

stood somewhat apart from those in the immediate neighborhood. One night she was retiring to rest as usual, and had entered her own bedroom, for that purpose, when he saw part of a man's boot appearing from under the bed. For a moment she held her breath, horror-stricken, while she pondered what to do. Should she leave the room, and call her aids? No, it would be to throw them into agonies of terror, without any hope of obtaining effectual assistance. Should she quietly slip out of the house, and make her way to the nearest neighbor? This might be only to cast herself into the lion's jaws, in all probability there were robbers outside the house, acting in concert with the one who had found his way in. She thought prayerfully, intensely, and it seemed to her that but one course was open to her,—to trust herself simply on God's protection, and trust that He who had redeemed her soul from hell, was able also to save her from bodily danger.

She closed her door, placed her candle on the table, and sat down as usual to read her Bible. A thought struck her, and opening at a part of the Gospel of St. Matthew, she began to read aloud. Slowly and impressively, with a voice that never trembled, she went through chapter, and then another, and another,—at length she paused, and knelt in prayer. She sought forgiveness for her sins, and praised God for the mercies of the day, while she committed herself and her household to His protection for the night, especially asking that He would mean to avert any untorseen danger. Her prayer was comparative easy; but she could not, without betraying herself, go beyond a certain time. Her prayer concluded, she rose from her knees, and began to undress. The most tardy movements could not prolong this indefinitely, and the moment approached when she must put out her candle, and creep into bed. The sickening dread which filled her mind when she thought of doing so, well nigh overpowered her, and she stayed herself on God, and he gave her strength.

She extinguished her light and lay down, as if to compose herself to sleep. For a while all was still; then she was conscious of a movement under her bed,

and the man got up, stood for a moment, as if pondering on his own plans, and drew aside the curtain.

"Woman," said he, "are you asleep?"

"No," she replied, in a low firm voice.

"Then listen to me," he continued. "I came here to-night to do you a great harm. I meant to take all I could get, and to cut your throat if you screamed, or made the least resistance. But I can't do it. You have said words to-night, which made me feel as I never felt before, and I cannot touch you or yours. I have mates below, waiting to share my work and my gains; I shall go down and get them quietly away, and then I shall come back to you."

He did so, and when he returned, he said, "I have been as good as my word: they are gone, and now I am going; but I must have one thing first. You read these words out of some book. I don't know what it is, for I never heard it before, but I must have it to read for myself; I must take it away with me." The lady rose and put the Bible into his hand; the man left her, and she heard of him no more.

It was many years afterwards, when she was present at a meeting for some religious society, that a gentleman rose to address the audience, whose fervor touched many hearts. How it affected one of his hearers we may gather from the fact, that as an explanation of the warmth of the feelings he had expressed, he traced the same to his own conversion, and consequent rise from the lowest ranks, to the reading of the Bible; and when he came to describe the origin of his being led to his Bible, he gave the facts we have attempted to narrate, and offered a sufficient voucher for their truth, by concluding with the simple declaration, "I am the man."

The meeting between him and the lady whose Christian courage had thus been blessed to delivering a soul from death, may better be imagined than described.

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The Presbyterian Church of the United States, South, has declared a war of extermination against so-called Evangelists—a class of unordained and unauthorized preachers who, if they would not have