

and after a stormy voyage, I found myself, in the sultry season of July, in one of the large empty hotels, where the dull north rooms, so shunned at all other seasons, are welcome refuges from the heat. Everything around was parched, the sirocco blew furiously from the African coast, and seemed to wither everything over which it passed. The Lazzaroni were still loitering about, but sight-seers there were none, except a few Americans, who, like myself, were pressing on to other places, and, unlike me, were sight-seeing, in defiance of the burning sun, that seemed never to set on the whitened stone and blue bay beneath our windows.

Naturally I needed rest, and I felt it; and yet I was pressed in the spirit to hasten my departure towards the north. Much I prayed to be guided, and therefore I am assured that I was guided. I had not asked "Make my path pleasant, and my burden light," but I desired to know what I should do, and where I should go, and how I should follow my Lord.

A servant whom I had engaged to accompany me thus far was now to leave me earlier than I had anticipated; and as she was quite useless to me, I was thankful that the Lord had appointed it.

So the second day of my arrival I prepared to leave, and previous to the departure of the servant, I sent her to the railway to procure the correct time of departure and a time-table. This she told me she had forgotten; but she had certified the hour of the train best suited for me the following morning, and then she went on her way.

Great was my dismay to find that no such train went to the place I wished to reach, and there remained only one, late in the afternoon, which would carry me into the night.

To prolong my stay until the following day seemed impossible. Every hour in the heat and glare of the city was reducing the little strength for my still lengthened journey, and after I prayed I felt more convinced that I was to leave at once by the afternoon train, which was all that remained.

As I proceeded on my journey I found that I had overrated my power; and often I pondered in my heart, was it my own will, or the Spirit acting on it, brought me there? but it always ended

in a consciousness that I had sought Him who was my Guide, and that I must not weigh spiritual blessings with earthly measures. Before I had been many hours on the road I was so exhausted, that, when I had to leave the train for another, I felt it impossible to proceed, and was obliged to remain at one of the small stations long before we reached the point which I had anticipated.

I determined to get what accommodation I could for the night. In the confusion of changing carriages, and taking in other passengers, I could obtain no information of an hotel. Every one was occupied with his own business, and had no time to answer my inquiries.

At last, in my desolation, I stood still and silent, and prayed the Lord to put kindness for me into the heart of some one of this crowd of strangers. And as the Lord of the whole earth is never too occupied to attend to the moan of His desolate ones, I had scarcely breathed the cry for help before He answered me.

A porter looked at me compassionately, fetched me a chair, the only one in the luggage department (waiting room there was none), and, with a gentle courtesy which I have experienced so often from the Italians, he bade me rest until the train had departed, when he would speak to the luggage manager for me, who would tell me what was well to do. So, taking the quick answer to my prayer as a token that, after all, I was in the way, I lifted up my heart in praise to Him whom I desired to follow, and who had never lost sight of me in all the distracting confusion and din.

The train was off, many of the officials moved away to their homes, for it was one of the last night trains. Presently the luggage manager, an old officer, introduced by my kind friend Luigi the porter, came towards me. He told me we were more than a mile from the town, and that he knew no hotel where I could lodge, nor any place where I could procure a bed for the night.

However, after some consultation, a youth offered to send me a conveyance, stating that he knew where I could procure sleeping accommodation.

In half an hour an old cabriolet arrived, that, for antiquity and dirt, I had never seen equalled, except in some of the waste places of our own country