

even in the narrow corridor to my chamber. And then, looking up to the Lord, gracious and merciful, I prayed, "Lord, if this be Thy guidance, I ask Thee to let me see wherefore I am in this place. Many a time I have prayed to trust Thee; now I ask to *see* Thee." Then there came the witness of the Spirit that my prayer was heard, and that my prayer was answered.

I was refreshed, and rested I know not how. God knows, who fed Elijah in the desert.

So I watched the sun rise over the tall buildings and whitened streets. Not a person was visible, but as I stood on my watch, suddenly I saw the kind porter cross the triangle rapidly. My first impulse was to endeavor to attract his notice, and pray him to help me out of this fearful place; but the next it was repressed. It seemed that I should thus distrust the power of the Lord who had so graciously assured me that I should see *Him*.

The cool air of the early morning, and more, the calm rest which fell on my spirit, strengthened me, and, putting on my hat and gloves, I slowly descended the dark, narrow stairs, and entered a room on the ground-floor, which gave evidence of the last night's meals. The remains of supper and drinking-cups lay around, and from several strange invisible beds were people rising from their sleep.

A large-headed fierce-looking man, in his shirt-sleeves, advanced, and demanded in an insolent tone where I was going.

I replied, "To the terminus," at the same time drawing out my purse to pay his demands, and begging him to fetch me a cabriolet.

"You cannot go until you have ordered your breakfast," he said in a peremptory tone.

"Good," I replied, "I take milk and bread only."

He bade a man near fetch it, while evidently keeping a watch on my movements, suspicious that I should depart, and defraud him of payment.

"Why are you going so early?" he inquired in a blustering tone.

I looked calmly in his face, and replied slowly and solemnly, "My Master calls me."

"Who is your Master?" said my host.

I replied, pointing upwards, "My

Master is my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

If the power of that name above all other names could give sight to the blind and strength to the lame, so to-day it had not lost the power to awe the rude and insolent man. He stared as if an apparition had suddenly risen at his feet; his hair, matted and uncombed, stood from his head, and gave him the aspect of terror and dismay.

And so I spoke of Him whose hand was over me, and, taking out my Italian Testament, I read of the condemnation of the sinner, and the salvation through God's only-begotten Son (John iii.)

The man stood aghast!

It was evident that my words, imperfect as was my Italian, reached his heart. And as I proclaimed the grace and mercy of God the Father in giving His Son, and God the Son in giving Himself, to die for ruined, guilty man, the Spirit of truth declared, "Thou art the man!" in that hour I recognized the power which is promised with the baptism of the Holy Ghost—the power which men shall not gainsay nor resist. Words came unsought, texts learned and long forgotten arose fresh in my mind. From little knowledge of the construction of the language, save what I had from time to time acquired from my Italian Testament, I went on to tell of the crucified and risen Saviour as the only refuge of the sinner from eternal death.

Another would have framed his arguments better. I lay no claim to rhetoric. No matter; God was there, and the words spoken for Him were arrows in His hand.

Another and another man arose from under the table, where they had evidently slept, and listened as I read.

I felt nothing of my strange position; I only felt that I was there, a witness for the Lord God, who had covered me with the shadow of His hand, and put His words in my mouth.

As I recall that hour, my soul still sings her song of gratitude and praise that the Lord had not looked upon my sinking faith, my cowardly heart, but on the perfect obedience of His spotless One, my Sun and Shield—"Behold, O God, our Shield, and look upon the face of Thine Anointed," (Ps. lxxxiv.) Here is the shelter from the storm, the shelter from the heat.