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ELIZA BENTLEY.

I would not, standing as I do,
Where the eternal world is just in sight,
Dare to advance or utter aught untrue—
God is my witness to the things I write.

—E. B.

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him

PRECIOUS STONES FOR ZION'S WALLS

A RECORD OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN THINGS
CONNECTED WITH THE KINGDOM OF
GOD ON EARTH

BY ELIZA BENTLEY

With Introduction

BY REV. WESLEY F. CAMPBELL, PH.D.

Pastor of St. Alban's Methodist Church, Toronto

And they with whom precious stones were found gave them to the treasure of the house of the Lord.—1 Chron. xxix. 8.

And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones.—Rev. xxi. 19.

And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.—Eph. ii. 20.

Dedicated to the Church of the Living God

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
WILLIAM BRIGGS
WESLEY BUILDINGS, TORONTO, ONT.

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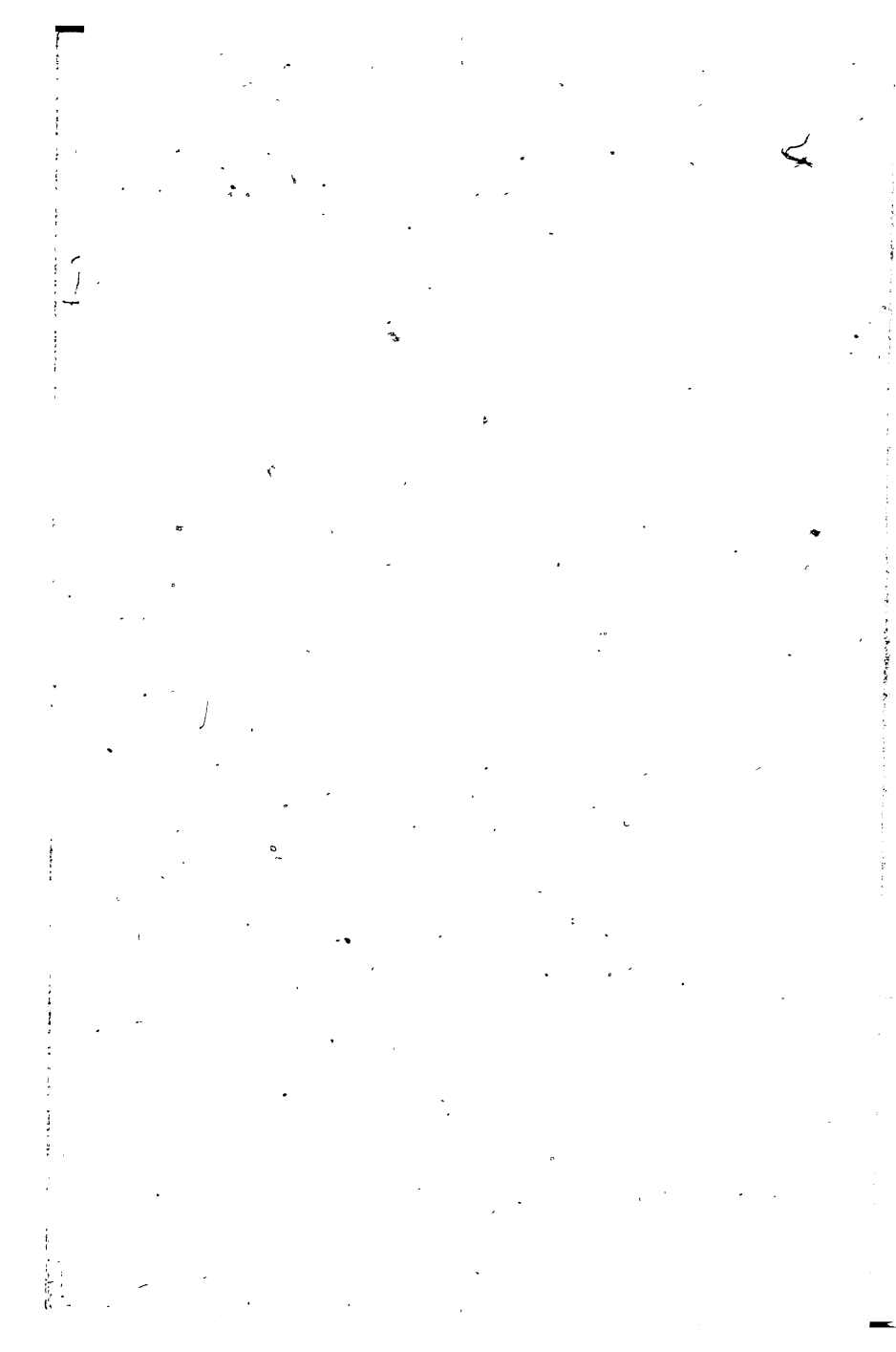
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PREFACE.

THE vows of God are on me, I must tell
To others how He doeth all things well ;
For He hath taught me on a certain line,
And said, "To others you must be a sign,
For all those things through which I've made you pass
Contain some lesson suited to each class ;
The poor, the sick, the tempted, and the tried,
To show them all how richly I provide,
And how I watch o'er all their interests here,
That they may learn to trust Me without fear."

I cannot say as some before have said,
That by my friends I was solicited
To write. No, no one but my gracious Lord
Inspired or helped me by a single word ;
With Him alone for Counsellor and Guide,
At His command I have myself applied
Unto the work my hands have found to do ;
Had I been prompt I'd long ago been through,
But oh, the task seemed so beyond my sphere
That I've delayed the work from year to year,
And now ten years have nearly passed and gone
Since first in weakness was this work begun.

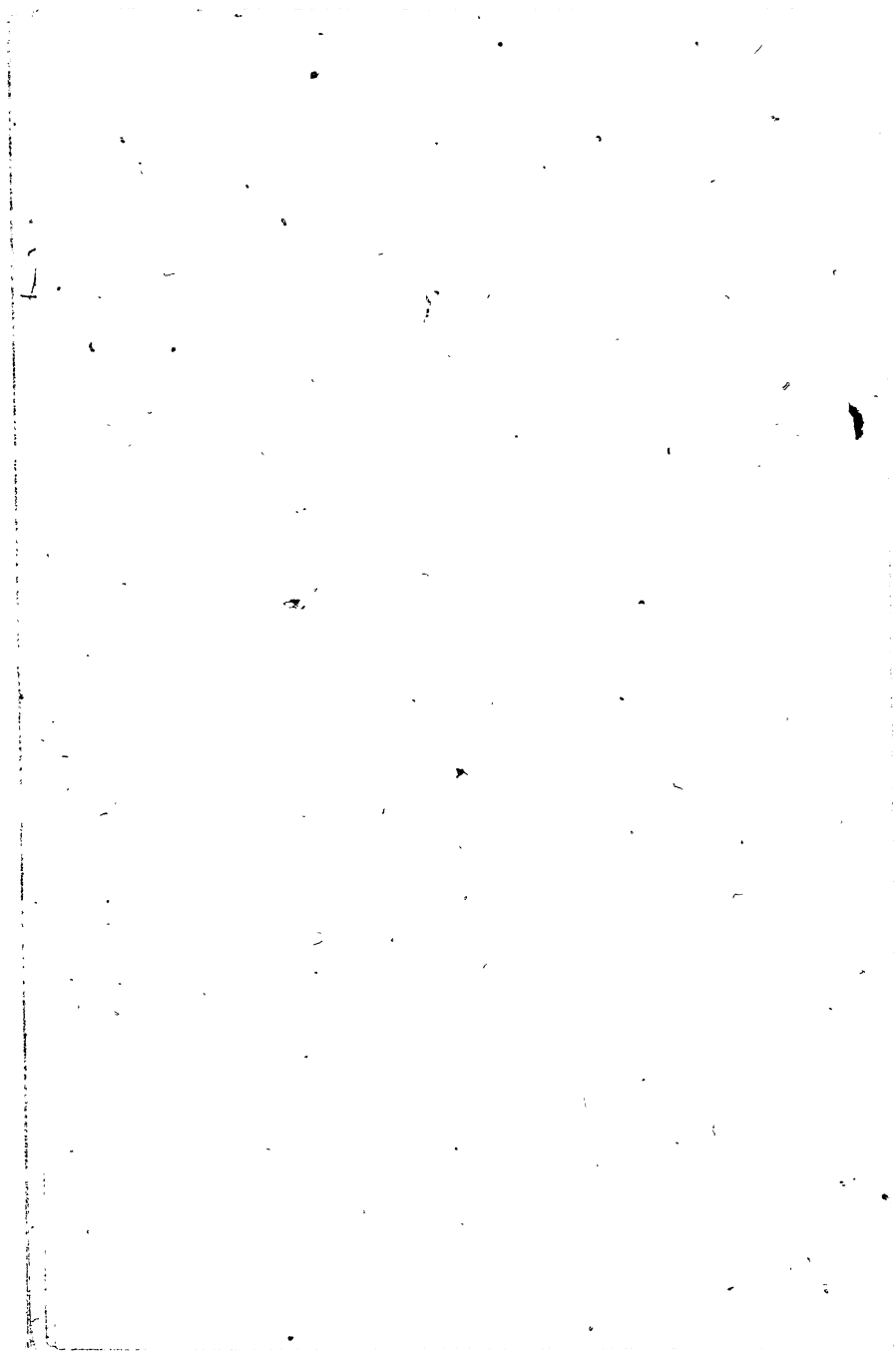
But as a building gains by each brick laid,
So line by line this book, though long delayed,
Draws to a close, so doth my life's short day.
Soon shall I drop my pen, lay books away,
School will be out, and I shall homeward hie
To join my friends in the "Sweet by and bye" ;
Nor will I count my life itself too dear,
May I with joy but finish my career,
And leave a record of God's love and power
To cheer His children in the trying hour.



INTRODUCTION.

"PRECIOUS STONES FOR ZION'S WALLS" will be read by several classes of people. Those who have had the privilege of listening to the author tell in her wonderfully interesting manner how God hath spoken to her soul, will want to read it. Those who have had a glimpse into "the unseen world about us," will want to read what this ripe saint of God tells of "what she has seen and known." Those who have but a faltering faith in the doctrine of a Divine Providence, will find themselves greatly strengthened by these pages. Many who have not known Mrs. Bentley will open this volume and be surprised to find themselves at a "feast of fat things,"—"a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." The facts are told in simple language that gives an added charm to the wonderful facts themselves. A clear, confident faith lifts the curtain that we may see in a humble life the regal glory of a child of the King. If all readers but find in these pages the Christ the writer walked with for so many years of her life, and view Him with her faith, the manifest purpose of the author will have been accomplished. None can read them without profit.

W. F. CAMPBELL.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
Why this book is written—Guiding tokens—Death of my friend, Mrs. Noble—A singular impression	11
CHAPTER II.	
Dawn of reason—School days—First whipping—Dancing-school—The Shepherd—Mother's death—Bad company—Crossing the ocean—Step-mother's death	25
CHAPTER III.	
Rapid changes—A robbery—Nunnery school—Illness—Father's sudden death—A dream—Adopted—Returned—Grandmother's sudden death—Cast on the world	35
CHAPTER IV.	
Conversion—Turned out—New friends—An escape—Dreams—Spiritual joy—Misdirected—Request granted—Breach of friendship—Removal to Montreal	49
CHAPTER V.	
A warning—A surprise—Marriage—Twice burned out—Consolation—Drought—Rain—Promise of life	67
CHAPTER VI.	
Revived—Consecrated—Diary—Lesson	80
CHAPTER VII.	
Business cares—Dress temptation—Dream—Despondency reprov'd—Roman Catholic neighbors—Note—God's messenger—Ill health—Promise of life renewed—Deliverance—Leaving Quebec	96

CHAPTER VIII.

	PAGE
Blessings and trials—The Lord's errands—Death's first visit	
—The price paid—Blessings reversed through disobedience	
—Many blessed lessons	110

CHAPTER IX.

Difficulties increase—Mono Mills—Drunken doctor—Acrostic	
—B. D.'s plans fail—Removal to Albion—Dreams—Lessons	
on covetousness—Promise—At eventide—Brother G.	124

CHAPTER X.

Singular experience of Mr. H.—Sons of Belial—Fallen among	
thieves	138

CHAPTER XI.

Another sphere of labor—Deliverance—The broken leg—	
Death again—Ministry of angels—Victory—Tribulation	146

CHAPTER XII.

Spiritual communications—Death of J. W.—Poetry acrostic	
—The invisible—Extract from <i>Christian Guardian</i> —Death	
of Princess Alice, Prince Leopold and Duke of Clarence—	
How to get right impressions	155

CHAPTER XIII.

Cheer him—Travail for souls—Singular lessons—The wreck	
—The rescue	166

CHAPTER XIV.

Vision of Bolton—Spiritual warfare—Presentiment fulfilled	181
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

Promises fulfilled—The guiding hand—Visit to Bolton—Death	
of Mrs. B.—Doth God take care for oxen?—Message to	
Mrs. B.—Disobedience punished—The Lord's almoner—	
T. Guttery—The lost voice restored	200

CHAPTER XVI.

	Page
Turn in there—Holy intelligences—Answers to prayer—The lost harpmer—Lost boots—Load of hay—Lost pail—Lost pocket welts—Let others' work alone—Visit to King Church	222

CHAPTER XVII.

Divine leadings—Brother W.—No escape—May I not have two cows?—Links of a chain—The devil's dust—The bee—Rev. J. D.—Death of M. R.	240
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

Object lessons—The house in ruins—Didn't know what to do—The "dew lay all night on His branches"—The miller's wife—Another miller's wife—Be ye angry and sin not	255
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

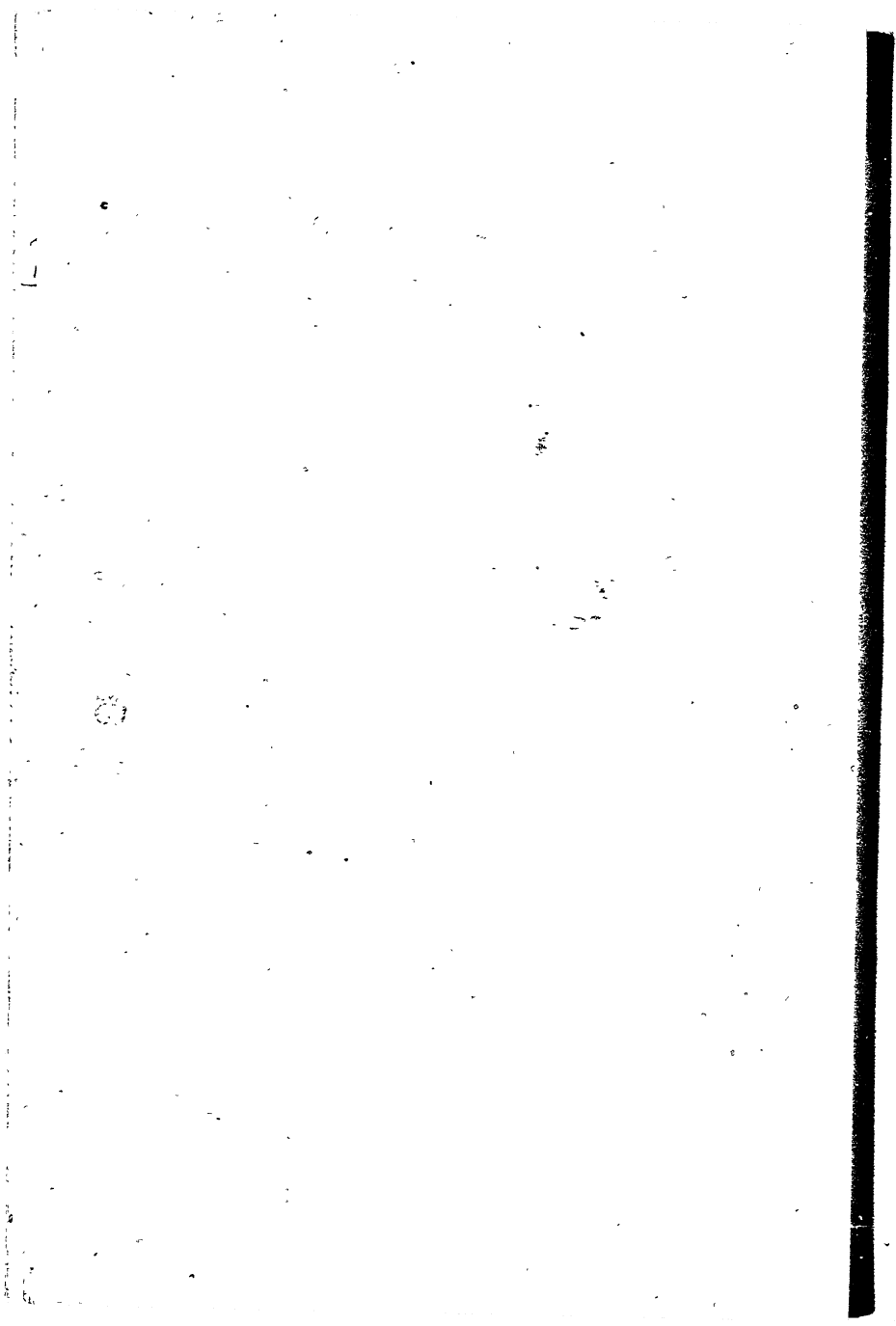
A gracious provision—The dying gift—My first cow—Hold your peace—The pillar of fire—God moves in a mysterious way—Cleansing the church—The candlestick—Instruction—Tithes—Giving and lending to the Lord	268
--	-----

CHAPTER XX.

A sad error—Old shoes—Too much deference—Miss G., of Georgetown—The scavenger's horse—Methodist Book Room—The enemy foiled—Three calls to early prayer	289
--	-----

CHAPTERS XXI.-XXVII.

21, Grimsby camp-meeting—22, Widowhood—Fergus—23, St. Thomas—24, Canada Holiness Association—25, My Roman Catholic friends—26, Selections from "Epistles and Poems"—27, Conclusion	307
--	-----



Precious Stones for Zion's Walls

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

“Gems from the mountain” of God’s mighty power,
“Pearls from the ocean” of His boundless love.

It seems to me most proper that the opening chapter of this book should refer not to the earliest recollections of my life, but to the time and circumstances that led me to begin this work of writing. It was in the year 1886, after about forty years of discipline and instruction in the spiritual kingdom of Christ, and about forty-five from the time of my conversion in 1840. I had just retired for the night, and being very happy in God was repeating from my heart the words:

“Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name ;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
‘Behold, behold the Lamb!’”

Suddenly “the Voice,” to which I had become well accustomed, said very distinctly, “Not with your dying breath, but with your living breath do it now,

do it now," and there followed these words, "The grave cannot praise thee . . . the living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day," and also said to me, "The things you have passed through were not given for yourself alone, but for others also. Write them." I said, "How shall I do it; shall I write them and leave them for my children to attend to?" "No, your children may never look into them—they may be burned up; attend to it yourself."

All this was perfectly distinct, as if spoken to my natural ear, but it seemed such a mountain of work that I could never climb it. I questioned, not man but God, for I could not have broached such a thing to a human being, because I felt sure that anyone less condescending than the Lord himself would think me very foolish, as I often thought myself, for entertaining a thought of writing for publication, but my questions were answered. I delayed, and was urged. I pleaded my ignorance of how to write for publication, when lo! I happened upon an article in a newspaper giving direction on this very point. Still I hesitated, and was reproved. I said, "I am too old to begin such a work." Here again my objection was met by another newspaper article giving a list of persons who did not begin their life work till they were as old, some older, than myself, being then about sixty.

The following winter my husband died very suddenly, and my daughter S. had a long illness from the shock. The doctor said we must take her away, a change was the only thing for her. We went, and

returned late in the month of May. Late as it was, I could not think of letting my large garden lie idle, so set about planting, and while toiling at it I often heard the whisper, "This is useless toil, you should be at that writing." Still I thought if the seed were once in the ground it would be growing while I was writing; besides it seemed so unreasonable to let the land lie idle. The work was so hard and I so run down that I was left quite unfit for writing, and it proved, as my wise counsellor had told me, "useless labor," for the season was very hot and dry, and it was so late before being planted that in the fall I hadn't the seed back, not a single onion—they died in the ground, and the potatoes were only fit to feed the fowls, they were so small. I did not get a dollar's worth for my labor. It was also useless labor in another sense, for in the fall I went with my dear friend, Mrs. G. Beatty, to Fergus to spend a couple of weeks, as I thought, but at her earnest request from time to time my visit was prolonged till April. Of this visit I shall speak again. Truly, God moves in a mysterious way and meets us unexpectedly at many a turn in life, and speaks very distinctly when He has gained our attention. Thus a grand opportunity was lost for writing that quiet summer when only my one daughter and I were together at home. I have never had such another chance since, consequently the work has gone on very slowly, as we cannot take up writing at any moment as we do some other kinds of work, and now I find myself unable to write long at a time, it affects my

eyes and head so badly. But having been admonished of the Lord to "make a business of it," I have persevered thus far, and think I have nearly done on this line. A few years ago I felt like giving it up, the interruptions and hindrances were so many, but the Lord spoke so very powerfully to me in a verse I read in the *Sunday School Times*, at the same time setting a tune to it, that for a whole week the words and the music came welling up continually, filling me with divine joy :

" Do thou thy work, it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day ;
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not miss the toiler's pay."

