

lied to men, and how his imps led them into sin, I said a hearty 'Amen!' for I knew all about it. Pretty soon the salt spray flew in every direction, and more especially did it run down my cheeks."

It was, however, under the preaching of Elijah Hedding he was at length converted. While listening outside of the church where the great preacher was pouring "common sense on fire" on his immense audience, the young sailor climbed in through the window and walked straight up the aisle. He stood till he found himself "all riddled through and through," to use his own words, and then fell weeping to the floor. An earnest young Christian, named Tucker, went to him and pointed him to the Saviour, while the preacher and many others offered fervent prayer on his behalf. Before the meeting closed he was brought into the liberty of God's children.

He never failed to recount with joy the glorious event of that night. "I was dragged through the lubber-hole (window)," he would say, "brought down by a broadside from the *seventy-four* (Hedding), and fell into the arms of Thomas W. Tucker."

After a month of joyous association with these shouting Methodists of Boston, which he ever after called "his honeymoon," he again went to sea, embarking this time in a privateer, the *Black Hawk*. This vessel was soon afterwards captured by a British frigate, and Taylor himself was captured for a work of which he had little dreamed. His fellow-prisoners had noticed the fervency of the young sailor in his private devotions, and not liking the read-prayers of the English chaplain, they asked Taylor to lead them in their devotions. He timidly consented. He had such "liberty" that they soon said to the boy that prayed so well, "You must preach also." "Preach!" he replied, "I cannot read, how can I preach?" But they declared he could talk on his feet as well as on his knees. They got leave to have an extempore service. Taylor asked a sailor to read to him passages in the Bible. He read from Ecclesiastes until he reached the words, "Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king." "Stop," he cried, "read that again. That will do, give me the chapter and verse." He sat over his text until the hour arrived.

He began blundering and tangled, but soon broke out into a river of speech. Wit and sarcasm and burning words fell from his lips, which seemed all directed to the King of England. His auditors began to tremble for themselves and their youthful preacher. At last he cried, "You think I mean King George. I don't; I mean the devil!" He was instantly voted their chaplain, and the Captain kindly granted their request.