to sweep the school-room; and he well remembers the temptation to slight the work, and leave untouched the floor under the long benches, where the dust would not attract the eye of any but a close observer.

Jerry McAuley, of New York, who had been a notoriously bad man, but afterwards became a preacher of righteousness, on one occasion related the following incident from his own experience. He said:—

I remember a short time after I was converted, I was sitting in a mission down town, reading, when in came a man who was captain of a vessel. He looked around until he saw me, and said to the man who kept the place:

"What are you doing with that rascal in here?"

The captain was told I was a convert and lived a Christian life.

"He a Christian?" said the captain. "Yes, a pretty Christian he is. He stole a hundred dollars' worth of sugar from me once, and if he got his deserts he would be in the penitentiary." Then walking up to me he said, "if you are converted, and pretend to be an honest man, pay me for that sugar you stole from me."

My friends, that was a trying time for me, and the devil tempted me to deny the whole thing, and face him down in it; but I lifted my heart to God, and He helped me. I went up to him, and said:—

"Captain, I did steal that sugar from you, and if you will walk to my home with me I will pay you for it."

I had got steady work, and had saved a hundred dollars, and had put it away, the first hundred dollars I

had ever saved by honest work. I hated to part with it, we needed things so bad; but the Lord helped me, and I said, "Come on; walk right home with me, and I will pay you for that sugar."

"Yes," said he, "you look like paying a hundred dollars. I ain't fooled quite so easy as that."

I took him by the arm and made him walk right along, and the Lord helped me every step I took. He was silent for a while, when he said, in a kinder tone:—

"Now, Jerry, you don't mean to pay me that money; you can't spare it."

I said, "Yes, I can. The Lord will help me to spare it."

"Jerry," said he, "I believe you *have* got religion. Now hold on; I ain't going to take that money. It is diamond cut diamond. *I stole that sugar*, and you stole it from me. Suppose we call it even?"

Well, he would go no farther, and I saved my hundred dollars. If I had tried to shirk the matter and run away from that man, I would have lost my own enjoyment, and lost the chance of showing the captain how the grace of God in the heart makes a man honest. Oh, my friends, if you only get honest with God and honest with yourself, you can defy the world.

An anecdote is told of a man who was a parishioner of Adam Clarke, the well-known Methodist minister and commentator. He came under deep conviction for sin, but could not feel that settlement of mind and peace which he longed for. Shortly after he was confined to his chamber by sickness, and sent for A. Clarke to visit him. These visits were repeated from time to time; but although there was much apparent sincerity in the distressed invalid, there was not a sense of forgiveness and acceptance. Finally, as his end seemed to be drawing near, Adam said to him, he thought

there must be some cause for this withholding of Divine favor; that he must have left something undone which it was his duty to do.

The man looked intently on the minister, raised himself up in bed, and with an appearance indicating that he was resolved to make a full disclosure, proceeded to give an account of a strange transaction in which he had originally no guilty complicity, but with which he became so connected that he was drawn into a wrong course, and very serious evil, which he could have averted, resulted from it to an individual who had since died without any reparation or confession being made to him.

The conscience-stricken man, now making his confession to A. Clarke, told him that he had tried long to stifle conscience with the business and diversions of the world, but in vain. At length, he heard the minister preach upon a theme that applied directly to himself; and then it was that the voice of God sounded in his soul, and reasoned with him of "righteousness and judgment to come." He was in deep distress; he agonized for mercy in the name of Christ; but his prayer was not answered.

The injured man was dead, but his widow and fatherless children still lived. The minister told the dying penitent that God claimed of him, not only repentance, but confession and restitution. He readily assented, and full restitution was made. Very soon the troubled mind of the dying man was calmed. God gave him that "peace which passeth all understanding;" and in the assurance of mercy through the merits of the Saviour he entered into eternal rest.

The editor of *The Earnest Christian* mentions that soon after the close of the civil war he was at a large union meeting in New York city, where he spoke for

a few minutes on the importance of "bringing forth "fruits meet for repentance;" and referred to the effect produced by the preaching of Paul at Ephesus, "Many that believed came and confessed, and showed their deeds. Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men."

At the close of the meeting, a person who was present desired a private interview. He said that he had professed to be converted the previous winter, but he had defrauded the government, as nearly as he could make out, of about thirty thousand dollars. The preacher told him, there was no use in his professing to be converted unless he was willing to make restitution. This he did not seem prepared to do, but went away sorrowful, like the young man who asked our Saviour what he should do to inherit eternal life, but shrank from the unreserved surrender of all that he had. He kept his profession of being a Christian, and became a popular worker in a popular religious revival, but afterwards was sent to State prison for a crime committed while engaged in his evangelistic labors.

Such a result is not to be wondered at. For it is only the preserving power of the grace of God that can keep any of us from yielding to temptation; and when a man habitually resists the teachings and despises the reproofs of that grace, the time will come in which he will verify in his own experience the truth of the declaration, "He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth himself, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

But what a blessed truth it is, "that he that confesseth and forsaketh his sin shall find mercy." May we not believe that this was the experience of the poor woman whose case is related by the late John B. Gough. Hugh Miller, then living at Edinburgh, received a letter from a towns-woman, who for years had been a dissolute character, but was then lying on the bed of death in a

wretched den in that city. He called upon her on a Seventh-day evening, and gave her a half-crown, the only money he had with him, and promised to see her again the next morning. When he came back she was dead. At the funeral he saw a woman evidently affected, and asked her if the deceased was a relative.

“Oh, no!” she said; “no relation, poor thing. When she was a gay, flaunting girl, with her ribbons and her furbelows and her flounces, she purchased things of me, and she owed me half-a-crown, and I could never get it; she would laugh at me when I asked her for it; and evidently seemed bent upon cheating me: Last *Saturday night* I was astonished to see that poor creature come into my shop; she only had one garment on her; it was a drizzly night; her cheeks were hollow, her eyes sunk down deep in the sockets, her fingers like the claws of a bird; and she came tottering in and laid down *the half-crown*, and said, ‘There is your money, ma’am; it lies heavily on my conscience; it is your due—I owe it to you, and I did not mean to cheat you; I must pay you before I die’—and went back to her wretched room to die.”

We were examining our wardrobe after the summer, and found, to our surprise and grief, many of our choicest articles of apparel sadly damaged by the moths. In the midst of our trouble, and the discussion as to the modes of protection against moths, which had been handed down by tradition in our family, Aunt Julia came in.

“Aunt Julia, how do you keep your winter clothing from the moths?” we both asked eagerly, as that good lady proceeded to lay aside her handsome shawl, which looked as fresh as ever after seven years’ wear.

“I used to suffer from moths as much as any one,” replied Aunt Julia, taking her knitting from her little

basket and sitting down, "but I found a recipe in an old-fashioned book which has relieved me of much solicitude on the subject. It was many years before I could be persuaded to try it. In my young days money was not quite so plentiful as now, but provisions were cheap, and a farmer's daughter began her married life better supplied with linen, blankets and bed quilts, than many a jewel-decked city belle. As I was an only daughter, and was not married too young, a noble pile of blankets, feather beds, bed quilts, &c., became my portion. For many years after we removed to the city I used to dread my summer work of airing beds, and packing very fine, home-made blankets, and quilts stuffed with the softest down. I tried snuff, tobacco, camphor, pepper and cedar chips, and yet, as we changed our place of residence several times, some colony of moths—old squatters among the beams of the garret, or in some unobserved scrap of woollen cloth—would encamp on my choicest possessions."

"Why, Aunt Julia, I thought you had a cedar closet?"

"Yes, when we moved into our new house; but by that time my closet was too small for my increased wealth, and till I used this recipe I seldom passed a year without some moth holes; but now I have not seen one in nine years."

"What was it, Aunt? Have you the book? or can you repeat it from memory? It is too late to save these things, but I will write it down, and try it next spring." So saying, Anna took out her little recipe book and pencil, while Aunt Julia prepared to recall the moth preventive.

The book was an old one, with the title obliterated, and the title-page torn out by some careless child; but the directions were these:

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moths and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves

break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

"Oh! Aunt Julia, is that all? How does that help the matter?"

"Wait, Anna, and hear my story out. One day as I was mourning over my choicest blankets, eaten by the moths, and airing my down bed-quilts and feather beds, which had been rendered obsolete by the introduction of spring mattresses—as I stood ready to cry with vexation to see my choicest articles eaten in the most conspicuous places, as you have experienced to-day—my eye rested on an old Bible, which lay on the top of a barrel of pamphlets in the garret. I opened it, and almost unconsciously read the recipe for avoiding moths which I have given you to-day. I then recollected that they seldom troubled the clothing in frequent use, and that the articles which caused me such care were not needed twice a year. I then thought of Sophy Baker, with her large family and sick husband. They had been burned out the spring before, and were just entering upon a cold, long winter of poverty.

I sat down, and writing her a note, sent two feather beds and four blankets, and an old-fashioned cover-lid, that very day; and two more blankets I despatched to a poor old rheumatic neighbor, whose destitution had never occurred to me before. I then began to breathe freely; and before another week two more blankets were gone to comfort tired limbs and aching hearts. The cast-off coats, cloaks, and all pieces of carpeting which had long lain in my garret, were given to the deserving poor. A bag of woollen stockings and socks, which had been kept for cleaning brass, were sent to a charity institution, never again to become a temptation to the moths. I inquired particularly the next year,

and found the beds and blankets were in such excellent preservation that I cheerfully laid out more of my surplus property 'in heaven,' and out of the way of moth and mould. My cedar closet and trunks hold all I wish to preserve, and, when they begin to run over, I commit more articles to the keeping of my widowed and fatherless acquaintances."

"But, Aunt Julia, yours is a peculiar case. You had a home-made outfit of a rich farmer's daughter, and could not expect to make use of it; besides, the Bible don't encourage wasting our goods extravagantly."

"I do think the Bible leans to what is called the extravagant side. The rest of the chapter following the verse I have quoted gives little encouragement to much forethought, either in food or raiment, and in another place says, 'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none.' This rule leaves very little to pack away in a cedar closet. In my opinion, God's providence is far from encouraging extensive accumulation either of money or possessions, especially among Christians. Fire and flood, drought, mildew and moth stand ready to rebuke that spirit of covetousness which the Lord abhorreth."

"Surely, Aunt Julia, you wouldn't have me give away the new furs you gave me yourself last winter."