My daughter also spent the winter with her brother and sister, who were married and living in St. Thomas, so we did not need the vegetables. It was useless toil indeed.

At intervals along the line I have been stirred up to persevere in this work by certain passages of Scripture powerfully applied by the Spirit, as well as wonderfully blessed in my soul whenever engaged at it. The following are some of the passages :

Esther iv. 14 : " Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this ? " and again, " If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place," showing that if I would not do my part to publish God's goodness He would raise up some one else to do it.

Again in 2 Kings vii. 9: "We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us: now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household." By this I was made to understand that I must not delay to publish the good tidings that showed God to be still near at hand till by some remarkable event this great truth should be made known the world over, like the brightness of the morning, but that I must let the King's household (the Church of God) know for their comfort.

Also Daniel ii. 30: "But as for me, this secret [these things] is not revealed to me for any wisdom that I have more than any living," and at all times pressing home this truth that I did not learn or receive these things from man, but from God. I was asked to write for the *Expositor of Holiness*; three of my letters were published, a fourth the editor thought best to reserve, saying people were apt to run after the marvellous. In this I was directed of God through the words found in the eighth verse of the twenty-ninth chapter of First Chronicles: "And they with whom precious stones were found gave them to the treasure of the house of the Lord, by the hand of Jehiel the Gershonite." It was this verse that suggested the title of this book. After this, I was directed to "write them in a book." This is how it came to pass that these things are written in book form, and from whence came the title.

When Moses and the prophets and apostles wrote, they were not afraid of people being carried away

with the wonderful works of God, and David said "I will abundantly utter the memory of His great goodness." I had also further evidence of the Lord's guiding hand concerning writing, which will be found in the chapter headed "Married in Two Years."

Thus it will be seen that I have not rushed into writing or undertaken this work of my own mind. Several times when ill for a short period this work has confronted me as something not yet done which God required of me: not that I shun to declare the goodness and power of God—it is my joy—but there is something more difficult about writing it than speaking. Still God's way must be the best way.

From the time I was bidden to write these things any further manifestations almost ceased, and I wondered, and was afraid I had done something to make the Lord withdraw them; but while at prayer the Lord said to me concerning this matter, "These all died in *faith*," at the same time conveying to my mind that as those persons mentioned in the eleventh of Hebrews, and all God's children, lived and died and were saved by faith, I must learn to do the same, for there was a danger of my coming to trust in manifestations, which were given to help me in my work that I might be able to speak with confidence like as God taught Moses, Gideon, Ezekiel and others. I felt somewhat reluctant to give up this delightful way of learning, but accepted the will of the Lord as being best, yet I had occasional manifestations, and the Voice continued.

I was afterwards reminded that as we educate our

children for the business we mean them to follow, so the Lord had educated me on these lines that I might show Him to be a God near at hand and able to save to the uttermost all they who put their trust in Him for temporal as well as spiritual help, and, like as Paul was not sent to baptize but to preach the Gospel, and John *was* sent to baptize and prepare the way of the Lord, so by these things the minds of the people, and the Church in particular, were to be stirred up, for indeed there are many in the Church, both ministers and people, who can hardly believe that God talks with man nowadays except in soul matters. Yet it is the good old way. When did it cease ?

Some earnestly contend that God speaks only through the Scriptures, but many Christians can testify that God has spoken to them otherwise, though perhaps most frequently by the written Word, applying portions distinctly to the mind, bearing especially on the needs of the hour. So I have found it.

Another lesson powerfully pressed home is contained in the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians, where Paul speaks of the diversity of gifts, but by the operation of the same Spirit ; but the *manifestation* of the Spirit is given to profit withal, and so whatever the Lord hath wrought out for me or manifested to me it is for profit, not only for myself, but others also. The weakest member of His body (the Church), no matter how feeble, has a work peculiarly its own to do, and it is important that each member

does its own work, even the eye, though so delicate and sensitive that it will shut its door and hide away if anything comes too near, and so helpless that it cannot wipe away its own tear, yet O how indispensable for the welfare of the body! Then weak as I am I have my part to do, and this writing is part of my work which God hath set me.

February 8th, 1897.—I have this day reviewed my manuscript to see that it is quite ready for the publisher, and there is a gladness in my heart. I feel as if my marriage was being consummated, and that the work the Lord had married me to was being done. For the last two weeks I have felt that this work must come to a head—it had been growing long enough I have been making it a matter of definite prayer, reminding the Lord that it was at His bidding it was begun, and by His help continued and completed. And He too has been speaking to me by the Spirit and the Word, urging me to proceed, reminding me of His promises and of all the way He has led me in this work.

I did not feel called to undertake the publishing of this work in any uncertainty as to the means of defraying the expense. I have a great horror of debt, and besought the Lord to make the way very plain so that no one should suffer in this matter, as it is His work, and He has graciously answered my petition. All is clear, the means provided. Glory to God!

I might continue writing, as old memories and new incidents are springing up every day, but I am admon-

ished and restricted. There are some things, as Paul saith, which are not lawful to be uttered, that is, not proper to be told; and if I would write the story of my life it would fill another and larger book than this, of which it might also be said, "truth is stranger than fiction." It is not the private family affairs of my life that are written, but only small portions of them, that go to show the hand of the Almighty God in connection with the things of earth.

"His glory is my only aim,
His glory let me still maintain."

In the *Christian Guardian* of December 30th, 1896, on the first page, is an article headed "Prayer." It concerns Mr. George Muller, founder of the Ashley Down Orphan Homes, who addressed the Western Union of the Young Men's Christian Associations at their recent annual conference in Bristol. Mr. Muller had passed his ninety-second birthday. He said that "he had had many *thousands of answers to prayer* within the last seventy-one years. . . . Every stone of the Homes, every particle of timber, was the result of prayer. Whenever he saw he was warranted to ask for a blessing, he pleaded the merits of Christ and exercised faith in the power and willingness of God, and he invariably went on praying till he got the answer." Here I differ somewhat in the way I was led. My habit has been, for some years past, to present my petition before the Lord for His inspection and await His decision. If I find the Spirit prompting me to say spontaneously, "For Jesus' sake," I

have found that that prayer was sure to be answered. Mr. M. says "he took up his orphan work especially with the object of giving a visible demonstration to the whole world and the Church of God of what prayer could do." This book is written for the purpose of showing what God will do for those who make Him the man of their counsel, and was undertaken at His command. But the half can never be told.

DEATH OF MRS. A. NOBLE.

I had heard of the illness of my friend Mrs. N. and that her end seemed near. On the day before her death I had been helping a friend with some sewing, but was unusually quiet that day—could not talk much, such a sweet stillness and solemnity resting upon me.

On returning home in the evening, after all my family had retired I sat down with my Bible, and looking back over the day was regretting that I had been so silent. I thought I had been dull and stupid, and that I should have spoken more of the things of the Kingdom, but that Voice (so present) said, "The Lord does not want you to be always talking." On opening the Bible the first words that met my eye were the last verse of the fourth Psalm: "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

And at the same time I was told where the Lord was well pleased with my silence that day when the conduct of a certain person had been criticized. It was in my power to have added my portion, for she

had treated me very badly, but I held my peace because I knew the Lord would rather. All these things caused me tears of gratitude—they were falling on the open Bible.

Suddenly such a Divine and heavenly influence filled the room that I closed my eyes and the book and said, "What is it, Lord? What is it, Lord?" (For I had often found that when the Lord had something to communicate my attention was first arrested by this kind of Divine influence.) It announced a Divine presence. I was answered by these words, twice: "It is Ann Jane Noble going home. It is Ann Jane Noble going home." (She died the next day.)

My impression is that ministering spirits were on their way to her and called to communicate it to me, for we were very much united in spirit when we were neighbors.

After her death my thoughts and feelings flowed out towards her and composed themselves into verses, which came as if by inspiration, and it was while going about my household duties that five verses were written down. I waited for more but was told "There is no more—that is all."

There seemed also a voice pressing the question, "What could you do that would give her pleasure now, even in heaven?" I studied, and the thought came, write a letter of sympathy to her family and enclose those verses. This I did; and, by putting two lines into one, they were printed on her memorial cards. One of them was sent to me, but it was in the month of May, though she died on the 4th of

March. There was a connection between my receiving that card just at that time and the fulfilment of another matter of which I had been foretold two years before, and which shall be next related, as it stands in connection with these things, and shows that behind the scenes there are invisible agencies at work with whom we are also working our part.

Her daughter told me the letter afforded them much comfort. Her remains were brought from Thomsonville to her brother's house in Albion, and it was seeing her in her coffin there that gave rise to the thoughts expressed in the verses. To me she scarcely looked like one dead, but rather as if in a sweet sleep. She had been very kind to me, which caused me to entitle the lines

A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

Oh ! that beautiful clay, how calm it lay,
With the folded hands at rest,
In snowy robes and white kid gloves,
And the flowers, the flowers on her breast.

She looked like a bride, so satisfied,
Life's tumult all hushed to rest ;
And stamped on her brow were the characters, " Now
I'm perfectly, perfectly blest."

Yes, we all read it there, as she lay on her bier,
Ere they laid the frail casket away,
Till Jesus shall come to reclaim from the tomb
That beautiful, beautiful clay.

Then we'll meet her again in a land free from pain,
And join in His praise evermore ;
There His mercies review, there our friendship renew,
And never, no never, part more.

Then let us press on after those that are gone
And have gained their eternal reward ;
It will not be long till we join the glad song
Of praise to our conquering Lord.

MARRIED IN TWO YEARS.

One morning, just as I was waking, a Voice, seemingly close to my ear, said, " You will be married in two years." The voice seemed so human and the thing so improbable that I questioned if it could be of God; indeed I felt somewhat shocked and said to myself, here is my husband alive beside me, and even if he were to die now surely I would not take such a step so soon and at my time of life. Still it was so distinctly spoken, and everything that had thus been told me always came to pass that I decided to note the time. Immediately the Voice said, " You will have a very good way of marking the time, for you are to get the deeds of your house this week." I said, " Yes, that will do well, I need not write it down."

About six months after this, being in the Primitive Methodist Church, the Rev. J Smith, the pastor, in beginning his sermon, said, " People are said to be married, some to their money, some to their business, or whatever they were most devoted to." Immediately the Voice said to me, " That is how you will be married

in two years." Thus there was given me a clue to the former message, although as yet I had no idea of any other work than what I was already engaged in, namely, living for God and trying to spread His praise. But when exactly at the expiration of two years Mrs. Noble's memorial card was sent me with the verses I had composed on her death printed on it, I began to discern the finger of God pointing out the direction my work would take, and it is also remarkable that much of the writing I have done under the direction of the Spirit has been in poetry. There were five verses, but by putting two lines into one they had managed to get the whole five crowded in. I lately met a person who was an intimate friend and near neighbor of Mrs. Noble's at the time of her death; she told me those verses had a peculiar interest for her, as it was she who supplied the flowers that were laid on her breast.

The word married is frequently used in Scripture to denote God's attitude towards His people, the Church the bride. Bishop Galloway, at a recent missionary convention, told of a young woman going out as a missionary who, when her friends asked her if she did not feel sad at leaving home and friends, replied, "Oh, I feel as if this were my wedding day. I am married to my work." Even so, though I have done my work so poorly, yet it has been my chief work and greatest delight to publish God's goodness and to endeavor to lead others to put their trust in Him. I need not have been so alarmed. The Lord says I am married to the backslider.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY DAYS.

WHATEVER I have already written or may yet write, if spared, I do for conscience' sake, knowing that God has laid it upon me. I have already written about 150 pages of foolscap—but have not had opportunity to write much of late—and have been inwardly urged to make “a business of it.”

I will go back to the first dawn of reason and memory, when for the first time I recognized father and mother. The first thing I have any knowledge of was being lifted out of bed in my night-dress and held in my mother's arms and my father coming into the room bringing me an orange. By their conversation I gathered I must have been very ill, and I afterwards frequently heard it talked of that I had passed through several ailments common to children, and at one time was so low that I was thought to be dead and the measure taken for my coffin, but that I revived again and began to cough, which turned out to be the whooping cough. I think it must have been in the country,*as it looked like a green field or lawn from the window, and as long as my father lived it was his custom to send us to the country in the summer time, but my next recollection is of being in my father's shop on Argyle Street, Glasgow, nearly

opposite the Buck's Head Hotel. Next in the order of memory is that I was taken by my nurse Harriet across Glasgow Green, where I saw Nelson's monument, to be bathed in the River Clyde. This was frequently repeated, doubtless as a means of strengthening me after so much sickness. Then came my first day at school, where I sat on a stool beside the school-mistress and played with her hand, pulling her fingers as wide apart as I could and yet wondering in myself that she made no objection. How many thoughts pass through a child's mind that never find expression.

One day when Harriet was taking me to school we called at the confectioner's. She seated me on the counter and we bought a pair of pink sugar scissors. I playfully put my hand over her mouth and she wet it with spittle. This so disgusted me that I never after had the same liking for her.

Having neither brother nor sister I had to contrive my own play, and if the child is the father of the man the child may also be the mother of the woman. My hobby was keeping house and caring for my children (the dolls), sometimes for hours together, imagining myself out in a storm with a baby in my arms sheltered under my cloak, braving the wind myself but keeping the baby safe and warm.

About this time my father returned from France and brought me a doll nearly as tall as myself, reaching up to my nose. I had also a wax doll that opened and shut its eyes by pulling a wire at its side. Like Mother Eve, curiosity got the better of me, and find-

ing that the fire in the grate where I sat playing with my doll melted it somewhat, the idea struck me that if it were all melted I could see the inner works that moved the eyes, and for this purpose I deliberately melted it till I was discovered and prevented. At this same fireplace my father had one day placed some large bottles of very valuable perfume (he was a hair-dresser and perfumer), for what purpose I don't know—it might have been more than usually cold and have slightly frozen them. From some cause one of the bottles broke, most likely from too much heat, but my father thought it was I who had done it and whipped me for it.

This, to me, seeming injustice planted a fear of my father in my heart that never left me, although he never whipped me but once more several years after. How careful parents should be in punishing their children, to be sure they are guilty. Reading has ever been one of my greatest pleasures, and must have been even in very early childhood, as story books were my great delight. If there had been the good useful stories that children have now in Sunday school papers and small books, how it might have influenced my after life; but it was "Cinderella," "Jack the Giant-killer," and such like foolish story books with bright pictures that were given to amuse me. There was one book above all others that interested me even at that early age, "The Life of Mary Queen of Scots," and though it was a book beyond my years, I would sit poring over it and pitying the beautiful queen for they told me a good

deal about her. I used to hear them say that I could read the Bible well at five years old, but I think this must be like some of those things that are said to please or encourage children.

I was next sent to a dancing school, where my teacher and others were highly pleased with my progress. Keeping time to music was so natural to me, that when the teacher (Mr. McIntyre) gave a ball at the close of the season, to which the parents and friends of the pupils were invited, they gave me credit for being the best dancer, although the youngest in the school. It had by no means the same charm for me that I found in books.

I well remember how strongly my mother objected to this ball, but was at last overpersuaded to prepare me; and what trouble she had to find a pair of white satin slippers small enough for me. After visiting many shoe shops she had to take a pair of blue morocco much against her will, and which in daylight proved to be green, which displeased her still more. My father was absent from home at the time, but when he returned he must needs see me in my ball dress, which consisted of white muslin, with a silk plaid passed under one arm and brought up and tied on the other shoulder, leaving long ends reaching to the bottom of my skirt; a cap of blue velvet with plume of feathers; a necklace of ten strings of garnet beads with gold clasp in the shape of a heart, with a tiny key about half an inch in length attached.

These things were the more impressed on my memory because at my last performance I did not

wait for my partner to take me to my seat (he was a big boy, perhaps about sixteen, though to my childish notion he seemed almost a man), but I left him and ran straight to my mother, and my necklace fell off.

One day after his return from France my father stood talking with me, holding his hands behind him; he pulled the large doll up and over his shoulder, setting it down between us. This greatly surprised and amused me. He was frequently abroad, it seems, but I was too young to know the reason then; but according to what I learned later from his own conversation, and from an inscription on one of his watch seals, he had been the personal hair-dresser to Napoleon Bonaparte, and also to one of the Georges of England. I never knew which, for the corner of the seal was chipped and the figure broken; but it read thus: "H. B. Urquhart & Co., hair-dresser and peruke maker to His Royal Highness Prince of Wales, now George the . . ." He had also a quantity of valuable articles brought from France, among other things some gold French repeating watches, and a very beautiful piece of satin which he used to say, when sometimes showing it to his friends, was intended for my wedding dress.

After my father's death I came into possession of three handsome robes which he had used to throw around Napoleon when dressing his hair, but all that happened before my time, as my mother was his second wife. He had three daughters by his first wife; one of them I was taken to see before leaving Scotland, and spent a little time with her. She kept a

boarding-school. Another daughter died at a boarding-school in London while he was absent, and he only got there when too late to do anything for her.

Again my father left home, this time for what was then called America, but now Canada, and landed at Quebec. After his departure, as soon as circumstances would allow, my mother gave up the shop and took private apartments for herself, and I can remember how she would fondle me, saying I was all her comfort. A lesson she taught me one Sabbath while sitting on her knee always kept its place in my memory. It was the story of the ark and the dove. I wanted to sing a little ditty some one had taught me, but she said; "No, not to-day, it is the Sabbath."

About this time, while sitting looking at the people passing in the street, I happened to look up to the sky, and I saw a man apparently made of white cloud with a shepherd's crook in his hand; but it was not a jumble of clouds out of which imagination can draw figures. It was very distinct, and as I had never to my knowledge ever seen the Saviour represented as a shepherd in a picture, it could not be my fancy. I turned to call my mother, but when I looked again it was gone.

I shall have occasion to speak of this (see Chap. VII.) again in connection with what happened twenty years after. Was there anything in this first manifestation? Samuel was called while yet a little child and God revealed Himself to him, or was it sent to strengthen my poor mother's heart; for very soon after this she was taken ill in the night. She

woke me up and had me get out of bed and call the lady of the house, from whom she had the rooms rented, to come and read the Bible to her, and when they wakened me again my dear mother was dead, and no other relative near.

My aunt, who lived in Edinburgh, with whom my mother frequently corresponded, was sent for, and after the funeral took me home with her. Being a single person and her business calling her from home every day, it was very inconvenient for her to have me with her at her rooms, so she put me to board with a widow, just on the outskirts of the city, in a very pleasant place, so country like, and she seldom failed to come to see me on Sunday and Wednesday afternoons.

The widow had a grown-up daughter and they kept a couple of boarders. They had a pretty cottage and appeared respectable, but the demon of drink was there, and frequently on Saturday night everything went topsy turvy. They quarreled and fought, sometimes pulling each other's hair. I used to be terribly frightened, but they never hurt me—indeed they seemed fond of me, and would take me on their knees and give me toddy out of their own glasses.

But when Sunday afternoon came all trace of Saturday night's uproar disappeared, the little centre table was in order and the large Bible placed upon it, so when my aunt came things seemed quite inviting, and though I longed to tell her all and to get away from them, yet young as I was I used to reason that if I told her and she did not take me right away with

her perhaps they would kill me, so I held my peace till one day my aunt took me out for a walk, when she questioned me. Perhaps someone had given her a hint of how things were going on. I was glad to unburden my sorrows to her, and she soon had me away, and it was well, for already evil was being instilled into me. I had come to like the taste of toddy, a mixture of gin, hot water and sugar, and even the taste of the raw liquor.

I was frequently sent to fetch the gin, and began to drain the few drops that remained in the bottle into my mouth while on the way to the store, and the next step was soon taken, for one day I put the bottle to my mouth while on the way home and got more than I intended. That night I fell into the coal bin and then the old lady was very angry and shook me, and asked where I got the liquor, forgetting it was the outcome of her own doings. Thousands of children are treated in the same way, started on the road to ruin and in the end fill the drunkard's grave.

One day a little girl went past the door crying bitterly. She had been sent on an errand and had lost her copper (or cent). I went out to help her look for it, but they whispered, "If you find it keep it." Neither of us found it, and if I had I don't think I would have kept it, for I felt truly sorry for the little girl. What a sad lesson to give a child. Thus I was being taught drunkenness, deceit and theft, yet I believe good angels were around. By some means I learned a verse that gave my thoughts an upward turn; it was this:

“ My God who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below
Doth send him round the skies.”

