

Christians to realize this victory of faith. During our civil war I had been under fire without fear. I was in Chicago during the great cholera epidemic and went around with the doctors, visiting the sick and the dying. Where they could go to look after the bodies of men, I said I could go to look after their souls. I remember a case of smallpox, where the flesh had literally dropped away from the backbone, yet I went to the bedside of that poor sufferer again and again with Bible and prayer for Jesus' sake. In all this I had no fear of death. But on the sinking ship it was different. There was no cloud between my soul and my Saviour. I knew my sins had been put away, and that if I died there it would only be to wake up in heaven. That was all settled long ago. But my thoughts went out to my loved ones at home—my wife and children, anxiously waiting for my coming—my friends on both sides of the sea—the schools and all the interests so dear to me—and realized that perhaps the next hour would separate me forever from all these, so far as this world was concerned. I confess it almost broke me down. *It was the darkest hour of my life!* I could not endure it, I must have relief, and relief came in prayer. God heard my cry and enabled me to say from the depth of my soul: 'Thy will be done.' It was all settled. Sweet peace came to my heart. Let it be Northfield or heaven! It made no difference now! I went to bed and almost immediately fell asleep, and never slept more soundly in all my life. Out of the depths I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me and delivered me from all my fears. I can no more doubt that God gave answer to my prayer for relief than I can doubt my own existence. About three o'clock at night I was aroused from my sleep by the voice of my son. 'Come on deck, father,' he said. I followed him and he pointed towards a far-off light, rising and sinking on the sea. It was a messenger of deliverance to us. It proved to be the light of the steamer Lake Huron, whose lookout had seen our flaming signals of distress, and supposed it was a vessel in flames. O, the joy of that moment when those seven hundred despairing passengers be-

held the approaching ship! Who can ever forget it! But now the question is, can this small steamer tow the helpless Spree a thousand miles to Queenstown? Every movement was watched with intensest anxiety and prayer. It was a brave and perilous undertaking. The two vessels were at last connected by two great cables. If a storm arose these would snap like thread, and we would be left to our fate. But I had no fear. God would finish the work he had begun. The waves were calmed—the cables held—the steamer moved in the wake of the Huron. There were storms all around us, but they came not nigh our broken ship. Seven days after the accident, by the good hand of God upon us, we were able to hold a joyous thanksgiving service in the harbor of Queenstown—just one week ago to-day, as I stand here among the friends and neighbours I love so well. The rescuing ship that God sent to us in our distress had just sufficient power to tow our vessel and just enough coal to take her into port! There was nothing to spare! Less would have been insufficient. Her captain also is a man of prayer, and besought God's help to enable them to accomplish their dangerous and difficult task. God answered the united prayers of the distressed voyagers and brought them to their desired haven. The nervous strain of those eight days and nights of suspense was something fearful. It was more than anyone could long endure without help. The minds of several passengers gave way under the strain, and they had to be put under restraint. A young Austrian who had left his betrothed in Vienna, leaped overboard in despair, and was drowned before our eyes, in spite of all we could do. It was a most pathetic sight to see a young mother, with two beautiful children, sitting in dumb anguish during the first forty-eight hours, never taking her eyes off her little ones, and if the ship had gone down I have no doubt she would have gathered them to her bosom and gone down with them in her arms. There was a Russian Jew, who had taken passage without the knowledge of his relatives at home. It was pitiful to see his distress, as he confessed his sin, beat his breast, and denounced himself as the Jonah of the