

now," said Samuel. "Oh, certainly," said I, as I passed over the dollar.

I went to the prayer-meeting, he to the mission. I forgot him until just as I put my key in the door, about 10.30, when Samuel Morris flashed across my remembrance. I hastened over, found him on the platform with seventeen men on their faces around him; he had just pointed them to Jesus, and they were rejoicing in His pardoning favor. I had never seen such a sight. The Holy Ghost in this figure of ebony, with all its surroundings, was, indeed, a picture.

Think! An uncultured, uncouth, uncultivated, but endowed, imbued and infilled African, under the power of the Holy Spirit, the first night in America winning souls for Emmanuel—nearly a score. No trouble now to take care of him. He was one of God's anointed ones. This was Friday. Saturday he stayed around. Sunday, I said, "Samuel, I would like you to accompany me to Sunday School. I am the superintendent, and may ask you to speak." He answered: "I never was in Sunday School, but all right." I smilingly introduced him as one Samuel Morris, who had come from Africa to talk to the superintendent about the Holy Spirit. I know not what he said. The school laughed, and, as he commenced, my attention was called, and I turned aside for a few moments, when I looked, and lo! the altar was full of our young people, weeping and sobbing. I never could find out what he said, but the presence and manifested power of the Holy Spirit was so sensible that the entire place was filled with His glory.

The young people formed a "Samuel Morris Missionary Society," and secured money, clothes and everything requisite to send him off to the Bishop Taylor University at Fort Wayne, Ind. The days that passed while he was waiting to go were wonderful days. I took him in a coach, with a prancing team of horses, as I was going to Harlem to officiate at a funeral. I said, "Samuel, I would like to show you something of our city and Central Park." He had never been behind horses nor in a coach, and the effect was laughable to me. I said, "Samuel, this is the Grand Opera House," and began to explain, when he said, "Stephen Merritt, do you ever pray in a coach?" I answered, "Oh, yes, I frequently have very blessed times while riding about." He placed his great black hand on mine, and, turning me around on my knees, said, "We will pray," and for the first time I knelt in a coach to pray. He told the Holy Spirit he had come from Africa to talk to me about Him, and I talked about everything else, and wanted to show him the church, and the city, and the people, when he was so desirous of hearing and knowing about Him, and he asked Him if He would not take out of my heart things, and so fill me with Himself that I would never speak, or write, or preach, or talk only of Him. There were three of us in that coach that day. Never had I known such a day; we were filled with the Holy Ghost, and He made him the channel by which I became instructed and then ended as never before.

Bishops have placed their hands on my head, once and again, and joined with Elders of the church in ordaining services, but no power came in comparison. James Caughey placed his holy hands on my head, and on the head of dear Thomas Harrison, as he prayed that the mantle of Elijah might fall on the Elishas, and the fire fell and the power came; but the abiding of the Comforter was received in the coach with Samuel Morris, for since then I have not written a line, or spoken a word, or preached a sermon only for or in the Holy Ghost.

Samuel Morris was an instrument in the hands of the Holy Spirit for the greater and grander development of Stephen Merritt in the wonderful things of God. He went to Fort Wayne. He turned the University upside down. He lived and died in the Holy Ghost after accomplishing his work; and as the Holy Ghost man or woman never dies, so the life of Samuel Morris walks the earth to-day, and will live as long as I remain, and will never die. At his funeral three young men who had received the Holy Spirit through his instruction, dedicated themselves to the work of God in Africa, to take the place of Samuel Morris.

His life in the University, his death and the influence he exerted may be learned from the President at Upland, Indiana, or from Dr. Wright, of Washington, D.C.

A Canadian Methodist Pioneer in Africa.

REV. F. J. LIVINGSTON, B.A., M.D.*

IN September, 1886, among the students who entered Albert College was Francis John Livingston, son of John Livingston, of Singhampton, Ont. At the end of the three successive college years, '87, '88 and '89, Mr. Livingston creditably passed his examinations, and in his final year was the winner of the medal for proficiency in languages.

During his stay at Albert, Mr. Livingston had the good will of both teachers and students, and was fully identified with every department of college life. He excelled as a football and baseball player and was always a prominent member of the Athletic Association.

Nor was Mr. Livingston's influence unfelt in the religious life of the College. He was always an earnest and zealous worker in the Y.M.C.A., and was prime mover in the organization of the Albert College Branch of the Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance, helping to draw up its constitution and serving as its first president.

In the fall of 1887 the College was visited by Mr. Forman, then travelling secretary of the Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance, who enlisted the sympathies of the students towards the work of foreign missions, and eight volunteered for the foreign field, among them Mr. Livingston.

A year after, Mr. R. P. Wilder, successor to Mr. Forman, visited the College, and his appeal for student volunteers was responded to by twelve students. These organized themselves into the Albert College Student Volunteer Mission Band. The Band considered it necessary to select from its numbers a representative for the foreign field. Accordingly they met, and after prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, each member, still upon his knees, wrote the name of him whom he considered the most suitable representative for that position. Mr. Livingston was unanimously chosen. He was allowed the privilege of choosing the field, and selected Africa, the interests of that country being especially dear to him.

The next three years were partly spent at Victoria University, where Mr. Livingston acquitted himself creditably and completed his course in '92 with honors in metaphysics.

Mr. Livingston made a close study of his chosen field, and, in the fall term of '91, feeling that a knowledge of medicine would very materially aid him in Africa, he asked

* We regret that lack of space will not permit the publishing of a letter full of interest and information from Dr. Livingston.