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# <del>+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+</del> A Woman's Love

+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+ I was seated opposite the little as-

sembly, on whose faces the sun was shining. With the exception of Felix, all the faces were plainly those of uneducated, hard-working men and women. Half of them were old and bent with labor, and most of them had the spare forms of those who toil much and eat little. But this evening they had cast away their earthly cares and troubles, as the stone was rolled away from the sepulcher which could not contain the Lord. There was an expression of exaltation and benediction on every simple, homely face.

As a church clock near at hand struck 8 they all stood up without any other signal, and sang together in untutored but not untunable voices, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Then Jubilee, who remained standing, narrated, almost in a singsong tone, the oft-told story of the men and women, still slaves, watching for the midnight hour to strike. It was evident that the old mulatto saw and heard them gathering together, praying, singing, shouting in unutterable excitement, until the clock struck midnight. She counted the twelve strokes, and then, after a dramatic pause, she cried in a loud voice, "We were free!" Her listeners followed every word with intense interest, and when she finished

broke out again into triumphant and jubilant hymns. Then followed prayer by one or another-extempore prayer, alternating with singing. But that which impressed me most and still remains most vividly in my memory, was the joyousness of these people, despised and poor, in their religion. No note of despondency was struck. They did not pray for deliverance from their adversities. They were praising God for his mercies, mercies that would endure for-

It was growing dusk, and the people their voices, when I saw the door be- such dreams as they are dreaming." hind them open slowly and silently, wrapped in a long cloak. His fine, oval face seemed familiar to me, though I was sure I from its drunken mother's arms. She had never seen it before. It looked pale cursed him furiously as he gave the in the dim light, and rather reddishbrown hair, parted in the middle, hung on each side of it. He took the only vacant place at the foot of the bed, and shared the hymn-book of his next neighbor. I could hear his voice as I my hands now the clue that would lead heard that of Felix, distinct in tone and pronunciation from all the others. There and fatherland. But I did not feel juwas a wonderful solemnity in it.

Will the strange bruder at de foot tic cries of "Amen!" "Praise the lix really love Grace Lambert? Lord!" "Hallelujah!" which had supplemented the former prayers. A prospeaking to God as if he saw him, and tried to comfort her. was pouring out the furden of our souls remembrance of God's holiness. This a holy place, and this little band of a penniless girl after all."

the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," and on unknown waters. then a subdued murmur of conversation followed.

"Did not our hearts burn within us?" exclaimed Jubilee. The old man sitting opposite to her rose from his chair, and spoke in a quavering voice: "'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," he

Felix came to me, as I stood trembling and awe-stricken. "Who do they think he is?" I asked. "They think perhaps it is the Lord," he replied softly. "Consider, they expect his appearing every day, and they are not amazed, only uncertain. This may be only preliminary to his com-

# \*\*\*\*\*\*

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"But do you believe it is the Lord?" I whispered, still trembling.
"No! no!" he answered; "I have heard of this inscrutable stranger, but I have never seen him before. comes and goes in this mysterious manner here, and I think in Paris; perhaps in other large cities, but always among the poor. Those who know most about him, although none of them know his name or where he lives, speaks of communion with God. You heard his prayer!"

Most of the people had dispersed while we were talking together; but a few were waiting to shake hands with

"But where is our old friend Benedicta?" he inquired turning to Jubilee. "Gone home," answered the old mu-"Dead?" exclaimed Felix.

"Oh, no," she said, "gone to her fad-erland. Master Linkum, he paid Benedicta a pension, but dat stopped, and when all her money was spent, Master Manning, he paid her passage home, to a queer place, Oberhofen." "What was her other name?" I cried.

"Benedicta Benezet," she replied. "Oh! that was Benny, my old nurse," Jubilee lighted a candle, and proceeded to search for a postcard she had re- spell. ceived that morning. It was from Benedicta, writing in memory of the

CHAPTER XXI.

It was between 10 and 11 o'clock as walked homewards through the dimly lighted back streets. My thoughts were busy with the strange scene I had witnessed, and the information I had received from Jubilee; and perhaps I should have passed unconsciously through the pandemomium which surrounded us, if Felix had not taken my hand and drawn it through his arm. Then I awoke from the reverie into which I had fallen.

