

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

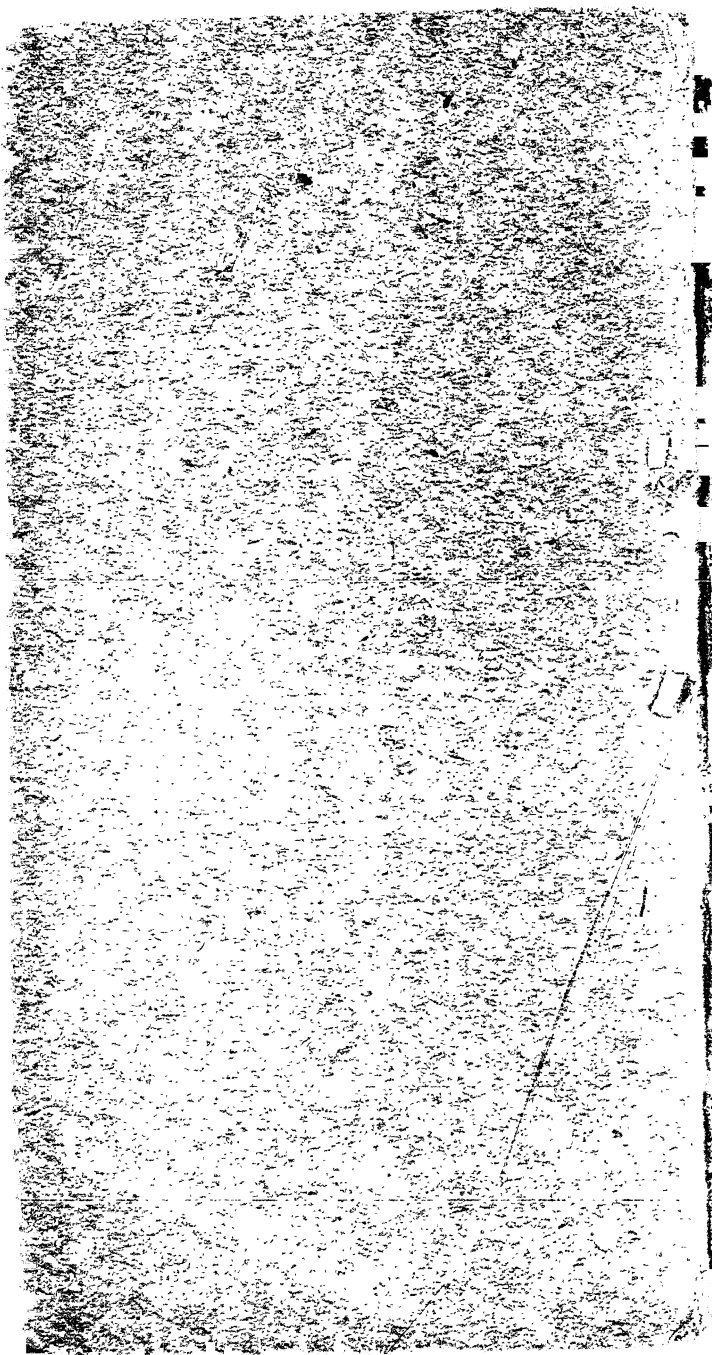
L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
				✓							

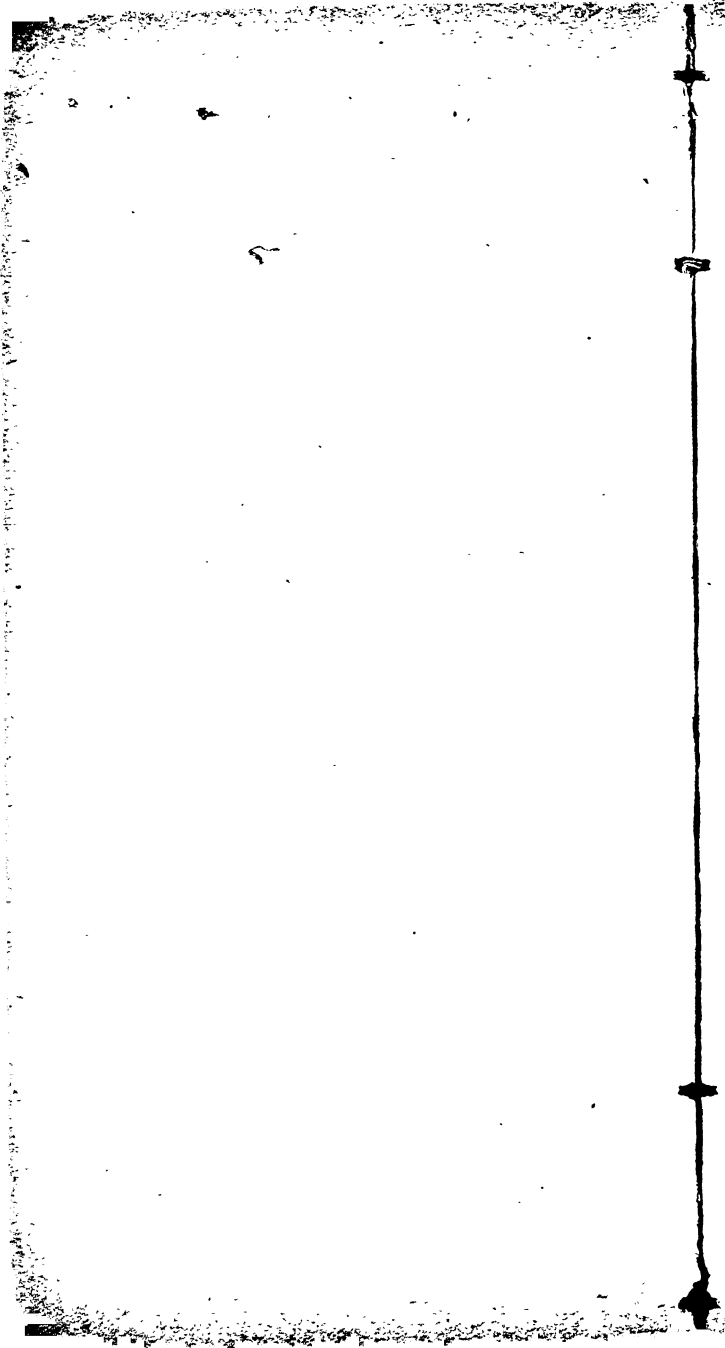


Broken Fetters

A Life Story



TORONTO
THE CARSWELL Co. LIMITED
1897



PREFACE.

