

his bedside, and asking what she should do with them, and where she should go, when the husband said, "My dear wife, trust in God. He has said, 'I will be with thee.' All will be well yet." She said, "Thou hast been one of the best of husbands in the world, and now you are leaving me, and I am sure the workhouse will be the doom of myself and these poor little ones." "No," he said, "I don't believe the Lord will suffer any of my children to go there." He departed happy in the Lord. Affliction came again very soon. The poor widow used to wash for her living, but she was taken ill, and there were six months when she could do nothing, and there were no friends to come to assist her.—When one is down in the ditch there are very few who will come and help him out. She contracted debts, and was in great difficulties, and her rent was behind hand. The landlord came and asked when she would be able to pay him.—She said she could not pay it then, but she would pay him all if he would give her time; her children were beginning to grow up, and they would pay him if she could not.—"Oh," he said, "that will not do for me; I must have your money now, or I will have your goods." He was a church or a chapel going man, but he had not got the love of God in his heart, had he? No, he had not. Well, the poor mother sat there very ill one Saturday morning, when there came a summons, telling her if she did not pay before twelve o'clock on Monday, she would be turned out, and her goods sold. Then none of them had had anything to eat since the morning before, and what they would do if no friend appeared to help them she could not tell. By-and-by her little ones were in bed, and she was washing their little bits of things up, so that they might be dressed clean on the Sabbath. Perhaps some of you have had to do that. While they were being dried at the handful of fire in the grate, she knelt down and prayed, saying, "Lord, thou hast seen fit to take my husband from me, and thou seest me with my six children, all starving; what must I do? O Lord intercede on my behalf." A little foot was heard tripping down stairs and in came her little boy. "O mother!" he cried, "the Bible says, 'Ask what you will in my name, it shall be granted,' does it not, mother?" "Yes," she said, "it does."