The streets were still crowded with men, women and children, loath to turn into the heated rooms. The gin palaces were doing their last stroke business for the day, and drunkards came reeling out in unceasing streams. Both men and women lay all but helpless in the gutters and against the walls. Children were screaming and babies wailing in an unceasing chorus; oaths and curses resounded on all sides with language viler than I had ever heard. And over all brooded the stifling atmosphere of thunder gathering in the heavens, an atmosphere charged with foul smells and the fumes from the spirit vaults. I pressed closely to the side of Felix.

"I would give a year of my life," he said. Yet this is the common existence of thousands of our fellow-men; our near neighbors. When I think of the conliving in similar houses, earning simiwere singing, with all peir heart in lar wages; I wish that all could dream Moody called on Rev. Dr. John Hall He looked round him with ineffable ity on his strong face, and stooped to lift up tenderly a baby which had fallen characteristic addresses, full of homely

little one back to her. David Palmer had gone to bed before we reached home. Abbey was asleep, front row; others of less prominence and I would not disturb her to tell my important news. I knew that I held in me to the discovery of my parentage bilant and exultant. There was no one to act for me. Mr. Manning had kept o' de bed pray wid us?" sked Jubilee.

A thrilling, pathetic voice complied instantly, as if the stranger had waited only for permission to join us. It had and was only allowed out on heavy a slightly foreign accent, but each bail until the prosecution of the Lincoln ord was so clearly uttered that no one Companies' directors came on. Whatfailed to catch it. An indescribable awe ever was done must be done by myfell upon us all. There was no longer self. I could not sleep, for another quesa running accompaniment of enthusias- tion haunted me persistently. Did Fe-

While we were dressing the next morning I told Abby of the important found silence prevailed. Such a prayer discovery we had made the night be-I never heard before or since. There fore; and she sat down trembling and was no petition in it, but this man was weeping bitterly. It was in vain I

"Oh, my dear," she sobbed, "we and his own into the ear of one with shall never, never be so happy again, whom he talked, as a man talks with if you turn out to be an heiress. Oh! I his friend. He rendered praise, not as have been afraid of this all along. And we had done, for mercies and loving there are our poor little cripples, and go on, and so the ever-familiar "Saved" kindnesses, but he gave thanks at the our friends. We shall lose them all!" poor upper room was transformed into find out who I am," I said. "I may be "But we can tell nothing till we vert thousands, was started.

mean disciples became kings and priests unto God.

A penniness gill after an.

She shook her head disconsolately.

David Palmer himself seemed disturbed We knelt in absorbed silence for a out of his usual serenity when we sat few seconds after the prayer was end- down to breakfast. The day passed in ed. There was not a sound to be Yeard, melancholy indecision, not even I beuntil a quiet click of the door-latch ing eager to take the steps necessary aroused us. When we rose from our for making further discoveries. It was read them as only he can. knees, the mysterious visitant was as if our frail little boat had been angone. Jubilee repeated in a tremulous chored in a safe and happy haven; and voice, "Glory be to the Father, and to now we must set sail, and venture out

To be Continued.



Unless the oper precaudeath will lurk It dogs the foot. steps of husband, wife and children alike. If the husband is an ambitious man, the chances are that he will overwork a d overworry at. take insuffi rest, eat and cient time to sleep. At first

he may feel but trifling ill effects from his indiscretion. Then he will suffer from headaches, loss of appetite, loss of sleep, lassitude in the morning, drowsiness during the day and a general "out-ofsorts" feeling. If these conditions are neglected, almost any serious malady may be the result. Frequently it is some nervous disorder or dread consumption. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for hard-working men. It gives edge to the appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of chronic or linguing broads of

of chronic or lingering, bronchial, throat and lung affections. All too frequently, death dogs the foot-steps of the wife, in the guise of weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of wifehood and maternity. There is an unfailing cure for disorders of this nature. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the sensitive organs concerned, making them strong, healthy and vigorous. It fits for wifehood and motherhood.

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Remarkable Scenes in Grand Central Palace.

Moody Moves His Vast Audience to Tears, With His Thrilling Eloquence and Touching Narratives.