It was a good seed and had an attraction for me. Who can tell the amount of good sown in the earth by sacred poetry ?

I remained with my aunt for some time, and when my father married again he sent for me and I crossed the ocean in charge of Captain Thomas Morrison of the *Prince George of Leith*.

My father was acquainted with this captain and I had played with his children. He was very kind and careful of me, and treated me like one of his own. I slept in his berth and he washed and dressed me himself every morning.

My step-mother received me very kindly, and asked me what I was going to call her. I answered, “Ma.” Here again the spirit of evil met me, for in those days (sixty years ago) it would not have been thought respectable to be without wine and liquors in the house to offer friends who called, and my father regularly took a glass of some kind of liquor and a biscuit for lunch, but I never saw him the worse but once, when, returning from a dinner party, he was a little unsteady. The same had been the case in my step-mother's family, though they were very respectable. One of her brothers, a doctor, lived in Toronto for many years, well known, and owned a good deal of land in various places.

It is rather remarkable, if what I was told be true,

that in 1832, when the cholera was in Quebec and her mother was taken ill with it, she seized the opportunity to go off and get married to my father. It seems her relatives were against the match. No doubt one thing was the difference in their age, he being old enough to be her father, and twice a widower. Perhaps they were not sure of my mother's death, she having died in Scotland; but she died in the bed beside me. However, when the cholera returned in 1834, it was said by some that she was the first case, and Dr. Lyons, who attended her, died just one week after.

It had been our custom to go frequently to her mother's (Mrs. Rees) on Saturday, that is my step-mother, her baby and I; then my father would come on Sunday and the same calashman would bring us all home together. This man was in the habit of calling on Saturday morning to know if we were going, but on the day she was taken ill, instead of taking us down, he was sent to bring her mother up. She died the next morning (Sabbath), aged twenty-two, and left her little boy, one year and two weeks old.

My step-mother took kindly to me from the first and made me more of a confidant than perhaps was wise, but as I said before, my father's irritable temper had estranged me and I turned my affection to her. I only had her about one year. My little step-brother was just three weeks old when I arrived from Scotland. My father himself died in November, 1837.

CHAPTER III.

RAPID CHANGES.

AFTER the death of my step-mother we removed from the large house and shop on Buade Street to a smaller one on Fabrique Street, near Glover & Fry's dry goods store, a well-known firm in Quebec, and the person who had been nurse to my little step-brother remained with us. She learned to weave hair, and being a good hand at it she was valuable to my father, who was acknowledged to be the best hair-dresser in Quebec, and always had the custom of the Governor's family and the gentry. In the year 1833 or 1834, when the old Chateau was burnt, he had just gone out to attend to his duties there and turned back to tell us that it was on fire.

Catherine Sweeny, the person named above, was a Roman Catholic, and while she lived with us I was frequently allowed to go with her to church. After she left us another person was employed, who robbed my father, carrying off his desk in the night, going out the back way. She could not have done this alone, as the desk was a large one. It was afterwards found on Abraham's Plains, broken open, a stone lying beside it that had been used for the purpose. The money was all gone, but the papers told whose it was. He got some clue to her and followed her to

Montreal, but to no purpose, and sprained his leg in getting off the boat, and ever after limped a little. While he was away he got an old French lady from Charlesbourg to come and keep house for us. This Madame Rickerville took children from the city in summer to board, and her daughter kept a school just for them, so the children did not get behind altogether. This may have had something to do with my being afterwards sent to school at a nunnery attached to the General Hospital. As many Protestants then as now sent their children to these schools, they being considered the best for instruction, and it was thought a good place for me, having no mother at home. I had not been there long when I fell sick. It first showed itself in a great thirst. I got up in the night, passed through the long sleeping-room with its row of beds on each side (every scholar provided her own bed) and through the two large school rooms to the place where the drinking-water stood in the dark and returned to bed. In the morning when the nun whose duty it was to waken us came, I was in a high fever and unable to rise. Another nun came, wrapped me in a blanket and carried me to the sick room. The doctor soon came and attended to me. It proved to be small-pox. No one about the place had it, nor did any one take it from me. I was covered thickly from head to foot, and was quite blind for some time. The nuns were exceedingly kind and waited on me by night and day; told me stories of saints and angels, the Virgin Mary and relics, sprinkled me with holy water, and I believed

them to be what they appeared to my mind to be, good and holy.

Once when recovering I had a very restless night and they attributed it to my having made too free use of the holy water, for I thought if there was any good in it I would have plenty. They considered I had wasted it. This was at the time when King William died and our good Queen came to the throne. I was recovering when my father and little brother drove out to see me and he had crape on his arm for the King. I remained at this school for some time, learning both French and English. There was only one other girl in the school that could speak English, so I got on rapidly with the French, and before I left could read and write it better than the English. Their kindness and the stories they told us, together with the pictures and the imposing ceremonies of the mass, had so captivated me that I was making haste to become a Catholic, and was as much in earnest and just as sincere as at any period of my life since.

It was the custom for the scholars to walk in procession on certain days after supper to the church, where the priest (Father Bedard) gave us a talk and told us of miracles and incidents which tended to strengthen our faith in Romanism, but never a word about justification by faith in the Lord Jesus. Though there were many pictures of our Lord and the bleeding heart of Jesus and of the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove, all these had to be reached through the intercession of Mary or the saints or some blessed angel.

I only remember two of the stories that he told us; one was the case of a wicked young woman who became converted to the Roman Catholic Church. She had a very fine head of hair of which she was very proud. This she cut off, made a crown of it and placed it on an image of the Virgin. She fell back into sin and died out of the Catholic faith. Then the image of the Virgin spoke and said, "Take the hair crown off my head, for it is the hair of a damned person." When I recovered and returned to the school room the head teacher said to me one day, "We don't want you to be a Catholic unless you choose." But my choice was already made and I began learning the French Catholic catechism, which teaches that out of the Roman Catholic Church there is no salvation, and that all other religious teachers only serve to delude men. I also went to confession three times, told my sins as far as I knew them, and answered all the questions put to me by the priest truthfully; even such things as I had not thought of he questioned me about.

At this time my highest ambition was to be a nun, and when Father Bedard came occasionally to visit the school I earnestly wished for a scrap of his sash to keep as a precious relic. Even at that time goodness and purity seemed to me the most beautiful and desirable things on earth, though we were taught nothing about heart purity nor of any way of getting rid of sin but by confessing it to the priest, and no way of salvation but by being a Roman Catholic, and this was all my desire.

In the fall of 1837, being at home for awhile, I went to visit grandmother (as I always called my step-mother's mother), and while there we were aroused one night by a messenger telling us that my father was taken very ill. We hastened to the city with all speed and found him unconscious. He had been out to see us on the Sunday previous and this was on Tuesday night. It appears from what the servant maid told us that after shutting up the shop he had made his glass of toddy and given Margaret hers too, for he was generous to all about him, though very irritable, and had sat down to read the newspaper. As Margaret passed the room door on her way upstairs he called her. She answered, but before she had time to reach him he called again. On entering the room he said, drawing his hand over his face, "Don't I look white?" "No, sir," she said, but on coming closer to him she said, "Oh, yes sir, you do." He said, "Catch me or I'm gone," and fell back and slid from his chair and never spoke more, though he lived till four o'clock the next morning, but in a stupor.

How sad to say my father's irritable temper had inspired me with such a dread of him that I did not mourn for him or feel my loss, and was too young to understand how we may love our children very dearly and yet if we are not delivered from our sinful tempers they will not believe in our love.

My father was not worse than others in many respects; he clothed us well and fed us well, and attended to our education while he lived, and as long

as he had a wife kept a well furnished house and servants. But now, after burying his third wife, and being pilfered by unprincipled servants, with no one to love or care for him or us, and far advanced in life without the consolation of religion, what wonder if he was irritable when it needs the peace and love of God to smooth the wrinkles out of our lives. Thirty years after, when I was

“ In the thick of the strife
Of the battle of life,”

I found this same nervous, irritable spirit growing in myself. Although in my younger days there seemed no trace of it, yet doubtless it was constitutional and only needed circumstances to bring it out.

One day I was suddenly arrested by the thought, “ Why, I am getting cross like my father, and if I act like this my children will be as afraid of me as I was of him.” This sent me to God with strong cries and tears to be saved from this evil, and He heard me.

In my early religious life I could not see any ground to hope that my father had experienced a change of heart, which we deem necessary; but in later years, after learning myself more of the patience and love of God, and the value of an immortal soul, I think I can discover the hand of God at work to convince him of sin, and also some token that he was feeling after God, for he had me read sometimes in the Bible, as he said, to see how I was improving in reading, while I, even in my unconverted state, fre-

quently chose the fifth of Matthew, laying stress on the words, "But I say unto you, swear not at all," which he was very apt to do.

I am persuaded that God in mercy often pursues people to the verge of the grave if possible to save them. Many years after his death I had a dream concerning him that leads me to hope he is saved, as I have several times had a glimpse beyond the veil, and received intelligence that satisfied me. I will not circulate my thoughts on the subject, as I have no positive Scriptural grounds, and the secret things belong to God; but those things which are revealed belong to us and to our children. Yet I will relate a dream which I had a short time before his death, as it has pleased the Lord frequently to forewarn me by this means, and also to instruct me.

In a room upstairs, on a side table there stood a glass stand on which tumblers and wine-glasses were kept. In my dream I was standing near it, when suddenly there dashed into the room a naked boy. As he shot past me like lightning, I looked after him, and noticed that the back of his heels were as sharp as a knife. And about a year before my little daughter died I saw her pass out of the room in a dream, and, looking after her, saw the same thing. She was naked, and her heels were sharp in like manner; and I gather that the naked body represented the unclothed spirit, and the sharp heels the shortness or sharpness of time in which it would be accomplished.

But to return to my first dream. While I looked

after the naked boy as he dashed through the room, all the glasses on the stand rattled and shook and fell, smashing to pieces. A great terror seized me, and I fled out of the room and down the stairs without seeming to touch the steps with my feet. When about three steps from the bottom, I sat down exhausted and trembling, and on looking up at the hall door opposite me, I saw the skeleton of a large man leaning against the door with his arms extended flat against it, and I heard him say, "But poor death withers away." And as he said these words I saw the fingers drop in pieces from the hands. Just then I awoke in great excitement, but soon forgot the dream.

At the time of my father's death, and before the funeral took place, while looking over the contents of a trunk in his room, I came upon a roll of bank bills and counted out somewhere about one hundred and twenty; these I carried to Grandma Rees, my step-mother's mother, as I expected to go and live with her, and thought she had the best right to them. She was then in the house with us.

Mrs. Rees had also in her possession a box of very valuable articles belonging to my father, which I supposed had been left in her care when he went to Montreal in search of the person who stole his desk. This box had not been brought home again. I knew it was there, and many public persons in Quebec knew he had these articles; for while he was dressing the gentlemen's hair he frequently told them incidents concerning the French Revolution, and showed them

some of the things contained in the box ; there had also been bills printed advertising some of them for sale.

Some things that I remember seeing were silver toddy ladles and teaspoons, gold French repeating watches, silver shoe buckles set with clear white stones, which I understood were diamonds (but perhaps they were not), and gentlemen's dressing cases silver mounted, but that which interested us most was the Highland outfit, consisting of the pouch with silver mounted dirk with knife, fork and silver spoon hid in the handle ; both silk and cotton Highland hose and a very handsome piece of satin goods which he frequently said was to be my wedding dress. The Highland outfit, I think, had belonged to his father or grandfather, as I have heard him tell how he was taken from his plough and compelled to go to the war, and I suppose this will account for my father being at one time hair-dresser to Napoleon Bonaparte and at another filling the same office for one of the Georges of England.

Many changes in my life and circumstances now followed in quick succession. Grandma Rees and Mr. Devery, a neighbor, were made executors and my little step-brother and I went to live with Mrs. Rees, who warned me strictly never to tell anyone that I gave her the money or that the box of valuables were in her possession, and I never did till many years after her death ; for although I had an idea it rightly belonged to us, yet she gave me to understand it might bring us into trouble if it were known.

A short time before my father's death, one of his customers was in getting her boy's hair dressed and lamenting the death of her only daughter, an infant. My father said, in a joke, I suppose, "I'll give you my little girl." This lady, wife of Mr. Wm. Patton, merchant, had six sons, and had buried two or three baby daughters. When she heard soon after of my father's sudden death, she remembered his words, and made application to Mrs. Rees to get me for her own. They arranged matters between them and I was transferred to my new home without having any voice in the matter. Her three oldest sons went to the seminary and only came home on Saturdays, but two of them were so rough and rude I dreaded their coming home. At one time one of them swung his bag of school books so as to strike me in the face, and used bad language. I told Mrs. Patton, but she only said, "Well, you must tell Mr. P." I thought she meant what she said, and when Mr. P. came home I told him. He said nothing, but taking off his slipper gave his son a whipping. Mrs. P. never forgave me; I think she did not expect I would tell him. She was then looking for an increase in the family and asked my grandma to take me home till the event was over, but when she found she had another baby girl she did not want me back, and agreed that if Mrs. Rees would take me back she would clothe me. She bought me a few yards of cotton and I returned to grandma's, and it ended there; she never did anything more for me.

Soon after this, I heard that her two eldest sons

were drowned, or died at sea while on a voyage to England, and soon after Mr. P. died very suddenly. He was an extremely corpulent man.

"At the time I was with them they lived on the Cape, and we had a fine view of the display of fireworks at the time of the coronation of Queen Victoria.

About a year and a-half after my return to Mrs. Rees, she died very suddenly. She and I were out walking by moonlight, about the premises; we heard the cannon fire and knew it was nine o'clock, as this was the signal to call the soldiers in. There were two regiments in Quebec at that time. We soon went in and began to prepare for bed, but before we had time to undress, grandma began to be very sick, purging and vomiting. There was still fire in the stove and hot water in the kettle, and as the custom was in those days with almost everyone, she always kept liquor in the house. I made her a hot drink but she could not swallow it. She said, "O, if I could drink that it would do me good." Her whole cry was "Lord Jesus, what shall I do?" This she repeated many times, then she threw her arm round my neck and said, "O Eliza, what will become of you?" and she was gone. These were her last words. She never mentioned her own daughter's child, then about five years old, and fast asleep at the farther side of the bed. Perhaps she could trust his many relatives to take care of him, but I had no one to care for me. So died Grandma Rees, with about twenty minutes' illness.

Of course her family took possession of all her

property and money. I never once saw any of the valuable articles that were in that box, but I heard that their children were flaunting the gold watches about in their pockets. I did see the piece of French satin goods by chance, once. Some years after, happening to call one day on Mrs. Morgan (Mrs. Rees' daughter), I found them preparing for their eldest daughter's wedding and utilizing what my father said was to have been my wedding dress, yet they did not give the least explanation or excuse, though they knew and I knew it was lawfully mine.

This did not cause me a moment's pain, for by that time I had found the robe of righteousness that Jesus gives to them that come to Him, and was perfectly happy and contented with my humble lot and plain dress, and would by no means have worn it, nor had I the least desire for it; they were quite welcome to all they got since I had found my Saviour. Yet, looking back upon it now, it seems a heartless transaction, but as I had spent a little while in their family before going out into the world to earn my own living, perhaps they thought they had a right to anything there was.

When I came into their home Mrs. Morgan discharged her servant, and I can't blame her, for times were hard and her husband (a tailor) did not make much, and she had opened a gentleman's boarding house. Perhaps I was not able to fill her servant's place, never having been put to work during my father's lifetime, not so much as to wash a cup or handle a broom, but kept at school.

However, she soon found a place for me in the family of Judge Carr, or Kerr. There was just the old gentleman and two daughters, not very young. They kept a cook, and a man came every day to do any rough work, while I had to dust the rooms and make the ladies' bed, but was not able for the latter so the cook had to come up to help me, being small for my years. But what seemed like adversity was the beginning of better days for me.

The cook, Jane McIntosh, had been converted about eight months before, and, as a consequence, cared for my soul. She talked a good deal to me but I could not take it in, it made no impression on me. One night after we had been in bed some time, and she had been trying to lead me to God, she said, "Let us get up and pray." I got up merely to oblige her, but I could only repeat something I had learned by heart. I must have seemed very hard and stupid. She also lent me her hymn book, and being very fond of poetry this accomplished what she could not. I admire the goodness of God in this, for if she had lent me her Bible very likely I would not have read it, but the beauty and sublimity of the poetry caught my attention and the Spirit of the Lord applied the truths.

Now came the turning point in my life. I became convinced of my sinfulness and my need of a Saviour, and of the goodness of God the Father in providing such a Saviour, and in wishing that we should be reconciled to Him, truly I can say, "The goodness of God led me to repentance." Oh, how my heart flowed out in penitential tears and gratitude for His love. Yet

I said not a word to Jane, but would linger up after she had gone to bed. Then I would get the hymn book, place the candle on a chair and kneel down, and with flowing tears make use of the words therein to address the Lord.

There was one verse in particular that I used to repeat over and over again, as the light of God increased in my soul :

“ Jesus, the sinner’s Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee ;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms, and take me in ! ”

CHAPTER IV.

CONVERSION AND THE NEXT FIVE YEARS.

I NOW desired to attend the Methodist church where Rev. James Caughey was holding revival services, and though I don't remember that anything he said impressed me, yet at my second attendance, when an invitation was given to those who were seeking the Lord to come up to the front seats, I and a few others immediately went forward. A brother came along, speaking a few words to each. When he came to me he said: "Do you believe that God for Christ's sake forgives or pardons your sins?" (he put it in the present tense, that means now), and I answered "Yes." If it had been set before me in any other way I might not have accepted it so readily.

As I spoke the word "yes," I also believed it in my heart, and at once felt a calmness and peace steal gently over me. At first it was so slight that it seemed like a little rill as small as a pipe-shank running into my heart, and at the same instant, with my spiritual vision, I distinctly saw what seemed like a stream of liquid light come down and cross over my right shoulder straight into my heart; it was like lightning as we see it in the sky in chain or fork.

All this took place so quietly that those on either

side of me would not suspect that so great a transaction had taken place; yet I was born into the kingdom, and now the Spirit of God began His work in me, making intercession within me according to the will of God. I now began to pray in the Spirit.

It was a rainy afternoon in the month of November, 1840 and as I came to the gateway of my home the wind got into my umbrella and I had some difficulty to get turned in. This caused me to send up a prayer that the Spirit of the Lord would in like manner be powerful within me to drive me past all evil. This was the first spontaneous prayer, the first cry of the new born babe in Christ. My peace and joy abounded, my delight in the worship and service of the Lord increased daily, and my spiritual understanding opened rapidly and ~~most~~ needs spread itself.

One Sabbath after morning service I repaired to Mrs. Morgan's (my step-mother's sister) to wait for the afternoon meeting, and found the young people, especially E., spending their time in what I now saw to be trifling and improper for the Sabbath, and told them of the superior joys of the Lord's service. E. went downstairs and told her parents that I was going to heaven in a hand-basket, and that I had been talking religion to them. The old gentleman was very angry, and when I came downstairs asked how I dared come there talking to his daughter on such subjects. He then took me by the shoulder and put me out of the house.

This did not raise even a ruffle in my soul. I was

grieved for them, as it showed clearly their whereabouts. But as communion Sabbath drew near, and I intended for the first time to take the sacrament, I thought I ought to seek reconciliation, and the words, "If thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift; . . . first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift," kept coming up to my mind, I determined to heal the breach, though I did not feel that I had done them any wrong, yet was ready to humble myself if it might help them or please the Lord. I think it did good, they were more civil, and in after years very friendly, and gave signs of a work of grace. The daughter became a member and worker in the Methodist Church in the place where she died.

That was my first little bit of persecution, but I fully expected to meet the cross, and so was prepared. The next was more serious. The Misses Carr had seemed kindly disposed toward me, and at their request I had gone to their church (Geoffrey Hale's), but when they found I had gone to the Methodist church things were changed. The climax was reached when Miss Carr came into the kitchen one morning and saw the Bible on the table, for Jane and I had our reading and prayer together, not feeling satisfied with the prayers read every morning upstairs. So it came to pass that Jane was either discharged or left on account of her sister who was dying of consumption, and I was turned out without warning in the middle of my second month. It was snowing heavily when I left their house. I did not know where to go,

as I knew I was not welcome at Mrs. Morgan's, but I thought of Jane, and went there, and through her the Methodist friends interested themselves for me, and I was soon in the house of Mrs. H. G., a newly married lady just from England. Here I had charge of the dining-room and table, the afternoons being mostly spent in sewing. I should have said that when I left Miss Carr's house with all my worldly goods in a small bundle in my hand, not knowing where I should lay my head that night, I was so filled with joy and peace that I could scarce refrain from skipping and dancing on the road.

