

going through. "Touched with the feeling" How deep that goes! When we turn away to Him in our wordless weariness of pain, which only He understands, we find out that we have to do with Him in quite a different sense from any one else. We could not do without Him, and, thank God! we shall never have to do without Him.—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

PRAYER AND PROTECTION.

A party of Northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac, one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with the happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners, that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman had made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with, "Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?" "Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously; "I fought under General Grant!"

"Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken, you were on guard duty. We, of the South, had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadow hid me. As you paced back and forth, you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work, because I was a sure shot. Then, out upon the night rang the words:

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack upon the camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening that you were

the man whose life I was spared from taking." The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said, with much emotion, "I remember the night very well, and distinctly, the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my part was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends, and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He has created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cared for the sparrow, how much more for man created in His own image, and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered, I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favorite hymn, now it will be inexpressibly dear."

A PRAYER OVER OXEN.

Elder John Stephens held a pastorate in the Free Baptist Church at Gardiner, Me., forty odd years ago. Nature dealt generously with Elder John. His big heart was incased in an iron frame of mammoth proportions. Remarkable alike for sincere piety and genuine humor, the good man so tempered his teachings as to make them acceptable to saint and sinner. Riding one day along the road to West Gardiner, he overtook an ox-team that was stuck in the mud. The discouraged cattle had refused to pull, and the driver, who had sworn till the air was blue, was preparing to reel off another string of oaths, when the parson stopped his horse and said: "Try prayer, my friend; try prayer." "Try it yourself," retorted the vexed teamster. "I'll do it," said Elder John, and dropped on his knees in the waggon. For awhile he prayed around his subject as if afraid to touch it. Gradually, however, his faith strengthened, and in a voice which bid fair to arouse the neighborhood he besought the Owner of the cattle on a thousand hills to move the hearts and legs of those stubborn oxen. The prayer was unconscionably long, and no sooner had it ended than the impatient driver prepared to start his team. "Stop," said Elder John, descending from his waggon; "as I have done the praying, I feel