

breeze over a smooth sea and beneath a cloudless sky. Everything inspired to worship, to contentment, to peace. Not so, however, with the young Cornishman's sermon. It was full of fire, of denunciation against sin, and of overwhelming appeals for instant religious decision:

"Were they then and there in Christ by a living faith that brought Him into their hearts? No; many of them were not. Some of them were full of hatred; others were full of lust—the lust of pleasure or of gold; while others were full of carelessness. One of them was, perhaps, even at that moment running away from the consequences of his wrong-doings, but not from the wrong itself. *That* he loved, would do it again if he could, would do even worse than that. How dared that man stand there and look up in the face of heaven? His very existence, in his present state, was an insult to the Almighty." "Look," cried the preacher, "I see a black cloud lowering upon the horizon. It is but small and dimly seen, but it is the harbinger of ill. That cloud foretells a storm. The night is very still. Behold how gentle are the waters. A man who did not know the signs of ocean would predict an endless calm. But not so. The storm is brewing, and ere to-morrow's sun every timber in the vessel will shiver, all hearts will tremble, and nothing but good seamanship and a kindly Providence will bring us through. May we be safe!" "Amen," broke out the excited audience. Then, after an effective pause, he resumed, "But I see another cloud, the cloud of God's wrath against sin. See! it gathers, it deepens, it spreads. It may be long ere it bursts, but burst it will, and woe to that man upon whose undefended head it falls." For the next few minutes the preacher poured an indescribable torrent of fiery oratory upon his congregation, which trembled and swayed as the leaves of the forest. When he closed with an earnest appeal to those who desired to hide themselves from present sin and coming condemnation in Christ to meet him "aft," at the close of the service, many did so, and Edward Barton was of the number. His nature was virgin soil for such truths as he had now heard. God, conscience, sin, the future—these things had no real existence for him in the past, and now they thundered about his spirit in a way too dreadful to bear. What could he do? What did the strange preacher know about him? And yet he had described his case with terrible truth. For hours Edward prayed or listened to the directions of the young missionary. But all in vain. Days and nights passed, during which his soul was tossed upon a dreadful sea. But at length the storm ceased and the calm came. He was at rest in Christ. His hardness and bitterness departed. He loved everybody. He could have blessed old Squire Hardnut, and have carried his son upon his back again, as he had often done in early boyhood. Now, he was ready for life. He feared nothing, he hoped everything; and when the vessel reached her port he pushed his way inland, entered the wide Australian bush, took service