

timber-yards, among carriages all too far past mending to be allowed a place even in the yard. The driver corresponded exactly with the vehicle—one of our wild Arabs of the East-end would hardly compete with him; and his shrewd, knowing grin and most perplexing patois rendered him rather an object of terror to me than interest or amusement, as it might have been under different circumstances. However, even this had been procured at the expense of some extra time taken from the hours of rest of the kindly railway officials. There was nothing else to be done. The station was about to be locked up; so, gratefully thanking them, and most of all the kind porter, whose words and looks of sympathy I took direct from the Lord, I mounted my strange conveyance. As the manager assisted me to enter it, he told me to remember that the house where I should sleep was opposite a large church, adding, "You cannot mistake it, and the train leaves at seven."

I had committed myself to Him who had cared for me hitherto, and to whom I had made my prayer; nevertheless, my heart sank within me when my driver insisted on sharing his seat with a rough companion whom he found on the way, who presented an appearance even more startling than his own. He drove furiously, and the long-legged horse, whose bones nearly protruded through his skin, galloped at intervals, when he did not entirely refuse to obey whip or voice to proceed.

We had left what seemed to be the high road, and we threaded the dark, narrow streets of the town, the tall, black buildings throwing a deeper shadow from the light of the moon, which now rose, and shed its silver glory through the openings. In vain I strove to gather some information of the way I was going. It seemed a maze of turning and winding.

I felt by the gestures of my driver and his companion that their mirth was at my expense, but to all my inquiries, "Where are we going?" he only replied by a fresh burst of laughter, and a shrewd sign to his companion.

At last he drew up at a house in the corner of a triangular street. In face of it I saw a large building, and the white moonlight shone on its pinnacles. I never doubted it was the church my

good-natured friends had told me to discern as my land-mark.

Before I could ask a question, my wild driver had carried my bag, with which I was unfortunately encumbered, into the house, and, grasping his fare, which I had prepared for him, he was gone, and I was alone.

Certainly I have heard of, but never have I witnessed, even in broad daylight, a place of such fearful augur as that in which I was called to pass the night. My first impulse was to rush back to the station, and ask to be allowed to remain with the luggage till the midnight train. But in that case I must leave what was most valuable to me in the hands of thieves, perhaps. But to walk was impossible, not a cabriolet was to be heard or seen, and even if I could reach it, the station was now closed until after midnight.

A rough looking man showed me my room, which for dirt, I had never seen equalled. The door had neither bolt, bar, nor lock. In sickening disgust at all around, my weariness, the excessive heat of Southern Italy in July, my long fast, and the momentary terror that swept like an ice-storm over my sinking heart, leave the scene vividly on my mind's eye.

I counted the chimes from a distant belfry as I stood at the open window; sounds of loud revelry was the only noise that broke the silence of the night without—voices of women singing, and boisterous laughter. The moonlight came brighter and fuller, and I saw that the building, which was pointed out as the church I was to keep as my landmark, was a barrack, and I was in a lodging-house in its vicinity.

I barricaded my door with the old broken chair, and, arranging my rug and shawl for my couch, I lay down in utter exhaustion, not to sleep, but to wonder what it all meant. I watched the stars paling, and the day breaking, and my heart was comforted. He who ruled the stars in their course watched over me, and peace spread over my troubled heart; and, like as the still waters image the light above when there is nothing between it and the heavens, so my heart could respond to the eternal faithfulness of the Lord who had called me to follow Him, and all was known to Him.

At last all was silence, broken only by the snore of the sleepers, that sounded