

medal, about the size of a silver dollar, presented to her by the "Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York." On the adverse side we read, "Vita felicitus ausis servato. Presented May, 1857, Abigail Becker, of Long Point, Lake Erie, Canada West, for extraordinary resolution, humanity and courage, in rescuing from impending death the crew of the *Schooner Conductor* lost November, 1854." On the reverse, a vessel is shown in the breakers, on the shore a house in the distance, and on the beach a fire burning and men standing around it.

"The autograph letter from Queen Victoria, inviting me to her jubilee, I prized very highly. It was destroyed in the Port Rowan Custom House fire some years ago. I was offered five dollars per day and expenses, and a return home once in two years, by a show company to tour the world, but I refused. I have always been poor, but never wanted for anything, always have had plenty to eat and wear, and I valued my good name too highly to go away on a tour of that kind. I'll tell you (with a burst of pardonable pride) something I am proud of; of children and step-children, I have raised seventeen to manhood and womanhood, ten of them boys, and not one of them ever tasted liquor or tobacco." This she insisted was a greater feat than the rescue of the crew of the *Conductor*.

Her parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and she, at a comparatively early age, joined that body, and so has been a life-long Methodist.

It was a rare treat to meet this truly heroic soul, who was modest to an abnormal degree regarding the gallant deed which enshrined her name among the truly noble ones of earth, and as we grasped her hand in good-bye and once more mounted our wheel, we felt that an added tang of moral

iron had been put into our blood by our pilgrimage to the humble, but pure home of the heroine of Long Point—true, noble-hearted Abigail Becker.

The following account of her funeral appeared in a local paper: "Mrs. Henry Rohrer's funeral was largely attended on Friday afternoon, March 24th, as the people thought a great deal of this single-minded, heroic woman, who had lived so long in the neighborhood, and had battled so long and so successfully with the difficulties incident to the early settlement of the country. There were many beautiful flowers sent by friends and relatives and distinguished men, among them being a magnificent wreath from the Long Point Company. The simple service was conducted by the Rev. J. W. Kitching, and the burial took place in the village cemetery here. It may be that in the years to come her grave will be visited by excursionists from distant parts of this continent who would like to view the mound beneath which sleeps the heroine of Long Point; but, in the meantime, that simple grave is closed over the remains of the kindly neighbor, the loving mother, the faithful friend, for whom the people mourn."

(Mr. Editor, why should not the Epworth Leaguers honor themselves, in honoring this noble woman, by subscribing in small sums, so all may take part, sufficient to erect somewhere a suitable monument to her memory, so coming generations may be stimulated to noble action by the simple grandeur of her life, and the heroism of her noble deed?)

Her autograph lies before me, her picture looks up at me from my study table as I pen these lines. Good-bye till we meet again beyond the shadows.

Comber, Ont.

A Pastor's Experience

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE evening about eight o'clock the pastor's door bell rang, and a thin, pale woman in faded and well worn clothing was shown into the parlor. She had a sad tale to pour into the ears of the minister.

Her husband had been employed as engineer in a large factory, but had been repeatedly discharged on account of drunkenness. The day previous the manager had become completely discouraged with the man and had paid him off, declaring that he should never again enter the building.

"Oh, sir," said the poor woman, "that position is our only dependence, and we have a family of five children. Won't you go and plead with the manager to take my husband back?"

The pastor's heart was touched by her tearful earnestness, and promised to do all he could to help her. He at once called upon the manager of the factory, but found him determined not to again employ the man.

"The place is a most responsible one," said he, and there is great risk in leaving it in charge of one who is addicted to drink."

The claims of the family were strongly urged, and after considerable conversation, the employer so far relented as to agree to give Mr. Jenkins (we will call him) another chance under certain conditions, which should be made known the next evening at the pastor's house.

Promptly at eight o'clock, Mr. Jenkins and his wife arrived, and a few minutes later the manager of the factory made his appearance. "Now," said the latter to the pastor, "write out a pledge for this man to sign, and I will dictate the conditions to you." When finished, the pledge read as follows: "I promise, by the help of God, that I will abstain entirely from the use of all kinds of intoxicating liquors, and, furthermore, I do most solemnly enter into an obligation not to go into any saloon, hotel or other place where liquor is sold under any pretence whatever."

When these words were read over to Mr. Jenkins, he turned pale, and said, in a trembling voice, "I cannot sign that pledge." When asked for his reasons he replied, "I have no objection to the former part of it, I am perfectly willing to take the pledge not to drink any more, but the condition attached is most unreasonable. My business might require me to go into a tavern, but I certainly could do this without taking a drink." "Very well," said the manager, there is no

more to be said, if you will not accept the conditions I can not have you in my employ."

With tears in her eyes the wife pleaded with her husband to sign the paper, but for a long time he hesitated. Seeing that his employer was obdurate, he at last reluctantly consented to affix his name. With pen in hand the poor fellow tremblingly sat down before the paper.

"Hold!" said the manager, "swear this man on the Bible." The family Bible was opened out and Mr. Jenkins placed one hand upon it, and in the most solemn manner took the obligation. "Let us pray," said the minister, and together they bowed and asked that the divine grace might be bestowed upon the man to enable him to keep his promise.

As far as I know the pledge was kept, but it was the most iron-bound obligation I ever saw taken by a drinking man.

The manager said afterwards: "I saw that the only safety for poor Jenkins was to keep away from places of temptation. If the promise to remain away from drinking resorts had not been taken, he would have been drunk again in a week."

I have often thought of this incident when seeing young men recklessly expose themselves to the allurements of evil by keeping bad company and frequenting places which are located upon the devil's territory. Many of them think they are so strong that there is no danger of being overthrown, and occasionally we hear them boast that they "can go anywhere." Not unfrequently, however, these adventurous youths are caught in the enemy's meshes and utterly ruined.

There is no safer precept for young and old than that of Proverbs 4. 14. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."

[Almost every pastor has had personal experiences of one kind or another which would form the basis of interesting and helpful articles for this paper. They are most cordially invited to communicate them to the Editor. Striking incidents in connection with revival services, cases of particularly stingy men, funny occurrences at weddings, dealing with cranky individuals, etc., might suggest some very good stories, and not a few of them would, doubtless, point a moral. A column or two will be set aside for this purpose, and our ministerial subscribers are asked to send along reminiscences. When desirable, names can be suppressed or changed.—Ed.]