

man should treat a stranger in that fashion. I was ready to burst into the house, and maltreat him in his turn. But the patient stranger laid his hand upon my arm and said "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

"Sir, I exclaimed, "your patience and your long-suffering are wonderful; they are beyond my comprehension."

"The Lord is long suffering, full of compassion, slow to anger, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." And again he knocked as he answered me.

It was dark, the smithy was closed, they were shutting up the inn, and I made haste to get shelter for the night, wondering more and more at the patience and pity of the man. In the public-house I learned from the landlord the character of the farmer; and, late as it was, I went back to the patient stranger and said: "Sir, come away. he is not worth all this trouble. He is a hard, cruel, wicked man. He has robbed the fatherless, he has defamed his friend, he has built his house in iniquity. Come away, sir. Make yourself comfortable with us by the warm fireside. This man is not worth saving." With that he spread his bleeding palms before me, and showed me his bleeding feet, and his side which they had pierced; and I beheld it was the Lord Jesus.

"Smite him, Lord," I cried in my indignation; "then perhaps he will hear thee."

"Of a truth he shall hear me. In the day of judgment shall he hear me, when I say, 'Depart from Me, thou worker of iniquity, into everlasting darkness, prepared for the devil and his angels.' After these words I saw him no more. The windblew and the sleety rain fell, and I went back to the inn.

In the night there was a knocking at my chamber. "Mr. Evans," cried my landlord, "get up, get up; you are wanted with a neighbor, who is at the point of death."

Away I hurried along the street, to the end of the village, to the very farm-house where the stranger had been knocking. But before I got there, I heard the voice of his agony; "Oh, Lord Jesus, save me! Oh, Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me! Yet a day, yet an hour for repentance! Oh, Lord, save me."

His wife was wringing her hands; his children were frightened out of their senses. "Pray, pray for me," he cried. "Oh, friend Evans, cry to God for me He will hear you; me he will not hear." I knelt to pray, but it was too late; he was gone.

Reader, may the Spirit of God write the lesson of this parable on your heart, Jesus waits to save you, but delay not to go to him.—*American Tract Society.*

## ANSWERED PRAYER.

The *Boston Transcript* is responsible for the following remarkable instance of prayer answered:

A woman in West Tennessee went home from church one Sunday, impressed by a moving appeal which her pastor had made in behalf of a minister's widow recently left in want with six children. What could she give to relieve this case of suffering? She was herself a widow and poor. She thought intensely over the matter, and that night she prayed over it, but no way of raising money occurred to her. The next morning when she went out to sweep off her doorstep she noticed that the earth on one side had been freshly thrown up and something glittering lay in the dirt. It was a \$5 gold piece. During the night a rat had taken it into his head to dig a hole under the step, and one result of his labor was the resurrection of that coin. The woman knew that during the war her husband had buried his savings, all in gold coins, under those steps; but he had dug up the money after the war was over, and evidently supposed he had recovered the whole. It seemed that he was mistaken. And now his widow was not slow to follow the hint given her by the burrowing rat. She removed the steps and after a thorough search succeeded in finding \$20. Regarding this money as a direct gift from heaven, she sent all to the suffering family.

## TESTIMONY FOR THE SABBATH.

The *New York Journal of Commerce* is not afraid or ashamed to say:—"It is not bigotry nor fanaticism to insist that one day in seven shall be set apart for peace from business and secular pursuits. In our judgment no people will prosper who disobey this law, which is written, as we have often shown, in the very constitution of the material universe, as well as in the revelation which is sacred to so many hearts. This demand to do away with the sentiment that prevents the turning of the first day of the week into a grand holiday is not in the interest of the poor laborer. The moment this restriction is wholly abolished, Sunday will become a working day and not a day of rest for the poor. This has been the result in Germany, as now fully recognized in the government reports; and will be so in this country when the views of religious men are overborne by the efforts of demagogues. When Sunday can no longer be observed as a holy day it will become for the working-man any thing but a holiday, and he will long once more for the 'old Puritanism,' as a writer calls it, which stood between him and seven days of unrelenting toil."