

in him began to tell. He went into the cabin to clean up, and the captain was convicted and converted. Half or more of the crew were saved, and the ship became a Bethel. Nothing was too good then for the Kru boy; they furnished him with clothes, for he had scarcely any when he came on board.

When they landed in New York, he stepped up to the first man he met and said, "Where's Stephen Merritt?" The man knew, and offered to take him there. He introduced himself to Mr. Merritt as Samuel Morris, come from Africa to talk with him about the Holy Ghost." "Have you any letters of introduction?" "No," he said; "I hadn't time for that." "All right," said Stephen Merritt, "I am going to the prayer meeting; you go in here to the mission rooms. I'll see about you when I come back." He forgot about him, till he was putting the key in his own door, then hastened over and found him on the platform with seventeen men on their faces around him, rejoicing in God's pardoning love. Such a sight he had never seen. He says: "Think, an uncultured, uncouth, but endowed, imbued, and enfilled African, under the power of the Holy Spirit, the first night in America, winning souls for Emmanuel—nearly a score! No trouble to take care of him now; he was one of God's anointed ones." He had never been in a Sunday school, but was invited to go, and when he was introduced the school laughed, but when he began to talk the same effect was produced, and presently the altar was full of young people, weeping and sobbing. The presence of the Spirit was so manifest that the whole place seemed filled with His glory.

The young people formed themselves into a "Samuel Morris Missionary Society," to send him to Bishop Taylor's University in Indiana. While preparing to go, Mr. Merritt thought he would like to show him some of the sights of New York, so he took him in a coach with prancing horses as he went to officiate at a funeral. "He had never been behind horses nor in a coach before, and the effect was laughable to me," said Stephen Merritt. "I said, Samuel, this is the Grand Opera House, and began to explain, when he stopped me. "Stephen Merritt, do you ever pray in a coach?" I answered that I very often had blessed times while riding about. He placed his great black hand on mine and turned me round on my knees saying, "Let us pray." Then he told the Holy Spirit he had come all the way from Africa to talk with me about Him, and I talked about everything else; wanted to show him the sights and the people, when he was only anxious to know and hear of Him. He asked Him if He would not take out of my heart these things, and so fill me with Himself that I would never

speak, write, or preach, or talk, only of Him. "There were three in the coach that day," said Stephen Merritt. "Bishops have placed their hands on my head in ordaining services, but no power came in comparison." Samuel Morris was an instrument in God's hand for the greater and grander development of Stephen Merritt in the wonderful things of God. He went to the University at Fort Wayne and turned it upside down. He died there, and at his funeral three young men, who had received the Holy Spirit through him, dedicated themselves to the work of God in Africa, to take the place of Samuel Morris there.

His life in the University, his death, and the influence he exerted there, may be learned from the President, or from Dr. Wright, of Washington, who published his likeness and the account of his funeral in the "Local Preachers' Magazine."

SEND THE LIGHT.

ST. FRANCIS.

I have left my home and loved ones,
Left them far across the sea,
Come to crave your help and blessing,
Help to set my people free.
I have heard the wondrous story,
I have found the glorious light,
Now I long to send the tidings
To the land where all is night.
Send the light, send the light,
Darkness takes it, flight.
Send, O! send the light!

Once I had not heard of Heaven,
Once my heart was bound in sin;
I had never heard of JESUS,
Knew no master but my king.
He was cruel and oppressed me,
Blood and war were his delight,
'Till the man of God, with Bible,
Brought me to the blessed light.
Send the light, &c.

Help then for the love of Jesus—
For the love He bears for you;
Help to give to every creature
God's great gift so pure and true.
Then the darkness will be over,
Christ have set my people free,
Africa for God and Heaven,
Light to all eternity.
Send the light, &c.

— "The lessons of fear that we get, for the most part teach us only to avoid,—and that certain special risks: not to become—to attain to the higher and holier. It needs a lesson of Beauty to teach us that.
MRS. C. D. T. WHITNEY.