"No, my child; but let us examine for a moment this moth-eaten pile. Here are three coats of your husband's which he never could wear again."

"Those are for fishing, Aunt."

"How often does he fish?"

"Once in four or five years, perhaps," said Anna.

"Well, here is a bag of outgrown, shrunken socks and stockings, and these old dresses of Ada's, and those overcoats of the boys, that I heard you say were unfit for wear, even in the playground; and besides, I think you remarked that the whole difficulty orig-

nated in an old carpet, which has been harboring moths many years, when it might have been out of harm's way upon some poor widow's floor."

"Well, aunt, I believe you are half right."

"Try my rule, Anna; not after your property is ruined, but when you find you can spare it, even at the risk of sending some of your treasure to heaven before you have obtained all you could from its use. Many an old garret have I known to be infested with moths, ruining many dollar's worth of valuable articles, when the whole evil might be traced to an old coat or carpet, selfishly or carelessly withheld from the poor. We are God's stewards, and our luxuries are not given us to feed a 'covetousness which is idolatry,' but are talents which may be increased ten times before the great day of final account. When people ask me how to prevent moths, I always long to say, 'Lay up your treasures in heaven,' because I have found from experience it is a sure and convenient way."

"Well, aunt, I own I never thought much about it before as a matter of Christian duty. I will try, before another year, to confine my care to the articles I need, and shall hope for better success."

The late Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, built a large and expensive house, which was furnished in the most elegant and costly style. One day when he was coming out of his house, before he had moved into it to live there, he met an elderly woman named Mary, going by, whom he knew very well, as she sometimes did house-cleaning and other work for him. Mary was a poor widow woman, who lived very plainly in two small rooms. She was a good, earnest Christian woman, whose religion made her contented and happy. The doctor had known her for quite a long time, and he respected her very much for her consistent humble piety. As he met her in front of his splendid dwelling,

he thought he would like to show her all through it and see what effect the sight of a house so much larger and grander than she was accustomed to, would have upon her. So he invited her to come in and see the new house. Mary went in with him. The doctor took her through the house and showed her all the beautiful things he had there. She looked at them very quietly, but did not seem to be as much impressed by what she saw, as the doctor thought she would be. When they got through, he said to her :

“ Well, Mary, what do you think of the house ?”

“ It’s very fine, sir, indeed ; and I’m ever so much obliged to you for letting me see it ; but it doesn’t begin to compare with the house that I’m going to move into before long. Let me read you a little about this house.”

Then she took a little Testament from her pocket, and turning to the last chapter of the Book of Revelations, she read some of those beautiful verses which describe the heavenly city that is to be the home of those that love Jesus ; and ended by saying, “ I hope, sir, you may have much enjoyment in your new house, yet you can’t expect to live here very long. But Jesus says of those who enter the house He is preparing for them, that, ‘ they shall go no more out.’ I shall dwell in that heavenly home forever.”

The zealous and eccentric Rowland Hill relates, that once when he was returning to England from Ireland, he was much annoyed by the conduct of the captain and mate, who were both sadly given to the habit of swearing. First the captain swore at the mate—then the mate swore at the captain—then they both swore at the wind. Rowland says, “ I called to them with a strong voice for fair play. ‘ Stop ! stop ! said I, if you please, gentlemen, let us have fair play ; it’s my turn now.’ ‘ At what is it your turn, pray ?’ said the cap-

tain. 'At swearing,' I replied. Well, they waited and waited until their patience was exhausted, and then wanted me to make haste and take my turn. I told them, however, that I had a right to take my own time, and swear at my own convenience. To this the captain replied, with a laugh, 'Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn?' 'Pardon me, captain,' I answered, 'but I do, *as soon as I can find the good of doing so.*' I did not hear another oath on the voyage."

Somewhat similar was the device of the captain of a ship, who, when about to take command of his vessel, assembled the crew on the quarter-deck and gave them his orders for the voyage. He told them there was one law he was determined to enforce, which was, that they must allow him to swear the first oath in that ship. "No man on board must swear an oath before I do." To this the men agreed, with the result of abolishing swearing on the vessel.

To those who are addicted to the wicked custom of profane swearing, and desire to be free from the habit, the ancient father, Chrysostom proposes a method, "which," he says, "if thou'lt take, will certainly prove successful. Everytime, whenever thou shalt find thyself to have let slip an oath, punish thyself for it by missing the next meal. Such a course as this, though troublesome to the flesh, will be profitable to the spirit, and cause a quick amendment; for the tongue will need no other monitor to make it heed of swearing another time, if it has thus been punished with hunger and thirst for its former transgression, and knows it shall be so punished again if ever it commits the like crime hereafter."

A very effective rebuke was that given by the wife of a drunkard, who once found her husband in a filthy condition, with torn clothes, matted hair, bruised face,

asleep in the kitchen, having come home from a drunken revel. She sent for a photographer, and had a portrait of him taken in all his wretched appearance, and placed it on the mantel beside another portrait taken at the time of his marriage, which showed him handsome and well dressed, as he had been in other days. When he became sober he saw the two pictures, and was so awakened to a consciousness of his condition that he afterwards led a better life.

An anecdote is told of an officer who was much addicted to profane swearing, who was once visiting a deep mine in Cornwall. He was attended by a pious miner who was employed in the works. During his visit to the pit the officer uttered many profane and abominable expressions; and as he ascended in company with the miner, finding it a long way, he said to him with an oath, "If it be so far down to your work, how far is it to the bottomless pit?" The honest miner promptly and seriously replied, "I do not know how far it is, sir; but I believe that if the rope by which we are drawn up should break, *you would be there in a minute.*" The swearer was rebuked, and uttered no more oaths whilst in the company of the miner.

There was ready wit manifested in the reproof given by — Haynes, a colored minister, to two reckless young men who had agreed to test his quickness of intellect. One of them said, "Father Haynes, have you heard the good news?" "No," said he; "what is it?" "It is great news, indeed," said the other, "and, if true, your business is done." "What is it?" again inquired the preacher. "Why," said the first, "the devil is dead." In a moment, the old gentleman replied, lifting up both hands, and placing them on the heads of the young men, and in a tone of solemn concern, "Oh, poor fatherless children! what will become of you?"

It was said of B. Jacobs, a clergyman of Cambridgeport, that he could administer reproof in a manner that was both forcible and gentle. Some young ladies at his house were one day talking about one of their female friends. As he entered the room, he heard the epithets "odd" and "singular" applied. He asked, and was told the name of the young lady in question; and then said, very gravely, "Yes, she is an odd young lady; she is a *very* odd young lady; I consider her extremely singular." He then added very impressively, "*She was never heard to speak ill of an absent friend.*"

The *Messenger of Peace* mentions that in a Western city two young men were sitting in their room in a private house; and playing on the floor were two little girls, aged three and five years, who belonged to the mistress of the house. With the mother's permission they were in the habit of carrying their dolls and other playthings into the rooms of the young men, and there, sitting in the middle of the floor, the little prattlers would spend many an hour. At this particular time there were present in the room the two young men talking politics, and the two children on the floor playing with dolls. Now, one young man was a Democrat, the other a Republican. The result was an exciting controversy, and finally an oath from one by way of emphasis. Quick as a flash little five-year-old jumped to her feet, gathered her dress skirt full of toys, and said to her innocent baby sister, "Come, Clara, let us go quick! I don't think mamma would like to have us hear such language." Before the young men could recover from their surprise, the children and toys had disappeared through the door. It was a rebuke that cut deep. There was no more discussion of politics that evening, and the young Chicago lawyer who uttered that oath, states that he has not used a profane expression since the little girl's sermon.

A woman in New Jersey received into her family an intelligent stranger from a heathen country, whom she endeavored to instruct in the truths of Christianity. She was herself awakened to a sense of inconsistency with her religious profession by a query which her visitor put to her. The account of the circumstance, which she forwarded to the *Evangelist*, is as follows:—

One day I sat conversing with him, he in very imperfect English, and I with a dictionary in his native language beside me, to which I had frequent recourse. A proverb of his country attracted my attention, and I read aloud, "The heart of man is the same in all nations." A silence followed, which was broken by the rather personal remark:—

"Mrs. W., why do you, why do American ladies wear ear-rings?"

You can imagine the startling effect it had upon me when I tell you that a few weeks before a friend, whom I considered rather ultra in her religious notions, having reproved me for wearing these, to her, unseemly ornaments, I replied, rather impatiently:—

"I am a Christian, but I certainly shall not be a fanatic. When God tells me to put them aside I shall do so, and not until then."

You can readily understand the effect of this question, and from such a source. Unwilling, however, to be convinced, glancing at an elegant chain attached to his watch, I replied:—

"Probably for the same reason you wear that chain; they are pretty, and I like all things that are pretty—flowers, pictures, &c."

"No, no," said he, "my chain is of use. I think you told me that God made man all good. I think He did not put holes in women's ears. Yes, 'the heart of man is the same in all nations.' My countrywomen

blacken their teeth, paint their faces. Christian women make holes in their ears."

The truth came home with power to my soul. Quietly unfastening my rings, I laid them on the table.

"Why do you do so?" said he, evidently perplexed by the act.

"O," said I, "God did make man good. He has told me to take these rings from my ears, and I obey Him."

Quickly unfastening his chain from his watch, he laid it beside the rings; and notwithstanding my efforts to induce him to resume it, he persisted in his determination of not wearing it again.

The New York *Tribune* describes a very effective reproof, which it says was administered in an office in that city the week before the account was published:—

Among those who occupy this office, consisting of a suite of fine rooms, two are high-toned Christian gentlemen. Some of them have held positions of eminence. To their office came a man who claimed a club acquaintance with one of them, and who, finding two or three of them together in the reception room, began to tell an offensive story, illustrating it as he went on by reference to a map hanging on the wall, and standing necessarily with his back to the auditors. When he got through his story and turned to receive applause, no one was in the room but the type-writer boy, who had been busily at work all the time. The auditors had quietly taken themselves to their respective rooms, and the visitor had nothing to do but take his hat, and retire. That is a good way to listen to a vile story.

That the very presence of a person, without a word being spoken, may sometimes as effectually reprove those who are doing wrong, as if the condemnation had been expressed in eloquent and fitting language, is

shown by an anecdote which is told of Andrew Thomson, a minister in Edinburgh. One Seventh-day night, in the house of one of the members of his congregation, a family of some note in the city, a midnight revel was going on. Thomson had been out late that night to visit a sick member of his flock. The narrative says:—

On his return home, his eyes chanced to light on this house, whose windows were brilliant with the glare of festivity. The minister paused as he saw the shadows of the dancers on the window-blinds of the drawing-room; he could hear the sounds of the music and the voices of revelry. Taking his resolution, he stepped up to the doorway and rang the bell. Without speaking a word to the servant who opened the door, he went up stairs, entered the room, and stood up in the midst of the dancers.

