

been much interested, who had spoken of her intention of passing some weeks in the summer at one of these mountain rests in this direction. Clearer and clearer it came to my inward sense that this was my way; but *how* to accomplish it? Jehovah-Jireh!

Zoug was a scene of wild jollity, such as I had never witnessed. The trees and avenues long before we approached the scene gave evidence of the *fête*, extending from village to village. Zoug itself presented the appearance of one gigantic fair, while every house was decorated with banners, garlands, and devices. A wild confusion of hilarious mirth seemed to reign.

For a moment I looked round with dismay. A carriage was my only hope of quitting the town; but how was *this* to be procured? Not *one* was to be seen. How could I seek for one, and how could I carry even the little luggage I required? I cast my helplessness on Him who I believed had shown me the way. He who turns the hearts of kings like rivers of water touched the heart of the guard of the train, and after considering me for a moment, he bade me wait until he had delivered his papers, and he would return to me. I had not long to wait. He took up my bag, and bade me follow him, and I found myself in the midst of that motley crowd, while the tall, strong messenger the Lord had sent to help me made me a path along which I passed unmolested, to look for some conveyance that at the close of such a day should be able to carry me safely up the mountain of the Felberg.

At last my guide obtained an old cabriolet, with a jaded horse, so thin and wretched in appearance, that my spirit sank to think that to his labor of the day it was for *me* to add a mountain journey at night. The German boy who drove him won my favor at once by his care and kindness to the poor animal; and the kind-hearted Swiss guard, having seen me safely into the cabriolet, bade me farewell.

Slowly and cautiously the driver threaded his way along the crowded highway, now blazing with lights in every direction. The great gate of Zoug presented the appearance of an enormous bower, and over it, in large letters, formed of flowering heath and everlastings, "WELCOME!" met my eyes. It seemed like the welcome for me in the path the Lord had called me to tread, and I thanked Him, and took courage.

Never, since I have known what it is to trust in the living God, have I received a more sensible realization of Himself than when ascending that mountain, in the clear twilight of that sultry day. On the first platform Fritz rested and watered his horse, and I walked slowly on. The fresh, cool mountain air was charged with the scent of the pine, and the herbs on the bank drank in the dew after a day of burning heat, and gave forth their fragrance to the breeze. The moon rose over the lowest point of the mountain as we wound into a yet broader space, and the vast plain below was as distinct as in the full light of day, Zoug itself appearing like a little illuminated garden in the valley.

It was near midnight when I reached the

mountain home, and on enquiring for the lady so suddenly brought to my mind, I found that she was still there, and a light yet burned in her chamber. I asked for admittance. My appearance was there one of her first answers to prayer for any tangible blessing, and she recognized it in wonder and gratitude. She told me that that very day, in desolation of spirit, she had wept in the pine grove, and prayed the Lord in pity to send her some one to speak comfort to her; but she had never calculated on such a possibility as that He would send *me*.

The stranger sent of God had delayed my journey but three minutes; but this had been used to discipline my will, and to bless and cheer the lonely-hearted. Thus I learned another lesson of following Him who has never failed the soul that trusts in Him. A day in that sweet, cool retreat refreshed me, so that when the Lord bade me proceed, I was able thankfully to reply, "Send me."

And now, the heart comforted, the work done, I must descend again into the valley; but *this* time I had no good Fritz to drive me, but a man who, when we arrived in the town, would stop and drink at every beer-house, in spite of the expostulations of my fellow-travellers that we should lose the train, which we did; but he was reckless. Again I found myself in the station, in the midst of the dusty town, in the heated atmosphere, heavy with the fumes of tobacco and beer. I felt grieved, impatient; but I remembered how lately my disappointment was the little cloud that led me where the Lord needed me, for blessing to *my own* soul, and comfort to another, and I prayed that I might again realize His care, and see His footsteps, and praise His name; and all within was peace.

It was neither by carelessness of mine, nor lack of committing my way to Him, that I was there, in that great *salle* of the station, every window open, and unshaded from the burning rays of a July sun. I felt it perhaps yet more keenly, from the contrast to the quiet, cool shelter of the pines, and the pure mountain air I had left; but I was able to say, "As *Thou wilt*," and I was satisfied. A noisy throng came and went, and I watched to see if the Master had need of me. At last the room was empty, save of myself and a young and delicate German lady, who, though on another route, like myself had lost the train. I saw her distress and disappointment, and spoke to her of the Lord Jesus holding in His pierced hand all the tangled threads in perfect order, clear and distinct in every particular, and reminded her that every hair of the head of His child was numbered. My companion listened in tearful interest; and for an hour and a half we sat in sweet communion.

As the passengers at last thronged the room for the train by which she was to depart, she remarked, "Look around. Is there one face in this crowd that bears the visible seal of the Holy Spirit? Listen! Is there even the expression of a thought concerning Him? Let us praise the grace that has separated us to Himself."