

"Give me your hand." "I will." "Then," said I, "put down your name," after she had done it, I said "give me your hand again." She did so, and said "I will keep it." "I know you will," I said, "and I shall come back again to see you." "Come back when you will," said she, "and you will find I have kept it." Some three years after I went back. Lord Kinnaird presided over the meeting. The woman was there. After the meeting I introduced her to Lord Kinnaird, not as "Fire," but as Mrs. Archer, a very respectable Scotch woman. She had on her white cap, and her cloak pinned across her breast. He shook hands with her. I went to her house. I wish I could tell you what she told me; I wish I could make you feel as she made me feel; she said "I am a poor body; I dinna ken much, and what little I did ken, has been about knocked out of me by the staves of the policemen. They pounded me over the head sir. I dinna ken how to pray; I never went to God's house these 28 years; I cannot pray, but sometimes I dream"—and then her eyes filled. "I dream I am drunk, and I cannot pray; but I get out of my bed, sir, and I kneel by the side of it, and I never get back to it until day dawn, and all I can say is, "God keep me!" I cannot get drunk any more." Her daughter said, "Aye mon; and I have heard my mother, at the dead of night on the bare floor in the bitter winter time, cry out "God keep me!" and I said mother, go to your bed, and she said no, no; I had a dream, and I cannot go and drink any more." That woman is now to be seen going, every Sabbath day, to hear God's word preached—she, who had not entered God's house for twenty-eight years!—*Mr. Gough, at his reception in Boston.*

KINGMAN NOTT.

He had to "begin the world" without a dollar and without the promise of one. Literally, his only outfit for his first venture away from home, besides the endowments nature and grace had bestowed, was a few books, the passage money to his place of destination (with fifty cents surplus,) and a somewhat generous supply of second hand clothing. For his raiment had this peculiarity, that each individual article of apparel could be referred to a different, original owner: "This was my uncle's," "this my cousin's," "and this my father's." His boots and his cap were the only parts of his dress he could properly call his own; and these were of compulsion so, because his head and his feet were in a peculiar sense his own. It will be inferred that Kingman's father was not a man of large means. Such was the truth. He had nothing on earth. But he had large possessions in the Kingdom of Heaven, and these his son—a fact in strict agreement with God's promises—did distinctly find available. Kingman himself also possessed what proved sufficient for emergency, a brave heart, buoyant temper, indifference to little inconveniences, an unflinching will, faith, and good muscle. These last, it will soon be perceived, were a most important auxiliary.

But Kingman contributed something himself; pittance now and then earned at large expenditure of time, labor, and ingenuity. Besides, his expenses were reduced to half their legitimate and expected amount, through his pinching economy. As for earning, no honest labor by which he could gain a dollar for the "sacred purpose," was too hard or too mean for him. He would sweep, saw wood for anybody, dig gardens—anything but beg. As for economy, he wore any clothes that would keep him warm, and he could get. But Providence took care of his apparel: he was never but once destitute of a decent coat, and that was when he had left the garment at a tailor's for repairs, and for two weeks could not procure money to redeem it. But he saved in another way. When ordinary economy was insufficient, and earnings and donations both were inadequate, he abandoned his boarding-house and all civilized modes of living, bought Indian-meal, milk, and crackers—descending slowly, but fatally, to pork—and did his own cooking. And ever and anon from his drudgery he looked up, and his cheerful tone rang out, "It is my duty to get an education!" Often he saw no ray ahead, but he pressed forward with a "no matter" for every inconvenience, a "trust God" in everything, and he got through, and the whole discipline did him good. In all his books at this time was written the motto: "Nil desperandum!—never despair!"—*Memoirs of Nott.*