

me, directly at me. Without knowing anything about the *doctrines* of Friends, I was at once convinced that God was speaking through this, His servant, to me, His child; and I realized that this must be something entirely different from the prepared sermons to which I was accustomed. At the close of the sermon there was quite a period of silence, which made me feel so much ashamed that I wanted to get up and out. I thought, here is a people really worshipping God, not with the lips alone, but from the heart; while I do not even know how.

I did not attend Friends' Meeting regularly from that time, for I was a member of another branch of the church; but that one meeting spoiled all the other modes of worship for me, and I soon saw that God was seeking me to worship him "in Spirit and in Truth," and that nothing less than this would satisfy me.

"Free Gospel Ministry," is to me one of the most blessed "strongholds of Quakerism." Again and again has God spoken to my need through his ministers in direct answer to prayer; and not only to my need, but to the need of those for whom I have been praying, showing such direct communication between God (by his spirit), his child who gives the message, and his child who is asking favors, that I have been amazed, and feel I must say with the Psalmist: "My praise shall be of Thee in the great congregation."—*Friends' Review*.

"A CONVINCED FRIEND."

THE STORY OF A GREAT ARTIST.

Two hundred and more years ago there was, not far from Leyden, but nearer still to Leydendorp, a little hamlet of eight or ten cottages, each one more beautiful, shinningly clean, and well kept than the others.

In one of them, on a certain bright morning, sat Madam Teressa Herman, preparing with her own dainty hands

the dinner for her husband and herself and the child of the house, Greta, a little maid of seven years.

"Is it not time for me to take the basket to Mother Vander Heyden?" asked Greta presently, for her small, chubby fingers were tired holding the knife with which she was helping her mother prepare the fruit and vegetables.

The mother smiled. Well she knew the little maid preferred tripping through the hamlet, meeting perhaps a neighbor's child for company, to helping with the household duties, however light. But she unfastened Greta's brown linnen apron, tied on her small red cap, and put the basket containing dainties for the sick woman on her arm.

"Now, my Gretchen," she said taking her hand, "go not into any house but that of old Mother Vander Heyden. Thou knowest I would not have thee to run from neighbor to neighbor like a beggar maid."

This seemed to be a reasonable charge; yet Greta looked troubled and disappointed, and irresolute after the mother had given her a parting kiss.

"May I cross old Gerretz's doorstep, my mother?" she asked presently. "Oh, just for a brief visit! I will be back in time to fill my father's mug and carry his platter."

"Why art thou so fond of going to that house, my child? True, poor Madam Gerretz carefully trained these young people during her lifetime; but she is no more, and old Jacques Gerretz is drinking more than ever. I fear it is no longer a fit place for thee to go."

Yet the fond mother yielded to her entreaty, and Greta went off with bounding steps. She came back in time, as she had promised; but there was a restless look about her, as if she constantly expected some one. This look was explained when, about dusk, the lad, Paul Gerretz, accompanied by his sister, Louise, came to Madam Herman's door.

The boy brought as a present to