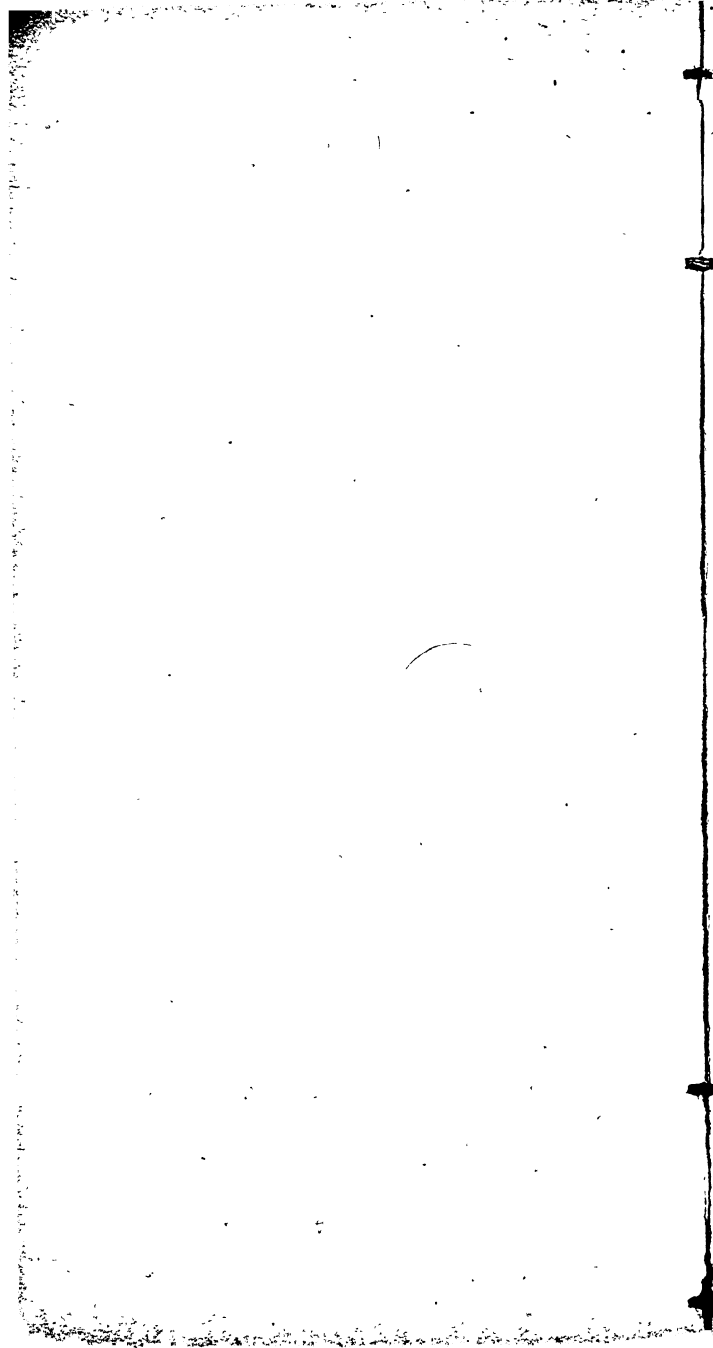
FOR the sake of the hundreds, yea! thousands who are being led captive by the cruel foe Strong Drink, I was persuaded four years ago to write the story of my life. It has been a blessing to many, and with earnest prayer I now send out this third and enlarged edition, trusting it may prove helpful to all who read it.

LIZZIE VINCENT.

Toronto,

Canada,

November, 1897.



"THE MANNING TIMES" (New South Wales), October 21, 1893:

"The Story of My Life" and Woman's Work

"THE STORY OF MY LIFE," as related by Miss VINCENT, on Tuesday night, in Belmore Hall, Taree, was a most impressive and pathetic narrative of personal experience by a lady evangelist, in connection with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who has for eight past years devoted her life to her Lord and Master's service, out of grateful acknowledgment for her own spiritual conversion and rescue from the terrible and cruel slavery of strong drink. As Miss VINCENT employs her own unhappy years of miserable experience as a lover of strong drink, as a means of aiding in the rescue of women who have an appetite for intoxicants, or who have fallen upon evil days, and have taken to the curse of intoxication to stifle, however momentarily and ineffectually, the pangs of an accusing conscience, and has had "The

Story of My Life" published for circulation among those persons she may never have the opportunity of addressing, it would not be either fair or reasonable to enter into the details of her deeply thrilling and pathetic narrative. Briefly then, it will serve the purpose of our present comments to state that Miss VINCENT declares that from her earliest childhood she gradually acquired the habit of taking strong drink, until the relentless fetters enthralled her life. With sorrowing yet despairing endeavor, repeated efforts to obtain her release were taken by *herself*, and as might easily have been anticipated by those not under the cruel curse, they only ended in the firmer riveting of her chains. With a hope that an enforced abstinence might give her a favorable prospect of freedom, she left her parents' home and emigrated to Queensland. She obtained employment, but had to leave it, because she still was the slave of her acquired appetite. Then Miss VINCENT came to Sydney, but still the evil of her soul clung fiercer and fiercer, until at last, in utter despair, she resolved upon

taking her own life by drowning, but the continuous passing by of persons happily, as it ensued, baffled her intention. In her despair she on a Sabbath evening entered a hall in Sydney for the purpose of rest, on the occasion of a meeting. At the close of the service she was leaving, still with the intention of drowning herself, when she heard someone speaking, and the words "Sinner, where will you spend eternity?" thrilled her to the depth of her soul. Then she heard the joyful words, "Whosoever will may come and partake of the water of life freely." "With one passionately longing cry she cast herself at the Saviour's feet, saying, 'Oh! God, be merciful to me a sinner.'" It is needless to continue. From the moment she resigned her mistaken trust in herself, she was freed from her fetters, and as before stated, she consecrated her life to the service of her God. There are just two brief statements from Miss VINCENT'S published narrative which we think it is only just to give, both in justice to herself, and to her friend-sister, Miss CUMMINS. Miss VINCENT, from the

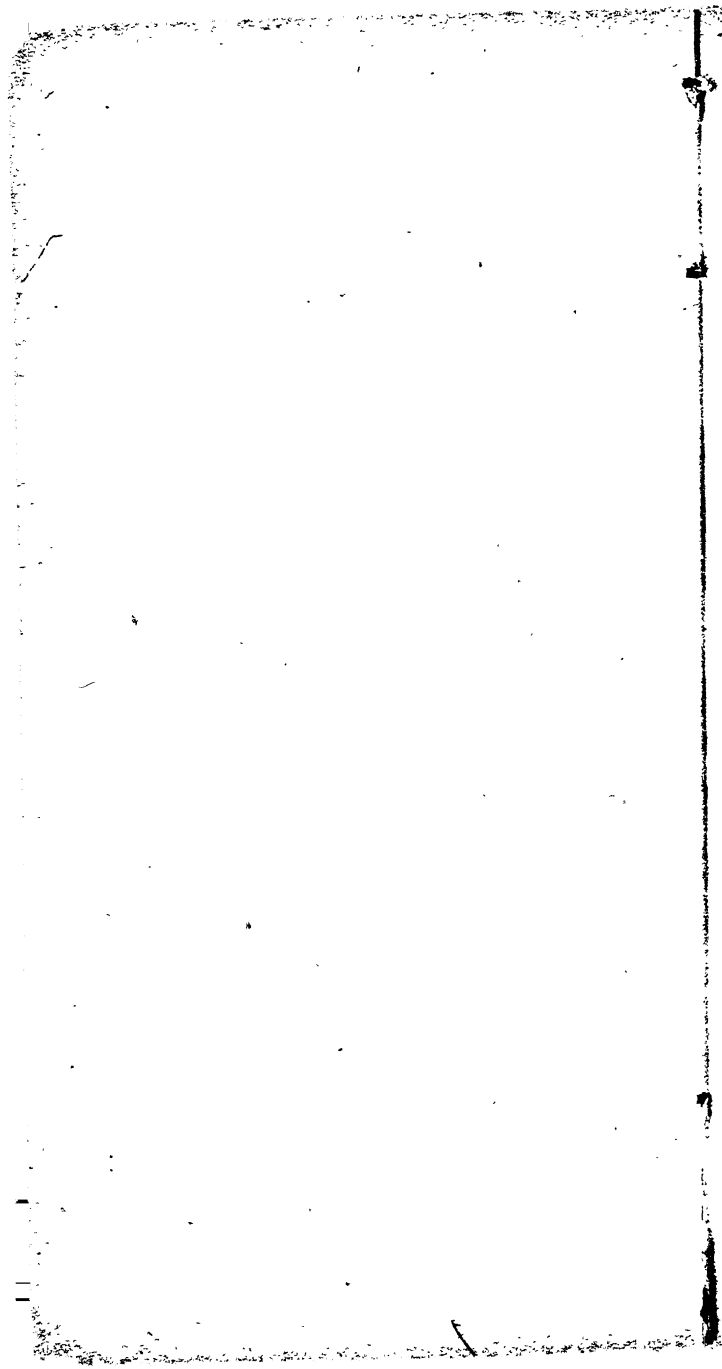
peculiar character of her morbid disposition, indulged in her fatal practice solely and alone. She made no companions, and as she declares in her book, "God knows she was bad enough; but the thought of home and loved ones prevented her from sinking into deeper shame." The other fact which should be known is, that it was from the mouth of Miss CUMMINS that the sacred words came, which made Miss VINCENT whole, and healed her of her long infirmity.

