

"The Fulfilling of the Scriptures, an Essay by Rev. Robert Fleming, pastor of a Church in Rotterdam." I have turned over the pages of this old, but well preserved volume with intense interest. How little I thought, in those childhood days, that half a century from then I would pore over the same anecdotes, find the origin and original of the favourite proverb. I find that it is not quoted right, though the sense is the same. Its author was Rev. Robert Blair, a Scotch divine best known by his poem, "The Crane." It is said of him, after giving a few remarkable incidents from his life, that he was himself as great an observer of providence as any in the age in which he lived, and this he had notably verified in himself, which was a usual saying of his to others, "*Observable things do follow them who are given to observation.*"

I think this must have been the good seed which fell into the tender mind and brought forth fruit in after years, for well I know that I prayed in the beginning of my childhood experience, which was more than forty years ago, that my life might be an exemplification of that truth, and it has been so to a marked degree, and in a way often truly wonderful. I never thought of it before, but reading these incidents again, after the lapse of so many years, I feel quite sure that, to the deep impression they made on my mind, I am indebted for the implicit faith I have had from my youth in special providences and divine leadings. I will quote a few of the examples given in connection with Mr. Blair. At one time, while he and his brethren were under restraint, he was sent by them to implore liberty from the king. On the way, as he was riding horseback, he was taken suddenly and violently ill, and while lying prostrate on the back of his beast, he cried unto God for help, and was answered immediately by entire freedom from pain. A few days after, on the same journey, his horse fell very lame, and, having no way to provide another, he prayed to the Lord for help, and the horse from thence did, without a limp, carry him safe to London. On arriving he vainly sought access to the king, and his friends at court assured him he had no ground to hope in the matter. One day, being weary of waiting for access to the court then at Greenwich, he retired into the park to pray, where, after much wrestling with the Lord, he had so clear a return that he could not withstand the assurance he got that his way would be successful, but the appearing thereof, in an ordinary way, being so small, pressed him to adventure humbly the asking of a *sign* from the Lord; and immediately after there being a considerable *wind* that blew hard and made a noise among the rushes that grew there. So great a *calm* did presently follow that not the least plant of the ground did in anyway move or stir. He went thence to London, and within a few days, in a most strange way, had his petition presented to the king, and accepted; yea, was particularly called for, and the king, with his own hand, did not only sign it, but wrote these