New York, March 19.-It was another great day for Evangelist Moody. The great hall in the Grand Central Palace was thronged to overflowing early in the day and, barring the luncheon hour, was crowded up to

Fully 10,000 persons must have come under the spell of the revivalist's wonderful magnetism yesterday. There were all classes and conditions of men, women and children, too. For Mr. Moody doesn't save the poor and lowly only, he reaches up among the millionaires, too. And never a meeting comes to a close that there are not a score of smartly equipped carriages waiting out-

The morning was devoted to prayer. It was Christian Endeavor day, and on of the New Jerusalem. The watchman of the National Association; John Willis Baer, the general secretary; George W. Moore, of Nashville Tenn.; the Rev. J. G. Brett, of Jersey City; W. H. Whar- the throne, where sits the Father. ton, of Baltimore, and the famous old Bishop Newman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

And the requests for prayer that flowed in on Mr. Moody! The day before he had owned himself as almost overwhelmed when 110 of these letters were received. Yesterday there were 500 from all parts of the land.

"I have here, for instance,"began Mr. Moody, "one from a man who says he has been reading of these meetings in the World, and now wants to be converted. Here is a man who is going to the Klondike and wants our prayershe was here last night and his heart was touched. Here is a mother in Virginia who says her boy is in New York and wants him to come ander the influence. Two more mothers in Jersey City asks the same for their boys.

"But Mr. Moody was interrupted. A woman in deep mourning stood up in the front row. She was weeping. ASKED PRAYERS FOR HER BOY. "I want my boy prayed for, too,"

she faltered. "to save you from sights and "Here," he continued, "are thirty or "It shall be, madam,"cried Mr. Moody. sounds like these. They are terrible, forty drunkards who want to reform, and as many more relatives who want the same prayers for others. And, oh, trast between them and those men and tives who are a prey to drink and ask prayers to relieve them of the curse!" for the first, and the Fifth avenue de a touching appeal. At last English and impassioned appeal. In the afternoon there was not a seat to be had. The platform was crowded. Bishop Newman sat in the were beside him. Mr. Moody was there, too. First, homely hymns that have

> to the days when he lisped his prayer at his mother's knee; then more prayers, and then Mr. Moody. His opening was just as it always isa matter of fact statement of his plans for the rest of the week. It takes him some minutes to warm up to his work, He announced the prayer meetings would be held as usual Friday and Saturday mornings, from 10 o'clock to He said he would speak about the Prodigal at night, and would devote

all Saturday to "Sowing and Reap-"I'd like to see this artist here," he cried, looking straight at the World artist, "picture the Prodigal. He can do it better than I can. And if you've got any friend who is sowing tares, bring him along. Let's find out what the harvest's going to be."

by Grace" that has helped him to con-"Open all the windows," cried Mr. Moody, "and let's change the air so there won't be any who will go to

sleep. I see some of you have got your furs on. Take them off; then you won't go to sleep." Then he began. It was only a few verses from the Bible he read. But he "I tell you," he cried, "if Paul the Apostle were standing here—and he's been these nineteen hundred years in glory-he couldn't make it plainer than

it is in the 10th chapter of Romans. It's all there. First, believe in your heartwe've got too much head religion nowadays! Second, confess it with the mouth. Third, don't be ashamed of it. There's not a man within the hearing of my voice who can't be saved if he'll only do this. If I put it to a vote here there'd be few who wouldn't stand up and say, 'Yes, I believe that Jesus Christ arose from the dead.' And they will say it, too."

He told of young convert in England who wa, so full of his new peace of mind that he couldn't help talking about it all the time. An infidel heard him and remarked that the young man ought to be ashamed of himself to keep on talking so. "Yes," cried the young man, "I am

ashamed of myself, but I'm not ashamed of my God!" "That's it," roared Mr. Moody, "we ought to be ashamed of ourselves." "THE DEVIL'S GOT TO WORK AT

LAST." Mr. Moody clenched his fists and stamped his feet. He declared the Christian religion was a great divider. He declared if the work here in New York was a success it would divide the

"I heard some of the meanest lies yesterday about myself," he said, "that I ever heard in my life. 'Thank God!' I cried, 'the devil's got to work at last! Christ has come? Then Mr. Moody spoke of Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man and the member of the council, who confessed Christ, too. Tears were in every eye when Mr. Moody had done drawing his picture, for he let his imagination

have full rein. He pictured Joseph, the honored man, a secret disciple. pictured Christ before Caiaphas. He pictured the scene and recalled the words when Christ himself said in answer to the question of the council that he was the Son of God.
"'What more do you want?" cried
Caiaphas, and Mr. Moody was using the same triumphant tone of conviction that Caiaphas used. "'We have heard plasphemy from his own lips!" "Kill him!" was the cry.