But the story of Miss VINCENT's life, happily for herself and many other of her sisters, has not yet been fully told. Let us hope, as reverently under Providence we are justified in doing, that the pages which yet remain unfolded may be long and many, and that two sisters in heart and soul may yet have reason to rejoice over their first meeting, and their united, patient perseverance in well-doing.

Miss VINCENT and Miss CUMMINS have come into this district quietly and unostentatiously, as modest, refined, earnest, gentle women. They wear no uniform, nor are they enrolled under any similitude of military

organization. The two ladies we believe dress alike from pure sisterly affection, and the only insignia which they, as members of the Woman's Christian Union wear, is the sweet rose of a blameless and a useful life in the service of their Master and their fellow-creatures, in the form of a minute piece of white ribbon on the breast of the dress—the emblem of the Union, whose motto is—"For God, home, and humanity."

God-speed to them in the unselfish and noble life they have been called unto; may they never weary in well-doing, and may they, when the quiet day of mortal rest breaks in upon them, realize the solemn and beautiful words—"God giveth His beloved sleep."



Broken Fetters.

THE town of Evesham, a name of two syllables, divided thus, Eves-ham, and locally called Esam, is situated at the south-east corner of the county of Worcester, and close to each of the adjoining counties of Warwick and Gloucester. It is acknowledged to be one of the prettiest spots in the Old Country. The beautiful River Avon flows steadily through year after year, and for miles around you can see the magnificent old Bell Tower; it is one hundred and ten feet high, and represents the latest efforts of the piety, pride and munificence which in the centuries preceding the Reformation covered England with its gorgeous

abbeys and cathedrals. It was built by Abbot Litchfield, the last Abbot of Evesham but one, between 1533 and 1539, and was not completed when the Abbey Church, of which it was the last, and perhaps noblest, ornament, was laid in ruins around it. Spared for its beauty and its uses, it remains to be the delight and joy of those who are most familiar with its features, and the wonder of even the most careless visitors. Strangers are surprised to see this stately Tower with the two Parish Churches all in one enclosed churchyard.

The streets are regular and generally well-built. Proceeding from the Railway Station the visitor enters the town from the north, and goes down the broad High Street, with its variety of old and modern houses, its avenue of lime and plantain trees, and the wide spaces between the carriage road and the pavements, which were until lately used on fair days for pens and standing cattle. Bridge Street is

almost as picturesque as an old Flemish street ; many of the houses show marks of considerable antiquity, and in one of them King Charles the First lodged when he visited the borough in 1644.

The new bridge over the Avon and the Workman Gardens along the Bengeworth river side are the most striking modern improvements to the external character and appearance of the town. Standing on the bridge there opens before you a scene rarely witnessed except on canvas. The beautiful, broad sheet of water, with pleasure boats floating merrily about, and on either side these well-kept gardens, and in the distance surrounding this peaceful valley the Dumbleton and Bredon Hills, outlying from the Cotswold Ridge, are the picturesque features of the south and southwest. Due west the granite peaks of Malvern bound the smiling plain, and the vale is enclosed on the north by the Lench Hills. A walk from the Railway Station of

half-a-mile northwards leads to the battle-field, where, on 'Tuesday, August the 4th, 1265, in the midst of a tempest as memorable as the day, the vindicator of English liberties against court corruption and foreign influence, and the originator of popular Parliamentary representation, Simon De Montfort, Earl of Leicester, fell, with his son Henry and many barons, hopelessly fighting against Prince Edward (afterwards Edward the First) and the royalist army.

And it was in this beautiful and historical little spot that I first saw the light. My father was born near that well-known town of Stratford-on-Avon, but as a young man went to the pretty little vale of Evesham, where a distant relative carried on a flourishing business as builder and contractor, and in due time my father became foreman; in the meantime he met and loved my mother, and after a brief acquaintance they married. I have frequently heard my mother speak of

those early years, and the anxiety (while surrounded by her little children) about my father, who was very gay, spending most of his time after the labor of the day at a certain hotel, or dancing until the small hours of the morning; but after a few years this happily ceased.

My mother has told how the night came when, with a babe on her knee, she sat sewing until midnight, and still he had not returned. She was a woman with an iron will, and the time had come when she could bear it no longer. Rising from her seat, she took her bonnet and shawl, wrapped her baby up warmly, and, hugging it tightly to her breast, started out into the cold wintry night. Hurrying along until she reached the "Duke of York" (the house appeared to be closed), she knocked again and again, until the landlady came enquiring who was there and what was wanted. The answer was, "I want my husband, and intend to

stay here until he comes out." The woman declared there was no one there, but finding it was of no use, at last opened the door, and passing inside my mother found in a snug little back room, sitting in front of a roaring fire, my father, with two or three boon companions. He of course was astonished, and asked why she had come. Her answer was, "In future where you go I'll go." He pressed her to take drink, but she refused. He, however, called for "Old Tom;" she warned the woman not to bring it, but as it was placed before her she took up glass and liquor and threw it into the fire-place. He called for more and three other glasses shared the same fate. At this he rose and said, "Come home." The strong woman's will had conquered; his eyes were opened; what his thoughts were none could tell, but from that night he was to be found at home with his wife and family when the day's work was over. A bright, happy nature and steady

business habits won the respect of all who knew him, and he became not only manager of the large business, which had prospered under his able superintendence, but the honored and trusted friend of the principal.

The years passed by, the children grew, and the parents were proud of them, but being the youngest of the family of eight, I of course have no recollection of these years; however, this I know, that instead of going to a hotel, my father, who became a strictly moderate man, kept a supply of different kinds of drink in the house; in fact, before this it had not been so much for the quantity of liquor consumed as for the love of company and dancing. My brothers were all apprenticed to different trades, and ere the time I can call to mind three of them were married and had homes of their own, and proud indeed was I, as a wee toddling mite, to have a nephew nearly as old as myself calling me auntie. At this time

our home was in a nice part of the town called Merstow Green, with part of the old Abbey gardens facing, and close at hand was the National School. Joften look back at those days. When a bright school-girl, life seemed so full of happiness ; I was always a favorite with the mistress and teachers, never failed at an examination, and carried off a good share of prizes each year. But my readers will understand the system of education in our National Schools of that time was vastly different to this of the present day in the State Schools, for until just before I left neither grammar nor geography had been introduced. During all these years, yea, when only a babe in my mother's arms, both father and mother, brothers and sisters, had often held the wine-glass to my baby lips and laughed heartily as they saw how eagerly I drank of its contents, and when I could walk they were amused to see me take the little wooden stool which father had made, and, standing on it,