The Lord gave me favor with Mrs. G., and as she was rather unfortunate several times in getting an unprincipled person as cook, I was sometimes called upon to give my testimony, and my word was always taken and settled the matter. When the time came that an increase in the family was expected she took me to the spare room, unlocked her trunks, which were well filled with ready-made clothing brought from the Old Country, and showed me where to find such and such things if they should be wanted, and this though Mr. G.'s mother lived with them.

There was one circumstance which, perhaps, helped to increase her confidence in me. While she and Mrs. G. were one day sitting at the table, the dinner things having been removed, the door-bell rang, and as I was passing along to open it Mrs. G. called to me, saying, "Say we are at dinner." This seemed to me not quite true (though I believe they were nibbling nuts and raisins), so I said, "But you are

not at dinner, Mrs. G.," and the bell rang again and I had to proceed. Some ladies had called and I showed them into the drawing-room. On returning to the dining-room Mrs. G. said, "Did you say we were at dinner?" I said, "No, ma'am." She rose up very angry from the table, saying, "You may look for another place." Accordingly when my month was up I gathered my things together, put on my bonnet and went to the nursery, where she was, expecting to get my wages and go. When she saw me she said, "Where are you going?" I said, "You told me to look for another place." She answered, "Go and take off your things." And she ever after continued my staunch friend.

I was very particular to avoid whatever seemed like worldliness in dress, so when Mrs. G. gave me muslin and edging and set me to make collars for myself, I could not consent to wear them. After some months Miss Libby, the baby, needed a nurse, and she thought to give me that position, but Jane McIntosh, who was my only friend and companion, advised me not to accept it, saying that when nurse girls walked out with children the soldiers were apt to speak to them. There were a great many in Quebec at that time, and they were considered so immoral that any girl seen speaking to one of them was not thought respectable. I was very careful of my character, so refused and left, entering the family of a Methodist, Mrs. H. Here my work was rougher, but I enjoyed it better, being more like one of the family; not that I had ever felt myself disgraced

by working for my living, and only once when Jane threw herself back in her chair and laughed in a coarse manner I felt a momentary shock and said to myself, "Is this what I have come to?" It made me feel as if I was in low company, and made a bad impression on me and I felt cast down for a time.

But my new place had new temptations and I had to begin to learn Christian warfare. At one time I had two felons, one on each thumb, and that at a time when there was sickness in the family. One night I would lie awake tossing and crying with pain, and the next from sheer exhaustion would sleep. I suffered greatly, especially when putting them in hot water. I would withdraw my hands, raise them above my head and wring them in sore distress. We tried various means but got no relief. I was in this predicament for weeks, but though Mrs. H.'s sister came often and sat about all day, yet no one ever offered to relieve me in the least of any work. I went out one day to do a little shopping for myself with my fingers in my gloves, but the thumbs in poultices still had to stay out. It was a memorable day to me. The Good Shepherd was watching over His own.

I was standing by the counter of a store looking at some ribbons and choosing for my spring bonnet when I heard the Voice divine say distinctly, "The lust of the eye." It was a kind warning and meant "Don't be fancy led." The lesson was never forgotten but has followed me through life. Still a time came when the Lord taught me another lesson, showing

there were times and circumstances when better dress was quite proper, of which we will speak by and by.

I frequently called on Mrs. Gibson and she always received me kindly. This day I did so before going to do my shopping, but she was not at home. When she returned they told her of my sore hands and before I got home she had sent three times after me, desiring that I should leave at once and come to her and her doctor should attend to my hands, but I could not feel it right to leave Mrs. H. suddenly, as she was in feeble health and had a young baby, so I gave her time to get other help, then went to Mrs. G., who had my hands attended to, and when I would have left she said, "No, I want you for my Christmas party." I had a knack of setting tables nicely and also kept myself more trim than her other servants, so I remained till after Christmas, and when leaving to take other employment she paid me for all the time (three months or more) at the same rate as when living with her before, though I had not been able to work much of the time through my sore hands.

During the time I lived with Mrs. H. a certain Mr. Jones sought to pay his respects to me, but there was something in me that recoiled from him, though many thought him a very zealous Christian. He was a great singer and very active in the prayer-meetings. It was in one of these we first met. It was Sunday afternoon, the weather very hot, the room crowded; he was leading in prayer. I usually kept my eyes

shut at prayer time, but while in the act of taking out my handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from my face I opened them and found Mr. J. staring straight at me, though he was leading in prayer. This gave me an unfavorable impression of him.

On another Sabbath he came and sat in the pew beside me in church. I seemed to cringe from the very touch of his clothes, and was very uneasy lest he should want to go home with me. I prayed earnestly to God that He would open a way of escape for me, and He did. When the meeting was far advanced my friend and companion, Jane McIntosh, came in, and I felt safe. After a time Mr. Jones moved into a store right opposite Mrs. H.'s, where I was living, and opened business. Mr. H. helped to set him up. He knew Mr. Jones' intentions towards me, and told me I was a fool to reject him, saying I would never have such another chance. But my chance lay in missing him, for he afterwards fled the country, leaving his landlady unpaid, her daughter in disgrace, and Mr. H. minus what was owed him.

In my childhood I had heard a great deal about such and such dreams being a sign of so and so, but after my conversion this was all put aside as idle tales. Perhaps that is why the Lord could sometimes speak to me by dreams, because they were not mixed up with other people's notions, for I certainly found that, though I seldom dreamed, they were often fulfilled to the letter.

About this time there was one dream that was very vivid, though I did not understand it as well then as

now. In my sleep I was standing on a very high mountain, it seemed almost to touch the sky; the whole earth was before me; I did not see a living soul, but I heard a great voice behind me like thunder coming out of a thick cloud and saying, "Eliza, come here, and save your brother out of hell." At that time the whole human family seemed like my brethren, and I was already trying to bring all within my reach to God, and was so happy that at every opportunity songs of praise filled my lips. I had bought a small hymn book and carried it in my pocket, and at every spare moment was drinking in blessed Scriptural truths which nourished my soul as I travelled on, and later in life I learned that God had indeed called me to be His messenger and the world was my parish, and that wherever my lot was cast this was to be my first business.

At another time, in a dream, I saw a man standing in a garden with a spade in His hand, and on coming near to Him found it was the Lord Jesus. Falling down before Him I embraced His feet, and awoke very happy; doubtless the heavenly Gardener was caring for my soul. Soon after I dreamed the same thing; but this time, instead of kissing His feet, I kissed His face, and am sorry to say this seemed to foreshadow some degree of departure from Him, that is, I was less absorbed in spiritual things, though I did not think of it in that way at the time.

Hitherto I had no companion but Jane and went no where but to meetings; to these I looked forward with as much delight as the worldly one would to a

dancing party, and always strictly made agreement wherever employed to have time to attend my class.

While in Mrs. G.'s employ, part of my work was to do up old Mrs. Gibson's room when she went down stairs to breakfast. This old lady had a large book of prayers and choice collections, and often when opportunity offered I used to lay the large book on a chair, kneel down and pray those prayers and feed on those words. Some might think this dry work, but the sentiments were beautiful and fitted to my heart. Oh, what tears of joy and gratitude I then poured forth! The writer must surely have written in the Spirit.

But soon after this my lot fell to be more in the company of young people, and being naturally very lively, I partook in some measure of their spirit, and sometimes found myself saying things that were unprofitable. This caused me sorrow of heart, for my mind had been deeply impressed concerning the evil of "idle words and unprofitable conversation." My conscience was very tender and the Holy Spirit a quick witness, so that no error was passed lightly by, but always confessed with humble, contrite tears, and though the Lord always forgave me and healed my spirit, I found it difficult to forgive myself. I earnestly longed and prayed for the "perfect power of godliness," but had yet to learn that "the just shall live by his faith." I mean that faith brings the power to live right.

Yet the Lord was leading me on, and my very failures made me more anxious for perfect liberty.

Many at that time talked a great deal about sanctification, saying it was given when we believed for it, and that if we believed it was done it would be so. What praying and struggling till they were exhausted went on in the meetings held in Mr. Broughton's house! My exercises were chiefly alone with God. I would venture to believe because I thought it right. But soon some temptation would present itself, and not knowing the difference between temptation and sin was again at sea; also the adversary taking advantage of my ignorance harassed me greatly.

Some things which at that time I counted as sin I now believe were only temptation, as I did not give place to them but fought against them; since then I have learned that evil thoughts may be presented to the mind but are not ours unless we accept them, "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." I was often troubled about fasting, which was difficult to me, and no wonder, for I was still a growing girl with plenty of exercise, but I thought if I were sanctified I would have no difficulty about doing anything and everything that seemed like self denial, but my joy was damped though my heart did cleave to God in love. His service, His worship, His people were all my delight. At one time I said in class-meeting that my joy was not as great as it had been, but I believed I was a child of God. To this the preacher replied in a sharp and unpleasant tone, "But do you 'feel' you are a child of God?" For a moment I was confused, then replied "Yes," for I felt it in my consciousness but not in the emotions.

Thinking of it afterwards, I was afraid I had not told the truth, but the trouble was I did not know how to define it. Thus I was tossed about.

At another time there was a dancing party in the house, and on passing the room the door was open and I caught a glimpse of the dancers. This touched my nature, for music and dancing had been my delight, and something within me seemed to say, "Now don't you wish you were not a Christian, so that you might dance?" Of course I thought this had proceeded from my own heart, and the more I thought of it the more I was troubled, till at last I sought refuge in the cellar, and there, kneeling among the coals, confessed my sin in deep sorrow with many tears.

Thinking over this of late years, I believe it was only a suggestion, and many times in after life have I made the same mistake and many times did the Lord defend me and deliver me from my satanic persecutors. Of this I may speak again. It is Satan's business to annoy and perplex the children of God, and if possible to throw doubts on their sonship, as he said to our Lord, "If thou be the Son of God." Oh, how Satan plied the "ifs," but Jesus plied the sword of the Spirit. "And when he had ended all the temptation he departed from Him for a season," sure to return as he does to all Christ's followers, sometimes with a host of trifling annoyances like a swarm of mosquitoes, at other times like a single persistent fly that is determined to light upon our face and rob us of a quiet rest, and often gains the victory. Even a little fly can conquer us. Thus the enemy

dogs the steps of the Christian and seeks our overthrow, and if he leaves us for a season it is only to return with more force or in some other unlooked-for manner.

One afternoon, about this time, while employing a few spare moments in looking into my hymn book, I came upon a hymn that was new to me. It is 171 in the Methodist hymn book, and begins "Ye humble souls that seek the Lord." It charmed me so that I tried to read it the second time, but it was getting dark and snowing heavily so I could not see. With the faith of a little child I asked the Lord to give me light enough to read it again, and with the kindness of a heavenly Father He granted my request; a shade of light came sufficient for me to read it again. It may have been only the momentary parting of the clouds, but does He not hold the winds in His hands, and "With clouds He covereth the light; and commandeth it not to shine by the cloud that cometh betwixt," and can He not withdraw the cloud at His pleasure?

That second reading was enough. I knew it ever after, and while it was still fresh in my heart, a neighbor (a Roman Catholic) came in and I put my arm round her waist and walked her up and down the room singing it into her soul while she looked down at me, smiling with a sweet surprise, but said nothing. It's possible Mary was concerned about the great eternity so near at hand, for she was an elderly woman and alone in the world, and the good Lord who loves to be kind may have sent a message to her

heart in the beautiful words of the hymn and by the mouth of a young disciple. I believe it must have been of God by the sweetness that filled my own soul, and even now, though it is over fifty years since these things happened, yet the memory of them is an inspiration.

O, the blessedness of the sweet intercourse between Father and child in the infancy of the Christian life before doubts or fears or temptations intervene, for it is the "lamb" that He carries in His bosom. By and by He sets us down to walk, for we can't always be babies. Then sometimes we stumble and hurt ourselves, and just like the natural child we go and tell the Parent, pouring out our trouble and getting our wounds attended to and our tears wiped, and receiving words of admonition; or, perhaps, later on, feeling that we have a little strength, but not knowing our weakness, we dart hither and thither like giddy youth in the springtime of our Christian experience, but the Good Shepherd has His eye upon us, and we hear a Voice "behind" us saying, "Come back, this is the way, walk ye in it."

And why "behind us"? Just because we have run off on some side track at our own will and have left Him behind. We should walk with Him or follow Him, but never run ahead.

During the labors of Rev. James Caughey, at which time I joined the Church, there were also a number of the military men brought in, and when some time after the troops were called back to England several of them took wives with them of the young

women converts, and my dear friend J. M. had nearly fallen into a snare, for though some of them were fine men and truly converted they did not all stand.

Wm. Palethorp, who paid his addresses to my friend, was known by his comrades to have a wife in England, and he acknowledged it, but said he was justified in leaving her because she had been unfaithful to him.

At first Jane would hear nothing of it, as she said she could not glorify God in a barracks, and told me she thought of going to her brother in Montreal, but I suppose he pressed his suit and after awhile she entertained him. Her employers forbade him coming to the house to see her, for the soldiers were very much looked down upon.

When the family went away for the summer J. was left in charge of the house and I went to stay with her one night. W. P. came that evening and they contrived to evade breaking orders by putting a little table in the porch, he sitting at the outer end so he did not "come into the house." I soon noticed that he was under the influence of liquor, and was surprised to find matters so far advanced, for I did not see J. so often as formerly. When W. P. had gone I told her what I thought. She could not believe it, but said he told her the doctor had ordered him beer for his health. However, I felt so annoyed at her not seeing it, and at the interpretation she told me he had been putting upon certain passages of Scripture. (for I began now to suspect he was not what he ought to be) that when we retired for the

night I would not get into bed but lay outside across the foot, mourning, for I loved her and believe she was a truly good girl. This was the first jar in our friendship; and Satan and his emissary were gaining ground. For some reason she did go to Montreal after awhile and soon wrote for me to come and fill a vacancy in the same house, where I remained till I was married, about two years after.

When W. P. went home with his regiment he took poor J.'s heart with him. She still trusted him and with woman's devotion, but I never knew that she heard from him though I believe she expected to go to him some time. I think a dream she had wakened her up. As nearly as I can recollect (for it is now fifty years since), there was something about a broken ring, a small, round table with a single cup and saucer and plate, while round the stem of the table there was a coiled snake.

Miss E., in whose employ we were, kept a large school and a few boarders—young ladies. My work was the tables and dining-room and door-bell. J. was cook, and there was also a housemaid. I had no rough work, not even to wash dishes, and a great part of the afternoon was my own. This I mostly spent in sewing for myself, in reading or writing, of which I was always fond, copying out or cutting out any nice pieces I chanced to find, which practice continues with me to the present time.

For some cause the person whose place I was to take did not leave for nearly two weeks after my arrival in Montreal, but when Miss E. knew I had

come she kindly gave me sewing to do in the house. Thus a kind providence found me a home and friends. I may truly say friends, for Miss E. and her relatives were very kind to me. I think her father was a Presbyterian minister. She would be about forty years of age. There was a strong attachment between her and I, and when about to leave her to be married, she said, "I can't let you go till you find me another Methodist to take your place." I found her one, but one or two months was enough.

At one time Miss E. bought a tea set for the boarders' table of pretty stone china. When it came home she said: "This shall be yours, Elizabeth, when you get married"; but she didn't know how near it was, and I thought it might be only a joke. She did not forget it, for as soon as I told her, which was some months later, she said, "Well, will you take your china with you now or leave it till the boats run?" for I was going back to Quebec in the month of March by stage. One of her brothers, a wholesale merchant, gave me a web of bleached cotton of about sixty yards, another a dress. She gave me a couple of dresses, besides some other articles her sister gave me.

Previous to this time my health had been failing, and she had spoken of putting me in her doctor's hands. She herself had been advising me to have cold water poured over me, but I declined her offer for two reasons: first, her doctor was a foreigner, and I had a fear of him, and also of the cold water treatment, and secondly, as I intended soon to go to

housekeeping myself it did not seem honest to allow her to go to that expense. When I told her so she said my husband could repay it afterward if he chose; but I could not think of bringing debt with me to begin my married life.

CHAPTER V.

A SURPRISE—MARRIAGE.

It may be well to say a little on this very important event. Marriage appeared to me a very serious matter, and it proved tenfold more so than it appeared. There are invisible currents of affairs at work that form links in the chain of life, and it is wonderful how many simple means God uses to teach us timely lessons, just as Jesus in the days of His flesh took hold of the commonest things of every-day life to illustrate His meaning—the lilies, the fields, the fowls—so at this time I happened to pick up a book lying on a table, in which was a chapter on marriage. The writer said: “Before marriage it is the man who does the courting, but after marriage the wife’s courtship begins,” adding the two lines which I never forgot:

“Be watchful, be vigilant, danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.”

According to what my husband told me, he first saw me on the street, and judged by my appearance that I was a Methodist. He said within him, “That must be my wife.” He went by one street, I by another; but we were both going to the same house (Mrs. Broughton’s), where meetings were held. This was our first meeting, though I have no knowledge

of it myself, as it was quite a common thing to see him in these gatherings.

I looked upon him as an elderly person, and talked more freely to him than I would otherwise have done, never for a moment thinking he had any other interest in me than an advanced Christian would have in a young beginner. On my leaving for Montreal he gave me a book, "Law's Call to a Holy Life," and after a time wrote me a letter full of good Christian advice, nothing more. How great then was my surprise when his second letter contained an offer of marriage. I was terribly disappointed, and threw myself on the bed, where I had been sitting reading the letter, and had a good cry, saying to myself, "Is it possible that we can't find a man we can talk to but marriage is in his head?" I felt very indignant, and did not answer for some time. After getting well cooled off it appeared proper that I should answer in some manner. This I set about doing as gently as I could, not wishing to hurt his feelings, especially as I looked upon him as one of the best of Christians.

The difference in our age was one great objection, while I told him plainly that though I esteemed him highly for his Christian character, I had no other affection for him.

In his reply he stated his age, which was thirty-five or seven (while I was in my eighteenth year), and also gave me his mind on some other points of difference. Now there was no one of whom I felt I could ask counsel; but my old friend Mrs. Broughton happened to come on a visit to Montreal, and was staying

with my much-esteemed class-leader, Dr. S. Robinson, late of Toronto, who with his wife had joined the Church in Quebec at the same time I did; to her, therefore, I applied for information respecting him, and she, with Mrs. (Dr.) Robinson, spoke much in his favor.

Young as I was, I had nearly made up my mind to a single life, for though two or three had already made some advances, I found none who united in themselves the qualities I required, which were chiefly piety, intelligence and true manliness. On the other hand the old-fashioned notion confronted me, namely, that it was not safe or proper for a woman to go through the world alone. Thank God that idea is exploded. I rejoice to see my fellow-women coming to the front and able to earn an honest living, and often a much more comfortable one, and attaining to positions of honor and trust. I feel like saying from my heart, "Glory to God." My heart is pained every time I go abroad to see so many thin, pale, careworn, very young women with little children who might be better earning their own living singly, for many have to support their worthless husbands too.

One thing I had made up my mind to was that no man who used tobacco in any shape, or spirituous liquor, should ever call me wife, and I kept to it.

A month passed and I began to feel some answer should be returned. I studied the matter over. I thought perhaps this is my providence; if I reject it on fanciful ground I may sin against God and perhaps at some future period may change my mind about

marrying and not find one so worthy. I thought here is a gem in a rough casket, for he was lame and rather grey haired, and I appreciated good looks (which he had not) very much, and good character much more, and knew that a sober, industrious, pious man was not picked up every day.

A great conflict was going on in my mind, and I was unable to settle this weighty question. However, I came to this conclusion: If I knew the will of God in the matter, every other consideration should lie in the dust. Accordingly one day I went to my room and knelt before the Lord, saying, "I'll not leave here till I know the will of God." Perhaps it was rash, for I might have been called any minute, but my case was urgent, and I believed God would help me, and He was faithful to His word, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." The answer came distinctly, "As long as you both love and serve God it will do, but if you don't it will be terrible." I said, "Well, we intend to love and serve God, and if we don't we deserve all we get." Just then my bell rang and I had to go, but the matter was settled, and, observe, the Lord left me free still, but told me the conditions on which our happiness depended.

And it was well, for in after years, when the battle of life was so sore, I might have blamed the Lord. There did come a time when in great sorrow, kneeling before God and looking back over the twenty-five years of trouble I had seen, I said in my heart, "How

could the Lord let me take such a step when He knew the sincerity of my motives?" But He knows our thoughts before we can put them into words, and the answer came, "Well, do you wish to withdraw the sacrifice?" In a moment my eyes were enlightened, and I saw that the Lord had looked upon it as it really and truly was, a sacrifice, a crucifying of my own will, with the idea that He approved of my deed, and I said, "Oh no, no; if God has looked upon and owned the offering, let me endure to the end." In about a year and a-half after this we were married in Quebec by the Rev. Wm. Squires, Rev. J. Borland being also present, in the month of April, 1845. It was a dark night and pouring rain, and if I were a believer in omens, I might say it foreshadowed my future, for troubles came very soon. As the time for our marriage drew near, I had to go to the Lord with another request. As I have often said; I would have thought it an honor to be his servant, such was my reverence for good men and for this one in particular, but I felt I had not the love which I thought I ought to have towards one who was to be my husband, so I asked the Lord for this also, and He granted my request. Though troubles came thick and fast, as long as love was there everything else could be endured, and I used to feel that I could go to the ends of the earth if my husband were with me.

