

it, or to say anything about it, for it made him shed tears. I knelt down to pray, and he did the same, and listened attentively to all that the Lord was showing me to tell him. Was this prayer? you may ask. I answer, yes; for I prayed as the Spirit gave me utterance. We rose from our knees, and I went to a drawer, took from thence a fifty cent piece, and in a moment put it into his hand. He moved backwards and said, "Indeed, I will never take it; if he had paid me like a man and said it was too much, I would have thrown one dollar off." Take care of the money, for it is all the Lords. God showed me in a vision of the night the ill-speaking that was done concerning him; and He even showed me a name which he was called, and which he did not deserve. He was the friend of every one, and the enemy of none. But you may say, "Is he not dead?" Yes, to earth and its cares; and well for him that God took him from the evil to come, for the trials he endured for good sister Ann Preston are only known to God. Think of an old man in his lonely home for three months, sick with trouble, and suffering from a bruise on his arm, and only twice visited by any member of this Church, and not at all by a minister! Why was this? Not because he was poor, but because of his daughter going round with messages to the people. How soon not only my own name was disreputable, but also that of my good and honored father. I do not want your honor, for all the honor in the world would not be worth a cent to me, if I had not the approbation of God. But I have nearly done telling you about my father; and in closing up I would say that he never got one cent of that money except the first fifty cents, and he did not even get that for himself. So angry was God about the deceit of this money, that he said, "It is unclean unto your family, and to-day no heir of him wears it, but it is in a black dress worn by another. Farewell!

M. I. L.