stretch out my hand for the glass which contained the most liquor, and if anyone dared to try to take it away until it was drained to the dregs, an outburst of childish passion would result, when the tiny fist would be clenched and the foot stamped, to the amusement of the lookers-on. My mother was a perfect housekeeper; in fact, everything she did was thoroughly done, and she always impressed upon her children that if a thing was worth doing, it was worth doing well. Amongst other things, she excelled in making wine, and I have frequently heard it praised as being superior to most wines in the market; certainly it was very strong. I loved it, and being a thoroughly spoiled child, would always hang around when it was being used, and although I was never forgotten, my glass being filled with others, it would be quickly drunk, and I would be found coaxing for a sip from other people's. One Saturday, when I was about ten years of age, my

mother was drawing the wine from the cask and bottling it, putting a small quantity of brandy into each bottle. Being a handy little maid, I was presently told off with a large jug to draw from the cask and carry to mother, and of course I drank very freely ; but not being satisfied with this, I begged to be allowed to taste that with the brandy in. Mother looked, and something in my appearance must have warned her, for she refused, saying, " You have already taken too much ; " so I was not allowed to go to the cask again.

Just then came a knock at the door, and a playmate made the request that I might go with her to play. My mother replied, " No, not this afternoon ; I don't think she is very well," but I indignantly said I would go, and, snatching up my hat, rushed out of the door. We had not gone far when I began to wish I had remained at home. An awful sensation—something buzzing in my ears—then everything

began to revolve round and round, oh! so fast. I staggered, clutched at the air, and fell. My companion called for help; a neighbor took me up and carried me home. Mother was too busy to take much notice, but, while scolding very severely, called to my eldest sister to take me to bed. She was busily engaged and very angry at the interruption. She told me to go upstairs. This I tried to do, but struggle as hard as I would I could only mount three steps, and then fell down. However, at last my sister carried me upstairs and put me on the bed. Oh! the sickness and the suffering. I became unconscious for a time, but afterwards cried bitterly, thinking I should die. When my father came home he was very angry to think I had been allowed to make myself so ill, and for nearly a week I was so prostrated I never left my bed except when my darling father came home, and then, wrapped in a rug, he would nurse me, singing and amusing me all the

evening. It was many years before I forgot that terrible experience sufficiently to touch home-made wine, but beer and spirits I was very fond of. Soon after this my mother had a severe illness from which she has never thoroughly recovered. My three sisters (for we were four boys and four girls) soon afterwards left home, and there was only my youngest brother, who was an apprentice, and I left.

About this time my father's employer, acknowledging his worth, raised his salary, and offered him the house he had previously occupied. This was a great change, and in a little while, the furniture being transferred, we took up our abode in the dear old ivy-covered house, standing in the beautifully laid out grounds of Mr. H——, and facing the river Avon. I may be pardoned if I say that, gazing from the windows with their frame of dark-green ivy, the magnificent flower-beds, the rows and rows of

standard rose-trees along the river's bank, the calm, beautiful sheet of water, and on the opposite side the Workman Pleasure Gardens, with the avenue of lime-trees all along the water side, and the smooth, velvety turf sloping down to its edge—yes, I may be pardoned if I say it is one of the prettiest spots to be found in the whole of God's beautiful earth.

My life was indeed a happy one; my parents lavished the wealth of their love upon me, and, as far as possible, gratified my every wish. Very soon I left the day-school, and for a while life seemed to be somewhat dull, for after all there had been some excitement, even though sometimes it only meant that the vicar (a dear old man, who was loved by his parishioners), coming to visit the school while under the influence of drink, with his pockets stuffed with lollies, would upset the school to the annoyance of the teachers, by having the children scrambling after them, while he

frequently fell over the forms, much to the amusement of the children. Yes, it all meant fun, but he, poor man, went down so rapidly that, like many others, he ended his days in a lunatic asylum.

Our new vicar was a splendid man, and at his request I took a class of young children in the Sunday-school. I was also a member of the church choir, and shortly afterwards was confirmed by the Bishop of Worcester.

I formed a friendship with a sweet, gentle girl, who was a teacher in the Sunday-school, also in the National School. This was, I think, the first time I had ever really fallen in love. I loved her passionately, and frequently incurred my mother's just wrath and displeasure through loitering when sent on errands, and somehow I generally managed to go about the time she would be going or returning from school. One Sunday evening during the winter she had occasion to call at the school-house

after school was over, and, waiting for a long time, I became very cold. It was freezing hard, so I ran back into the school-room to warm myself at the fire, thinking she would know where to find me. Two other girls were there, both younger than myself, and we entered into conversation. Suddenly the door was slammed to, and we heard the key turned in the lock and some boys laughing heartily. However, I did not care very much because I felt sure my friend would come in a few minutes, and she would at once set us free; but the time passed and nobody came; the fire had burnt low, there was no fuel, and we began to feel cold; but worse than all it was getting dark. Was it possible we should have to pass the night there? We shouted until we were hoarse, but no one could hear. We thought of all the ghost stories we had ever heard, and, pale and trembling, we crouched up close together. The windows were very high; it was

impossible to get out. My two companions were weeping bitterly. Oh ! did ever time pass so slowly ? But presently the church bells began to ring. This was my last hope, and as I expected, my friend went down to my home for me to accompany her to church. Imagine the consternation of my parents to find I had not been taking tea with her as they thought. My father started off at once, also my friend, to ascertain if anyone had seen me near the school, when one child said he thought some girls were locked in the infant school-room. They came at once, and as the door was opened, trembling with joy and fear, and weeping bitterly, the three captives were set free. I think perhaps it was well that I never came across that precious boy who turned the key. Soon after this my brother, who was out of his apprenticeship, married one of my girl friends.

During all these years I had been accustomed to take drink, never

for one moment thinking it could be wrong. Friends said to my mother, "Are you not afraid Lizzie is too fond of drink?" but, drawing herself up proudly, she would reply, "No, there's not the least danger; my child will never become a drunkard, never be anything but what is pure and noble and good." Ah, no; they were so proud of me, and I felt I would be the pride and stay of their old age.

My friend went to college at Cheltenham; and feeling lonely and longing for the excitement of the larger cities, I made up my mind to leave home. One sister was living near Manchester, and my parents thought, that being determined to go, it would be best for me to be near her, and so a situation was secured. I only stayed a few months as I began to feel home-sick, and, to the joy of my parents, returned. Having experienced the independence of earning my own living, after a time I again left home, securing a situation in a good family

living in Edgbaston, one of the suburbs of Birmingham. It was customary at this time to give all house servants beer or beer money, and my dear old mother would not have thought it possible for me to do my work without an allowance of beer. I was not strong; in fact all my friends feared I should fall a victim to consumption.

I will not linger over the next few years, but the serpent of strong drink, which had fastened itself on me as a child, coiled closer and tighter. The servant's hall is frequently a terrible training school, and the allowance was only too often supplemented by spirits, paid for by each in turn. Then when free for the evening we would make up a party and spend our time at theatre or concert hall, never separating without partaking freely of strong drink.

The years passed by and I was in a Jewish family as parlor maid, a very dear friend being nurse in the same house; but as I look back

I am obliged to blame this same girl for much sorrow. We had lived together previously. She was many years my senior, and as I was not strong she used to bring to my room every morning a glass of rum and milk. This, of course, fostered the appetite, and when I found I had possession of the wine-cellar key I began to drink heavily in secret. How two years and a half had passed without it being discovered I cannot imagine ; continually sipping, I have frequently consumed a bottle of brandy during the day, besides beer with my meals, and yet struggled through my work. Besides this, all the money I could earn was spent in trying to satisfy this craving, and repeatedly I asked my poor old father and mother for more.