But religion does not level all differences, as I supposed it would. We each have our individuality, and as years progressed we understood each other better, and I found, and no doubt he did too, that

“Home is the place to try our grace ;
If we can live right there, we can live right anywhere.”

My husband's mother had been dead about one year when we were married, and he lived and worked with his brother, who kept a boot and shoe store, and was doing a good business. A younger brother, his father and two apprentices formed the family over which I was installed as housekeeper, with a person engaged to do the washing. I was very inexperienced, but my father-in-law, and indeed all the others, was patient with my mistakes, and I did the best I could for a family of seven; rather large to begin with. But it did not last long, for before we were three months married we were twice burned out, the first time on the 28th of May and again on the 28th of June, exactly one month after. There were 1,400 houses destroyed in one fire and 1,600 in the other.

On some points my husband and I differed very widely. He was much wiser than I, and for many years I depended on his mature judgment. Of course he had many more years of experience. We differed also in our tastes, we had been differently brought up, but we were one on religious matters and our love of literature, and I honestly endeavored to level all differences and to mould myself to his will.

I found by experience that where my judgment could not be trusted, even by myself, by enquiring of the Lord I received instruction and direction in temporal matters, which my husband failed to accept, he taking another course and plunging us all into trouble.

Yet I cannot wonder at him not accepting it from me; but perhaps if he had enquired of the Lord for himself instead of ignoring Divine guidance, he would have been led to do differently.

My custom was, when I told him what intimation I had had, if he did not choose to follow it my responsibility ceased, as I always considered the woman should be subject to the man. Indeed he was no worse than myself, for many times I failed to carry out in after years the instructions the Lord gave me both in spiritual and temporal matters, and it always brought disaster and sorrow, as the following pages of this book will in some measure show, but when I followed implicitly the bidding of the Voice divine it always guided me safely to good results. At one time telling my children some of these things, my daughter said, "Why don't you always do just what you are bid?" How reasonable that seems—alas for our fears and unbelief. Oh, the patience and forbearance of God!

On the 28th of May we called on Mr. Patton, who had my father's watch and silver snuff-box in keeping for my step-brother and I, and afterwards took a drive out as far as the Scotch Bridge. We had barely time to get home and get dinner over when we heard the cry of fire, and leaving the dinner things on the table I stepped out to see where it was. It was some distance away in another street. The first thing I saw was a man trying to get his wife out of their burning house. She was in a fainting condition, her long hair loose and everything in disorder. The weather had

been very hot and dry, and as most of the houses were of wood and shingled they burned like matchwood.

There was not the convenience then for extinguishing fires that we have now, and I saw what might follow. I hastened home and said, "If we have to move it will be in less than an hour." I put the dishes aside, took the table cloth off, spread it on the floor and put our books in it; then taking the sheets from the bed tied up the bedding in them, put my money in my pocket and my father's watch in my bosom. The men were busy among the shop goods. By this time the fire was at hand, and the house opposite was burning so fiercely that the horses could hardly stand while the cart was being loaded.

Some men came in to help, but, wild and confused, they threw chairs out of the windows, and my brother-in-law's violin, smashing them; other things were got out, but were afterwards burned in the street. People were carrying goods on their heads or backs, and the wind sent sparks among them. Thus one man was carrying a burning feather bed, another had a drawer on his head from which a roll of ribbon had fallen with the end still caught in the drawer, the ribbon unrolling as he walked.

Our kind class-leader, Mr. W. Blight, was soon on the scene, and invited us and my husband's father, with several others, to his house, where we remained for some days till we got rooms in St. John's suburbs, where we gathered some furniture about us and started housekeeping again. But on the 28th of June, which was Saturday, after laying in a week's

supply and cleaning up my two rooms, we had just retired to rest when again the alarm of fire was heard. At the first cry I rushed to the window, threw open the shutter, and lo, the fire was on our street, the wind blowing straight towards us! This was about eleven o'clock. We had been sufficiently alarmed by the first fire to lose no time in gathering up our few goods, and, with the assistance of friends, we moved five times before the rapidly advancing flames ere day-dawn. There was not time to carry them far at once. Priests and ministers were helping on every hand, and houses were blown up here and there to stop the progress of the fire. At our fifth move we reached the Plains of Abraham, where, overpowered with fatigue, I sat down, leaned against some bundles of bedding and fell fast asleep, from which I was aroused every little while by the noise of some building being blown up to stop the fire—the Centenary Chapel among the rest.

Mr. Blight came to our rescue again and we were kindly entertained at his house till we could get a home, which was now more difficult than before, as so many were homeless. The military tents were ordered out and set up on the Plains, and many availed themselves of them. With difficulty we managed to get an upper room, eight feet by thirteen, for which we paid \$2.00 for a month. We afterwards returned to St. Roch's, where the chimneys were standing like trees in a wood. My father-in-law bought a lot with cellar foundation and chimney standing, and my husband built a temporary house upon it in which we

lived for a time, but the builder used green lumber, and soon there were gaps in the walls and floor. This caused us trouble and expense, as carpenters' work was then very high.

On the twenty-fifth of the following March, our first child was born. My health was feeble before, but the want of proper care and my own ignorance of the laws of health retarded my recovery, and though I kept up, when the raspberry season came I was still so weak that when I tried one day to make a raspberry roll-pudding, I found myself not able to roll out the dough, and sat down and cried, quite discouraged. It was not till the cool fall weather came that I regained my usual small stock of strength. I afterwards learned that my father-in-law said at the time of our marriage, that four or five years would finish me, but that is nearly fifty years ago, and by the goodness of God I still live, and have better health and more comfort of my life than I had then.

There was nothing of much interest to write of for the next three years. This may be because I was travelling the heavenly road at such a slow pace. "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand;" this is a great truth both in spiritual and temporal matters. In the summer of 1849, there was much sickness in Quebec, which was then a great shipping port, and many immigrants coming brought fever with them; they were wandering about the streets and sitting here and there in the street, looking very ill. The heat and drought was also very great, people seeming oppressed by it; even in the market the people

spoke snappishly. These things, together with my own condition at that time, caused me serious thought and stirred me up to call upon God. Also, in a dream at this time, I saw the houses near the market all in flames inside, and the meat in the market stalls turning putrid.

The good Lord, who is ever ready to answer when we call, gave me a great blessing of comfort one day, while I stood leaning my head against the mantelshelf; it stole over me in the words of the beautiful hymn that begins :

“ My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name.”

And every line of the whole hymn was powerfully spoken to my heart, especially the words :

“ When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.”

It seemed like walking in the shadow of death, so many were dying, and truly my fears were driven away and my soul filled with comfort and faith in God.

About this time, having shopping to do, I took my little three year old girl and went up town, dressed as lightly as possible, the heat was so intense. The sun glared fiercely down. There had been no rain for some time. As we walked along I was praying and lifting my face heavenward. I said, “ O Lord, we are all as dead sheep, except Thou send us rain.” I could

say nothing else but repeat these words, and while looking up, I felt, I thought, a single drop of moisture on my face, and some little birds went twittering over my head, and these words were spoken to my heart with great assurance :

“Lo ! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above,
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the fulness of His love.”

And I felt it would be love indeed to send us rain, but there was not the least sign of it. By the time my shopping was done and we were about half way home, we had to take to our heels and run as fast as possible, there came such a sudden downpour. “O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men !”

The peace and restfulness of mind that came to me through the lines of the beautiful “Shepherd hymn” remained with me, and was greatly increased when on a lovely Sabbath morning, about a month later, my dear Mina was born under circumstances so much better than the first that I could not help praising God aloud. My good old doctor tried to hush me, as he feared the excitement; and dear Mary Welsh, who was present, afterwards said the house was like a little heaven that day. Yes,

“His presence makes our paradise,
And where He is is heaven.”

God was there. I did not gain strength, and being very ignorant of the laws of health, went about too

soon, and having neither mother, sister nor friend to instruct me, I kept getting weaker as time went on, till the following spring. Though I kept out of bed it was about all I could do. No one suspected how ill I felt, as I still kept about. At that time I had got so weak that every morning on rising when about half dressed I had to lie down again before I could finish putting my clothes on. I came to the conclusion that my end was not far off and began to ask the Lord to send someone to take care of my two little children, for I felt unequal to the duty. I had every confidence that He could find a way for them, and I could trust them to Him.

My soul was filled with peace, and love, and faith in God, and when I laid this matter before Him the answer came quite distinct, "Thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." And He brought it about in His own time and way thus: My little Mina, then about seven months old, weaned herself, and nothing that we could do would induce her to nurse any more. The nursing had been taking all my strength.

In about two weeks I found a change in my system and began to gain strength of body and great spiritual blessing. I saw I had been living below my privilege and longed for full salvation. Day and night my thirsty soul was crying out for an indwelling God, and now I said with all my heart:

"'Tis worse than death my God to love
And not my God alone."

CHAPTER VI.

REVIVED—CONSECRATED.

MISS WELSH, mentioned in the previous chapter, was an earnest Christian and diligent worker. I became acquainted with her through the class-meeting in her home. We were fast friends and she was watchful of my spiritual interests. She had seen that I did not attend the meetings very regularly, and there was indeed sometimes a lawful cause, but Mary was zealous, and one Sabbath morning she went out of her way to call on me. She tapped on the window and asked if I were not going to meeting. I said, "No, it is too late." She seemed annoyed and said, "More shame for you," and walked away. I felt hurt that she should speak in that manner to me.

"But the words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened in a sure place." Though at first offended, I afterwards began to consider if they were true, and the more I thought of it the more the words worked their way into my conscience, and I had to acknowledge that there was some truth in them and that it was a shame to be getting behind-hand. Doubtless the Lord used these words as a goad to urge me on. It set me to examine myself and started in my soul that earnest cry for a better state of things. Mary

was God's messenger, and from that time my soul, like David's, panted after God.

At last the desire to possess God fully and to have Him possess my whole being entirely grew upon me, so that one day I went upstairs alone and surrendered all I held dear—my two little children and my husband—saying, "Lord, I give back all to Thee, only give Thyself to me; do as Thou wilt with me and mine." Now I consciously knew I had entered into a covenant with God and that He would ratify it in heaven.

This was done with all calmness, without excitement, as a reasonable service and duty required by God and due to Him and most desirable and delightful to myself. Nothing but sweet peace and satisfaction filled my soul, and I felt that all my affairs, temporal and spiritual, were now adjusted and in their proper places—that is in God's hands.

I was not looking for any further manifestation or expecting any rapture, it seemed but a common sense reasonable transaction. I came down stairs and went about my work. While sitting peeling potatoes for dinner a short time after, there fell upon me such a weight of blessing and happiness that my hands dropped in the dish and I shut my eyes while I drank in the joy. At the same moment I seemed to rise into mid-air and saw the Saviour on His throne and myself in a half-sitting, half-kneeling posture at His feet, while the rays of glory from His face penetrated and diffused themselves all through my being,

and I began to give vent to my feelings in verses I had never heard before. The first verse ran thus :

“ How sweet to commune with the King of the skies,
How sweet to sit down at the feet of my Love
And drink in His beams till, enraptured, I rise
And feast for a moment with Jesus above.”

At this point I opened my eyes and found by the brick wall opposite that I was still on earth. I closed my eyes to shut out the sight, for I was loath to come back, and there came another verse :

“ 'Tis but for a moment, for sadly too soon
Our thoughts are recalled to this region of night ;
But soon the dear Saviour we look for shall come,
And the day of Eternity burst on our sight.”

These two verses just flowed through my heart and lips without any effort on my part. I did not try to compose them. Afterwards I tried to continue the strain and composed another verse, but though I wrote all three down at the time, and have often read them since, I have never been able to repeat the last verse by heart, while the first two I have never forgotten. The first two were the gift of God, the latter my own effort. The work of the Spirit makes a deeper impression on the memory than man's work. My soul was now filled with joy unutterable and full of glory, and as a natural consequence flowed out in love for souls, and a desire that all might come and share His love.

I now began, though in very feeble health, to work

in that direction, and sometimes to record in writing the exercises I passed through, some fragments of which I still have by me, and will here insert. The third verse spoken of ran thus :

“ And joyful and glorious its dawning shall be ;
When the summons shall come and our fetters shall cleave ;
When our burden shall fall and our souls shall be free,
And this earth for the regions of glory we'll leave.”

It is with feelings of solemnity, and also from a sense of duty, and with dependence on Divine help, that I now begin an account of some of the Lord's dealings with me, having been convinced it was His will I should do so.

I am well aware that many will not regard these things favorably, even in the Church, but I can well excuse them, for there was a time when they would have been as strange tales to myself. Although from the time of my conversion, now nearly forty-nine years, I was accustomed to talk to the Lord about spiritual matters, it was only gradually unfolded to my mind to what an extent the believer may hold converse with the God of his salvation, and I am convinced that we lose a great deal of happiness and help by not availing ourselves of this our privilege.

As far back as forty years ago I was greatly exercised concerning a temporal matter, and was pondering in my heart whether I might present such a thing before the Lord in prayer, when, as if one talked with me, it was said to my heart, “ Can the Lord be indifferent to anything that affects the happiness or

comfort of His creatures?" I answered "No." Then it was said, "You may freely present your petition." I did so, and was heard, and the Lord granted me my request. From that time I began to use my privilege more freely.

I also discovered that I had been living too far from God, and religion did not yield me the comfort and happiness of earlier years. Ill-health and trying circumstances led me to cry out, "Where is the Lord my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?" Dear Mary Welsh helped to open my eyes.

But my heavenly Father was leading me by a way that I knew not; He revealed to me, as I was able to bear, the depth of inbred sin, and filled me with such longings to be delivered from its thralldom that I might love and serve Him with all my heart, that I had no rest in my spirit, and was crying out to God day and night for a clean heart. It seemed as if I were at the bottom of a deep, narrow pit like a well, and could see the sky above, and just one star, from which a line as fine as a human hair was let down to me. (The pit represented to me my low estate spiritually; the star, the hope of the Gospel; the fine thread, the very slender hold my faith and fellowship had on God. This figure remained before my mind for some time, and the Spirit of God so wrought on my mind and revealed the things of God, that my faith increased, my hope grew stronger, and I felt myself rising gradually towards the mouth of the pit. While I kept my eye of faith on the Star of Hope, even Jesus, the attraction drew me up.)

After this time the Spirit of God moved mightily upon me, and began that killing, quickening process by which He works like refiner's fire; light as to the meaning of Scripture increased, converse with God became more sweet and distinct. I longed to impart to others a knowledge of this blessedness, but for a time found none who understood me.

I was strongly impressed and sweetly drawn to write to the Rev. Wm. Clows, with whom my husband was well acquainted, feeling assured he would understand me and be able to give me counsel; but though my heart was knit to him through what I had heard and read of him, I could not bring myself to take so bold a step.

I believe I suffered great loss by this want of courage. Not long after this news reached us of his death, and my opportunity was gone, which I deeply regretted. Some remaining scraps of my diary will tell some of the exercises through which I passed about this time.

DIARY.

January 16th, 1850. O faithful God of Love, Thou knowest how long I have been impressed to commit to writing Thy dealings with my soul, and also, how backward I have been to do it lest it should come under any eye but Thine and my own. Of what am I ashamed? Not of Thee, my blessed Saviour. Thou art all goodness and truth. It is I who have need to be ashamed; but if the revealing of my sinfulness

will show forth Thy mercy and be to the praise of Thy love, then let it be proclaimed upon the house-tops. And now, O my God, that my soul may be refreshed on looking back at Thy mercy to me, I set my pen to paper, my seal that God is true. For some time past I have had so much clearer views of the power of faith and the faithfulness of God to fulfil His promises, both in temporal and spiritual matters, that I thought I should never grieve my Lord again by doubts and fears, but "knowledge, alas, is all in vain" unless we exercise for ourselves the faith that brings the power.

For several weeks I have deeply felt the burden of a sinful heart, and was troubled because I had not as much joy as at and after my conversion in the service of the Lord. I knew I had been in a lukewarm state and I first began to rise by praying for a return of the joy of salvation. (But the Lord led me by a way that I knew not, and it was now He showed me the pit into which I had fallen.) Glory be to His name, He brought me up.

January 18th. Glory be to God, I have seen the end of another day. I am so much nearer eternity. Kept by the power of grace divine, a witness of His love I stand. Last night I dreamt I was in company with two unconverted friends; we were all jesting together; in a moment there rose in my mind such a conviction that my heart was again defiled, words could not express my grief. I was wretched in my dream, but, O how thankful when on waking I felt that God was with me! There rested a sweet solemnity

and caution on my spirit and these words were applied to my heart :

“ Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,”

and surely I have had need to repeat this many times to-day. I have been much tempted to impatience and doubting, which only made me fly to God, and my soul was quickened by the assurance of a blissful immortality.

January 19th. Last night I awoke with anxious thoughts. I had a very sore finger and my arm was affected above the elbow, and as I knew of one who had lost an arm, and another his life, by a slight cut in the hand, I asked myself if I would be resigned if called to such a trial. I could not say I would. Then it was suggested, “ You are not sanctified, then.” But the thought came, “ I am not called to part with my arm; if the Lord calls me to that He will give me grace according to my day. At all events I desire and am determined by Thy help to suffer as well as to do Thy will. I have given my heart and soul to Thee; Thou wilt keep me unto eternal life.” I fell asleep and on waking these words were with me :

“ Me for Thine own Thou lovest to take
In time and in eternity,
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.”

At noon I saw Brother C. go past, whose poor wife has been a drunkard for eighteen years. What a trial for this Christian man. He is a member of the class

to which I belong. I thought, here is some work for me, and my heart was filled with such intense love and pity for her soul that I had to leave my work and steal away to pray for her. I felt strong faith that the Lord would undertake her cause and give His servant grace according to his day, and also, that He would go with me, His feeble worm, to bear the message of mercy, and I went to a woman whom I had never seen before, but the Lord was with me and filled my mouth with argument and gave me great liberty in prayer with her. May the Lord bless His own Word which He sent by me; I believe it shall not return void. I found Mrs. C. half drunk in bed, the house and children in dirt and disorder, though it was Sabbath.

January 20th. Holy Sabbath day, how I love the soft light of thy dawning. The Lord was with me at family prayer; we had a precious season. Soon after, Brother C. came in and we had a few moments of sweet converse, by which we were melted and refreshed, but shortly an old bodily complaint returned, which made me deeply feel that I am but a worm, dust and ashes. The brittle thread of life is every moment liable to be snapped asunder, but I was filled with love and my soul could sing:

“Then let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high.”

January 21st. Am much better, though still feeble

Glory to God for his abundant goodness. This day has been one of strong temptation, strong prayers, great deliverance, great comfort. I looked forward to the band meeting as to a feast of fat things. It was with some difficulty I got there in the storm, but the Lord blessed me so abundantly I could scarce refrain from weeping aloud tears of joy. I was thankful for an opportunity to tell of the goodness of the Lord, yet the meeting in general was bound, and I returned home with the burden of souls upon me, groaning in spirit that the Lord might revive His work.

“Never will I remove out of Thy hands my cause,
But trust in Thy redeeming love and hang upon Thy cross.”

January 22nd. “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.” Frail worm, thou hast suffered much this day, but the Lord is thy portion and thy God thy glory. A sweet peace pervades my soul. My life, my husband, my children, are all precious in His sight. Death hath lost its sting and the grave its terrors, while Jesus is my love; my light, and my soul is inspired with a song that I never heard before. It comes welling up, invoking the Holy Spirit. “The wind bloweth where it listeth”; this represents the Spirit.

February 1st.

“Blow, heavenly breezes, blow
Into this soul of mine;
Blow, heavenly gales, divinely blow,
Transform my soul to Thine.

I wait Thy moving power,
 Come quickly from above ;
 My spirit longs with Thee to soar
 To the realms of light and love.

Touch in my heart the chord
 That vibrates to Thy praise,
 And music sweet at Thy command
 This new-made soul shall raise.

My heart is now a harp,
 Jesus is all my song,
 The Spirit's hand doth strike the strings
 And fires my lips and tongue.

What though this earthly clod
 Would damp my spirit's flame,
 There's not a seraph in the skies
 Can boast a nobler theme.

Since my last entry innumerable have been the mercies of my God, various the temptations of the enemy to draw me aside, but, blessed be God, through the light of the Holy Spirit I am not left in ignorance of his devices, and through all my conflicts can say, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed" to triumph in Thy love.

