

"She Hath Done What She Could."

Here comes Whitefield, the man who stood before twenty thousand at a time, to preach the gospel; who, in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America, has testified the truth of God, and who could count his converts by thousands. Here he comes, the man that endured persecution and scorn, and yet who was not moved; the man of whom the world was not worthy; who lived for his fellow-men, and died at last for their cause. Stand by, angels, and admire while the Master takes him by the hand and says: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of the Lord." See how free grace honors the man whom it enabled to do valiantly.

Hark! Who is this that comes there? A poor, thin looking creature, that on earth was a consumptive. There she lay three long years upon her bed of sickness. Was she a prince's daughter? For it seems Heaven is making much stir about her. No; she was a poor girl that earned her living by her needle, and she worked herself to death; stitch, stitch, stitch, from morning to night; and here she comes. She went prematurely to her grave, but she is coming, like a shock of corn fully ripe, into heaven; and her Master says: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." She takes her place by the side of Whitefield.

Ask what she ever did, and you find out that she used to live down some dark ally in London; and there used to be another poor girl come to work with her, and that poor girl, when she came to work with her, was a gay and volatile creature, and this consumptive girl told her about Christ; and she used, when she was well enough, to creep out of an evening to go to chapel or to church together. It was hard at first to get the other one to go, but she used to press her lovingly; and when the girl went wild a little, she never gave her up. She used to say: "O Jane, I wish you loved the Saviour;" and when Jane was not there she used to pray for her, and when she was there she prayed with her; and now and then, when she was stitching away, read a page out of the Bible to her, for poor Jane could not read; and with many tears she tried to tell her about the Saviour who loved her and gave himself for her.

At last, after many a day of hard persuasion, and many an hour of sad disappointment, and many a night of sleepless, tearful prayer, at last she lived to see the girl profess her love to Christ; and the poor, consumptive needle-woman has had said to her, "Well done"—and what more could an archangel have had said to him? "She hath done what she could."—*Spurgeon's Sermon on the "Ten Talents."*

A Remarkable Welsh Patriarch.

The *Edinburgh Daily Review* has an interesting notice of a Welsh Independent Minister, the Rev. David Williams, of the county of Brecon. "He had been, come next summer, 64 years minister of the same congregation. His predecessor was their pastor for 50 years, and his predecessor was their minister for 60 years, so that the churches still under his care have had only three ministers during the long space of 17½ years; and what is still as remarkable, the peace of these congregations has never been once disturbed by a single jar or discord during all these long years! Peace has always prevailed among its various members. It was only at the beginning of last January (1867) that he lost his wife, after a happy union of 51 years, and that was the first time that a coffin crossed his threshold during his unusually long married life, all his children seven in number, being still alive. He preaches now generally three times every Sabbath, and several times during the week, and although in his 89th year, he is up early on Monday morning, and does not know, except by report, what some parsons mean by the word 'Mondayish.' For upwards of 55 years he has been one of the most popular preachers in Wales, and the great attraction on 'field days,' in North and South Wales, when many thousands are present to attend open-air services; and so great a traveller has he been on horseback, that he must at least have spent ten years of his life in the saddle. Talk of the youthful buoyancy of the late Lord Palmerston! why our patriarch parson of eighty-eight would have walked and run him of his legs, and wearied him or any other rider. He is completely weather-proof. Rain, snow, tempest, and storm he makes no account of, and even now he would think nothing of riding forty miles over a rough country and conducting public service in the evening. He has been for many years a staunch teetotaler. He has an iron constitution. He is a perfect specimen of the Welsh build—short legs, broad shoulders, and a deep chest. He has enjoyed extraordinary good health, for during the lengthened period of his ministry he has never once been disabled from preaching on a Sabbath. Nature has endowed him with all the natural elements of an orator. His temperament is highly mercurial, and his affections intensely ardent. He speaks even now with unfaltering fluency and remarkable force. He is distinguished for his catholicity of spirit, and is equally beloved by good men of every religious persuasion. His character is spotless, his theology orthodox, and his preaching highly evangelical."