Oh! the misery of that time, when it seemed that every day must bring exposure ; when the tempter whispered, "The only way out of the difficulty is to end your life." With this end in view I pro-

cured a bottle of chloroform ; but I loved my parents, and in the midst of my sin, sorrow, and shame I remembered what it would mean to them, and my heart failed me ; no, the knowledge that I was a drunkard would be bad enough, without the public disgrace should I commit suicide.

And so one morning, without a word, and taking a few things in a small hand-bag, I rushed from the house more like a mad than a sane woman, and went to my sister, who was living in an adjoining suburb. She said for a long time she had been afraid, but dare not speak to me. However, my wretchedness and the dreadful state of mind I was in kept back the reproaches which otherwise must have been heaped upon me. She insisted that I must go home. This I absolutely refused to do, for I felt I could never look upon my parents again ; but my sister said, " If you do not promise to return by to-night's train, I will call in the

police and give you in charge." This had the desired effect. After seeing me off at the station, she went to my employers to try and give some explanation. I reached home about eight o'clock in the evening, just as the shades of night were falling. Tremblingly I opened the door, and at the sound my dear old father and mother, who were sitting by the fireside, looked up, but in a moment the smile of pleasure faded from their faces as they saw, instead of the once bright, happy girl they used to welcome, a bloated, hunted-looking woman. "What is the matter?" they asked, and standing there I sobbed out my pitiable story, acknowledging with shame and remorse that I had come back to them degraded as a drunkard. They could not reproach me, for possibly at that moment they remembered that their hands had first held the glass to my baby lips, that it was at home I had acquired the appetite.

Dear old father and mother! It

was a bitter disappointment to them, but by kindness they thought to wean me from this dreadful thing. They advised moderation, and feeling grateful for their love and thoughtful kindness, I tried hard to keep down the awful craving; but it would not be stifled, it must be satisfied, and so I went to a grocer who held a license to sell wines and spirits, and procured a bottle of whisky. This was consumed secretly in my bedroom, and repeated visits to the grocer resulted in a bill being run up for over twenty-two pounds. Shall I ever forget that day when it was placed in my hand. The figures seemed to burn into my brain, and I tried to think what my father's anger would be should he discover my secret. No; he must not know. I saw the man, explained the mistake he had made in booking the liquor to my father, who had never had an account with him; but he said it was impossible that I could have drunk it myself, and he would

have his money. Said he, "You are not of age, and I can make your father pay every penny," but in this he was mistaken and found it was best to come to terms. I promised to pay him if he would wait until I could get a situation, when I would send so much per month. I lost no time in advertising, and very soon secured a situation once more in Edgbaston.

About a week before leaving home my sister and I attended a gospel temperance meeting, and at the close signed the pledge and donned the blue ribbon. On the 7th May, 1883, my parents stood at the door to say good-bye to me, still their dearly and best-loved child. With their blessing I moved away, and they turned indoors to wonder and hope that their child might yet be a blessing to them. Alas for those hopes !

The lady who engaged me was anxious to secure a pledged ab-stainer, possibly because the cook (who but for that was an excellent

servant) drank. All kinds of intoxicating liquors were used freely on the table. I struggled hard; God knew how anxious I was to keep true to my pledge, but it was of no use, and almost before I could realize my position I was requested to leave, and bitter reproaches were heaped upon me for having deceived them by professing to be an abstainer. I sent my luggage to my brother, who was living in Birmingham, and as I found myself in the busy street, dazed and bewildered, I wondered what was to become of me; certainly I could never again go home and witness the awful grief of my parents. Suddenly the thought came--I would emigrate to Queensland, and perhaps the long voyage would take away this appetite for drink. Yes, anything rather than bring more open disgrace on those I loved. Without a moment's delay I found the Emigration Agent, and having filled in the necessary forms, waited at my brother's for the reply. It came in

due time, with orders to report myself at the Emigration Depot, Plymouth, on the 1st July.

In the meantime I had written home, and my father's reply was evidently written with an almost breaking heart. He said that, owing to circumstances which were explained, he could not ask me home. He said, "God help you, my child; I cannot think what is to become of you." I dared not go home even to say good-bye, for fear my secret about the grocer should eke out, and so I left Birmingham in company with a true friend who had stood by me in my hour of need, and had made up her mind that at least one should be near at the last to say good-bye; she was loyal and true in spite of my failures.

The journey to Plymouth was long and tedious, but towards evening we arrived at the door of the Depot. In answer to my ring at the bell a man in uniform appeared. Leaving my friend, I passed into

an office, and after a severe examination went out into the large courtyard, feeling lonely and miserable. What an experience! hundreds of men, women and children, shouting, quarrelling, and crying, driven about like cattle—everything so uncomfortable.

I was utterly wretched, and creeping into a corner, cried as if my heart would break, longing for death to put an end to my misery. I refrain from writing the awful experience of the next two days and still worse nights, of the filth on every hand, which made many like myself ashamed that such things could exist in Christian England. However, it came to an end on the morning of the 4th July; everybody was stirring early, not being quite sure what time the vessel would leave. My trouble was that I feared we should go before my friend arrived, but just a little after six o'clock the bell rang and my heart bounded with joy to see Phœbe enter and find she would be

permitted to remain with me until the ss. "Duke of Westminster" left for Queensland ports. There was so much to be said, so many messages to send. Presently the names were called; all the emigrants being mustered, the gates were opened, and over eight hundred men, women, and children wended their way through the streets of Plymouth, and in due time all were conveyed on board the huge steamship. The excitement was great. I had never seen the sea before, and looking at this monster boat with its dusky crew, was almost inclined to treat it as a dream. While standing on the deck, talking to my friend of the future, which just then looked so bright, the bell was rung for visitors to leave the ship. The last good-bye was hurriedly said, and, bursting into a passionate fit of weeping, I sobbed out, "Give my love to father and mother, and tell them if alive I will return in three years a better and a sober woman."

The steam tender moved away, and soon even the handkerchief that Phoebe had been waving was lost to my sight, and in that moment with crushing force came the thought that I was alone; yes, so terribly alone—separated from home and native land, robbed of father, mother, brothers and sisters, by the cruel curse of strong drink.

The voyage commenced, and it was not very long before hundreds were down with sea sickness. Oh, the suffering; surely I must die! And even then the thought would come—better so; but how I thank God that He was so long-suffering with me. How deluded I was. My idea of being a Christian in those days was to attend church, sing hymns, &c. For years I had neglected even attending any service.

I cannot attempt to deal with the life lived on board ship for eight weeks. Enough to say there was much discomfort, and with fear and trembling I looked into the future.

There were many nice girls, some going to friends, and several who were looking forward to meeting loved ones who had gone before to prepare a home in the new country for them. The excitement may be better imagined than described when at last the vessel anchored in Moreton Bay, and the doctor came on board. Little groups here and there were engaged in conversation, talking excitedly about the future. In a moment the scene was changed. An officer was seen to be speaking with the matron, and the news spread like wildfire, "Small-pox has broken out in the saloon, and all have to be quarantined for twenty-one days." Wails of despair came from some who had looked forward to that as their bridal day, but it availed them nothing. I think perhaps I felt glad there was no one waiting to welcome me. After some delay, caused by each one having to be vaccinated, they began to leave in the ship's boats what had been home for eight weeks, the saloon

passengers going to Bird Island and the others to the quarantine station, Peel Island. On looking back I feel like saying the month spent there was one of the happiest I have ever known. One day a party of girls had decided to go across the island for a sort of picnic, myself being the leader.