August 10th. O Lord, I will record Thy faithfulness, that my soul may look back and be encouraged. I praise Thee that Thou hast enabled me to speak a word in season for Thee, and to write to my brother in a distant land. I look to Thee for the fulfilment of the prayers which have gone up in behalf of my cousin and brother.

Yesterday I was tempted for a few moments to be anxious about temporal matters, but I told the Lord and was assured that we, as a family, belong to Him and that it is impossible for us to want anything really good for us. At family and private prayer I was much blessed, and these words were sweetly applied to my heart, "Thou shalt dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." I could not recollect the first part of the verse just then, but afterwards it came, "Trust in the Lord and do good," and applied itself, for I had trusted in the Lord and was trying to do good.

Praise the Lord for the sleep of peace so refreshing to the body and mind. I have this morning seen the promise fulfilled. A person called to collect a small debt, and we had not the money. For a moment I was troubled, but the Holy Spirit helped my infirmity and I was able to cast my burden on the Lord. In a few minutes a friend produced and loaned us the sum and the debt was paid. Thus in His own way has the great Father provided my daily bread.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." I have lately had this promise fulfilled to me. The class in which I meet has for some time past been reduced to three or four; last week it numbered seven, and while at prayer I was encouraged to believe the Lord would increase us. I was greatly blessed before the meeting in private prayer the next week, and then eleven of us had a most precious time together. O the faithfulness of God!

This day I have lived in the Spirit, seeking direction, proving deliverances, ~~obtained victories,~~ sometimes cast down through various temptations, yet without sense of guilt, but while in conversation with some Christian friends the snare of the enemy was broken. Thus the Lord sends timely help.

“ Midst scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to the soul the communion of saints.”

October 6th. O what shall I render to the Lord for all His gifts and blessings ?

“ Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come,
And I shall, by grace, assisting
Safely yet arrive at home.”

O my God, I have proved Thy faithfulness to keep and to save under all circumstances. A worldling has spoken well of me and evil of one of Thy dear children, who is far more experienced and devoted than I; this has deeply humbled me, knowing that the friendship of the world is enmity with God. I was rather alarmed that the world should speak well of me; I desire rather the portion of Thy despised followers. To the Christian the world's frown is more valuable than its smile.

I was tried lately by an acquaintance calling on us in a half-intoxicated state. My sorrow was stirred for his lost condition, and I felt the disgraceful appearance of his coming in that state. I wept and prayed for him, and when he had sobered off somewhat I got

him to pray for himself and prayed with him, and truly I have not been so much blessed, comforted and encouraged for a long time, as while praying with this poor half-drunken man. The Lord was present, we had a melting time, and the poor fellow responded heartily to the prayers. May the Lord fasten it in his heart as a nail in a sure place.

I was amply repaid for the trial of his coming, for had he gone elsewhere the opportunity of speaking to him would not have been mine. My good name is nothing; let it be sacrificed if good may be done.

“ Let me be little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone.”

I am led to pray that the Holy Ghost, the spirit of peace, may dwell in and rule our family. I am tried by the peevishness of the little ones, and my own ill health helps to make them so. I find it hard to entertain them as they need, and my own besetting sin was ever that of impatience; but in this also I have besought the Lord, and He has appeared to my help. I have seen His salvation, and many times when their fretfulness troubled me, I have, while looking reprovingly at them, silently lifted my heart to the Lord, and the evil spirit has died out of them without my speaking a word, and I was kept in perfect peace.

Soon after this I had a lesson of another kind. My husband had backed a note for D. A., a person generally believed to be a good man. He was a tract distributor, and in the habit of talking to and praying

with people, but like ourselves, had been burnt out in the great fires of Quebec a few years previous, and was in difficulty, not being able to meet his payments. Of course we were all much surprised when it was found that David had left, no one knew where for, but it seems the poor man had gone where he could have peace from his creditors and opportunity to make better wages and send his earnings to pay his debts.

The time came when the note was due. We could not raise the money, and as we heard Mr. V. was a hard man, we expected to be put to trouble, so decided to move our household effects next door to my father-in-law's house, not to escape paying it, but that our things might not be sacrificed. While busy at this I continually heard the inward Voice saying, "If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also." It seemed I ought to be quiet and trust in the Lord, but my fears were stronger than my faith; yet if we had obeyed the Voice we would have suffered no harm. We did not find Mr. V. bad to deal with; he kindly took what we could give him and waited for the rest, which we paid, but did not lose, for David came back after a time and paid us all. Thus God defended His poor servant and brought forth His righteousness as the light, and His judgment as the noon-day. David was honest.

Some people say if we are led by the Spirit we don't need the Letter, but I am sure it was the Spirit who was teaching me lessons by the Letter. One of

these was on the subject of lending. A neighbor borrowed my Italian irons and returned them with part of the handle burnt off one of the heaters. I did not like it, for it was new; but she sent again repeatedly for them, each time returning them more injured. But the Voice kept saying so distinctly, "From him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." Thus the Lord taught me first to obey the Letter, and when I had got well exercised on that line He showed me that it was the spirit of the letter He required.

CHAPTER VII.

BUSINESS CARES—DELIVERANCE.

I COME now to speak of another lesson. We had bought a place in the outskirts of the town, on Valier's Road, and I conceived the idea that it would help our circumstances if I were to start store-keeping. My husband's father was favorable to the project and helped it forward, and though I afterwards saw that warnings had been given me, yet the still small voice was drowned in the din of plans and purposes that had taken possession of my thoughts, and I heard it not.

True, I prayed the Lord to bless my undertaking, and never for a moment suspected it was going to interfere with my spiritual welfare; but I found to my sorrow it came near destroying my body and mind, for hindrances came from a quarter I least expected, and made it impossible for me to succeed. But I will be silent—the day of the Lord will reveal all things.

My health gave way again. The labor and anxiety affected my nerves, and being now farther removed from the means of grace, I had not the spiritual help I needed. I struggled hard to hold my ground, but felt the worldly care gaining upon me, and was terribly grieved to find my *thoughts*, even on the Sabbath

day, in spite of all I could do, stealing away into the store, and it seemed as if my treacherous heart would follow them.

I was also beset by a new temptation, for dress had never troubled me much since my conversion. One passage of Scripture spoken to my heart by the Spirit, while making a purchase, has served to warn me ever since. It was this, "The lust of the eye." But a new kind of goods called "lion skin" was in use which made very nice-looking, warm cloaks, but of course it was expensive, and not to be thought of under present circumstances. I labored to put away the desire from me, but my enemy kept it so persistently before me that at last I began to entertain it, and to wish I could get one, with a black velvet bonnet, for the winter. Just here I think the Lord helped me by a dream. I thought I had obtained the coveted articles and was standing before the looking-glass trying them on when I discovered there were also artificials in the bonnet, a thing I had never worn (except one white rose for a few weeks) or thought of wearing since my childhood. All at once I discovered Satan looking over my shoulder in the glass too. In my dream I rushed away in terror and awoke in great agitation, but so disgusted with "lion skin" coats and velvet bonnets that it troubled me no more. The enemy now tried to persuade me that all the glorious blessings received when consecrating myself to God had been imagination, and that I need never hope to enjoy such blessedness again, and it seemed as if the powers of darkness were let loose

upon me. Still my cry was going up to God continually that He would preserve me from sin, for the Spirit bade me beware of attributing the manifestations I had received to any other power than that of God, for in so doing I was bordering on the unpardonable sin in ascribing the work of the Holy Spirit to other causes. Thus I was led to cry mightily to God for help, and again was delivered and taught by a dream.

Standing at the back door of our house and looking up, there seemed a great commotion in the sky; the clouds parting and rolling away, and an immensely large figure appearing in sight which I knew to be the Saviour. The clouds rolled away till the whole person to the very feet was revealed. Seeing this, I was filled with joy and began to clap my hands and exclaim, "Now He's coming! Now He's coming! He knows my heart—He will set all things right!" The joy within was like a mighty moving power that lifted me up from the earth (and I have always thought that is the way we will rise to meet the Lord in the air), but as I was going up I began to think of my husband and to wish he would come along too. I could hear him in the store talking very loud in argument with some men. I was very loath to go without him, and tried in vain to make him hear. But a voice said to me, "If you wait for your husband you will lose the Saviour, as you lost that sight when a child" (that was twenty years before), and I was afraid to turn my head to call him lest the glorious sight should disappear and be lost, as was a previous sight

of the Good Shepherd, when I was a little child, when I turned my head to call my mother to see it and it was gone. (See Chap. II.) So I tried to tap on the window to make him hear without turning my head, and in my anxiety about him forgot the warning and turned my head for an instant. What was my dismay to see the clouds hurrying together and hiding the Saviour from my view.

My grief was now as great as the joy had been, and in my despair I felt myself coming down to the ground. A black dog put its head out of the ground and bit me on the side. I awoke, and several lessons were taught me through that dream.

First, that though much cast down and sorely tempted, God had not forsaken me; that it was His spirit within me which caused the joy that lifted me up from the earth and was still drawing me to himself. Secondly, that I must not tarry or look back, even for my husband, or I would lose my Saviour. Thirdly, that it was the design of Satan to turn me out of the way to heaven by persuading me to engage too deeply in the things of earth, thus to confuse and darken my mind and then drive me to despair. This was the black dog that put its head out of the earth and bit me.

One circumstance happened about this time that I can never forget. Being very sick and weak I felt deeply the want of a mother or sister to come in and help or sympathize, but I had none. It was the first time I grieved about my mother, for she died when I was so young that I never knew my loss. While

lying on the sofa, my little girl, who had been playing outside, came in with a bunch of clover and buttercups and said, "Here is a posy for 'ou, ma."

As she handed me the flowers, these words were spoken to my heart distinctly, "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Thus I was both reprov'd for my want of faith and encouraged to trust in God, who was more than mother to me. Though so many years ago, the mention of that passage of Scripture brings up all the circumstances afresh.

I have also another sweet Ebenezer in review. R. S., who was in poor health, visited us. In my own weak state, and already too much to do, it was a task to entertain him, but I sought help of God and He richly rewarded me by the blessing He left me, and the light He imparted on the Scriptures.

As we were living in the midst of a Roman Catholic neighborhood, it was no uncommon thing, as we returned from our worship, to see through the open windows some one playing the fiddle and a company dancing, as their Sabbath observance ends with the Vespers, or afternoon service. The rest of the day is given up to recreation. This was so in Quebec at that time. Now in Toronto I see people thronging to the Catholic church in the evening. We were so accustomed to this sort of thing that it ceased to be a matter of surprise to us.

Some members of the family were ridiculing their folly and passing remarks on their weaknesses.

Brother S., who had been silent, now said, "Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother; thou slanderest thine own mother's son." The thought came to me, "So saying, thou condemnest us also," but the next moment I saw the justice of the condemnation and accepted it. A light fell upon my spirit and showed me that we were in a very low condition, spiritually, and not so much raised above those they were slighting, though we were professing Christians, and Methodists at that.

When we went to family worship, S. was asked to pray, but he only repeated the Lord's prayer. My impression was that God was displeased with our state and therefore gave His servant no liberty for any further intercession. About this time we might have been burned out again but for the devotion of these same Catholic neighbors. It was the custom in the winter for one to rise and make on the fire and get into bed again, till the house was warm. This had been done, but all unknown to us the pipes upstairs were on fire, and our neighbors, returning from early worship, saw the flames towering out over the roof (which was covered with shingles), and gave the alarm. My husband, on account of his lameness, could not walk without his boots, and his lame foot could not be dressed in a hurry, as it had always to be bandaged, so that but for the speedy help afforded by the neighbors we could not have saved the house. I remember them with gratitude, and thank God for the deliverance brought us through the devotion of our Roman Catholic friends. But every

sentence of that prayer seemed wreathed in glory and sublimity as I had never seen it before, and the light has remained upon it and upon several other passages of Scripture which he gave utterance to. The Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, was mighty in his hand, and truly I would say, "Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us and opened to us the Scriptures?"

At one time while he was expounding a certain passage, as I looked up at him for an instant his countenance changed and I saw the glory of God in it, and at that moment it was revealed to my soul that Christ in very deed inhabits those who follow Him fully, and this transfiguration was the more obvious, as he was not at all comely looking; his hair had grown long, he was unshaved (a very uncommon thing at that time), he was pale and sallow through sickness, and withal squinted very badly, but I realized that God was with him. I don't think others did, for when he left he in his turn became the subject of jest and ridicule. How truly the natural man does not discern the things of the Spirit. I have since thought the Lord sent him to be a help to some and a reproof to others, and have reason to bless God to-day for the light then received.

My health had now become so bad that it was with difficulty I could attend to the store and my family, and being in the midst of a French-Canadian neighborhood where rarely one could speak English, I had to attend to everything myself, for my husband could

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speak no French, and it frequently happened that while dressing my little infant he had to be laid down while I went to wait on some customers, who would perhaps buy a few cents' worth and keep me a long time from my work or my meals when weak and weary. My digestion failed so that one morsel of meat would distress me for hours, and even brown bread the same.

I seemed to be fast breaking up, for on lifting even a slight weight I had to sit down, and my heart would beat so violently it was like striking the back of the chair, and it was a common thing for me to awake with a great start about one o'clock in the morning trembling, so that the very bed shook under me. Sometimes my husband would get up and walk up and down the room with me and my heels would spring up from the ground in spite of me; altogether I was in a very distressed state. It was now that the former promise returned, "Thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord," but I was putting it away, saying to myself, "This may be only my own imagination. I must not think because the Lord made and fulfilled that promise before, that He is going to do it again." I was arrested as if by one talking with me, who said, "Is not the word of the Lord as good now as then?" I said, "Yes." Then these words were repeated to me :

"Thy truth I will no more blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive." #

Then I was told to receive God's promise lovingly to my heart.*

Still for a while I got worse till I could keep up no longer, and for ten days had not been able to attend to the family, but deliverance was at hand, just as before daybreak the darkness deepens.

The water cure was being practised by some persons successfully, and a friend tried to persuade me to use it, but in vain. I thought it would kill me, yet now when laid by altogether, I sent to my neigh-

* It is a wonder to myself how I kept up, for my life was a burden to me, but I could not bear to give up, and had a horror of being laid by, yet that was just what I needed, to be relieved of care. I was consumed with fever and thirst, every day the fever reached its height about noon and about sunset abated, and those who knew nothing of my distress said I looked the picture of health. I was also so nervous that sometimes on going into the bedroom the sight of the white quilt and white bureau cover would make me leave the room at once. My own heedlessness had plunged me in this trouble. The Lord sent warning impressions, but I was so bent on this business that it filled my mind, and instead of asking counsel of God I did what seemed right in my own eyes, yet all with a view to help my husband, and earnestly *prayed God for success*. But I learned by dear-bought experience that I had begun at the wrong end, and that instead of undertaking things and asking God to bless my endeavors, I should have asked if I might begin them at all. The merciful God was watching over His poor worm for good, and when I had got my lesson off by heart He delivered me, when I cried to Him to extricate me from this business, from which I could not extricate myself. Without my speaking of it to anyone, not even to my husband, He sent a person who asked us if we would sell the place, and most of its contents he also bought.

bor for the pamphlets on the subject and there read my own condition, and there came a light and conviction that my cure lay in it.

One Friday morning I had tried three times to rise and dress, but could not. That day I stopped drinking warm gruel and tea; the first cold drink strengthened me a little, and by degrees, as I was able, I sponged my body with cold water, repeating it several times a day. On the following Monday I was able to sweep the house, and in a few more days was able to walk out in the yard and carry my little infant with me.

I gained strength rapidly and continued to diet myself and use water as prescribed in the "water cure" pamphlet by Fowler & Wells. At the end of three weeks I was so much better that I sat up all night with a sick person, which threw me back in a measure, but I was so thankful for the relief I had obtained that I desired every sufferer to share it. Mrs. P., the person I sat up with, had had a fright which put her nerves astray; she was nursing and her milk had taken a wrong direction. She had not slept any for nine nights and would not be left alone on any account.

I persuaded her to let me wash her down, and, to allay her fears, put some mustard in the water. When I first touched her shoulders with the cold water she turned and stared at me so wildly that it almost frightened me, but I kept on till she was washed from head to foot, little by little, drying each part and covering up.

If I had known as much about water and its beneficial effects as I now do, I would have used warm water and soap to produce sleep. When the washing was finished, I told the family to go all to bed, for they were worn out with watching—having buried a child shortly before. I then sat down beside Mrs. P.'s bed, took her hand in mine, and talked to her and repeated verses to soothe and comfort her. Just about daybreak she dropped asleep and I slipped quietly away to get a little sleep myself and attend to my own family.

But the care of the store and my family was too much for me, as I had to do all the buying in and selling out myself, and was not able to attend the means of grace, the church being too distant for my strength. I now besought the Lord to deliver me and send some one to take the place off our hands, and dearly as I had loved the place and the work, and hard as I had striven to succeed, yet now that I was convinced the Lord was not in it, I was anxious to give it up. Almost immediately after this a young man came in one day and asked us if we would sell the place.

I should have said here that I had not told my desire or my prayer to any one but the Lord, not even to my husband, but as he had conceived a desire to follow some of our friends to Upper Canada he was not unwilling to sell out. A bargain was soon settled and we moved to my father-in-law's to wait till the boats began to run.

While waiting thus for a month, I often besought

the Lord to direct us, and having suffered so severely in the past through not seeking Divine guidance, I tried to bend my will to the will of God, whatever that might be, but found it very difficult to be willing to remain in Quebec, for my heart very foolishly ran after a couple of families whom I loved dearly for Christ's sake, and longed after. One of these was Dr. S. Robinson's, the other Mr. W. Blight's. The former had been my class-leader in youth, the latter after our marriage. I was much attached to Mrs. Blight and Mrs. Robinson—the latter died a few years ago, the former still lives. But I asked the Lord to work a willingness in me to abide by His will and besought Him to show me what He would have me do.

I was then told in my heart these words: "Pay Mr. B. what you owe him, and stay where you are." (As we had the money, that would have been the right thing to do.) I told my husband these things, but he had not yet come to believe in that kind of guidance, and replied, "I shall be better able to pay him if we go, for things are so much cheaper there." (We did not find it so. We were not shunning our creditor, we were following him to Toronto.) Again I sought counsel of God and took the Bible and asked for some message. I opened at these words, which I had never remarked before: "And after vows to make inquiry." They were applied in this way to my heart: You have asked and received direction, it is yours now to obey and not to continue enquiring. But as my husband did not agree to it,

the responsibility was not upon me, as I thought, so yielded the point.

We very narrowly escaped taking passage in a boat that suffered great damage in the voyage, and even in the one we did take there was danger and trouble, but we did not know it till it was over.

My husband's father intended to come with us, but some business prevented him the day we left. He intended to follow in a few days. Just as the boat was leaving the wharf he waved his handkerchief to us, and at that moment it was said to my heart, "You will see his face no more." And so it proved; for though for a time he still held the notion, yet he never came up, and in a few years died very happy. I believe it was a kind providence that withheld him, for he was in the midst of his family—two sons and two daughters—and was better cared for than he could have been with us, and besides he was too old to enter into the speculations he intended.

As for us, our troubles began as soon as we landed. My husband hurt his foot when getting off the boat, so that though our kind friend Mr. B. had secured employment for him before we came, it was some time before he could attend to it; neither could he travel about to seek a home. The kindness of Brother and Sister B. did not fail us; they kept us and our three children some days. And Mrs. B. and Sister Robinson walked till their feet were sore before they could find a house for us, for I was very unfit to walk.

To increase our difficulty, we found provisions and

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fuel very much higher than in Quebec, and now we had also to pay rent. Had I foreseen the trials that were coming my heart would have fainted, but a gracious God keeps the curtain down, hiding the future, but holds the hands of those who are willing to be led. But while troubles came thick and fast my soul was so abundantly blessed that I seemed to run with speed in the heavenly way and mounted up to God as on eagle's wings.

It was a great joy to me that my lot was cast among some excellent Christians. My two former class-leaders, their wives, and dear Sister Taylor were among them; also the minister we had had for three years in Quebec, who had preceded us one week before to Toronto, the Rev. J. Borland.

CHAPTER VIII.

BLESSINGS AND TRIALS.

DURING our short stay in Toronto (about eighteen months), I was also much blessed under the ministry of the Rev. Ephraim Harper. Holiness meetings were held which were a source of great delight and comfort to me, and my soul thirsted for the fulness of God, and He did begin to reveal himself to me in a peculiar way. Some of these things I will relate as memory serves me, for they are stamped indelibly there, though it is nearly forty years ago.

At this time the Lord began to speak to me by His Spirit through the Word, and often without the written Word, but quite distinctly to my mind. About the first message was this: "And seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it: for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace." This then has been my business ever since, wherever my lot has been cast, to bear the people on my heart.

The Lord also began to give me what I call "object lessons," but which I believe to be no other than the visions belonging to the "last time," and foretold by Joel.