Had a spirit from the other world appeared, the party could not have been thrown into a state of greater embarrassment and confusion. The music ceased, the dancers stood still; a silence as awful as death followed, while the bold intruder surveyed the company with a stern glance. Not a word did he utter; not one tongue was moved to ask, "What doest thou?" As the penetrating glance of reproof fell in turn on each one of the confounded revellers, every countenance fell, and the bravest quailed. The piercing eye and solemn presence having accomplished the work of admonition, the minister retired amid the same unbroken silence. It was a bold stroke, but God blessed it, and it was the beginning of a work of the revival of genuine Christianity and reformation in many a family in the Scottish metropolis.

It is related of Samuel W. Kilpin, that one day he passed a very profane man, and having failed to rebuke him, he awaited him in the morning at the same place.

When he approached, Kilpin said, "Good morning, my friend, you are the person I've been waiting for."

"Oh! sir, you are mistaken," said the man.

Kilpin replied, "I do not know you, but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you."

"Oh! sir, you are mistaken; it could not be me, I never saw you before in my life, that I know of."

"Well, my friend," said Kilpin, "I heard you pray last night."

"Sir, now I know that you are mistaken, I never prayed in all my life."

"Oh!" said Kilpin, "if God had answered your prayer last night, you had not been here this morning! I heard you pray that God would blast your eyes and damn your soul."

The man turned pale, and then, trembling, said:—

"Oh! sir, do you call that prayer? I did, I did."

"Well, then, my friend, my errand this morning is to request you to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for damnation, and may God in mercy hear your prayer."

The man from that time became an attendant on Kilpin's ministry, and it resulted in his early conversion to God.

The owner of the famous Wedgewood potteries, in the beginning of this century, was not only a man of remarkable mechanical skill, but a most devout and reverent Christian. On one occasion, a man of dissolute habits, and an avowed atheist, was going through the works, accompanied by Wedgewood, and by a young lad who was employed in them, the son of pious parents. Lord C—— sought early opportunity to speak contemptuously of religion. The boy at first looked amazed, then listened with interest, and at last burst into a loud, jeering laugh.

Wedgewood made no comment, but soon found occasion to show his guest the process of making a fine vase; how with infinite care the delicate paste was moulded into a shape of rare beauty and fragile texture, how it was painted by skilful artists, and finally passed through the furnace, coming out perfect in form and pure in quality. The nobleman declared his delight, and stretched out his hand for it, but the potter threw it on the ground, shattering it into a thousand pieces.

“That was unpardonable carelessness!” said Lord C——, angrily. “I wished to take that cup home for my collection! Nothing can restore it again.”

“No. You forget, my lord,” said Wedgewood, “that the soul of that lad who has just left us came pure into the world. That his parents, friends, all good influences, have been at work during his whole life to make him a vessel fit for the Master’s use; that you, with your touch, have undone all the work of years. No human hand can bind together again what you have broken.”

Lord C——, who had never before received a rebuke from an inferior, stared at him in silence. Then, “You are an honest man,” he said, frankly holding out his hand. “I never thought of the effect of my words.”

Among the duties that are called for at the hands of the Lord’s servants is that of reproof evil. And when this is performed under a feeling of the restoring love of the Gospel, a blessing often attends it. King David says, “Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head.” There are many instances on record of effective reproof skilfully administered.

On one occasion John Wesley gave a skilfully

worded and, as it proved, a very effective reproof to General Oglethorpe, the Governor of Georgia, with whom he crossed the ocean to America.

Hearing an unusual noise in his cabin, he stepped in to inquire the cause. He found the general highly incensed, because his servant had drank up some Cyprus-wine, which the general had provided for his own use. "But," he added, "I will be revenged on him, I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then I hope," replied Wesley, "you never sin." This reference to our Saviour's declaration, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses," produced such an effect on the general, that he restored the custody of his keys to the offending servant, with an admonition to behave better for the future.

Equally effective was the rebuke administered by John Locke, the distinguished author of a treatise on the human understanding, who had been introduced by Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax.

The three noblemen, according to the foolish customs of the times, sat down to a game of cards, instead of entering into rational and improving conversation. Locke, after looking on for a time, pulled out his pocket-book and began to write. One of the company observed the manner in which he was employed, and took the liberty of asking what he was writing. "My Lord," said Locke in reply, "I am endeavoring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation; for, having waited with impatience for the honor of being in company with the greatest men of the age, I thought

I could do nothing better than write down your conversation ; and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what you have said this last hour or two." The three nobleman, sensible of the force of this well-timed ridicule, laid aside their cards, and entered into conversation on subjects more worthy of rational beings.

Isaac Walton relates the following instance of a rebuke given to one who was seeking in outward things that which could only be found in himself. He says :

I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and well-furnished, and would often be troubling himself and family to remove from one of them to another. On being asked by a friend, why he removed so often from one house to another, he replied, "It was in order to find content in some of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind, for content can never dwell but with a meek and quiet soul.

An anecdote is told of a surgeon named Meikle, who was called to attend a man who had been stung on the face by a wasp or bee, and who was very impatient, swearing on account of the pain. The doctor told him it would soon be better, but he continued to swear, until his attendant determined to give him a reproof; so he said, "I see nothing the matter, only it might have been in a better place." "Where might it have been?" asked the sufferer, "Why, on the tip of your tongue!"

Less personal and direct, yet plain enough to be understood, was the implied rebuke expressed by —

Howe, [probably John Howe, a Non-Conformist minister, and chaplain of Oliver Cromwell] who dined on one occasion with a person that spoke largely in praise of King Charles I, introducing many oaths into the discourse.

Howe remarked, that he had omitted one singular excellence in the character of that prince. The man eagerly inquired what that was, and received the reply, that "he was never heard to swear an oath in common conversation." The hint was received, and a promise given to break off the practice.

At another time, when Howe was passing two persons who were talking with great earnestness, and imprecating curses on each other, he said to them, "I pray God save you both." They accepted the admonition and returned him thanks.

The habit of profane swearing, to which some of these anecdotes refer; and the horrid character of the oaths that are often uttered when the swearer becomes enraged, or sometimes even in a careless and thoughtless mood; are so bad and unreasonable, that they are enough to shock the guilty, when calmly brought to his notice. An anecdote illustrating this has been preserved of William Wilson, a minister of Perth.

He was walking along the streets of that town, and three soldiers happened to come near him, one of whom, on some frivolous account, expressed the wish that he might be damned! W. Wilson immediately turned round, and said, "Poor man, and what if God should say Amen, and answer that prayer?" He passed on: the man seemed stupefied, and went home to his quar-

ters in such a state of distraction, that he knew not where to turn for relief. He was soon after seized with a fever, under which he continued to suffer awful forebodings of future misery, saying that he was beyond the reach of mercy, and that God had sent his angel to tell him so. Hearing of his situation, William Wilson visited him, and endeavored to set before him the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, to those who repent of their sins and lay hold of the hope set before them in the Gospel. The sick man found peace to his troubled mind, recovered his health, obtained a discharge from the army, which he felt to be unfavorable to a religious life, and settled down as an exemplary Christian.

A similar reproof was once uttered by the pious William Romaine, of London. In crossing Blackfriars' Bridge, he came up with a man, who, in impious language, called upon God "to damn his soul for Christ's sake!" Laying his hand upon the blasphemer's shoulder, Romaine said: "My friend, God has done many things for Christ's sake, and perhaps He will do *that* too." This probably brought home to the poor wretch's heart, a feeling of the awful character of his imprecation; and was so blessed by the Spirit of God, that it was made the occasion of a change in his course of life, so that he became a follower of the Redeemer.

That is a curious trait of the human mind, which leads people who are apparently conscientious on some subjects, to practice gross wickedness in other directions, apparently with little or no compunction. It is evident in such cases that they cannot be living fully under the light of the Spirit of Christ, for this testifies against *all* unrighteousness.

A striking example of this error in judgment was furnished by two Greek pirates who were tried and condemned at Malta in 1829. In the course of the trial it appeared that the beef and anchovies on board of one of the English vessels which they pirated, were left untouched; and the circumstances under which they were left appeared to the court so peculiar, that the culprits were asked the cause of it. They promptly answered that it was at the time of the great fast, when their church ate neither meat nor fish. They appeared to be most hardened and abandoned wretches, yet rigidly maintaining their religious character; and while they were robbing and murdering, stealing the women and children of their countrymen and selling them to the Turks, they wished it understood that they were not so wicked as to taste meat or fish when prohibited by the canons of their church!

Similar in its character is the anecdote of the Neapolitan shepherd who came to his priest for absolution, because during the season of Lent, he had swallowed some whey which had spurted into his mouth as he was working a cheese-press. "Have you no other sins to confess?" asked his spiritual guide. "No; I do not know that I have committed any other." "There are," said the priest, "many robberies and murders from time to time committed on your mountains, and I have reason to believe that you are one of the persons concerned in them." "Yes, I am," he replied, "but these are never accounted as a crime; it is a thing practised by us all, and there needs no confession on that account!"

A similar blindness (if it be blindness), or perversity is shown by those persons who when reproved for anything wrong in their conduct, attempt to justify themselves by asserting that they are not guilty of certain

other wrong actions. If told they should not swear or give way to their passionate feelings, such persons sometimes reply that at least they do not lie or steal. They forget the exhortation of our Redeemer, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect;" and the declaration of the Apostle James, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." The scope of this declaration may be better understood, if we remember that a Christian is one who is under the government of the Spirit of Christ, and is walking in his holy light; and that without faith in Him and filial submission to his will, man cannot partake of that joy and peace which He bestows upon his servants. Whoever therefore acts in opposition to his requirements, in so far deserts his service and enters the ranks of his enemies.

The want of more thorough consistency with their profession in some who claim to be Christians, is a great hindrance to the spread of Christian principles in the earth. An atheist in conversation with one who professed Christianity, expressed his astonishment that those who believed the Christian religion to be true, could quiet their conscience in living so much like the world. "Did I believe," he said, "what you profess, I should think no care, no diligence, no zeal enough."