Through the kindness of one of the officers we had a few extra provisions, such as tea, sugar, milk and a large currant loaf. It was necessary to carry water with us, and with a load such as I would scarcely like to be seen carrying in the city we started off, chatting as only a party of girls can, when suddenly, just in the middle of a sentence, I disappeared. For a moment it seemed as if the earth had opened her mouth and swallowed me up, but with willing hands my companions helped me out of an immense hole, which, having been almost covered with briars, I had not seen. Ringing shouts of laughter rang through

the trees. But when in the hole I felt some hard, round substance at my feet, and being anxious to discover what it was I lay down, and presently drew up from the hole what was declared to be a "melon" by this group of clever English girls: I had never tasted such a thing, but one girl, who through the voyage had tried to impress everybody with a sense of her importance, informed us it was a delicious fruit; she had often taken it at her aunt's. Therefore it was decided we should have a fruit banquet, and invite some friends that same evening. The guests having arrived in a tent we had made with poles and blankets, the interesting ceremony of serving round the delicacy was begun. I cut through the melon, but was not very favorably impressed with its perfume. An officer passing by asked what we were doing, and laughed as we explained about our find. The slices were handed round, but, strange to say, not one appreciated this Australian fruit,

and I remarked if that was melon I for one did not like it. In a little while the officer returned, and, thoroughly enjoying the joke, pronounced our melon, on which we had wasted precious sugar, to be—pumpkin. We had many amusing experiences on the island, but this too came to an end, and in a few hours after leaving the quarantine station we arrived at the Immigration Depot, Brisbane. Happy those who had friends to welcome them, but oh! how I rebelled at the humiliations, and in a moment of anger went and took strong drink. Everything was so different to what I had expected, so vastly different to what had been represented in the old country.

After a few days, I obtained a situation, but continued to take drink, until, being reproved for my intemperate habits, I decided to leave for New South Wales. On the morning after my arrival in Sydney I found a situation, but in a few weeks lost it through drink ;

this was repeated many times. I generally stayed at one of the servants' homes, but never made companions. Utterly wretched, I would procure drink in a bottle and go out sometimes to Coogee, sitting there hour after hour mourning over my wasted, mis-spent life, longing to hear from home and yet not daring to write. I often attended meetings at the Temperance Hall, and being desirous of doing right, would sign the pledge, afterwards take a situation, and so long as I abstained from intoxicating drink, none could do better or give greater satisfaction; but the fetters bound me, and I had no power to overcome this horrible craving when once it asserted itself. I went to the "Home of Hope," so anxious was I to be free, and was very hopeful that the appetite had really gone. I next went to a situation at Randwick, where I stayed a few months. Christmas came, and purely out of kindness the lady gave me a glass of wine, when again I began to drink, until, being ashamed to

meet them, I left one morning before the family were about. I had saved my money with miserly care, thinking that by-and-bye I might be able to go home. This thought was soon lost when once the drink fiend laid hold of me, and I found myself going down even more rapidly than in the past.

It was Sunday night, and passing along Castlereagh Street, when near the Protestant Hall, I heard singing, and going inside, found myself for the first time in a Salvation Army meeting. Directly I took my seat they began to sing, waving their arms in such a manner that I certainly thought they must be a lot of lunatics. But what is that they are singing as they wave their handkerchiefs? "They'll sing a welcome home to me." I thought of dear old father and mother, brothers and sisters. It seemed to drive me mad; I rushed out into the street, and that night began again to make good resolutions.

After enquiry the following morning I ascertained that the Church of England friends were that week opening a "home" for inebriate women in Paddington, and after a great deal of difficulty I found it, told the matron all there was to tell about myself and asked to be admitted. She was a splendid woman, a widow, with children of her own, and her eyes filled with tears as I told my story, although she afterwards told me she could never have thought from my appearance that I was a drunkard. The home was quickly filled, and with a burning desire to do right I made myself thoroughly useful; in fact so much so that at the end of the month, requiring some assistance, the matron asked the committee to engage me rather than send me out. This they did, and for some time I gave satisfaction. I fancied I had become a Christian. I did not think it necessary to deny myself a glass of ale or wine occasionally; in fact my experi-

ence of Christians, even ministers, was that they took a little.

As the time passed by a minister who was very interested in me came and pressed me to take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper the next Sunday, reminding me it was a duty I owed to God and the church. I had been an abstainer about three months, and really did not wish to do so, but at last consented, and on the following morning knelt at the communion rail with others. The cup was passed; I drank, but oh! what folly to think the appetite had gone. The old craving was aroused, and how miserable the hours to wait for Monday morning. Early I went out seeking the only thing which could satisfy. Returning to the home, I was met with reproaches and demanded the money due to me. I once more cast myself adrift on the ocean of life.

A fortnight passed, and still I drank; but, weak and ill in body I wandered away from the busy

city, away from the haunts of men, towards Rushcutter's Bay, and while under the influence of drink, crept into a corner and went fast asleep. I began to dream of home and loved ones, dreamt that once more my dear old father spoke to me, but, feeling the bitter cold winds pierce through my form, I opened my eyes. Could it be a dream? Where was I? and I noticed the dark blue sky, and the pale stars looking down. Burying my face in my hands shudderingly, I exclaimed, "Merciful God, have I fallen so low?" Oh! the bitter shame and sorrow as I sat there afraid to move, with plenty of time to think over my wretched life, and I made up my mind that on the morrow I would end it all. The morning dawned; I crept out from my hiding place, and slowly made my way towards the Domain.

It was a long way, and the church bells had ceased ringing ere this was accomplished; but, after

searching about some time, I fixed upon a spot, and stood there on the edge of the rocks which surrounded Woolloomooloo Bay ; another moment and the final leap would have been taken ; then this story would never have been written. I heard footsteps close at hand and saw a policeman, and, drawing back until he should have passed, I sat there with tears trickling down my cheeks, and thought of the loved ones at home, who were mourning for their prodigal child, not knowing if she were dead or alive. I had not written for twelve months, thinking it better they should mourn me as dead than know I was slowly sinking into a drunkard's grave. The whole of that Sabbath morning, July 26, 1885, somebody was continually passing as I sat waiting for an opportunity to end my miserable life. Suddenly there came floating over the waters of the bay sounds of singing. I listened, trying if possible to catch the words, but the distance was too great. However,

the tune suggested words which I had often sung in Sabbath-school.

