

midwinter, driven by gnawings of hunger to visit the abandoned harvest fields, beneath the deep snows they found God had kept the grain unhurt, and part of it was gathered in good condition a year and a half after it was sown! In the spring after, a merciless cannonade broke down the breastworks behind which they hid, and the helpless band cried to the Lord. At once He who holds the winds in His fist and rides in the clouds as a chariot, rolled over them a cloak of fog so dense that in the midst of their foes they escaped unseen!

A company of Covenanters had been pursued by their persecutors until their strength was exhausted. Reaching a hill which separated them from their pursuers, their leader said, "Let us pray here, for if the Lord hear not our prayer and save us, we are all dead men." He then prayed: "Twine about the hill, O Lord, and cast the lap of Thy cloak over pair old Saunders and these pair things!" Before he had done speaking, a mist rose up about the hill, and wrapped the devoted little band about like the very cloak of the Lord he had prayed for. In vain their enemies sought to find them, and, while they were wearing themselves in the effort, an order came which sent them on an errand in a different direction.

When the Protestants in Rochelle were besieged by the French king and in peril of starvation, God sent into the bay a shoal of fishes to feed them, such as were never before seen in that harbor.

To an attentive eye, the world is constantly coming to new crises, which can be safely turned only as God's own power interposes; and praying souls, who watch the signs of the times, both seek the divine deliverance and mark the footsteps of God's own angel. Our own country has been the theater of these marvelous interpositions repeatedly, from the time when a flight of parquets turned Columbus to the San Salvador group until now. Sometimes these answers to prayer are on a colossal scale, both as to the territory they

cover and the time through which they extend. For example: S. H. Willey, D.D., one of the pioneer home missionaries on our western coast, has, in his "Thirty Years in California," shown us on what hinges turn the destinies of whole States and nations. Before the gold of California was known, there were many adventurers from the United States and Europe already there, drawn by advantages of the climate and regarding it as a golden gate to Pacific and Asiatic commerce. They saw that, for the development of its resources, California ought to be cut loose from Mexico, and attached to some more progressive nation. Most of them favored a British protectorate, and there was a British fleet hovering near by waiting for a pretext to take possession, and the United States was also waiting to have good ground for similar action. When the war with Mexico began, the news, slowly moving, reached the commanders of the American and British forces at the same time, and both at once started for the harbor. Commodore Sloat hoisted the stars and stripes only a week before Admiral Seymour arrived.

In the same month of July, 1846, two hundred and sixty Mormons sailed from New York, and reached San Francisco, well supplied with all that could furnish a Mormon colony, but found the American flag floating over the harbor. The colonists, who hoped to have settled on the coast, bitterly disappointed, sent messengers to meet Brigham Young, who was advancing overland, and the result was that he stopped at Salt Lake. By such a trifling circumstance was that column of fifteen thousand Mormons prevented from making the Golden Gate their harbor. On the same day, February 2, 1848, on which the treaty was signed, by which Mexico ceded California to the United States, gold was found. Had the discovery been one day earlier, the signature would, probably, never have been put to that document. California as narrowly escaped being a slave State. While the settlers were mostly miners, they

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