The same stumbling effect is strikingly shown in the account of Lord Nugent, given by Frederick Smith, of London. He was a man highly connected with the families of the nobility, and had received in Germany a university education. But the bigotry, superstition and wickedness which he observed among the priests

and professors of religion, gave him a disgust of the whole system, and led him to believe that it was founded in dissimulation and priestcraft. After coming over to England, he paid a visit to his relations in Ireland, who showed him great hospitality and kindness, and large convivial parties were invited where neither the manners nor the conversation were such as would bear much reflection. At one of these the incident occurred which he related to Frederick Smith as follows :—

It happened one evening that the conversation took a religious turn, in the course of which I inadvertently leaned towards skepticism at least; on which one of the company hastily said, “Surely, sir, you do not doubt the existence of a Supreme Being?” To which I replied, “What are your sentiments on that subject?” “Why, sir, my sentiments are these: I look upon the Almighty as of infinite purity; as the object of both love and fear; that I am in his immediate presence; that it is through Him I live and move and have my being; I consider that I am amenable to Him for every action of my life; that if I do evil voluntarily, I run the hazard of his eternal displeasure, and wretchedness will be my portion; but if I act according to his will, I shall be eternally happy.” “Is this, sir, really and truly your belief?” “Yes, sir, it undoubtedly is, and is also the belief of every well-regulated Christian.”

“Then, sir, how comes it to pass that your actions correspond so little with your profession? Is it possible that such a hearsay evidence as this would convince me, were I an atheist, of the truth of God’s existence? Has any part of your conduct, since we have been so often together, manifested either love, or fear, or reverence for this object of your pretended regard? I wish not to give you offence, but see whether there is anything like consistency in your declarations, and in the

conduct I am led to fear you are in the habitual practice of." My friend seemed confused and thoughtful, and I immediately turned the discourse to another subject.\*

The cruelty of the Spaniards to the natives of the New World naturally had the effect of exciting prejudice against the religion they professed. It is said that one of the Cuban chiefs who was condemned to be burnt, when brought to the stake was exhorted to embrace Christianity, and assured that if he did, he would be admitted to heaven. He then asked if there were any Spaniards in heaven. "Yes," said the priest who attended him, "but they are all good ones." The chief replied that he did not wish to go to a place where he would meet with any of that nation, and wanted to hear nothing more of their religion!

The stumbling effect which even slight inconsistencies of conduct may have upon the young and tender, is an added reason for that watchfulness which our Saviour enjoined upon his disciples. A somewhat amusing illustration of this was furnished by a clergyman of nervous temperament, who sometimes became quite vexed by finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven.

"Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven."

"Do not want to go to heaven, my son?"

"No, ma, I'm sure I don't."

"Why not, my son?"

"Why, grandpa will be there, won't he?"

"Why, yes, I hope he will."

\* The reader may find a further account of this interesting character, and of his conviction of the truths of Christianity in Tract No. 22 of the *Friends' Tract Association of Philadelphia*.

“ Well, as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, ‘ Whew, whew, what are these boys here for? I don’t want to go to heaven if grandpa is going there.’ ”

Rowland Hill once showed his appreciation of the necessity of a consistent life in a professor of religion, in a remark he made respecting one who had applied to be received into membership in the congregation with which he was connected. The candidate stated that his first impressions as to the evil of sin were produced by a dream, which so affected him as to lead to serious inquiry. When he had ended, R. Hill said, “ We do not wish to despise a good man’s dreams by any means; but we will tell you what we think of the dream, *after we have seen how you go on when you are awake!* ”

Our blessed Saviour said, “ By their fruits ye shall know them; ” and if the fruit of a holy life is not manifested, fallible man, who judgeth by outward appearance, but cannot see into the heart of his fellow-man, has but imperfect means of knowing the real situation of others. A minister who had much experience in visiting the sick, said that it was very rarely the case with one who had not previously been serious, and had recovered from what he supposed the brink of death, that he afterwards performed his vows, and became religious.

Very similar was the testimony of a pious physician, that of the sick who soon expecting to die, had been led as they supposed to repentance of sins, and saving faith in Christ, and afterwards were restored to health, not more than one in thirty gave evidence of being really regenerated.

The energy and force displayed by a man who is thoroughly in earnest, and roused by some strong motive to the exercise of his full powers, is graphically described in the following narration: There was a sea captain in command of an English vessel lying at Alexandria. He had left at home a wife and one child, a little invalid, Lucy. One day they brought him a telegram from England. He opened it leisurely, thinking it was an ordinary message from his employers. This is what it said: "My dear, I think it right to tell you that Lucy's worse." At once all was bustle on board; all hands got orders which made them work their hardest. Goods not on board were left. Passengers flew to their places. Officers, sailors—all rushed from duty to duty, amazed at the pace of their captain's commands; and in a time which seemed incredibly short, the ship was out of the harbor, and at their greatest speed the engines drove her to sea. All wondered what had happened. They did not know that into their captain's heart had entered those dreadful words, "*Lucy's worse.*"

The wind arose and the waves rolled mountains high, but amid the storm he kept the ship to her course. Malta was reached; but, to the moment, Malta was left again. "Why this haste?" thought the Malta workers as they put cargo on board. It was those dreadful words, "*Lucy's worse.*"

The soldiers on the rock at Gibraltar, and the lighthouse man on Point Finisterre, wondered at the rate at which the ship passed out of the range of their glasses. "She must have splendid engines." But it was not the engines alone that made her glide so swiftly along, it was the fact that Lucy was worse. Away steamed the ship up the Channel, through the Dover Straits, around the Nore, up the Thames—till London was reached and the ship moored. That moment the captain was gone. Next day the papers an-

nounced the "Wentworth" from Alexandria, as having had bad weather, but having made the shortest voyage on record. They did not add the reason; had they done so it would have been a short sentence about a frail child—"Lucy's worse."

There is something very admirable in that courage which impels a man to the performance of his duty, no matter what dangers may be in the way, or what suffering may be occasioned thereby. How many hearts have been thrilled by the reply of Paul to those who endeavored to dissuade him from going up to Jerusalem, where he had been assured that bonds and imprisonment awaited him, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus!" Thousands since his day have been animated by the same holy courage, and have been willing to suffer the loss of all things, rather than to fall short in doing that which they believed was the Divine will concerning them.

George Whitehead mentions in his Journal, that in the year 1665 the plague broke out in London, and many thousands died. He was then engaged in religious service in other parts of England, but felt it required of him to go to the city. He says, "It was a time of great calamity, sorrow and heaviness to many thousands of all sorts; and that which added to our Friends' affliction, was the hardness of our persecutors' hearts, their cruelty and barbarity in imprisoning and detaining many of them in prison, after the plague was greatly broken forth, and many people swept away by it.

"I had not then freedom, satisfaction or peace to

leave the city, or Friends in and about London, in that time of great and general calamity, no, not when the mortality was at its height; but was concerned and given up in spirit to stay among them to attend Friends' meetings; to visit Friends in prison and at their houses; even when many of them lay sick of the contagion, both in prison and at their habitations.

“Although it was judged the prisons were then infected and poisoned with the contagion, I was freely given up to suffer imprisonment; and on First-days took my night-cap in my pocket when I went to meeting, not knowing but I might be apprehended at some meeting and committed to prison. The Lord gave me faith to be resigned to his will, either to live, or to die for his name and Truth's sake; and through all those dangers and difficulties, to bear my testimony in faithfulness to his blessed power and life of righteousness.

“Being then a witness of that love which casts out fear, through the great mercy and love of my Heavenly Father, manifest in his dear Son, I was not afraid to visit my friends when sick and in infected prisons. The Lord bore up my spirit in living faith, above the fear of death, or the contagious distemper, and my life was resigned in the will of Him who gave it.”

A high degree of this courage may be manifested by those who are naturally timid, and who are by no means insensible of the risks they encounter; but in whom the sense of duty overpowers all emotions of fear. Such devotion to duty was manifested by Elisha Tyson, who lived in Baltimore in the early part of this century, and who devoted much of his time to rescuing from slavery those who were illegally held in bondage. Public sentiment had not then been fully awakened to the evils of slavery; so that E. Tyson's efforts met with

little sympathy, but brought upon him the ill-will of many, and the charge of officious intermeddling, as well as often exposed him to personal dangers. The account preserved of him says, "Whenever he perceived the absence of a link in the chain of title to a slave, he filed a petition for the trial of the right, regardless of the vituperation and abuse, which, on these occasions, always flowed in plentiful streams. Indian origin, a free maternal ancestor, or the importation of progenitors from a foreign country, as they broke the fetters of bondage, were the objects of his inquiries. He took his measures with great caution, and never filed a petition till his own mind, at least, was free from doubt, as to the right of the slave to liberty. He is said, in the course of his life, to have been instrumental in liberating two thousand slaves!"

Superior to fear himself, the terror of his name, and the firmness of his character, paralyzed the slave dealer. On one occasion, learning that a negro entitled to liberty was confined on board of a ship lying at anchor about a mile from Baltimore, just about to sail for New Orleans, he procured two officers and approached the vessel. When within hearing, he said to the dealer, "I understand that a colored person in thy possession is entitled to his freedom." Upon the trader's denial of the allegation, Tyson read some documents which described the negro's person and evidenced his manumission; but just at that instant, a breeze induced the captain to order the hoisting of the sails to put to sea. Sensible of the importance of prompt exertion, our philanthropist declared his intention to board, desiring the two constables to follow him; when the dealer, unsheathing his dagger, swore "that the first

man that set foot upon that ship was a dead man." Without consulting the cold dictates of prudence, Elisha Tyson leaped on board, crying out, "Then I will be that man." The ruffian retreated in dismay, suffering his victim to be dragged from the hold, where he was secured, without resistance, and without a murmur. The trader was invited to contest his right to the negro in a court of justice, to which, he was informed, the case would be submitted; but aware of the worthlessness of his claim, or being obliged to depart, no opposition was made, and the man was restored to freedom.

