

seemed like a town, such a variety of places like shops were all around." The commander, after doing the honours of the ship, proposed a dance. "Now, Miss Bosanquet, what will you do? You cannot run away," gaily queried one of her friends, for her scruples were well known. Just then the unexpected approach of the Prince of Wales (afterward George III) and Admiral Anson was announced, and the dance was adjourned to the great relief of Miss Bosanquet. While in the boat which conveyed them from the ship, the party were exposed to imminent peril. "How are you so calm?" one of the votaries of pleasure asked our heroine. "We are in God's hands," she answered, "I am quite ready to sink or to be saved."

Her convictions of duty were exposed to another trial. A gentleman of wealth and religious profession sought her hand in marriage. Her parents, and even her religious advisers, favoured the match. She could not, however, reconcile his fashionable habits with his religious professions, and neither her "understanding nor affection could approve the proposal," so his offer was kindly but firmly declined. She was reserved for a nobler destiny than to be a mere leader of fashion.

Through mental anxiety and physical weakness, she fell into a low nervous fever, which her parents attributed to her religion. Severe medical treatment and confinement in a dark room were ordered. "Will you put me in a mad house, papa?" asked the poor distraught girl. "No," replied her father, "but you must be shut up at home unless you strive against this lowness."

But God graciously helped her in her extremity. She seemed to see a light and hear a voice, which assured her, "Thou shalt walk with me in white."

BANISHED FROM HOME.

One day her father said to her, "There is a particular promise which I require of you, that you will never, on any occasion, either now or hereafter, attempt to make your brothers what you call a Christian."

"I think, sir," she answered, "I dare not consent to that."

"Then," he replied, "you force me to put you out of my house. I do not know," he continued, "that you ever disobliged me wilfully in your life, but only in these fancies."

She was now twenty-one years of age, and had a small fortune of her own. She, therefore, engaged a maid-servant and took lodgings, but did not remove, hoping that she might still remain beneath her father's roof. One day her mother sent her word that she must leave that night for her lodgings, and that the family carriage would convey her personal effects. She bade farewell to the servants, who stood in a row in tears, and went forth from her father's house, banished for conscience' sake.

Her lodgings had, as yet, neither chair, nor table, nor bed; so, after a supper of bread, rank butter, and water, this delicate child of luxury lay upon the floor in the cold, bright moonlight, which streamed through the uncurtained windows into her room, the sweet solemnity whereof, she writes, well agreed with the tranquillity of her spirit.

She thus records her emotions under

this painful trial. "I am cast out of my father's house. 'I know the heart of a stranger.' I am exposed to the world, and know not what snares may be gathering around me. I have a weak understanding, and but little grace." She therefore cried unto God, and found a sweet calm overspread her spirit. She remembered the words, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord shall take thee up."

She was permitted to visit her home, but the parting as she took her leave made, she says, the wound to bleed afresh.

She was soon joined by Sarah Ryan, a pious widow, and devoted her life thenceforth to works of Christian charity. She shortly after removed to a house of her own, and converted it into a school for orphan children and home for destitute women. Before long she had received thirty-five children and thirty-four adults. They rose between four and five, had early prayers and breakfast. School and house work and recreation occupied the day, and by eight at night, after prayers, they went to bed.

On Sunday evenings a religious service of the neighbours was held in the house, and sometimes, "when the nights were dark," we read, "a mob used to collect at the gate and throw dirt at the people as they went out, and when they were gone, the mob used to come into the yard and break things there, and, putting their faces to a window which had no shutters, roar and howl like wild beasts."

One night "four shabby-looking men, with great sticks in their hands," forced their way into the kitchen. But Miss Bosanquet explained the Methodist "Rules of Society" to them, and asked if they would accept copies. Subdued by the unexpected request, "they received them with a respectful bow, and went out." This was truly a remarkable work for a young lady of only twenty-three to carry on.

At times the expenses of the establishment exceeded its income, but, in answer to prayer, help always came when most needed. A wealthy Methodist lady, a Miss Lewen, came to live in the family, where, after a time, she sickened and died. By her will she left two thousand pounds to the Orphanage. But Miss Bosanquet, fearing that God's cause might be reproached thereby, prevailed on her to let it be burned, for "what is two thousand pounds," she exclaimed, "or two hundred thousand pounds, when compared to the honour of my God?"

A gentleman of wealth, and of religious character, struck with admiration of her person and disposition, warmly solicited Miss Bosanquet's hand in marriage. "Though I had a grateful love towards him," she writes, "I could not find that satisfying affection which flows from perfect confidence, and which is the very spirit and soul of marriage." She therefore declined to give her hand where she could not freely and fully give her heart. She accepted a life of toil and anxiety, rather than one of luxury and ease, at what she conceived to be the call of duty.

Although "the strictest account was made of every grain of corn, pint of milk, or pound of butter, the farm did not pay its way." Miss Bosanquet was greatly perplexed. She resolved to sell the establishment and live on twenty pounds a year till she could pay her debts.

BEGINS TO PREACH.