Depth of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God His wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

And as I listened the Spirit of God seemed to lay hold of me. I rushed from the spot as if pursued by demons, on, on, on, not knowing and not caring where I was going, until presently I saw a group of men and women. I knew it was the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army, and I was ashamed for them to see me because I had disappointed them so often, and they looked upon me as a hopeless case. Still rushing madly on, in time I found myself in George Street, near to the Town Hall. Again a number of persons were conducting an open-air meeting, and to every passer-by they gave a handbill. I glanced at one and saw it was an invitation to attend the York Street mission service, but had no intention of going to any place of worship. Tired, sick, weary, and on the verge

4*

of *delirium tremens*, I looked around to see if there was any place where I could rest until darkness should come on, and I could then return to the spot I had selected to end all my misery. Reaching the corner of Goulburn Street I noticed a crowd of people entering the open doors of a large building, and on going nearer I found it was the Salvation Army Barracks. I passed inside and took a seat in the gallery near to the platform, thinking I could rest for awhile and be out of sight. The meeting commenced, and, strange to say, the first hymn was "Roll on, dark stream." I looked at the bright, happy faces of the singers and thought, "Ah, how little those people know that the cold, dark stream will soon be rolling over my poor body." Prayer was offered, testimony given, a portion of Scripture read, but my only thought was, "What might have been, but now it is too late." At the conclusion of the first meeting a prayer-meeting was announced. Most of the

people rose to their feet and made for the open door. I came down the gallery stairs and slowly made my way down the hall, but when about half-way down, some one with a peculiarly strong voice began to plead, and the words, "Sinner, where will you spend your eternity?" came peeling down with such force that they fastened themselves upon my heart. Turning to look at the speaker I saw a delicate girl standing on the platform, and for a moment felt she must be speaking to me. I moved one more towards the door, and again I heard the same words, "Where will you spend eternity—where?" Why, there was but one place for the drunkard, one place for the suicide, and even then I was on my way to put an end to the life which God had given. Trembling like an aspen leaf, I sank into the first seat, utterly wretched, but listening to every word spoken by this earnest Christian girl. What was that she said? "Whosoever will may come and partake of the

water of life freely." Was it possible that meant me? Yes, it must! for like a flash I understood that the word "whosoever" embraced all sorts and all conditions of men and women, and without waiting for any further invitation; with one passionate, longing cry to God for help, I went forward, knelt by faith at the foot of the Cross, and cried to God for mercy. With a broken and a contrite heart I sent up the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." He heard and in mercy answered, for, casting myself upon His love, the fetters of strong drink which had bound me from childhood were snapped asunder, and I rejoiced in the knowledge that I was free. I promised God, if He would give me the victory over this awful craving, that the whole of my life should be spent in trying to help others. The officers persuaded me to go home with them, and for the next two or three days the suffering was terrible, but the love and sympathy of the sweet-faced little girl (Miss

Cummins) whose words had snatched me back from the brink of hell, and who had knelt at my side pointing me to Christ, helped me to bear it.

Although very weak, before the following Sunday I was in a situation, anxious to prove my gratitude for what God had done for me. At the end of three months an opportunity came for me to put my promise into practice, and I went to the Rescue Home just opened in Newton, where I met Miss Freeman, the matron, who was afterwards made captain, one of the most devoted workers and certainly the most Christ-like woman I had met. For ten months I worked by her side, doing the work of an officer with no other remuneration than a few articles of clothing; but all my life I shall thank God for the privilege, as, but for her beautiful example and ever ready sympathy and help, I could not have borne the disappointments and temptations that crowd-

ed upon me. At the end of that time I was accepted as an officer, and appointed lieutenant to Captain Freeman in the home, where we worked together for God. Nothing was too hard if only poor lost souls might be won for the Master; and truly He gave us good success, not only in the home, but during the midnight hours, in the vilest haunts of sin and shame have we stood and preached Christ and His power to save all who would come unto Him. Nearly three years after my conversion Miss Freeman left the home, and was about to return to England, having come to the colonies for her health, when one evening, after a very fatiguing day in the slums, seeking for a broken-hearted mother's daughter who had gone astray, I returned home and found an English letter awaiting me. It was from my youngest brother, telling of the illness of my father, at the same time saying, "If you want to see him alive you had better come home at once." At the conclusion

he said, "Do try and come if you can, for his one cry is to see his prodigal child before he dies." I thought my heart must break. Presently my captain came in and asked the cause of my grief. After reading the letter she said, "Do you think it is God's will you should go?" I replied, "Have I not prayed for three years that He would let me see my dear old father and mother before they died? and now I am no nearer going than I was when first I came to him a poor drunkard," for the whole of my wealth at that time was six or seven pence. She said, "Let us tell the Lord all about it," and, kneeling for a few minutes, we laid the matter before God; rising to my feet the grief had passed, and peace, born of the belief that all would be well, filled my heart. Christian friends soon heard about the matter, and a few offered to pay my passage if I would promise to return to Australia. Miss Freeman immediately offered part of her passage money, which had

been sent out by her friends, being willing to travel third-class instead of second to help me. But an obstacle arose; the rules of the Salvation Army forbade officers accepting money for their own use. Therefore, after due consideration, I sent in my resignation, and in about a fortnight's time, in company with my friend, we left Sydney in the ss. "Orient" bound for England. Hundreds of friends followed in a small steamer as far as the Heads, singing hymns and shouting good-bye.

I will not linger over the journey, but at the end of six weeks the vessel entered the river Thames; the land was hidden from our sight by a thick fog and drizzling rain, which, as we neared Tilbury Docks, cleared off, and the sun tried to struggle through. In a little while we saw a crowd of people waiting, and presently the boat was brought to a standstill, and everybody was anxious to leave. My joy may be imagined when I saw

my sister waiting, and in a few minutes we were clasped in each others' arms. I found my father had wonderfully recovered, owing to his joy on receiving a letter a fortnight before I arrived saying I was then on my way home. We were too late for that evening's train, but a telegram was sent saying I had arrived safely, and the following morning, in company with my sister, we took the train at Paddington station for home. How excited I felt as we went whirling through the beautiful country, for on either side the railway line it was like a beautiful panorama, until the train pulls up in the station. Yes, there is the same old porter shouting, "Evesham, Evesham, Evesham." It is unnecessary for me to say we lost no time, and were quickly passing down the broad High Street, and standing in the background was the magnificent old Bell Tower and the church spires, looking just as they had done ever since I could remember.

How nervous I felt, how I trembled with joy as we passed along the Bridge Street; and just before reaching the bridge which spans the beautiful river Avon we turned aside and saw standing in the old honeysuckle porch a group of faces and forms, my father and mother, brothers, sister, and brothers' wives. But as I looked upon ~~my~~ parents, and saw the awful change that five years had wrought, and seeing their snow-white hair, with lines of bitter agony stamped upon their faces, I understood it was my sin which had caused it; I tasted then something of the wages of sin. But my father stepped forward, and, with arms opened wide to receive me, pressed me to his heart, and with the kiss of reconciliation on my lips, passed me on to my dear old mother. Yes, the prodigal's welcome home was complete; how kind they all were, and how we rejoiced together. I had fondly hoped that when they saw the change in me, and heard of the wonderful power which had set me

free, that all would want to know my Saviour ; but in this I was disappointed, and after being at home a few months (it was June when we landed), I made up my mind to leave for Australia in November, feeling that where God had done so much for me my life must be spent in trying to help others.

The morning dawned on which the good-byes had to be said, a morning never to be forgotten, when my precious old father tried to say good-bye and we both knew it was until we meet again at the judgment bar of God. Oh ! the tears that trickled down his face ; how he was shaken with sobs until at last he staggered away and I saw him no more. My precious mother and sister and youngest brother were left ; he, poor fellow, being in the last stage of consumption, was unable to go to the station, and knowing he was far from being a Christian, I longed to say a word which would arouse him ; so taking his poor, thin, wast-

ed hand in mine, I said, "Good-bye, Harry. Will you meet me in heaven?" Only two days before he would have laughed me to scorn had I asked him such a question, but now, looking eagerly into my eyes, he gasped out, "Oh! I don't know, but I'll try," and with this I turned my back once more on "home, sweet home," and journeyed to London, where I had the joy of spending two weeks with my sister Kate and my dear friend Miss Freeman. Then once more my face was turned towards bright, sunny Australia. We had conducted meetings regularly on our passage home, and finding some on board the ss. "Oroya" who had travelled on the "Orient" when we were homeward bound, at their request I held meetings when possible on the return voyage, and have the satisfaction of knowing that at least one man was savingly converted to God ere we reached Victoria. Work had been offered me in Sydney whenever I liked to return, and I was booked for that

port ; but on reaching Albany and again at Adelaide I received letters begging me to leave the boat at Melbourne. It is not necessary for me to repeat the arguments used, but enough to say they were successful, and after an interview with Commissioner Howard I was re-commissioned as a lieutenant, and appointed with my old captain (whom I loved very dearly) to the Rescued Sisters' Home, Brunswick. But for one thing I should say I made a great mistake in taking this step ; however, I did not think so at the time, so at once threw myself heartily into the rescue work under Colonel Barker, one of the grandest, noblest men, with a large, sympathetic heart, who was not only a superior officer, but a brother to all working with him, and as a result the work was successful. Shortly after my return I received a letter from my brother's wife, saying that soon after I left my brother's life ended ; but she said, " We shall always thank God that you came home, for he was so

changed, having sought and found the Saviour." How I praised God for this.