In one of the dungeons in Baltimore, arranged for the reception of such poor wretches as were designed for transportation, he ascertained that several free negroes who had been kidnapped, and destined for Georgia, were confined. Determining to liberate them, he solicited some friends to attend him; but they, aware of the danger, and believing an attempt at their rescue utterly hopeless, not only refused their assistance, but advised the relinquishment of so hazardous an enterprise. Having spent a great part of the night in vain efforts for aid, he set out alone at an advanced hour, to beard the tiger in his lair. Oaths, imprecations, and loud laughter, announced to him, on his arrival, the assemblage of several negro-traders, in gay carousal. He entered without hesitation, announcing thus the object of his visit, "I understand that there are persons in this place entitled to their freedom." "You have been wrongly informed," replied the leader, "and besides, what business is it of yours?" "Whether I have been wrongly informed," calmly rejoined the unwelcome visitor, "can be soon made to appear; and I hold it to be my business, as it is the business of every good man in the community, to see that all doubts of this kind are settled,"—at the same time approaching the door of the dungeon. "You shall advance no further," thundered the leader, placing himself in a hostile atti-

tude, and uttering a tremendous oath. By an effort of strength, our hero broke through the arms of his opposer and hastened to the dungeon. At the door stood a sentinel with a cocked pistol, which presenting to the breast of Tyson, he swore he would shoot unless he desisted. "Shoot if thee dare!" answered his collected adversary in an elevated tone, "but thee dare not!—coward as thou art—for well does thee know that the gallows will be thy portion!" The menacing pistol fell harmless to the side of the miscreant, and Tyson, seizing the light which he held in his left hand, entered the dungeon without further molestation. There he beheld several miserable victims of cruelty, one of whom was gagged. Upon inquiry, he was informed that a mother and two boys among them were free—that they had been decoyed away, and placed there with a view to perpetual slavery in Georgia. Assuring them of succor, he went in pursuit of two constables, who, upon the execution of a bond of indemnity, rendered their assistance. The *finale* was, that the mother and boys were declared free, and one of the traders was convicted of their kidnapping, and sentenced to the penitentiary.

Elisha Tyson died in 1824, at the advanced age of seventy-five. It is related that for two days his house was crowded with those who came to look at his remains; and that ten thousand persons of color walked at his funeral.

In those days of slavery, free people of color were often seized and sold into bondage. To rescue such victims required much effort, and a willingness to endure reproach as meddlers and busybodies, which at this time we can scarcely appreciate. The late Thomas Shipley, of Philadelphia, was one of those who faith-

fully labored in this field of philanthropy. Although then quite young, I remember well the feeling of prejudice to which he was subjected, and which it required much courage to despise. He died in 1836, and the poet Whittier wrote a beautiful tribute to his memory, of which the following stanza is descriptive of his character:—

“Oh! for that spirit, meek and mild,  
 Derided, spurned, yet uncomplaining—  
 By man deserted and reviled,  
 Yet faithful to its trust remaining.  
 Still prompt and resolute to save  
 From scourge and chain the hunted slave!  
 Unwavering in the Truth’s defence,  
 Even where the fires of hate are burning;  
 Th’ unquailing eye of innocence  
 Alone upon th’ oppressor turning!”

Reference has been made to the efforts of Thomas Shipley, of Philadelphia, on behalf of colored people who were illegally claimed as slaves. His energy and perseverance in this humane work were truly remarkable; and the amount of time and labor which he expended in it would seem incredible to one who did not know how fully his heart was enlisted in the cause. Among the papers which he left was a memorandum book, in which he briefly noted, in the order of their occurrence, such instances of difficulty or distress as had claimed his care. This showed that twenty-five such cases had demanded his interference in the summer of 1836, from Seventh Month 16th to Eighth Month 24th. His biographer, Isaac Parrish, gives a particular account of one case, which was unusually

important in those times, when a strong pro-slavery feeling animated too many persons even in the Northern States, because the issue of it was to secure to the colored people of New Jersey, claimed as slaves, the right of a trial by jury to determine the question whether they were legally bond or free, instead of leaving that momentous decision to a single magistrate. The proceedings, of which a statement was published in the ninth volume of *The Friend*, illustrate in a forcible manner the decision of character, self-sacrificing energy, and untiring perseverance of Thomas Shipley.

In his memorandum book, already referred to, under date of Twelfth Month, 1835, he mentions that he spent eighteen days in the trial of A. Hemsley, his wife and three children, who had been arrested at Mount Holly, N. J., as slaves by claimants from Maryland. Isaac Parrish's narrative says that "Soon after the arrest of this family, information of the fact was sent to Philadelphia, with the request of aid and counsel from the 'Pennsylvania Abolition Society,' &c. Late in the evening a friend called on Thomas Shipley to inform him of the circumstance. He was lying on the sofa, suffering from a severe attack of headache, to which he was subject, and which always very much reduced his strength and spirits." When the business of the friend was made known to him, he seemed animated with renewed vigor, and listened attentively to the narrative; he entered at once into the merits of the case, and expressed his determination to proceed the next morning to Mount Holly. He procured the aid of an energetic and distinguished counsellor, David Paul Brown, who, with his usual humanity and disinterestedness, in all cases where liberty is at stake, accompanied him, and remained during the progress of

the trial. The circumstances of the case were briefly the following: The woman and children had been regularly manumitted in Delaware by the father of the claimant, while the title of the father to freedom was less positive, though sufficiently clear to warrant a vigorous effort on his behalf.

“The first object of the counsel on the part of the alleged fugitive, was to prove the manumission of the mother and the children, and, as it was thought, the necessary documents for that purpose were collected and arranged. After the trial had proceeded, however, for a short time, counsellor David Paul Brown discovered a defect in the testimony on this point; the necessary papers, duly authenticated by the Governor and Chief Justice of Delaware, were missing, and without them it was impossible to make out the case. The fact was immediately communicated to Thomas Shipley—he saw that the papers must be had, and that they could not be procured without a visit to Dover, in Delaware. He at once determined to repair thither in person, and obtain them. Without the knowledge of the claimant’s counsel, who might have taken advantage of the omission and hurried the case to a decision; he started on the evening of Sixth-day, and travelled as fast as possible to Dover, in the midst of a season unusually cold and inclement. On the next morning inquiries were made for friend Shipley. It was thought strange that he should desert his post in the midst of so exciting and momentous a trial, and at a time when his presence seemed to be particularly required. The counsel for the prisoners, who were aware of his movements, proceeded with the examination of witnesses as slowly as possible, in order to allow time for procuring this important link in the chain of testimony, and thus to procrastinate the period when they should be called upon to sum up the case.

“Fortunately, on the evening of the day on which

Thomas Shipley set out upon his journey, it was proposed to adjourn, and farther proceedings were postponed until Second-day morning. At the meeting of Court, in the morning, the expected messenger was not there, and the ingenuity of the counsel was taxed still farther to procrastinate the important period. After consuming three hours in debate upon legal points, &c., he who was so anxiously looked for, came hurrying through the crowd, making his way toward the bench. His countenance and his movements soon convinced the wondering spectators that he was the bearer of something important, and in a few minutes the mystery of his absence was revealed, by the production of the document which was the fruit of his labor. This document completely established the legal title of the mother and children to freedom, and placed them out of the reach of their persecutors. This result was obtained greatly to the joy of the multitude, and to the disgrace and discomfiture of the miserable beings who were seeking to make property of a defenceless female and her innocent offspring.

“The constant exertion and fatigue endured by our devoted friend, in procuring these documents, traveling in the midst of winter, almost without stopping to take nourishment or repose, had produced a state of prostration, which brought on an attack of nervous headache, the severity of which caused his friends considerable uneasiness. This, however, was soon dispelled by the invigorating influence of sleep, and on the next day he was prepared for another campaign in the case of the distressed husband and father. It may be proper to remark in this place, that Judge H., before whom this cause was tried, was a Virginian by birth, and possessed all those predilections in favor of the claims of slave-holders which are engendered by the education and habits of those who are nurtured in the midst of slavery. However upright may be the intentions of

such a judge, it will not be denied that in a doubtful case his decision might be influenced by the peculiar bias of his mind in relation to the parties interested; and hence the friends of the colored man, although convinced that the evidence was insufficient to establish his slavery, were seriously apprehensive that the mind of the judge would not be so readily brought to this point, and that his decision would be against them.

“To avert this calamity, his able and persevering counsel, D. P. Brown, suggested that a writ of *certiorari*, which would oblige the judge to remove the case to the Supreme Court, and a *habeas corpus* from the Chief Justice of the State, should both be in readiness when the decision of the judge should be pronounced, in order that if it should be unfavorable, the writs might be at once served, and thus oblige him to remand the prisoner, not into the hands of the claimant, but to the sheriff of the county, to be brought up before the Supreme Court, at its session in Trenton, for another trial.

“To procure these writs it was necessary to obtain the signature of the Chief Justice of New Jersey, who resided at Newark, and again Thomas Shipley was ready to enter with alacrity into the service. He saw the importance of the measure, and that it would require prompt action, inasmuch as the decision of the judge would probably be pronounced on the following day. It fortunately happened that a friend was leaving for Newark, in his own conveyance, and feeling an interest in the case, he kindly invited friend Shipley to accompany him. They left in the afternoon, travelled all night, and arrived at Newark by daylight on the following morning. The weary traveller was unwilling, however, to retire to bed, although the night was exceedingly cold and tempestuous, but he proceeded at once to the house of the Chief Justice. He called the worthy judge from his bed, offering the importance of his business,

and the necessity of speedy action, as an apology for so unseasonable a visit. Chief Justice Hornblower, on being informed of the circumstances of the case, expressed pleasure at having it in his power to accede to his wishes, and treated him with a respect and kindness which the disinterested benevolence of his mission was calculated to inspire.

“ Having obtained the necessary papers, he left at once for Mount Holly, where he arrived on the following day, in time to place the writs in the hands of the sheriff, just before the decision of Judge H. was pronounced. Had he consulted his ease or convenience, and deferred his visit to Newark a few hours, or had he, as most men under similar circumstances would have done, reposed his weary limbs after a cold and dreary ride of eighty miles, in order to enable him to return with renewed strength, he would have arrived too late to render this meritorious effort effectual. As it was he was there in time. The judge, according to the expectation of the friends of the colored man, gave his decision in favor of the slaveholders, and ordered poor Alexander to be given up to the tender mercies of the exasperated claimant. The decision sent a thrill of indignation through the anxious and excited multitude, which perhaps was never equalled amongst the inhabitants of that quiet town. The friends of humanity had assembled from all parts of the country to witness the proceedings in the case. Many of them were personally acquainted with the prisoner; they knew him to be a man of intelligence and integrity; he was an industrious citizen, and was universally respected in the neighborhood.

