

it's no use trying, for she is my servant; but another, nearer home, said: I'll preach one on fasting. God said: "Stop at home, M. I. L., God knows all about your fasting." It's no use trying, for God is in it. Then, again: The false prophet that came to Job is my Sabbath's sermon. God speaks again, Stay at home, M. I. L. It's no use trying, for God is in it.

Now, Pew, what have you to say? Why, they laugh at each other in the Church of God! They say no one sits beside me! One says, I pity her pale face; a second, look at her eyes! But one good sister says: I went and sat beside her myself, and it did me good; as it did the upright in heart. Now, the little folks say: Pshaw; she is crazy. My husband sits in the pew. When the sermon is near being commenced, he grins with despair from the false report that has been carried to him; the deliverer of this report sits with an eye of pity, but still inclined to laugh; but M. I. L. said with the poet:

"I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

But my good old friend C. is in the pulpit; and he tells them, scorers, and laughers, and talkers, and Sabbath breakers, this text: "Study to be quiet and do your own work, and mind your own business." It is not best to enlarge on these points, as I have to proceed to show all their trying was vain, and all because God was in it.

"WINE IS A MOCKER, AND STRONG DRINK IS RAGING."

I now proceed to show it was God sent me, inasmuch as my eyes had looked upon beer drinkers; and God said: "A, go and tell that beer drinker the word—No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God." What, me a drunkard? I'll make that public. Brother, Sister, it was no use trying, for God was in it, indeed and of a truth. Then again comes the command: Go ask that man is he all right in Christ, and the man answers, yes; but this is not enough: go ask him a second time, and see if he will be ready the second time to answer yes; but now this was only