

around, and as his eyes accustom themselves to the partial darkness he sees the object of his search.

By the small opening which above admits light and air, stands a man, he is above medium height and of imposing figure, dressed in a plain suit of gray, his hair which is quite long, falls upon his shoulders in a wavy curl. A very pleasing countenance is turned toward the young man, who feels as their glances meet, that the penetrating gray eyes of the man before him are reading his very soul. The jailor being called away leaves, without fear, the door open, and the two are left alone.

We know not the conversation which took place at this meeting between George Fox and James Parnell, but the latter entered those prison doors a boy, he came out a man.

II.

One year passes. Behold a youthful minister speaking to a crowd of people; very young is he but brave and fearless, and in the large, dark eyes is a look which lights up his whole countenance with a beauty not of earth. The people listen closely as he tells them of the love of God and of their own sinfulness, but when, at last, he bids them look to God alone for guidance, and tells them if they obey His voice in their hearts, they may understand the scriptures for themselves and learn to worship rightly, he is rudely denounced by a priest, and forbidden to speak more. Encouraged by the priest's words, one standing by, strikes him with a heavy staff, saying, "There, take that for Christ's sake!" to which he humbly answers, "Friend, I do receive it for Jesus Christ's sake." But many were convinced of the truth by the Young Friend's preaching that day, and long after the youthful voice was silenced, his works did, indeed, follow him, through the countless ones who were led to Christ through his ministry.

III.

Another year passes. In the ruins of an ancient Roman castle, we find

the faithful young Christian, James Parnell, most cruelly treated by the jailor, who would allow him none of the comforts sent by his friends; still more cruelly treated by the jailor's wife who, striking him with her own hands, swears she will have his blood, and finally refuses him even the cold, damp stones to lie upon, compelling him to sleep in a hole in the wall. At last, too weak to climb the ladder to his sleeping place he falls heavily, severely injured. But there is no mercy in the hearts of his keepers, and they place him in a lower hole, shutting the door, refusing him even the poor air of the prison. Friends are not wanting to aid this child of God, and they even offer to lie and suffer in his place that he may be removed to the house of a friend and returned to prison when recovered from his sickness. But the jailor will allow nothing to be done for his comfort, and one of the coldest winter nights he passes in the yard, shut out from even prison shelter.

Nearly a year this fearful treatment continues when, worn out with suffering, we see our hero dying. The glory of God's presence fills the beautiful eyes and lights up the thin, pale face, as turning to the friends who gently support him in their arms, he says: "I have seen great things; hold me not, but let me go." Turning to her whose tears fell upon his face as she tenderly holds his head, he says, "This death I must die, will you hold me?" "No, dear heart, we will not hold thee," she answers, and, bending lower she catches the words "Now I go." A seraphic smile lights up the wan face and the heroic soul which has been, indeed, "faithful unto death," has gone to receive the "crown of life."

Oh, dear, young Friends, may the true story of James Parnell encourage you to be ever faithful to the Guide he so closely followed. You have not to suffer for your faith to-day, unless it be from the scornful taunts the young Christian must ever meet with from those who know not God nor love him.