She felt increasingly laid upon her heart the burden of souls. While stopping at an inn, the lodgers on Sunday requested her to address them in the "great ball-room." "This was a trial indeed," she writes, "yet I considered, I shall see these people no more till I see them at the judgment seat of Christ, and shall it then be said of me, 'You might that day have warned us, but you would not.' She, therefore, consented to the request, and had much comfort and "some fruit" of her labours. Similar invitations were now frequently urged upon her. She dared not refuse them. On one occasion she rode twenty miles over the Yorkshire moors to address a meeting, in the absence of the regular preacher. To her dismay she found two or three thousand persons assembled. The multitude filled a spacious quarry, from the edge of which she addressed them. The people seemed as if they never could have enough, and said, "When will you come again?"

"Her manner of speaking," writes Wesley, "is smooth, easy, and natural. Her words are as fire, conveying both light and heat to the hearts of all that hear her." But her womanly sensitiveness shrank from the task. On one occasion, she writes: "All the day I kept pleading before the Lord, mostly in these words of Solomon, 'Ah! Lord, how shall I, who am but a child, go in and out before this thy chosen people!'"

MARRIAGE.

This noble woman was now to receive a new development of her character, and a great increase of her joys. A kindred spirit, in every way worthy of her love, was now to win her hand and heart. Jean Guillaume de la Flechere, or Fletcher, was the son of a noble Savoyard family. He was, in his youth, a soldier. Peace being declared he went to England, joined the Methodists, and took orders in the Established Church. He declined the rich living of Dunham because "it afforded too much money for too little work," and devoted himself to the poor miners and factory-workers of the parish of Madeley. Five and twenty years before the date of which we write the youthful beauty and lovely character of Miss Bosanquet had won the heart of the devoted pastor. But she was rich and he was poor, and travel, study, and abounding labours, postponed for long years the consummation of his dream of wedded bliss. For fifteen years they had not met. On his return from the continent in 1781, he made the long-cherished object of his affection an offer of his hand. It was accepted, and at the mature age of fifty-two and forty-two respectively this long-waiting bridegroom and bride kept their honeymoon. In her devout thanksgiving the loving wife exclaims, "My cup is beneath over." So well suited to each other were these pious souls that John Wesley was unwilling that either should have married otherwise than as they did. The wealth of the bride was now at least no barrier to the long-delayed union. To pay her debts all her furniture, except a few trifles, had to be sold. "Deal would do for me," she writes, "as well as mahogany." "My husband loves me as Christ loved the Church." "My wife," writes Fletcher,

"is far better to me than the Church to Christ."

This happy union of heart and soul was destined to be of short duration. Four short years passed away in labours for the glory of God. The zealous pastor established a day-school and a Sunday-school, and soon had three hundred children under religious instruction. The parish became a proverb for its piety, and the saintly influence which emanated from its humble vicarage was widely felt in quickening the spiritual life of the neighbouring community.

But this blessed toil, for one of the labourers at least, was soon to cease. The health of Fletcher, long infirm, broke down. Yet he continued his labours to the last, and died, like a hero, at his post. In the first outburst of her sorrow the bereaved widow was almost inconsolable. "The sun of my earthly joys forever set," she writes. "Clouds and darkness surrounded both body and soul."

WIDOWHOOD.

But faith rose triumphant o'er her fears, and for thirty years she continued to perpetuate the influence of her sainted husband. Her home at Madeley became a home to the poor, to devout women, and to the Methodist itinerants. The anniversaries of her marriage and of her husband's death were commemorated by holy exercises. On one of these occasions, she writes thus:—"Twenty-eight years this day, and at this hour, I gave my hand and heart to Jean Guillaume de la Flechere. A profitable and blessed period of my life! I feel at this moment a more tender affection toward him than I did at that time, and by faith I now join my hands afresh with his."

Still later she wrote:—"Thirty years since, this day, I drank the bitter cup, and closed the eyes of my beloved husband, and now I am myself in a dying state. My soul doth wait and long to fly to the bosom of my God." In her seventy-sixth year, and a few weeks before her death, she writes: "It is as if every meeting would take away my life, but I will speak to them while I have my breath."

HER DEATH.

Soon after she entered into her eternal rest. Among her dying utterances were expressions of triumphant confidence: "I am drawing near to glory;" "There is my home and portion fair;" "Jesus, come, my hope of glory;" "He lifts His hands and shows that I am graven there." "The Lord bless both thee and me," she said to a friend who watched by her bedside, and insisted on her retiring to rest. Then, in the solemn silence of midnight, unattended in her dying hour by earthly ministrations, but accompanied by angelic spirits, her soul passed away from the travails and trials of earth to the raptures and triumphs of Heaven.

Her whole life was a precious box of alabaster broken on the feet of the Lord she loved, the rich perfume of whose anointing is fragrant throughout the world to-day. In the profusion of her beneficence to others she practised toward herself a rigorous self-denial. During the last year of her life her expenditure on her own apparel was less than twenty shillings. The same year her "poor account" amounted to over one hundred and eighty pounds. Her annual personal