"Ah!" cried Moody, "but I can hear one voice coming from the end of the

Christians of today, do you think they would have said that? No, sir! They would have pointed out that all of Christ's apostles had left him; that Judas had sold him; that Peter and John had denied him; there were only a few poor women from Galilee who followed him. They would have said, Joseph, it's a lost cause; he's got to die, and you'll be cast out and you'll lose your lifelong friends.' That's the

way they'd talk to Joseph. My friends,

that rich man's confession of his Saviour was the sublimest confession ever heard on earth." The evangelist was whispering now. Men were leaning forward to catch every word. Women were weeping The drop of a pin would have started anyone, so quiet was the great hail.
"In that dark hour," he said—"it was
the darkest hour the world ever knew— Joseph rose up, and when Christ was crucified he went into the presence of Pilate and begged the body of his Saviour. I can hear Pilate saying:

years more, when Joseph is dying. He side to carry home the owners who Jesus, who has forgiven him all his have been sitting under Mr. Moody's sins. He is dead. See the chariot sweeping down from heaven to take yearly celebration, and asking her old the platform sat some of the leading on the walls sees it. He gives the him! Up, up, up it goes to the walls friends to write to her in care of Herr lights in that branch of Christian work.

Pastor Suter, Oberhofen, Switzerland.

There was Dr. F. E. Clarke, president runs through the city. Every redeemed runs through the city. Every redeemed saint from Abel down is there! And Jesus comes down to meet him and to take him by the hand. He goes before "'Father,' he says, 'this is Joseph This is the man who took my body and gave it decent burial. This is the Joseph who was my friend when no one else was.'

A REMARKABLE SCENE. Mr. Moody was nearly finished. There was hardly a dry eye before him. It was a vivid word-picture he had given. Men and women alike were oblivious of their surroundings; their minds had gone back through the centuries; they were seeing enacted over again the

"And now," asked Mr. Moody, "won't you do as Joseph did? Won't you stand up here in this great building and confess your Saviour as Joseph confessed? Up, up, up, men and women, church members and unbelievers; up, up, up. Then ensued the most remarkable scene that the meetings have witnessed. That vast audience as one man and one woman arose in a body. There was no coaxing needed. Mr. Moody's words

had been enough. "We've only got a little time left here," said Mr. Moody. "It may be days, or weeks, or months, or years, but it's short.

He was done. Dr. Worman prayed, saying: "We thank thee, O Lord, for this sight. Here stands this vast army of witnesses. Help us all to stand strong! Is it too much to ask that they all stand at thy right hand in thy kingdom?"

The meeting was ended. Mr. Moody made his way through the throngs that essed around him and at once began the after-meeting where all who have never believed before are welcome. Hundreds followed him. Hundreds arose when asked if they wanted to lead new lives. Mr. Moody smiled triumphantly. He knew his mission to "wicked New York" had been a success.

brought many a hardened sinner back gifts for their progeny.



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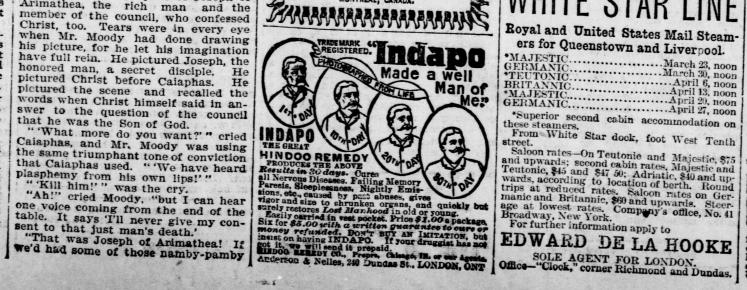


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D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., May 21, 1897.

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