I had not at that time or for some time after seen a railroad or train, yet such a road, a highway, was

shown me, and two cars on it—a large one, and a smaller one some distance behind it. While I looked the small one started without any visible power, and shot past the large one, which remained stationary, and I was made to understand that by His Spirit the Lord was sending me on and past a certain individual to whom I had hitherto looked up, but who was settling down in indifference. My soul prospered greatly in Divine things, and all the means of grace were like heavenly feasts to me. The communion with God was unbroken by day or night, and while at work my thoughts were continually flying up heavenward. I kept speaking to myself in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in my heart to the Lord, and the Scriptures were opened up so as to make my heart burn within me.

But I was learning a twofold lesson, trials were increasing and closing round me, and this I believe was through not obeying the voice of the Lord when He told us to remain in Quebec. I believe it would have been much better for the family, and we would have escaped much suffering, but the suffering was sanctified to me. One passage was powerfully applied and strengthened me to endure: "If ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." O, who would not accept the rod as a token of the Father's love, also these words, speaking of the City of God:

"Its walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal its buildings are clear,"

And those buildings were souls which God dwelt in and lighted up with the glory of His presence, whether they were on earth or in heaven. Often in the night season I seemed to be held between the two worlds, the body holding me here and the Spirit drawing me up and filling my soul with delight.

“O glorious days, so full of praise,
 When thou didst keep me in thy ways ;
 O weary nights, so full of grief,*
 Thy love alone brought sweet relief.”

A lesson : I was shown a large, beautiful mirror, but someone breathed upon it and dimmed it. The bright mirror represented the cleansed soul, then the breath of sin, then how even a fly-speck would mar its purity. There was also held before my mental vision for a length of time an angel with a trumpet at its mouth, in a flying posture, over the north-west of Toronto, and I was told that was the work I had to do—blow the trumpet, spread the news.

Again, wherever I went, I saw a basket, like a sower of seed wears, hanging before me, and I was told to sow the seed, but my soul was so full and my opportunities so few that I once said to Sister T.: “The Lord has given me more seed than I have room to sow.” Yet when He would have enlarged my sphere of usefulness, my timidity was so great that at one time after great liberty at a prayer meeting at Sister T.'s, as I walked home, I wished there was a hole in the earth that I could creep into and hide. “Thou

* Nights of adversity.

God that answerest by fire" had been before my mind, and I felt as if carried up by a whirlwind while at prayer. Afterwards I said to Sister T., "I think I must have seemed very wild." She said, "Oh, no, I think you were very deliberate." So the power within does not always show itself outwardly.

The Lord also began to send me on errands. Mrs. R. B. sent her maid for me in the night; she was in great trouble. I think the Lord sent her comfort by His unworthy worm. There was a widow in the neighborhood whose child was ill. I called several times; the last time I found he had gone home to God. When I went in I saw only two or three persons; I had been mightily drawn out in prayer, and on rising the house was so full that I had to elbow my way out. I never knew where they came from—perhaps the Lord drew them for a blessing. The Lord now told me to go and visit J. R.'s class, and before going gave me my message. It was this: The Lord's children should be His Gazettes (the name of a newspaper)—they should fly around and carry the glad Gospel news. Death was soon to visit our home. God was about to take one of my lambs to the heavenly fold, and graciously prepared me.

My dear Mina, aged five years, was a gentle, quiet, submissive child; an elder one was the reverse, and I saw with grief a spirit of overbearing and oppression increasing, and feared for the coming days if they should grow up together, so it cost me many tears and prayers. One day it was said to my heart, "Can

you for the soul of the one give the life of the other?" I was staggered, but remembering where my strength lay, and knowing that the Lord would ask no needless sacrifice, I said, "I can, if that is Thy will, by Thy grace."

Two months went by and the circumstance had almost faded from my mind, when Mina suddenly fell ill, and in one short week went home. There is no language to describe the grief at parting with my fairest flower, or the joy that sustained me in making this my first great sacrifice to the will of the Lord; for though it seemed like tearing my heart asunder to part with her, the posture of my soul, whatever I was doing, or wherever I was, seemed to be holding her up as an offering to God through the Spirit, while these words were continually sounding through my soul :

" And deeply in the spirit groan,
Father, Thy only will be done."

And when to witness her sufferings was almost more than I could bear, these words, spoken to my heart, strengthened me to endure with patience, and brought me into a fellowship of suffering with God that cannot be explained :

" What did Thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath ;
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death ! "

I was given to understand in some degree what it

must have cost the Father to give His well-beloved to sorrow and shame and suffering for us.

Such a glory filled the room where my child lay ill that it seemed as if heaven had come down to earth, and as the shadows of dissolution passed over her she seemed to become more beautiful, and it was whispered to my heart, "See, the angels are unrobing her; they are taking off mortality and putting on immortality." To me the room seemed filled with angels waiting to convey her home, and the heavenly influence that filled the place went with her as soon as she departed. I felt that my sweet flower had been transplanted to paradise.

What consolation Jesus left us in those words: "Their angels" (or spirits) "do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Frequently when I was alone and sad I realized her presence with me, bringing a delightful influence with it. One day I went alone on purpose to enjoy this pleasure, and was given to understand the Lord did not approve of that. If he chose to send a ministering spirit to comfort us, well; but it was not the business of mortals to seek such intercourse with the departed, and I never felt her presence after. Still the heavenly joy that filled my soul was so great that instead of brooding over and nursing my sorrow, I could not help telling abroad the goodness of the Lord to all I came in contact with. People might think I did not feel my loss; indeed I felt it most keenly.

ON THE DEATH OF OUR BELOVED MINA, AGED FIVE YEARS
AND THREE MONTHS.

Companions in sorrow, with you I have shared
 The cup that so many have drained ;
 My husband, two children, to glory have gone,
 The home of the ransomed have gained.
 The first time the Death angel entered our home
 And carried our Mina to bliss ;
 The terrible grief seemed like breaking my heart,
 But it came like an angel's kiss.

As the lights and the shades flitted over her face
 Her beauty seemed but to increase,
 And I heard voices speaking, that none other heard,
 In words of sweet comfort and peace :
 " Don't you see that the angels, unrobing your dear,
 Are taking the mortal away,
 Putting on immortality's beautiful robe,
 The garments of light and of day ? "

Yes, I heard it so plain that my spirit was thrilled
 With a joy that was truly divine ;
 Tho' the grief overwhelmed me, the joy bore me up
 And made the sore trial sublime.
 'Twas the thought that my darling forever was safe,
 Secure from all sorrow and sin,
 That the gates of the beautiful city of God
 Had opened and taken her in.

O yes, 'twas enough, my flower was safe,
 Transplanted to blossom on high,
 To bloom evermore in the garden of God,
 Where the beautiful flowers never die,
 Where youth ne'er grows old and beauty ne'er fades,
 Where death and decay are unknown,
 For the life-giving presence of God fills the place,
 And His presence keeps everything young.

But I have digressed, and not stated fully my message to J. R., for besides telling in the class that we should be like the Lord's newspapers, there was a similitude given me; it was this: My own class-leader, Mr. Blight, had a sick child. There was some trouble in the throat that prevented it swallowing solid food. I was shown how hurtful it would be to give that child what is commonly called the good things of this life, such as roast beef and plum pudding. While telling my experience and my message, J. R. sat down and buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child. The Lord had applied His own message. When he got up he said, "Sister, the Lord has sent you here to-night. I was in great trouble." I don't remember what else he said, but I learned years afterwards that he had suffered great losses about that time. The first part of the message was doubtless for myself, that I should fly round with God's messages; the second for him, that he should not be too much discouraged under losses and trials. Wealth might be to him like roast beef and plum pudding to the sick child. But as I am writing from memory I am obliged to go back a little.

With respect to the death of my child, I should have said that from the time she was taken ill she was most of the time in a heavy sleep. My husband once said, "Can't you unite with me in faith for her life?" But I could not, for I remembered what had passed between the Lord and myself concerning her and the other child, and I could not interfere. When the Lord had taken her I fully expected He would

make good what He had intimated to me, and that the other would be saved.

I think it was about two months after, that the Rev. E. Harper, at the close of a week-night service, gave an invitation to any that desired to serve the Lord to come forward. Without my saying a word, and to my great surprise, the child above mentioned rose up and went forward, and professed to have been blessed. Truly the change was evident, and for some time she behaved so well and wisely, and was so spiritually minded, that I could converse with her more intelligently, and have sweeter communion with her than with many older Christians. While I wondered at the step she had taken of her own accord, it was whispered to my heart, "A pillar in the house of God, to go no more out forever." At the same time it was conveyed to my mind that she might not persevere steadily from that date; that she would not lose entirely what she had received, but would eventually give her heart to God and be saved.

This delightful state of things continued for some time, and might have lasted much longer but for my own unwatchfulness. One day I was much hurried and confused, and spoke in an abrupt manner. The child looked up at me, and said in a surprised tone, "Ma, what's the matter?" The sweet spell was broken; Satan had gained an advantage over me, and by that means over the child. Oh, how sad! If I had immediately gone to prayer and taken the child with me, confessed my sin and cast myself upon the atoning sacrifice, the breach might have been healed at

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once; but I did not see that at the time, so although I confessed my error and was forgiven, yet that did not heal the gap between me and the child. We never afterwards had the same sweet fellowship. I was also sent on another errand. As I have frequently experienced in later years, when the Lord would send me anywhere He prepares me beforehand, and gives me my message, not infrequently causing my own circumstances to work their part in bringing about a meeting with the parties concerned.

As I said before, our circumstances were becoming more straitened, but my faith was looking up to God for help when the following instructions were given me: There lived in Toronto a relative of mine, my step-mother's brother, a doctor who owned a great deal of property and land in various places, which had been bought when land was very cheap. This man I knew was unconverted, and of a very proud, haughty spirit. One night my soul was filled exceedingly with the presence of God, and it was conveyed to my mind that I was to take an article of value—the only thing left that belonged to my father—and go to this person and ask him to lend me some money on it; I was likewise told that he would not accept it, but that he would relieve me, and when he did so I was just to kneel right down and return thanks to God and pray for him. I was to put on the best apparel I had so as not to offend his pride.

All this was so distinct and plain to my mind that I resolved to carry it out, although it had not been the Lord that was bidding me go. He would not have

been the first, but the last, person I would have gone to. Accordingly, soon after, I was preparing my way to meet him at the hotel where he boarded, thinking that would be the best place to find him before he left for his office, about nine o'clock. With this view I was hurrying my work, and getting fidgety because of various hindrances, when the Voice said, "He that believeth shall not make haste." I was checked and calmed.

And when I was on my way I met a little boy with a loaded wheelbarrow, which had slipped into a rut at the edge of the sidewalk, and the poor child was not able to get it out. My heart felt for him, but these two thoughts came to me, How silly it would look for me to be seen helping at such work, and then delay might cause me to miss the doctor. Again the words came, "He that believeth shall not make haste," so I stopped and helped the little fellow out of the rut with his wheelbarrow and felt I had done as Jesus would have done, for He always had compassion on the needy. I had also occasion to call at Sister Taylor's that morning, but she was engaged and I had to wait some time. Again I was becoming uneasy at the delay and again I heard, "He that believeth shall not make haste," and my heart was quieted.

It was all right, every delay was working out God's plan. I had to go to the doctor's office, which was the right place, and I was afterwards very thankful for the hindrances, but, sad to say, I did not carry out the programme faithfully to the letter and thereby

spoiled the work. All happened as it was told me. He would not take the silver article but gave me some money and the number of a lot of fifty acres he owned in Tossoronto, saying we could go on to it and he would make it safe to us; but at the moment when I should have fallen on my knees and returned thanks to God and prayed for him I hesitated for an instant, and in that moment he asked me a question about a nephew of his who had offended him, and then broke out in such a furious passion about him that I was terrified and was glad to escape.

Thus Satan gained the day and I never had another opportunity to speak to him about his soul. The Lord taught me a severe lesson and told me "He would cause the good things which He had given me to pass away from me," and so it proved, for although a person from that place (Tossoronto) came to Toronto and wished my husband to go there to work, strange to say, he was not willing to accept the lot. J. D. afterwards changed his mind about the work and the whole business fell through. My husband accepted another offer instead that brought us great hardship. Oh, it is an evil and bitter thing to sin against God by not obeying His voice!

There is another incident connected with the prayer-meeting at Sister T.'s that I must mention. I had spent an almost sleepless night in communion with God. I seemed to be held midway between earth and heaven, pillowed on downy clouds, very tired and sleepy, but continually roused by the repetition of the words, "As the living Father hath sent Me, and I

live by the Father : so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me." I wished very much to see those words, but did not know just where to look for them. I was also anxious to get time to hunt them up, but was kept very busy till it was time to start for the prayer-meeting. The longing to feast my eyes on those words increased, and when dressed and just ready to leave the house, I picked up a Bible, and telling the Lord my strong desire, asked Him with the simple faith of a child to let me see them with my eyes, and I did not feel the least doubt about it. I hadn't time to reason, for I was then rather late for meeting. I will never forget with what joy I received a direct answer to my faith and prayer; the first words my eyes fell upon were the fifty-seventh verse of the sixth of John, just what I wanted.

If we ask bread, will He give us a stone?

There is one thing I wish to record to the praise of God. On looking back over my life, I see clearly that all my children have been operated upon by the Holy Spirit in their childhood, and though not following on or growing as they might have done, yet the good seed was not entirely lost, it has had its effect on all their after-life, and I believe will eventually triumph. It was, I think; to David the Lord said, If his children did not walk in His ways He would correct them with the stripes of the children of men.

When our oldest child was about seven we had her with us at a revival service, when of her own desire she went forward. A few days after, when her grandpa came in she ran to him, saying eagerly, "I

got it, I got it, but I lost it again." This was her own way of telling her experience. She had got something she could not express and yet knew she had lost it. It seems she kept this blessing for two days only. During that time we had occasion to send her on an errand to a person who worked for my husband. This person kept a dog that was very cross and she never liked to go there, but she told her grandpa she had been to Mr. L. and was not a bit afraid of the dog, for it was like being in a great box, God all around. Did not the lamb feel the Shepherd's arms around her?

She did not get established. I believe we were to blame in not paying more attention to these movements of the Holy Spirit. We did not feed the lamb with the right kind of food. Oh, what delinquencies we have been guilty of! How has the Lord had patience with us; what follies will be revealed when the books are opened; what neglected children even in professedly Christian homes!

CHAPTER IX.

DIFFICULTIES INCREASE.

THE situation referred to was at Mono Mills, and Mr. B. D., brother of the above, sent his man and team to take us and our goods out. We set off in good spirits, with as much of our goods as could be piled on to the waggon, leaving the rest in care of our landlady till the teamster came again. The morning was bright and beautiful in October, but our driver was a better judge of the weather than we, and said there would be a change by noon, and so it proved. Although we had an early start the rain overtook us, and before night the road in one place became so bad that we had to walk. The waggon got stuck in the mud, so my husband and the driver had to help the horses by pushing behind the waggon.

I think it was at Tullamore that we took the stage for Mono Mills, leaving the teamster with the load. This was also an uncomfortable journey, for the front of the stage was open, and our oldest child had to sit there between two fat women, who, in sitting down, had pulled her cape open, and as the night was pitch dark I knew nothing of it till afterwards. The wind and rain beat in upon her, and she took a severe cold, which gave us all trouble for a long time. Everything seemed to go wrong.

Mr. D. had told us there was a comfortable house that would be at liberty in two or three weeks, and there was one we could occupy till then. But the parties did not leave the house at all, and we had to remain in the temporary one, which was not fit to live in, as cattle had been kept in it; and though it was cleared out, the only part of the floor that had been washed was a patch in one corner large enough to put up a bedstead. Being built on the side of a hill, the wind, in the winter, blew the smoke down the chimney. After lighting a fire the place would become so filled with smoke that we could not see to the farther end of the room; and generally we had to set the door wide open to get breath. This move did not improve our circumstances. Wages were lower and provisions not much cheaper, so that discomfort in temporal matters greatly increased. But as outward comforts failed the Lord made it up to me in spiritual joy. It is amazing to myself how I was borne above the trials at this time. The Rev. C. W. M. G., our minister, and his wife showed us much kindness, and when at one time I was so weak that I could not bake for the family (we were now six in number), Mrs. G. was kind enough to take the flour home to her own house and do all the baking for six weeks, and even then I was not able to do it. One day I sat down to write her a note to that effect, but was so weak, yet so happy, that all I could write was:

“ Partners of like glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up,”

and then I had to stop. I continued so weak all that summer that I could scarcely keep up, and sometimes my voice sounded to myself as if I were speaking in a barrel, and earth seemed to be receding from me. Others could see me sinking, and Mrs. B. D. came and took me and my little infant to her own house, and sent her daughter to take care of mine. She set me in her best room in the rocking-chair, and brought me nourishment at short intervals, which soon revived me, so that in a few days I returned to my family, but against her wishes, as I was by no means fit to have the care of the house upon me. It was rest, quietness and nourishment that I needed. Dear Mrs. G. was a true friend to us. We had been but a short time in the place when she called to see us; and when she found we were buying our milk at city price from our landlady, she told me to buy no more; as long as her cow gave any I should have milk. Mrs. G. and I were both in poor health, and she knew the value of milk, and as long as her cow gave a teacupful, she sent me half of it, and that often by her own children. I think the Lord rewarded her, for her cow gave rich, good milk up to the day she calved afresh.

Though my own health was so poor, I had many calls in times of sickness from the people of the village, which brought me at one time in contact with Dr. McC., who was considered skilful, but a great drinker. He had been sent for to attend Mrs. M., the wife of the saddler; but when her husband brought him he was so drunk they had to put him to bed, and

I was sent for. Having studied nature in some degree, and trusting in nature's God, I was prepared to render assistance.

When the doctor was slightly sobered off he came staggering into the room, and ordered me from her bedside; but she bade me not move, and would not let him near her. He got in a passion, clenched his fist and raised his arm over my head as if he would strike me, but for her sake I did not move. Mr. M. prevailed upon him to go to bed again, and Mrs. M. was soon all right.

The next time we met it was under different circumstances. Mrs. G. was taking medicine from him. It had run out. She needed more; but he was on a spree in the village. By some means she got him persuaded to stop at her house, and sent him to bed to sober off. The delirium tremens came on while there. I called in the same evening. Mr. Gilbert had just returned from his circuit rounds. When I was about leaving, he said to me, "Now sing us one of your sweet songs!"

My soul was full of the love of God, and I immediately struck up:

"Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known."

We then went to prayer. The doctor was in the room overhead and heard it all. Mrs. G. told me afterwards he made a great wonder of it that a woman should pray, and that extempore (he being a Roman Catholic). Before he left her house he

requested her to bring me there to sing something for him. As I was going upstairs for that purpose it was said to my heart, "Don't try to frighten him; he has horror enough. Sing to him—

“ ‘We speak of the land of the blest,
But what must it be to be there.’ ”

I obeyed the Voice, and while thus engaged Mrs. G. prepared some refreshment and brought it up on a small tray. We had each taken our tumbler (I think it was ginger tea), and were talking, when suddenly the doctor's glass burst in his hand. He remarked, "You will say that is ominous," but went on to explain that it was the action of frost and hot water on the glass. Whether it was an omen or not, he died not long after, but as we had left that part we never heard any particulars concerning him. I believe the merciful, pitiful God of Love was seeking to woo him to himself, and did not wish to add to his torture here by terrifying him, but was drawing him by the cords of His love.

The Gospel is a message of mercy; it is those who reject it that suffer His wrath. This man had been separated from his wife, but through Mrs. G. they were reconciled. I hope he repented and that his faith penetrated the mists and clouds that surround salvation in the Roman Catholic Church, and reached Christ as his Saviour. If so, all the delusions would drop off as a rotten slough and he would be saved.

So great was the yearning of my soul for his salvation that I told the Lord if my sickness and death

would result in his salvation—that is, by the Lord sending him a message by it—I would die for him. It seems strange to look back upon, but was it not “through the Eternal Spirit” that Christ offered Himself for our sins, and does not the same spirit actuate His own? Are we not made partakers of the Divine nature and sharers of His travail?

During a great part of the time that we lived in Mono Mills these words, through the Spirit, were sounded again and again through my soul: “And ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord.” Thus was I warned and reminded to *watch*.

I had met this doctor several times at the house of Mr. G. He made enquiries concerning my health, and knowing I was in a very weak state he one day said, with a peculiar motion of the chin, “I’ll call and see you.” This rather alarmed me, as my husband did not work at home, but at the house of his employer. So I told him I did not wish it. He said, “Oh, yes, I’ll call and see you as a doctor.” But I could trust my life and health better in the hands of God than in the hands of such a wicked man, and said, “No, I don’t wish your services.” He wanted to know why. I evaded his question, but he pressed to know the reason. At last I said, “Well, doctor, I don’t wish to insult you.” “But never mind,” he said; “tell me.” I felt a Divine strength come upon me and all fear of the man vanished. Looking him straight in the face, I said, “Well, sir, because I don’t think you a proper gentleman.” (Yet God laid the burden of his soul on me.) He dropped his eyes, hung his head and

remained silent, and never offered his services any more. I felt in my heart that he was ashamed in the presence of God and His poor child. Yet he was blood-bought.

