

"You'll have to give it up, Aunt Baker," said one of the members; "it's no use to contend against it. We're a cold church, and the Lord is going to leave us."

"I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" said the dear old lady, still weeping: "poor and humble as I am, I don't believe my prayers are lost. I'm going to try him a little longer; I can't believe He will give us up—O no, no!"

A happy thought came into her mind. She went toward the old sexton.

"Brother Sands," said she, wiping the tears away, "I want you to leave the key of the church at my house. I'll take good care of it, and you know it is right on the way."

"Very well," said he, wondering a little. That night Aunt Baker carried the church and vestry key home.

The next Friday evening was both cold and stormy. Faithful to her promise to the Lord, however, Aunt Baker equipped herself for the meeting as usual, and with her little lantern wended her way to the vestry, where, alone with the Almighty, she offered up her solitary prayer.

It was remarked on the following Sabbath that a light was seen in the vestry on last prayer meeting night. It began to be talked of; and as in those days superstition was rife, some declared that the Church was haunted. Still as often as the evening recurred, that solitary light was to be seen. What could it mean?

Two or three of the brothers, whose curiosity was worked up to the highest pitch, resolved to investigate the matter. They went to the vestry, and cautiously entering, encountered—not a spirit from the unseen world, but good old Aunt Baker just rising from her knees.

The vestry was cold—very cold, but her radiant face seemed to infuse warmth all around.

"Why Aunt Baker!" exclaimed the foremost man, a backsliding deacon, "what are you doing here!"

"Holding a prayer meeting," said Aunt Baker meekly.

"What! a prayer meeting—alone?"

"O no—not alone;" and a glad smile broke forth over her sweet face; "not alone my God was with me. I have been holding sweet communion with Him."

The brethren seemed conscience-stricken. They looked at her—they looked at one another."

"Brother," said the deacon, after a long and awkward pause, during which his cheek had reddened and paled; "brother, let us pray."

And he did pray; such a prayer had not been sent heavenward by him for many years. It was full of contrition for past coldness—earnest, fervent, penitent. The hard hearts were broken down at last; they all prayed, with tears and strong cries. That week the news flew from home to home that Aunt Baker had been holding prayer meetings by herself. Many a conscience was roused—many a cold heart awakened. The next prayer meeting night the old vestry was filled, and from that time commenced the great revival ever known in Eastville, or indeed, in all New Hampshire.

"I knew the Lord would wake us up," cried dear Aunt Baker, taking none of the credit to herself; it's just like Him; He always keeps his word."

Yes—know ye of faint hope and weak faith, God always keeps His word.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us they intended to batter it down, we might ask them "How?" They point to a cannon ball. Well, but there is no power in that; it is heavy, but no more than half a hundred, or perhaps a hundred weight; if all the men in the army hurled it against the fort they could make no impression. They say "No: but look at the cannon." Well, but there is no power in that. A child may rive upon it, a bird may perch in its mouth—it is a machine, and nothing more. "But look at the powder." Well, there is nothing in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may peck it. Yet this powerless powder and powerless ball are put into the powerless canon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon ball is a thunderbolt, which smites at if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our church machinery of this day—we have all the instruments necessary for pulling down strongholds, and O! for the baptism of fire.—*Rev. W. Arthur.*