

was an overwhelming proof to me that the Lord was indeed calling me to go. I sent in my resignation, with my reason for doing so, and went home to prepare for my journey."

"Another scene indelibly impressed on my memory, is that in which I told my mother how I had been led, and what I proposed to do. She sat silent—Her only answer was "Well, my child, if the Lord has called you, we must all do what we can to get you ready." Many years after she wrote me that when I left her, and she saw me passing out of her sight, she had such an overpowering assurance that the Lord went with me and had given His angels charge over me to keep me in all my ways, that she never dared to feel anxious or repine."

This is the stuff of which these people were made, and this is a specimen of faith that I cannot withhold from my friends. But this is not all of this story of faith that crosses the seas. Listen again:

"The friends at Canso whom I had thought as probably willing to refund the money, gave their notes without hesitation, and in a few weeks I was ready. When I presented them to the friend in Wolfville, he said he had changed his mind, that he feared he would be blamed for helping me forward in a wild adventure. I had no means of subsistence after arriving there; so, I thanked him, and came away. I felt sure that the Lord had used him to get me all ready to go, and He wished to provide the means in some other way. I think the result proved that this gentleman was Divinely guided in *both instances*."

It was quite Divine. John that morning was a little cautious, although a generous giver. But there is a foolishness of faith, as well as of preaching, that is beyond all human wisdom, and Maria always had that. The Unseen dominated her, and so she moved confidently, even when rebuffed. She knew that all was ordered, and that somehow all would work for good. She had the faith of the eleventh of Hebrews, and such people are not daunted because somebody says