

Almighty has been driving before Him the armies of the aliens and beating down the strongholds of the Devil.

Pastor Fliedner, on his way to prison, where he had the privilege of being cast for Christ's sake, looked over the tracts he had with him and rejoiced to find them suitable to distribute among prisoners. But he was compelled to leave them outside his cell. His handcuffs were so loosely holding his wrists that he managed to slip his hands through and passed them to the sergeant. Then upon the jailer put a fetter around his ankle and pushed him into a cell, with five others, but kept his books for his boy, for the sake of the pictures. Pastor Fliedner cared less for being shut in a cell than for having his tracts shut out. Suddenly he was called out and searched by the jailer, who coolly appropriated his handkerchief, the little money he had about him, and even the pocket-knife which was his little boy's gift. Indignant at such robbery, Pastor Fliedner said, "What do they here call people who take what is not their own?" "You call me a thief, do you?" said the brutal jailer, and violently boxed his ear. Then fixing a weight of 350 pounds to his fetter, he shoved him back into the dungeon, and flung his tracts after him, saying, "I will have nothing that belongs to you."

The prisoners pounced on the tracts. "Ah, you are a Protestant! You believe in God. We do not, and have long ceased to." "Yes," he replied, "I do believe in a God." "But have you seen him?" "No; but when the jailer speaks and answers you through that closed door, you know he is there, though you don't see him. So I speak to God in prayer, and when He answers me I know He is there." "Well," they rejoined, "how do you know He hears and answers you?" Pastor Fliedner then referred to the scene they had just witnessed, the rude box on the ear; and, calling their attention to his own tall and stalwart frame and the ease with which he could have dealt a blow that would have felled the diminutive jailer to the earth, he said, "I had a mind to strike him back, and double him up, but I sent up to God a prayer for patience, and it was at once granted me, and now I shall have patience given me till the end." This was a practical example of the power of prayer that those men, wont to yield to passion, could well understand. And the result was that those prisoners read and prayed together in that dungeon, and when Pastor Fliedner, at three o'clock in the morning, awoke, he saw one of those convicts reading by the dim light the parable of the prodigal son, and so he "thanked God for that box on the ear."

In May, 1834, three young disciples were thrown into prison for not worshipping "the host," as it was borne past. But, like Paul and Silas, they prayed and sang praises unto God, even in jail, and a by-passer in the street sent them five francs for their sweet singing. After the ten days of their sentence expired, the Judge demanded the fine of