I continued to labor amongst those who had fallen. Every morning found me at the Melbourne Gaol gates, trying to win the lost for my Master; but changes came; my health suffered, and just at a time of severe temptation and persecution, when for a time I was

" Tempted to forsake my God,
And give the contest o'er,"

my precious friend and spiritual mother, Miss Cummins, arrived from the other colony. Yes! I shall ever feel that a second time she was sent of God to my help, and though she returned to Sydney, we both felt that it was God's will we should work together, and this not being allowed in the Salvation Army, He Himself led us out into pastures new. Depending on Him alone for guidance, we went to Wagga Wagga, and took charge of the

Y.W.C.A., but there was very little aggressive work to be done, and we could not say anything against the drink traffic owing to various circumstances; feeling this was not the niche we ought to fill, we decided to return to Melbourne and endeavor to find mission work.

With this object in view I wrote to Mrs. Kirk, Secretary of the W.C.T.U. in Victoria, asking if she knew of any opening. After some delay she said they felt that God Himself had sent us to them. They had been praying for workers for the country districts, but were without funds to carry on the work. However the outcome was we started out, trusting God to incline the hearts of the people to supply this need. After travelling all over Victoria we went to New South Wales, and have been able to rejoice over success all along the line, happy in each others' love, and with the blessed consciousness that God's smile is resting upon us.

During the Australasian Convention held in Sydney, April, 1894, Miss Cummins and I were elected Australasian Organizers, and after three years' experience as such we can say our work has been a pleasure, and the white ribbon, our spotless badge, which to-day encircles the whole world, is reaching even the remotest parts of Australasia, and warm hearts, and willing hands are uniting in this grand work.

Only a little while before taking up W.C.T.U. work I received another letter from the old country, and as it was placed in my hand by my little friend I noticed it was deeply edged with black. Opening it I found a memorial card, and on this I saw the record of my father's death. He had passed away on the anniversary of my birthday. Underneath was that well-known verse, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." How eagerly I read the enclosed

letter, telling of his suffering; yet mingled with the sorrow was much joy, for I learned he had indeed found rest in Jesus Christ ere he crossed the cold, dark river of death.

Four years passed, and the English mail brought yet another letter, telling me that the dear old mother who missed him so much had crossed over too. Yes, they are no longer divided. Just four years, to the day, and she passed away to be with Jesus. My sister, who was by her side, tells me that the night previous while wandering she said, "John, John, where are you? I have waited for you such a long while." The news came upon me with crushing force just in the midst of my work, but I can now say, "He doeth all things well." God has heard and answered my prayers for my precious parents: "They rest from their labors." I can now look forward to the time when my life work being finished, I shall cross

over unto the other side, and their dear voices shall join in the glad song of "Welcome Home," when I, the once poor, despised drunkard, go sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem.

Early in 1896 my friend and I travelled to Western Australia, thousands of men having flocked to that colony on account of the wonderful finds of gold, and it was our privilege to conduct missions on the far-off gold-fields, enduring great privations, but rejoicing with all, for God set his seal upon our labors, and not only did hundreds of men sign the total abstinence pledge, but many were brought to Christ, who is so abundantly able to save, and during the eight months we remained—ofttimes addressing from six to eight hundred men, with a few women, in the open air—these noble-hearted miners (nature's gentlemen) treated us with the greatest courtesy and kindness, and with pride we record the fact that, although the trail of the

serpent was all around, never a disrespectful word was spoken to us.

Worn-out and wearied in body, but happy in the consciousness of Victory all along the line, after a short rest we journeyed to Queensland, going north as far as Mackay. The heat was intense, so much so that we sometimes felt it was a mistake for white people to live there. We, however, found great need for temperance work. The whole town in some places seemed to be in the hands of the hotel-keepers, for they ruled everything; and while fighting in this tropical heat we were both stricken down with fever. We fell in the front of the battle, but we fell *fighting*.

When somewhat recovered, but still very weak, we returned to Brisbane to be present at the Australasian Convention which was to be held in that city. Here we were both re-elected as Australasian Organizers, but granted two years' leave of absence to enable us to be present at the World's Convention

in Toronto, Canada, during October, 1897, and also with the idea of visiting America and England to learn more of the work in these lands, with a view to helping our own work in Australia on our return.

On May 22nd we left Sydney, and after a voyage of seven weeks arrived in dear old England, and soon afterwards made our way down to the beautiful Vale of Evesham. A few loving hearts were still there to welcome the wanderer and her precious friend. But oh! what a welcome the little Australian would have received if only the dear old parents had been alive. But instead of that we made our way to the pretty cemetery on the banks of the River Avon, and pledged ourselves beside their grave to do all we could in the years that remained to bring the weary-hearted ones to Christ. We found a splendid temperance society, and arrangements having been made, Miss Cummins and I conducted a

most successful mission in the town and surrounding villages, over one hundred persons signing the pledge.

Arriving in Toronto, we had the joy of attending the wonderful Convention of 1897, and the dream of years was realized when we actually met Miss Frances E. Willard face to face, listened to her kind words of greeting; aye, and we were more than repaid for all the years of toil and hardship when she called us "her brave girls," and told of her love even before she had met us. We are indeed honored by being appointed Round the World Missionaries for the World's W.C. T.U., and can only pray that the God who has been our leader for so many years may lead, guide and support us.

This story has been written at the request of many Christian friends with a view to reaching those who, while tampering with strong drink will not attend temperance meetings. Hundreds are praying that God will bless the

reading of it, and already we have received numbers of letters telling how many have been helped and blessed, and some brought to the foot of the Cross, where, like myself, they have found deliverance from this dreadful thing.

I have implicit trust and confidence in God, knowing that what He has done for me He is able and willing to do for every poor degraded drunkard. Let us then as Christians press forward, spreading the joyful news broadcast, following the poor drink-cursed victims into the vile haunts where so many seek shelter when they have given up all hope, telling them His arm is still long enough and strong enough to reach and support them if they will come willing to forsake their sin and lean upon Him who is able to keep under all circumstances those who trust Him.

Then just a few words to parents! Have you ever thought of the terrible responsibility of taking intoxicating drink, even in modera-

tion, before your children? What can you say when before the Judge on that great day if your loved ones, being lost, blame you for the example of taking strong drink? Much has already been written by abler pens than mine upon this subject, but because I have suffered so terribly, will you not let my story plead for your little ones, and ere you lay it aside place your name to the following pledge?

Yours in His happy service,

LIZZIE VINCENT,

Australasian Organizer and World's Missionary of the W. W. C. T. Union.