“ While public feeling was in this state of excitement, up stepped the sheriff with his writ of *certiorari*; this he deliberately handed to the judge. It was instantly returned, and the stern officer who sat unmoved by a scene to which he was probably not accustomed, and

conceiving, perhaps, his official dignity was impugned, still persisted in his determination that the prisoner *should be handed over to his claimant*. A writ of *habeas corpus*, signed by the Chief Justice of the State, and demanding the body of the prisoner, before the Supreme Court, at its next term, was now produced!

“The astonished judge found himself completely foiled. He had exercised his authority to its utmost limit, in support of the claims of his slaveholding friends, and had given the influence of his station and character to bolster up the ‘patriarchal institution,’ but it was all in vain. Just as they supposed they had achieved a victory, they were obliged to succumb to a higher tribunal, and to see their victim conveyed beyond their reach in the safe keeping of the sheriff.

“In the Third Month the case was brought up before the Supreme Court for final adjudication. In the meantime Thomas Shipley adopted vigorous measures to have the facts collected and arranged. He procured the aid of an intelligent and humane friend of the cause, who resided near Trenton, to attend, personally, to the case, and secured the legal services of Theodore Frelinghuysen, well known as one of the most gifted and virtuous statesman of the age, and a warm and zealous friend of the oppressed. Under these happy auspices the case came before the Supreme Court, and gave rise to a highly interesting and important argument, in which the distinguished Frelinghuysen appeared as the disinterested advocate of the prisoner, and urged upon the Court his claim to liberty under the laws of New Jersey, in a speech which was one of his most brilliant and eloquent efforts, and added another to the many laurels which his genius and philanthropy have achieved.

“The opinion of Chief Justice Hornblower was given at length, and is said to have displayed a soundness and extent of legal knowledge, with a spirit of mildness and

humanity, well worthy of the highest judicial tribunal of New Jersey.

“By this decision Alexander Helmsley was declared to be a free man, and returned with rejoicing into the bosom of his family and to the enjoyment of the rights and privileges of a free citizen.

“Thus terminated this interesting case, which for several months agitated the public mind of Burlington County to an extent almost unequalled. It had its use in rousing the attention of many of the citizens of that State to a consideration of the outrages which might be practised on her free colored inhabitants under the shelter of the laws, and of the necessity of such a change in her code as should afford more perfect protection for these defenceless citizens.

“At the next session of the Legislature following the decision of this case, a law was passed securing the right of trial by jury to persons seized as slaves—a law which places that State on an honorable footing with several of her sisters of the Confederacy.”

Who can doubt that Thomas Shipley must have felt a peculiar satisfaction in the issue of this case, and the blessing of him who was ready to perish, and the approval of our common Father, who neglects none of his children, must have amply rewarded him for his efforts?

T. Shipley deceased the seventeenth of Ninth Month, 1836, at his home in Philadelphia.

Many years ago, a cargo of negroes, brought from Africa, was landed on the coast, near Savannah, Georgia. The negroes were immediately sold to planters, and by them put upon their plantations to work. Unable to speak a word of English, ignorant and degraded as it was possible for them to be, they were, at the same time, docile and obedient, and readily learned to perform the duties assigned them. One of them came into the possession of my family under the following circumstances :

One morning Uncle Abram, father's colored manager on the plantation, came into the yard leading a very tall and exceedingly black negro man, whose hands were tied in front of him with a rope, one end of which Abram held. Father, mother, little sister Nelly, and myself, met him at the steps, where Abram explained that his prisoner was Mingo, the African whom our neighbor, Mr. Jenkins, had bought some time before, who had run away from his master and been caught in one of father's cotton-houses, asleep.

"Why did you tie him," asked father, reprovngly.

"Being a wild African, I was afraid of him, sir," said Abram, apologetically.

Mingo stood leaning against the steps, listless and indifferent, and, if understanding the conversation giving no sign to it.

"Anna," said my father, "I expect the poor creature is half starved. Give him some breakfast, and I will take him home myself, and see if I can't keep Jenkins from being too hard on him. He is a cruel master."

This man Jenkins had once been father's overseer, and been dismissed from the plantation for undue severity with the negroes.

Mother went into the house and returned, bringing a plate of food.

"Mingo," said she, going close up to him and speaking very gently, "I am going to untie this rope, that you may eat. You will not try to get away—will you?"

Although he probably did not comprehend all she said, still the voice, manner, and the food, all indicated kindness. With a weary sigh he said, simply:

"Mingo stay."

With her own fingers, mother untied the rope tenderly, lest she hurt his bruised wrists, and making him sit down, placed the plate of food on his lap and bade him eat. The verse her own lips had taught me flashed

across my mind: "A cup of water in my name to the least of these."

Taking father by the hand, mother led him into the house. Through an open window I saw her standing before him, her tender eyes suffused with tears, and, like Esther before the king, pleading with all her soul for this poor member of an oppressed race. Mingo had finished eating when they returned, mother's face shining as if an angel had touched it. Father, too, looked greatly concerned.

"Give Mingo a hoe," he said, "and let him cut down those weeds behind the smoke-house, while I'm away. And mind, Mingo, you are not to get out of sight of the house."

Mingo obediently took the hoe and went to work, still showing absolute indifference to everything.

Father mounted his horse, which stood ready saddled, and rode away, saying:

"I will do my best, Anna, to gratify you."

I went into the house to recite my lessons to mother. When they were over, she took me by the hand, and, carrying her little Bible, led me to the place where Mingo was at work. Seating herself upon a bench, she told him to put down his hoe, she wished to talk with him. Mingo sat upon a wheelbarrow, folded his hands upon his knees, and looked silently upon the ground. Just then Nelly came flitting across the yard to where we were, her clustering curls and soft white dress floating out with the rapidity of her movements. She never seemed to walk, but to fly like a bird. As she nestled down by mother, Mingo gave a quick look at her, and an expression of pleased surprise crept over his stolid face.

"Mingo," said mother, "did you run away?"

"Yaw," he answered.

"Why did you do it? Didn't you know you would be caught and whipped.

"Mingo no mine," he replied listlessly.

Mother's face contracted as with great pain, but her voice was soft as music with sympathy as she continued.

"Do they treat you badly, Mingo?"

"Hurt Mingo's back," he said. "Mingo no mine. Mingo's heart hurt; want to see mudder, brudders,"—and the great tears came into his eyes.

I can never forget the expression that came over mother's face as she realized that this poor benighted creature, urged by his love of home and mother, had actually set out to reach the shores of Africa that he might be with them.

"Mingo," she said gently, "did you ever hear of God, of Jesus, of heaven?"

He shook his head vaguely in response to each question. Simply, as if talking to a child, she told him the story of his creation, of God's great love for him, of Christ's death that he might live; she pictured to his darkened mind heaven and the angels. At last opening her Bible, she read to him verse after verse from Revelation, closing with the words: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying;—neither shall there be any more pain."

Shutting the book, she looked up into his face. The tears were flowing down his dusky cheeks.

Suddenly Nelly sprang from mother's side, and running up to him, put her hand into her pocket, and, taking out her mite of a handkerchief, reached up and wiped the tears from his eyes and cheeks. I was frightened, and sprang forward to draw her back; for, like Abram, I had a terror of the wild African; but mother held me back, saying:

"Be still Robert!"

Mingo slowly unclasped his hands and put them

behind him, as though he feared to touch something sacred.

"Lilly gal angel?" he asked, looking wistfully into mother's face.

"No," she answered, smiling through her tears.

"Look laik angel," continued Mingo, gazing at Nelly with awe and admiration.

"Come, Nelly," said mother, "we will go to the house now."

She turned away, deeply touched. Nelly smiled into the black face above her, and said:

"Nelly sorry for Mingo. Keep Nelly's handkerchief to wipe his eyes."

Putting the handkerchief into his hand, she ran away to the house.

Father returned soon after. Looking into mother's happy face, he said:

"Yes, my dear, I have bought Mingo. Jenkins said he was glad to get rid of him. Now, what will you do with him? He is your property, and I wash my hands of him."

"I'll accept the responsibility," cried mother, delightedly.

Mingo was called up and told the change in his condition. The full meaning of it dawned upon him slowly. When at last he realized it, he fell at mother's feet, clasped his hands, and with tears and laughter, cried out: "Whip Mingo! Starve Mingo! Mingo no run 'way. Lib wid pritty lady an' lily gal, hear 'bout God, 'bout Jesus."

So Mingo became our slave. His devotion to mother and Nelly was extreme; and not long after his purchase, he was the means of saving them from almost certain death. The horses drawing the light carriage in which they were driving, became frightened, and dashed headlong towards a long, narrow bridge spanning a deep creek. Mingo was in a field near by, picking cotton

with other negroes. He rushed to the rescue, and, seizing the horses by the bridles, brought them to a sudden stop. Trampled beneath the horses' feet, he received an ugly cut in his face and a bad hurt in his hip, but he kept his hold until other assistance came. In an unconscious condition he was carried home. As soon as he opened his eyes and saw mother bending tearfully over him, he asked :

“Mistiss an' lilly gal no hurt?”

Assured that they were safe, he smiled, and never alluded to the occurrence again.

Mother nursed him faithfully, read to him, prayed with him, her whole soul absorbed with the desire for his salvation, Nelly all the while flitting around his bed like a white dove. The cuts healed, and he was well, except for a slight lameness, which never left him; and he was afterwards kept about the yard, to do such light work as wood-chopping and gardening. He never grew out of the simplicity of childhood.

One day, not long after his illness, he told mother he wished to be baptized and join the church. Father had upon the plantation a house, in which a minister of the Gospel preached to the negroes. On the Sundays when he was absent, mother was accustomed to go to it, taking Nelly and myself with her, and read and sang with such of the negroes as wished to come. Mingo was always present, sitting very close to mother, very quiet and very attentive. After he expressed a desire for baptism, at the next coming of the minister it was attended to. He objected to any change in his name, saying :

“Maybe meet mudder in hebben. Mudder knows Mingo. No know new name.”

With the close of the war came a great change. Father died, and the plantation went to ruin for the want of proper management. Mother moved to a neighboring town, that Nelly and I might go to school.

Mingo followed us, but we were too poor to keep him; so, by mother's advice, he supported himself by hiring to do odd jobs, we helping him when he needed it. He came constantly to see us, bringing always to Nelly something he had picked up in his rambles—a pretty shell or flower, or bright feather from some bird's wing.

