

Ay, that was the question: and Robert Glenlyon, strong man that he was, could not solve it. Then, as in a rapid vision, he saw his home stripped, his plant and stock sold, and his family without means of support; he broke down, and wept in an agony of mind. Mrs. Glenlyon looked on for a moment, then a bright thought struck her as she looked.

But, Robert, if you possess a thousand pounds' worth of stock and effects, you cannot in strict justice be said to be bankrupt. You only want custom."

"And patience on the part of my creditors. See here! I have received a couple of threatening letters to-day."

As he spoke he took out of his pocket the two missives. One was from an irate creditor, the other from a creditor's legal agent, but they both breathed the same message. Short, sharp, and decisive, they both plainly stated that if remittances sufficient to balance the accounts due were not sent off within ten days, legal proceedings would be taken. As Mrs. Glenlyon read them over, her heart sank within her. Surely the trouble that she feared had come upon her.

"They will not wait, you see; and it strikes me that if I were to lay my affairs candidly before them, they would only hurry this action. They would not listen to a word of explanation. And if, within ten days, I cannot settle their accounts, I must perforce go through the ordeal of bankruptcy, for Griffin and Jeffreys both bear the reputation of being hard upon unfortunates. But, whatever be the consequences, my conscience acquits me of unfair and extravagant dealing. I have not brought this crisis upon myself, and this is my consolation. Bella, dearest, I could bear it all were it not for you. The thought of your suffering, through the terrible time that is coming upon us, will unman me."

"Try to borrow, Robert, to meet those two bills. You may be able to retrieve your position a little before another stroke striking—who knows? I will retrench all that I possibly can in the household, and will send away the servant so as to save expense. If we both put our shoulders to the wheel, we may yet get out of our difficulties. And above all, dear, we have God to go to; we cannot forget that. He can either soften the hearts of Griffin and Jeffreys, or provide the funds wherewith to meet them. Somehow or other, I am convinced that He will lead us out of our difficulties, if we lay our circumstances before Him."

And they did lay their circumstances before the God who knows all hearts, and manages all affairs. It was near morning when Mr. and Mrs. Glenlyon sought their bed, but not to sleep. The pressure of cares and difficulties forbade rest; while the apprehensions of evil which loomed up darkly before the hearts of each, were almost too mighty for prayer to calm. Nevertheless, they had told their God all; it now remained to see in what way He would deliver them.

But deliverance did not come. Mr. Glenlyon tried several friends for loans, but for one reason or another failed of success. Some were in difficulties themselves; others had heavy claims to meet; and others again looked coldly upon a man struggling with adversity. So it fell out that no help came, and at the expiration of ten days, Mr. Glenlyon and his affairs were at the mercy of two stern creditors.

It was a terrible time that. Mrs. Glenlyon went about her house with sad heart and tearful eyes, while her husband went through the ordeal of meeting his creditors and offering an explanation as best he could. Griffin was the active agent in causing Mr. Glenlyon's bankruptcy; and when he once started the cry, the other creditors took it up as if panic-stricken. And, after hearing all they could hear, and seeing all they could see, in reference to the affairs of the man who was indebted to them, they decided to sell him up, and to pay themselves. Robert Glenlyon bowed his head in amazement and sorrow, for it seemed as if his God had forgotten to be gracious to him, and this was the heaviest part of his burden.

The "selling-up" came. Mr. and Mrs. Glenlyon went through the rooms for the last time together, as if to take a farewell of all the well-remembered objects of interest; and then Mrs. Glenlyon, with her children, went away to a relative's house in some distant town, to wait until the ordeal was over. Mr. Glenlyon staid behind, to see if anything remained after the crash; for a few pounds were of absolute importance to a man who was penniless. But what the future was to bring he dared not contemplate. And worse than all, he could not pray. He had prayed, but without apparent result; the heavens had been as brass, and the earth as iron; consequently he lost his confidence. What his next step should be, he could not decide; and in his spiritless, aimless

state, it seemed probable that Robert Glenlyon would sink into the abject state of a wail of misfortune.

After all was said and his creditors paid, a sum of about fifty pounds remained over. This was handed to him, together with another fifty subscribed by his creditors, in token of their appreciation of his honourable conduct. This was the first gleam of light upon his pathway; and with this sum he rejoined his wife in her distant retreat.

Mrs. Glenlyon's brave heart almost gave way at the prospect of emigration. Most countries were new countries then, and were far from being populated as they are now. Emigration meant mostly a hard and lonely life in the backwoods, struggling with nature for a bare subsistence. And none but the most practised labourers could ever hope to win competence in tilling the soil of a strange land. Such could endure hardship and suffering tenfold better than emigrants from the class to which the Glenlyons belonged. Still, what was to be done? They could not stay at home and starve; and allurements and offers from a distant colony seemed to point out the path of Providence. So it was settled.

The days passed by, and the preparations for emigration were almost completed. Only one Lord's Day more remained previous to their departure, and on the morning of that day Mr. Glenlyon, accompanied by his eldest son, sought out the sanctuary of God. As he did so, the consideration that this Sabbath would in all probability be his last in his native land for ever seemed to fill his cup of sorrow to overflowing. Still, if found in the path of duty, he might take comfort; and he resolved to draw what comfort was possible from the ordinances of God's house. The minister was strange, the congregation strange, and the chapel strange, but a hallowed fascination crept over him as he listened to the words of the text, as announced by the preacher. They were these:—"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed." "*Dwell in the land.*" he kept repeating to himself. Was not that the blessing which he most needed just now? Was not that the very mercy for which he had craved? And as he listened to the minister's exposition of the passage, he felt that every word was meant for him. God had surely sent that message to arrest the preparations he was making, and stay his flight from his native land. The adaptability of the discourse was most marked; every sentence was pregnant with counsel and comfort, and Mr. Glenlyon left the place convinced that the Lord had met with him there, and had spoken the necessary words of guidance and peace.

On repeating the substance of the sermon to his wife, he found that the like conviction—as to the non-advisability of leaving their native land—had entered her mind most powerfully that morning. Impressed with singular intervention of Providence, they resolved to remain in England and await the pleasure of the Lord concerning them. They did this, and they had not very long to wait before they saw that they were being rightly guided. Friends sprang up in every direction; the recital of his difficulties brought good men and true to assist Robert Glenlyon again into business in his own particular line. Only in a small way at first, to be sure; but from the day that he set up business a second time, it seemed as if the Lord had turned again his captivity. Prosperity began to smile in new and unexpected ways upon him. And he not only prospered, but advanced from step to step until he became known as a rich man. Like Job, his latter end was more blessed than his beginning, and he was exalted again by material prosperity among his friends and neighbours. Griffin sneered, and Jeffreys wondered whether or no some rich relative had not died and left Robert Glenlyon a fortune.

But amidst prosperity, as in adversity, Mr. and Mrs. Glenlyon were true, humble, prayerful children of God. And their after life proved that this trial had been sanctified to them. They had been "tried as gold is tried," and had come out of the ordeal unscathed to bear witness that God is ever faithful to His own believing people.

CRYING TO GOD.—Several children of a family were once playing in a garden, when one fell into a tank. When the father heard of it, he asked each what means they thought of to rescue their brother from his perilous situation. Inquiring of the youngest, he said, "John, what did you do to rescue your brother?" The boy answered, "Father, what could I do? I am so young that I could not do anything, but I stood and cried as loud as I could." If each cannot bring a ladder or a rope, all can cry, all can plead with God.