One fearful day little Nelly sickened suddenly and died. While she lay in her coffin, mother, sitting beside her, heard the familiar call with which Mingo always announced his coming. Going out, she found him at the steps, a cluster of pure white lilies, gathered from the woods, in his hands. He had not heard of Nelly's death, so smiled and looked around mother for a sight of her. Not seeing her, he held up the lilies and said, "Fur lilly gal."

Choking down her sobs, mother led him to the room where lay Nelly, with white flowers all about her, asleep in death.

Regardless of those around him, Mingo fell upon his knees and gazed long and intently into the sweet, pale face; then, looking up at mother, while a heavenly light rested upon his scarred and dusky countenance, he whispered:

"Lilly gal angel now?"

"Yes," sobbed mother.

"Lib in hebben wid God?"

"Yes."

"Jesus take her?"

"Yes."

He arose from his knees, and, laying the lilies reverently above the little heart—now so still—but which had so often bounded at the coming of her humble friend, he limped out of the room.

Mingo's visits to us became rarer after Nelly's death, although he still retained his strong love for my mother. For several weeks we lost sight of him altogether, when

one evening a negro came to tell mother that Mingo was very ill and wished to see her. She went immediately, and found him hopelessly ill with pneumonia. As she entered the room, he looked gratefully towards her, and held out a feeble hand.

"Mingo," said mother, wiping the death-dew from his forehead, "is there anything I can do for you?"

Reaching his hand inside his bosom, Mingo drew out a little scrap of something white, and laid it in mother's hand. She opened it. It was the little handkerchief with which Nelly had wiped away his tears the day he came to us a trembling fugitive. He had treasured it through all these long years.

"When Mingo go, put it on face," he whispered.

"Mingo," asked mother, in tears, "are you ready to go?"

She leaned over him to catch his answer. It came, broken and almost inaudible :

"Mingo no 'fraid—Mistis tell 'bout God—'bout Jesus—'bout angels. Mingo b'l'eve;—Mingo no go home an' see mudder—go hebben, see lilly angel."

With a smile upon his face, and looking straight into mother's eyes, he died.

In the life of John G. Paton, who labored for many years among the New Hebrides Islands to spread a knowledge of Christianity among the people, there is a very interesting account of his efforts to obtain a supply of fresh water, by digging a well on the coral island of Aniwa. It furnishes a striking example of the success that often attends persevering labor; and of the faith in Divine direction that enabled him to complete the arduous task, under great discouragements, and of the manner in which it sometimes pleases our Father in Heaven to make use of outward instrumen-

talities to promote his own gracious spiritual designs. He thus describes the well digging :

At certain seasons the natives drink very unwholesome water ; and, indeed, the best water they had at any time for drinking purposes was from the precious cocoa-nut, a kind of apple of Paradise for all these Southern Isles ! They also cultivate the sugar-cane very extensively and in great variety ; and they chew it, when we would fly to water for thirst, so it is to them both food and drink. The black fellow carries with him to the field, when he goes off for a day's work, four or five sticks of sugar-cane, and puts in his time comfortably enough on these. Besides, the sea being their universal bathing-place, in which they swattle like fish, and little water, almost none, being required for cooking purposes, and none whatever for washing clothes, the lack of fresh springing water was not the dreadful trial to them that it would be to us. Yet they appreciate and rejoice in it immensely too, though the water of the green cocconut is refreshing, and in appearance, taste and color, not unlike lemonade — one nut filling a tumbler ; and though when mothers die, they feed the babies on it and on the soft white pith, and they flourish on the same, yet the natives themselves show their delight in preferring, when they can get it, the milk from the goat, and the water from the well.

My household felt sadly the want of fresh water. I prepared two large casks, to be filled when the rain came. But when we attempted to do so at the water-hole near the village, the natives forbade us, fearing that our large casks would carry all the water away, and leave none for them with their so much smaller cocoa-nut bottles. This public water-hole was on the ground of two Sacred Men, who claimed the power of emptying and filling it by rain at will. The supersti-

tious natives gave them presents to bring the rain. If it came soon, they took all the credit for it. If not, they demanded larger gifts to satisfy their gods. Even our Aneityumese teachers said to me, when I protested that surely they could not believe such things—"It is hard to know, Missi. The water does come and go quickly. If you paid them well, they might bring the rain, and let us fill our casks!" I told them that, as followers of Jehovah, we must despise all heathen mummeries, and trust in Him and in the laws of his creation to help us.

Aniwa, having therefore no permanent supply of fresh water, in spring or stream, or lake, I resolved, by the help of God, to sink a well near the Mission Premises, hoping that a wisdom higher than my own would guide me to the source of some blessed spring. Of the scientific conditions of such an experiment I was completely ignorant; but I counted on having to dig through earth and coral above thirty feet, and my constant fear was, that owing to our environment, the water, if water, I found, could only be salt water after all my toil. Still, I resolved to sink that shaft in hope, and in faith, that the Son of God would be glorified thereby.

One morning I said to the old Chief and his fellow-chief, both now earnestly inquiring about the religion of Jehovah and of Jesus—

"I am going to sink a deep well down into the earth, to see if our God will send us fresh water up from below."

They looked at me with astonishment, and said in a tone of sympathy, approaching to pity, "Oh Missi! Wait till the rain comes down, and we will save all we possibly can for you."

I replied, "We may all die for lack of water. If no fresh water can be got, we may be forced to leave you."

The old chief looked imploringly, and said, "Oh

Missi! you must not leave us for that. Rain comes only from above. How could you expect our island to send up showers of rain from below?"

I told him, "Fresh water does come up springing from the earth in my land at home, and I hope to see it here also."

The old Chief grew more tender in his tones, and cried, "Oh Missi, your head is going wrong; you are losing something, or you would not talk wild like that! Don't let our people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never listen to your word, or believe you again."

But I started upon my hazardous job, selecting a spot near the Mission Station and close to the public path, that my prospective well might be useful to all. I began to dig, with pick and spade and bucket at hand, an American axe for a hammer and crow-bar, and a ladder for service by-and-bye. The good old Chief now told off his men in relays to watch me, lest I should attempt to take my own life, or do anything outrageous, saying—

"Poor Missi! That's the way with all who go mad. There's no driving of a notion out of their heads. We must watch him now. He will find it harder to work with pick and spade than with his pen, and when he's tired we'll persuade him to give it up."

I did get exhausted sooner than I expected, toiling under that tropical sun; but we never own before the natives that we are beaten, so I went into the house and filled my vest pocket with large, beautiful English made fish-hooks. These are very tempting to the young men, as compared with their own, skilfully made though *they* be out of shell, and serving their purpose wonderfully. Holding up a large hook, I cried, "One of these to every man who fills and turns over three buckets out of this hole!"

A rush was made to get the first turn, and back again

for another and another. I kept those on one side who had got a turn, till the rest in order had a chance, and bucket after bucket was filled and emptied rapidly. Still the shaft seemed to lower very slowly, while my fish-hooks were disappearing very quickly. I was constantly there and took the heavy share of everything, and was thankful one evening, to find we had cleared more than twelve feet deep, when lo! one morning one side had rushed in, and our work was all undone.

The old Chief and his best men now came around me more earnestly than ever. He remonstrated with me very gravely. He assured me for the fiftieth time that rain would never be seen coming up through the earth on Aniwa.

"Now," said he, "had you been in that hole last night, you would have been buried, and a man-of-war would have come from Queen 'Toria to ask for the Missi that lived here. We would say, 'Down in that hole.' The captain would ask, 'Who killed him and put him down there?' We would have to say, 'He went down there himself!' The captain would answer, 'Nonsense! who ever heard of a white man going down into the earth to bury himself?' You killed him, you put him there; don't hide your bad conduct with lies!" Then he would bring out his big guns and shoot us, and destroy our island in revenge. You are making your own grave, Missi, and you will make ours too. Give up this mad freak, for no rain will be found by going downwards on Aniwa. Besides all your fish-hooks cannot tempt my men again to enter that hole; they don't want to be buried with you. Will you not give it up now?"

I said all that I could to quiet his fears, explained to them that this falling in had happened by my neglect of precautions, and finally made known that by the help of my God, even without all other help, I meant to persevere.

Steeping my poor brains over the problem, I became an extemporized engineer. Two trees were searched for, with branches on opposite sides, capable of sustaining a cross-tree betwixt them. I sank them on each side firmly into the ground, passed the beam across them over the centre of the shaft, fastened thereon a rude home-made pulley and block, passed a rope over the wheel, and swung my largest bucket to the end of it. Thus equipped, I began once more sinking away at the well, but at so wide an angle that the sides might not again fall in. Not a native, however, would enter that hole, and I had to pick and dig away till I was utterly exhausted.

But a teacher, in whom I had confidence, took charge above, managing to hire them with axes, knives, &c., to seize the end of the rope and walk along the ground, pulling it till the bucket rose to the surface, and then he himself swung it aside, emptied it, and lowered it down again. I rang a little bell which I had with me, when the bucket was loaded, and that was the signal for my brave helpers to pull the rope. And thus I toiled on from day to day, my heart almost sinking sometimes with the sinking of the well, till we reached a depth of about thirty feet. And the phrase "living water," "living water," kept chiming through my soul like music from God, as I dug and hammered away!

At this depth the earth and coral began to be soaked with damp. I felt that we were nearing water. My soul had a faith that God would open a spring for us; but side by side with this faith was a strange terror that the water would be salt. So perplexing and mixed are even the highest experiences of the soul; the rose-flower of a perfect faith, set around and around with prickly thorns. One evening I said to the old chief:—

"I think that Jehovah God will give us water to-morrow from that hole!"

"The chief said, "No, Missi; you will never see

rain coming up from the earth on this island. We wonder what is to be the end of this mad work of yours. We expect daily, if you reach water, to see you drop into the sea, and the sharks will eat you! That will be the end of it, death to you, and danger to us all."

I still answered, "Come to-morrow. I hope and believe that Jehovah God will send you the rain-water up through the earth." At the moment I knew I was risking much, and probably incurring sorrowful consequences, had no water been given; but I had faith that the Lord was leading me on, and I knew that I sought his glory, not my own.

Next morning I went down again at daybreak and sank a narrow hole in the centre about two feet deep. The perspiration broke over me with uncontrollable excitement, and I trembled in every limb when the water rushed up and began to fill the hole. Muddy though it was, I eagerly tasted it, and the little "tinny" dropped from my hand with sheer joy, and I almost fell upon my knees in that muddy bottom to praise the Lord. It was water! It was fresh water! It was living water from Jehovah's well! True, it was a little brackish, but nothing to speak of, and no spring in the desert, cooling the parched lips of a fevered pilgrim, ever appeared more worthy of being called a Well of God than did that water to me.

The chiefs had assembled with their men near by. They waited on in eager expectancy. It was a rehearsal, in a small way, of the Israelites coming around, while Moses struck the rock and called for water. By-and-bye, when I had praised the Lord, and my excitement was a little calmed, the mud being also greatly settled, I filled a jug, which I had taken down empty in the sight of them all, and ascending to the top called for them to come and see the rain which Jehovah God had given us through the well. They closed around me in haste, and gazed on it in superstitious fear. The old

chief shook it to see if it would spill, and then touched it to see if it felt like water. At last he tasted it, and rolling it in his mouth with joy for a moment, he swallowed it, and shouted, "Rain, rain, yes, it is rain! But how did you get it?"

I repeated, "Jehovah, my God, gave it out of his own earth in answer to our labors and prayers. Go and see it springing up for yourselves."

Now, though every man there could climb the highest tree as swiftly and as fearlessly as a squirrel or an opossum, not one of them had courage to walk to the side and gaze down into that well. To them this was miraculous. But they were not without a resource that met the emergency. They agreed to take firm hold of each other by the hand, to place themselves in a long line, the foremost man to lean cautiously forward, gaze into the well, and then pass to the rear, and so on till all had seen "Jehovah's rain" far below. It was somewhat comical, yet far more pathetic, to stand by and watch their faces, as man after man peered down into the mystery, and then looked up at me in blank bewilderment. When all had seen it with their own very eyes, and were "weak with wonder," the old chief exclaimed—

"Missi, wonderful, wonderful is the work of your Jehovah God! No god of Aniwa ever helped us in this way. But, Missi," continued he, after a pause that looked like silent worship, "will it always rain up through the earth? or will it come and go like the rain from the clouds?"

I told them that I believed it would always continue there for our use, as a good gift from Jehovah.

"Well, but Missi," replied the Chief, some glimmering of self-interest beginning to strike his brain, "will you or your family drink it all, or shall we also have some?"

"You and all your people," I answered, "and all

the people of the island may come and drink and carry away as much of it as you wish. I believe there will always be plenty for us all, and the more of it we can use the fresher it will be. That is the way with many of our Jehovah's best gifts to men, and for it and for all we praise his name."

"Then, Missi," said the Chief, "it will be our water, and we may all use it as our very own?"

"Yes," I answered, "whenever you wish it, and as much as you need, both here and at your own houses, as far as it can possibly be made to go."

The Chief looked at me eagerly, fully convinced at length that the well contained a treasure, and exclaimed, "Missi, what can we do to help you now?"

Oh, how like is human nature all the world over! When one toils and struggles, when help is needed which many around could easily give, and be the better, not the worse, for giving it, they look on in silence, or bless you with ungenerous criticism, or ban you with malicious judgment. But let them get some peep of personal advantage by helping you, or even of the empty bubble of praise for offering it, and how they rush to your aid!

But I was thankful to accept of the Chief's assistance, though rather late in the day, and I said—

"You have seen it fall in once already. If it falls again, it will conceal the rain from below which our God has given us. In order to preserve it for us and for our children in all time, we must build it round with great coral blocks from the bottom to the very top. I will now clear it out, and prepare the foundation for this wall of coral. Let every man and woman carry from the shore the largest blocks they can bring. It is well worth all the toils thus to preserve our great Jehovah's gift."

Scarcely were my words repeated, when they rushed to the shore, with shoutings and songs of gladness; and

soon every one was seen struggling under the biggest block of coral with which he dared to tackle. There lay their limestone rocks, broken up by the hurricanes, and rolled ashore in the arms of mighty billows, and in an incredibly short time scores of them were tumbled down for my use at the mouth of the well. Having prepared a foundation, I made ready a sort of box, to which every block was firmly tied, and then let down to me by the pulley—a native teacher, a faithful fellow, cautiously guiding it. I received and placed each stone in its position, doing my poor best to wedge them one against the other, building circularly, and cutting them to the needed shape with my American axe. The wall is about three feet thick, and the masonry may be guaranteed to stand till the coral itself decays. I wrought incessantly for fear of any further collapse, till I had it raised about twenty feet; and now, feeling secure, and my hands being dreadfully cut up, I intimated that I would rest a week or two, and finish the building then. But the Chief advanced and said—

“Missi, you have been strong to work. Your strength has fled. But here rest beside us; and just point out where each block is to be laid. We will lay them there, we will build them solidly behind like you. And no man will sleep till it is done.”

With all their will and heart they started on the job; some carrying, some cutting and squaring the blocks, till the wall rose like magic, and a row of the hughest blocks laid round the top, bound all together, and formed the mouth of the well. Women, boys and all wished to have a hand in building it, and it remains to this day, a solid wall of masonry, the circle being thirty-four feet deep, eight feet wide at the top, and six at the bottom. I floored it over with wood above all, and fixed the windlass and bucket, and there it stands as one of the greatest material blessings which the Lord

has given to Aniwa. It rises and falls with the tide, though a third of a mile distant from the sea; and when, after using it, we tasted the pure, fresh water on board the *Dayspring*, it seemed so insipid that I had to slip a little salt into my tea along with the sugar before I could enjoy it. All visitors are taken to see the well, as one of the wonders of Aniwa; and an Elder of the Church said to me lately—

“But for that water, during the last two years of drought we would all have been dead!”

Very strangely, though the natives themselves have since tried to sink six or seven wells in the most likely places near their different villages, they have either come to coral rock which they could not pierce, or found only water that was salt. And they say amongst themselves—

“Missi not only used pick and spade, but he prayed and cried to his God. We have learned to dig but not how to pray, and therefore Jehovah will not give us the rain from below!”

The well was now finished. The place was neatly fenced in. And the old Chief said—

“Missi, now that this is the water for all, we must take care and keep it pure.”

I was so thankful that all were to use it. Had we alone drawn water therefrom, they could so easily have poisoned it, as they do the fish-pools, in caverns among the rocks by the shore with their nuts and runners, and killed us all. But there was no fear, if they themselves were to use it daily. The Chief continued,

“Missi, I think I could help you next Sabbath. Will you let me preach a sermon on the well?”

“Yes,” I at once replied, “if you will try to bring all the people to hear you.”

“Missi, I will try,” he eagerly promised. The news spread like wildfire that the Chief Namakei was to be the missionary on the next day for the Worship, and

the people, urged each other to come and hear what he had to say.

Sabbath came round. Aniwa assembled in what was for that island a great crowd. Namakei appeared dressed in skirt and kilt. He was so excited, and flourished his tomahawk about at such a rate, that it was rather lively work to be near him. I conducted short open devotions, and then called upon Namakei. He rose at once, with eye flashing wildly, and his limbs twitching with emotion. He spoke to the following effect, swinging his tomahawk to enforce every eloquent gesticulation :

“ Friends of Namakei, men and women and children of Aniwa, listen to my words ! Since Missi came here he has talked many strange things we could not understand—things all too wonderful ; and we said regarding many of them that they must be lies. White people might believe such nonsense, but we said that the black fellow knew better than to receive it. But of all his wonderful stories, we thought the strangest was about sinking down through the earth to get rain. Then we said to each other, ‘ The man’s head is turned, he’s gone mad.’ But the Missi prayed on and wrought on, telling us that Jehovah God heard and saw, and that his God would give him rain. Was he mad ? Has he not got the rain deep down in the earth ? We mocked at him ; but the water was there all the same. We have laughed at other things which the Missi told us, because we could not see them. But from this day I believe that all he tells us about his Jehovah God is true. Some days our eyes will see it. For to-day we have seen the rain from the earth.”

Then, rising to a climax, first the one foot and then the other making the broken coral on the floor fly behind like a war-horse pawing the ground, he cried with great eloquence :—

“ My people, the people of Aniwa, the world is

turned upside down since the word of Jehovah came to this land! Who ever expected to see rain coming up through the earth? It has always come from the clouds! Wonderful is the work of this Jehovah God. No God of Aniwa ever answered prayers as the Missi's God has done. Friends of Namakei, all the powers of the world could not have forced us to believe that rain could be given from the depths of the earth, if we had not seen it with our eyes, felt it and tasted it as we here do. Now, by the help of Jehovah God the Missi brought that invisible rain to view, which we never before heard of or saw, and—(beating his hand on his breast, he exclaimed):—

“Something here in my heart tells me that the Jehovah God does exist, the Invisible One, whom we never heard of nor saw till the Missi brought Him to our knowledge. The coral has been removed, the land has been cleared away, and lo! the water rises. Invisible till this day, yet all the same it was there, though our eyes were too weak. So I, your chief, do now firmly believe that when I die, when the bits of coral and the heaps of dust are removed which now blind my old eyes, I shall then see the Invisible Jehovah God with my soul as Missi tells me, not less surely than I have seen the rain from the earth below. From this day, my people, I must worship the God who has opened for us the well, and who fills us with rain from below. The Gods of Aniwa cannot hear, cannot help us, like the God of Missi. Henceforth I am a follower of Jehovah God. Let every man that thinks with me go now and fetch the idols of Aniwa, the gods which our fathers feared, and cast them down at Missi's feet. Let us burn and bury and destroy these things of wood and stone, and let us be taught by the Missi how to serve the God who can hear, the Jehovah who gave us the well, and who will give us every other blessing, for He sent his Son Jesus to die for us and bring us to

heaven. This is what the Missi has been telling us every day since he landed on Aniwa. We laughed at him, but now we believe him. The Jehovah God has sent us rain from the earth. Why should He not also send his Son from heaven? Namakei stands up for Jehovah!"

This address, and the sinking of the well, broke the back of heathenism on Aniwa. That very afternoon, the old Chief and several of his people brought their idols and cast them down at my feet beside the door of our house. Oh, the intense excitement of the weeks that followed! Company after company came to the spot, loaded with their gods of wood and stone, and piled them up in heaps, amid the tears and sobs of some, and the shoutings of others, in which was heard the oft-repeated word, "Jehovah! Jehovah!" What could be burned we cast into the flames; others we buried in pits twelve or fifteen feet deep; and some few, more likely than the rest to feed or awaken superstition, we sank far out into the deep sea. Let no heathen eyes ever gaze on them again!