Brother Dixon kept a store and temperance hotel, and our place of meeting for worship was in a large upper room in his house. Many were the seasons of blessing spent there, he being a local preacher. Though blind, he was exceedingly sharp and a very good preacher, and was also, I think, agent for the Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

TO REV. C. W. M. GILBERT AND WIFE.

Acrostic.

Chosen of God and precious in His sight,
 Holy and spotless may'st thou ever be,
 And when the short career of life is o'er,
 Reign with thy God through all eternity.
 Love, holy love, united us on earth,
 Ever to abide as one in Him,
 Source, Author, Fountain of that hidden life
 Given to those whom He has saved from sin.
 In search of treasure let us onward haste,
 Love's boundless fulness lies at our command.
 Bright beacons mark the pathway all along,
 Eternal life shall crown us at the end.
 Run for the prize, all good thy steps attend ;
 Thy labor can't be lost. Adieu, dear friend,

DEAR SISTER—

Hope to the end, the time is getting short,
 Evening is far advanced, day draweth nigh,
 Soon we shall drop this mortal coil to earth,
 Then try our skill to mount beyond the sky ;

Earth's toys enchant no more, no captives we ;
Robes washed in Jesus' blood made spotless white,
And crowns of joy already on, we wait
New tidings from our native land of light.
Nearer and nearer still the hour draws on—
Glad nuptial hour to those prepared by grace ;
In wedding robes arrayed may you be found,
Longing to enter in and take your place.
Blest with the power to live with God below,
Enjoy it now, drink deep into His love ;
Rush through the storms of life, despise them all,
Thy Maker is thy husband and thy home above.

The class and prayer-meeting was held at Mr. D.'s house, but they had decided to move to Peel, and it was expected that we were going along with them. Brother D. had been to the place, making arrangements, and on returning was telling us of its advantages and of some lively Christians there, and clapping his hands together he said to me, "And you'll be one of the happiest little souls when you get there."

But while he was talking an inward voice had told me I was not going there, and I said, "But I shall never see it." And so it proved. Without any interference on my part, matters took a different turn—they went to Peel, and we to Albion, where I am to-day.

When we were about to move, Messrs. G. and S. came with their teams and kindly took a load each. As we rode along, the conviction that we were in the order of providence gave me comfort, and these words were continually applied, "Coming in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace."

Here our condition was somewhat improved; the house was clean and comfortable, and the people kind. The preaching and class on Sabbath morning was held in Mr. S.'s house, from whom we rented ours. Great spiritual joy and blessing was my portion here, though ill-health and other troubles were plenty. There was a patch of ground with the house fenced off, about an acre, and we understood all within the fence was for our use; Mr. S. said so. While toiling to cultivate this garden, which I delighted in, the Lord was consciously present with me—every foot of it was like consecrated ground to me. God talked with me everywhere, and I prayed to and praised Him. But the enemy was not asleep—mischief was brewing. Mr. S.'s son was not willing that we should have the place. For a long time I knew nothing of this.

About this time I had three singular dreams, one about a very large snake in the garden, and another twice about contending with a monkey, in one it being perfectly white. One of them I overcame through prayer, the other by praise. I believe these were the spirits of guile and mischief that were working.

The first summer we occupied that place we sold some hay that grew on a flat at the lower end of the garden. Of course we thought it was ours, as it was within the fence, and we had been told that all within that limit belonged to the house.

But the second summer, early one morning while I was clearing away the breakfast things, I heard some voices in the garden where my husband had gone,

and though I did not hear a word they said, a feeling of trouble came over me. It seemed something had gone wrong. Immediately lifting my heart to the Lord for succor, I was told that the trouble was about the hay; that they did not mean us to have it, as we had the place at a very low rent. My husband had already told them they could have it that year, but they had the idea we were offering them their own, and some of the family said, "How generous he is with other people's property."

While living there I learned several lessons, and some circumstances are deeply stamped on my memory, which I will relate.

We rode over with Mr. and Mrs. S. to spend the day with Mrs. G. When she went to milk her cows in the evening, I went out with her, and as I stood watching her and thinking what an abundance of the good things of this life the farm produces, and contrasting her circumstances with my own, the Voice said, "Beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the goods which he possesseth," and with the words came a light on the subject such as I never had before, and I saw the hollowness of earthly things and their insufficiency to make us happy. This light has remained with me ever since, and I have never seen anyone with whom I would exchange my earthly lot.

Though many of my friends seem to enjoy all the comforts of life and to live in harmony, on closer acquaintance I have seen that every sweet has its bitter, and I have preferred my own cross to

theirs because it fitted me best and I had become accustomed to it, whereas I could not tell the weight of theirs, and from outward appearances had no wish to try it.

Again, Mrs. S. made a bee, as was customary in those days, to get her sewing done up. It was a tax upon me, as my own work was already too much for me, and I seldom got over the fatigue of washing day till the Saturday's work was upon me, nor of the Saturday till washing day was round again. My motto for years had been, "Give to him that asketh thee," so I decided to give her a portion of help, and while walking along the road consoled myself with the thought that going out might do me good, and (shame to say it) the prospect of a good tea had some weight with me, for who does not know how a meal made ready by another, even of the plainest, is relished? At such times it was the custom to have quite a set out. But my gracious Instructor was by my side, and gently whispered, "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have."

Thus were the teachings of the Spirit interwoven with the affairs of every-day life. These two lessons have stood like sentinels and guarded my soul on that point ever since. Again, as I walked and was sad, meditating on the many trials through which God was leading me, this thought came, "Why is it thus? Does not the Lord know that I love Him, that His service is my delight? Surely it should not need all these trials to make me serve Him?" (for up to this

time the idea possessed me that our afflictions were a needs-be to keep us right).

But here my Divine Guide taught me another life-long lesson, and gave me the key that unlocked many a mystery, saying to my heart, "That ye may be able to comfort others with the comfort wherewith ye yourselves are comforted of God"; and truly I have been called to this work, and fell into it quite naturally, having learned through trouble how to sympathize with those in trouble, and also how the Lord comforts us. About this time the Lord also gave me a gracious promise. While sitting in the Primitive Methodist Church (Bethel, now Centreville), a hymn was given out on the subject, "And it shall come to pass that at eventide it shall be light," and a distinct message was conveyed to my mind that in the evening of life I should see better days, that I should not always be in such trouble.

This the Lord has abundantly fulfilled. A few more years of sore trial, and then He began to turn my captivity as the streams in the south. I could not have been much over thirty at that time, yet my friends remarked that I was getting round shouldered and breaking down, and, indeed, I felt older than at the present time.

The preaching at Mr. Spence's was supplied by the Rev. Messrs. Gilbert and Washington, and several local preachers, among whom were Brothers Greer and Hockley and my husband. One Sabbath morning the room was very close and crowded. I was so overcome by heat and weariness that it was with great

difficulty I could keep awake or attend to what was going on, and was sorely grieved on account of it, and was upbraiding myself with sinful sloth. When the congregation went out, and only the members remained for class, the change in the atmosphere by the opening of the door and letting in the fresh air revived me so much that my thoughts flew up to God, and a flood of blessing came down upon me; while the Spirit applied with mighty power these words:

“ O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee !
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.”

Thus was my soul calmed and assured by the Holy Ghost in His capacity of “Comforter.” This lesson also remains, and whenever I see those words (for we rarely hear them sung now) the whole of the circumstances rise up to memory. I had many trials, and some things which seemed trifling, but nevertheless wounded my feelings deeply.

It was early spring. The ground was covered with slush and snow. One of the boys was without boots just then, and I kept him home from school. Brother Greer called in, and noticing it, enquired the cause. I told him. He made light of it, and said it was nothing but pride. Yet I could appeal to my Father in heaven, who reads the heart. I was not ashamed of bare feet; it was care for the health of

the child, who as yet had never had to go barefoot, and it was a bad time to begin. This brother was too rash in judging and speaking his mind.

At another time he had been speaking disparagingly of my husband, and wound up by calling him my "helpless husband." I made no reply, but lifted my heart to the Lord, and there came this comforting thought, "Well, if he is helpless, God is the helper of the helpless, and the more needy the more He will care for us." But Brother G. had his reverses. A slanderous report concerning him got afloat, though I don't believe it myself; yet it was the cause of his selling out and leaving these parts, it annoyed him so much. He has since died. I believe he was a child of God, but still had much to learn.

CHAPTER X.

SINGULAR EXPERIENCE.

ONE more incident connected with the fourth line of Albion, or Centreville as it is now called, and I will pass on.

On a beautiful Sabbath morning we were assembled for worship in Mr. Spence's house. My own soul was happy in God, but there came such a sense of the Divine displeasure against some person or persons who had brought their iniquity into the very presence and worship of God—the word conveyed to my mind was, "Under the very nose of the Almighty," as the Scripture says, a stench in His nostrils—that I felt His wrath was scarcely restrained from breaking out in judgment visibly upon us.

When service was over, and the congregation were shaking hands outside, among others Brother H came and shook hands with me. While in the act of doing so it was said to my heart, "That's the man." Now this was not according to my own mind, for I enjoyed his preaching, and had formed a high opinion of him—but I was prone to do that of all Christians, especially preachers.

However, it was not long after this till Mr. H. forsook his business, his wife and family, and, it was said, had taken another woman with him and gone

to the States. The last account we heard was that he was keeping a saloon there, thus verifying the impression and proving that communications are made from the unseen world.

I happened to hear that Mrs. H. was in feeble health and cast down in mind, and that she could be heard when shut in alone in her room in wrestling prayer. (Mr. H. had built a new house adjoining his mill and they had lately moved into it.) I found her in bed and longing for clear light as to her spiritual state.

The Lord had been teaching me some precious lessons on the line of faith, and He kindly indulged me at this time. I moved from beside to the foot of the bed, turned my face away and lifted up my heart to God, asking Him to reveal himself to her and remove the cloud from her mind His own self, without my interference, that the glory might be all His own.

It seemed not more than a minute after when she broke out in a loud voice, giving glory to God, and continued this for some time.

I had been reading in Deut. 24. 15, "At his day thou shalt give him his hire, neither shall the sun go down upon it; for he is poor, and setteth his heart upon it." And it seemed so beautiful that the Lord should thus care for the comfort of the poor man that my heart was delighted, and I was speaking about it while at Mr. H.'s house. I afterwards found that he had taken offence and thought I was throwing it at him, but I knew nothing of his temporal affairs at that time; perhaps the good Lord was sending him

a timely warning all unknown to me. He had been building and was getting into straits which ended in his absconding.

Some years after this, returning to visit the friends in that place, as we came near our old home suddenly there fell upon me a heavenly influence, and the air seemed filled with angelic beings. I asked what it meant, and was reminded that I was drawing near the place where God had so signally met and talked with me while toiling in that garden, and where it had become hallowed ground by reason of His presence. Glory to God in the highest. Soon after this we removed to the eighth line of Albion, where I fell in with other Christians whose society was a great comfort to me.

It was here our temporal concerns reached their worst. Surely in the furnace of affliction God said He had chosen me, but as the heat of the furnace increased, so in proportion was the presence of the Son of Man revealed. In all the years of ill-health and disappointments I had never got discouraged, but kept on striving and hoping to better our condition. But now a tinge of hopelessness began to creep over me, and the thought that we should never be any better stared me in the face, and I learned for the first time in my life the meaning of a passage that came to me just then, "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" I found, indeed, while hope and courage remained, I could bear infirmities and misfortune, but now my spirit was wounded, crushed, discouraged,

which was worse than any temporal trouble. This led me to think how severe will be the suffering in eternity, where the mind will have to endure hopeless remorse, despair and grief. An afflicted mind is worse than an afflicted body.

SONS OF BELIAL.

Another case somewhat similar to that of Mr. H. At a certain time in a certain place, in a home where the parents were both professing Christians, on a particular Sabbath morning they were assembled for worship; the father was reading an account of Eli's wicked sons. Two of this person's sons were sitting on a lounge. The Voice said to me, "Those young men are like Eli's sons, sons of Belial;" and several times in the course of the day when I happened to come near them, it was said to me concerning them, "Be sure your sin will find you out." This came quite unexpectedly and surprised me.

I did not encourage these thoughts, though they were vivid and distinctly put before me. In the afternoon I went with some of the family to their church, though they were of another denomination, and was much pleased to see one of the young men remain for the after meeting, and rise and speak, but so low I could not hear a word he said. And indeed his sin did find him out, for he was found out in a most unlikely and unlooked for manner that showed the hand of God and fulfilled His Word. The Lord has said, "I will be a swift witness against the evil doers."

I begged him to promise he would forsake his wicked course. This he would not do, I believe because he was afraid he could not keep his promise. I begged him to seek help from God to overcome his sin, and fell on my knees just there and prayed for him, and promised never to expose him, and I never did. Thus it proved to be a true Voice that spoke to me. He proved himself a son of Belial, and his sin found him out, or was found out by me if by no other. Some time after he wrote me a humble and very penitent letter, acknowledging his sinfulness, and said it was not the greatest trouble if all the world knew it, it was the sinning against God. This affair gave my nervous system such a sudden shock that I felt sick for several days after.

Although the manner of dealing with sinners differs in this dispensation, yet sin is sin, and as hateful to God as ever. Yea, more so, for the times of past ignorance God winked at, but *now* commandeth all men to "repent" (to turn from sin).

FALLEN AMONG THIEVES:

W. was a person I had known for a number of years as a professing Christian, and for a time met in the same class and believed him quite sincere, and perhaps he was at that time. But being intimate with the family, I could not help discovering that he had got into a back-slidden state, though he never admitted this, and it was very difficult to approach him on the subject. He had a way of skilfully

evading the point. He seemed like one ensconced behind a wall,

“ In brazen armor strong.”

But it could not be hid. His own family knew it well, and the Lord spoke to me several times concerning him. Once, during a protracted service, I was led of the Spirit down one aisle of the church and up the other. My Conductor stood with me at the pew where he sat while I repeated two verses beginning:

“ Though I have steeled my stubborn heart ”

(This will be found on another page), and Isaiah xxviii. 20 was given me as applicable to him, “ For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it,” and then it was explained to me this way: A man lying on a bed too short for him would have no resting-place for his feet; so this person in his present state, if ushered into eternity, would have no solid ground to rest upon—he was not on the Rock—and the covering being too narrow meant that the profession would not always hide our back-slidings; they would leak out in spite of us. Then the Lord gave me a message, which I delivered to him. There was no change for the better, but rather otherwise, and I came to look upon the case as hopeless, when, suddenly, one day the Lord said to me, “ He has fallen among thieves; they have robbed him and stripped him and left him *half dead*.” That

word *half* came like an electric shock to me, it was spoken with such force and applied with such power, conveying to me the information that there was still a spark of life where all seemed so dead and hopeless, and at the same time charging me to go to him again, which I did twice.

But oh, it was hard work to get at him behind the wall. All I could say at one time was, "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord," to which he replied: "Oh, yes, I know, without Christian perfection." And the second time all I could say was, "God is love." The first would be likely to cause him to think of his own declension, but lest he should despair, the second was sent that he might hope in God's mercy.

About a week before his death, which came very suddenly, and not long after those two last messages, I noticed something in his manner and actions that caused me to think he was trying to control himself; there was also a change in his countenance quite remarkable, and the Voice said he is getting clean, and, indeed, the very color of his face was changed. When a few days after I stood looking at the lifeless body and wondering if he had really escaped to life, again the Voice said, "Don't you know God saves people at the eleventh hour? Jesus died for him! Jesus died for him!" Oh, who can fathom the boundless love of God or understand how He will follow a soul to the verge of the eternal world to save it? The Lord gave me a very plain lesson on this subject in the case of Mrs. R. She was not a

professing Christian, but her daughter has lately told me that she endeavored to lead her children's minds Godward. She became low-spirited, and her mind was somewhat unbalanced.

The first intimation I had of this came as I was passing her house one day, when the Voice said, "Go in, she needs sympathy." I went in and had some conversation, prayed with her and went on my way. I did not see her often, as we lived some distance apart. Her malady increased, and after a time she became partially paralyzed; but I heard that for about a month before her death her reason regained its seat. Her daughter requested me to go and see her. I found her speech so impaired by the stroke that it was difficult to understand her; but I made out enough to know that she was praying and looking to Jesus. I tried to help her faith, and it was while standing thus engaged by her bedside that I was made conscious of another presence at the opposite side of the bed who said to me, "See how the Lord will follow a soul to the very verge of the eternal world to save it." No doubt the Lord was there encouraging her faith and hope. She died soon after this.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER SPHERE OF LABOR.

SOON after coming to live on the eighth line of A., I was reminded of the commission the Lord had given me to pray for the peace of the people wherever my lot should be cast, for in their peace should be my peace.

I think it must have been quarterly meeting at some other appointment. The circuit was then very large. Our meeting was given up, but a few assembled for class. The key of the chapel could not be found, so we invited them to our house, and had a prayer-meeting. While at prayer there was brought before my spiritual vision the great car of Jugger-naut, as I have seen it pictured with its multitude of votaries—some pushing, some pulling, others throwing themselves under the wheels, sacrificing their lives to the idol. It was said to me, "See how zealous they are in a bad cause; should not Christians be equally zealous? Put your shoulder to the wheel." And I felt my soul respond to the call. The Lord's work and service has ever been my chief joy. The class-meeting was a nursery to my soul, and the prayer-meeting the element my heart delighted in. Now I am often debarred from both—febleness and infirmity are making me the Lord's prisoner; yet

there remains this pleasure, that I can record His dealings with me, and perhaps thereby stimulate some one. For this cause I will relate a few incidents in my religious experience while living in this neighborhood.

DELIVERANCE.

My husband had been lame from his childhood, occasioned by a fever. He had walked a long way to fill an appointment. The road was rough, which so injured his lame foot that he was laid aside from work for many weeks. This brought us into straits; but I was not as yet discouraged. Having been accustomed to look to God for help under all circumstances, I had prayed and felt such an assurance of deliverance being at hand that I was almost joyful. The Lord says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Now He taught me that He does not always deliver us by taking away the trouble, but sometimes by bringing us right through it, or bearing us above it.

It was a custom I have often seen in the country, when any of the neighbors happened any loss, for the others to plan among themselves to assist them. But of this I knew nothing at the time, having spent most of my life in the city. So when our minister and a kind friend undertook this good office for us and brought us a quantity of provisions, I was so taken by surprise that I did not know what to say. They must have remarked it, for the minister said, "Sometimes the Lord delivers us in a different way from what we expect," and that was just it. When

left alone, prostrate before God, I said, "O Lord, has it come to this; was there no other way than this?" And the Lord said, "No; you must lick the dust." My soul said, "Amen." But to me it appeared like beggary; and I thought, Could not the church have made a collection for us, and given us a chance to pay it back? But the Lord's way is the best way. He bringeth down and lifteth up.

Very soon after this our landlord, a well-to-do young man, lost a cow. The same thing was done for him, and the price of another cow was given him; so it was not such a terrible thing after all, but the Lord wanted to knock away my last prop and teach me to accept all His will in all things.

Looking back upon that period from where I now stand, I discern cause and effect as I did not see it then, my husband's illness being the result of a long walk, partly across the fields to shorten the distance. By the road it would have been across four concessions and up five lots, which, as near as I can tell, would be over five miles. This would be a small matter to some, but to him it was very severe. It was the Lord's work, and the Lord took His own way of repaying it. He was one of a regular supply of local preachers for Spence's Appointment, fourth line of Albion.

The next sermon the Lord preached to me was from this text: "It is the Lord that giveth power to get wealth." Oh, how my past toils and struggles appeared in review before me, and I saw how I had prevailed nothing. Truly, except the Lord build the

house, they labor in vain that build it. But I asked myself, "What is wealth?" and I considered enough to eat and drink, with plain clothes, and honestly to pay our way, was all the wealth I desired.

Another trial was at hand. The first day my husband was able to get out of bed, our little three year old daughter fell and broke her thigh. My great trouble was, how the poor little thing would endure to lie still for three weeks. I was bowed to the earth, but it was at the feet of my Lord. I asked my Father to give the child patience and keep her in peace. Truly, the Lord gave me my request. She was so quiet and contented and made so little trouble that I could not but acknowledge the hand of the Lord. We used to tell her she must be still or it would spoil her leg; so when at the end of three weeks the doctor said she might sit up, she said, "No, it will 'poil' my leg;" and of her own free will remained lying for another week. It was in the evening that the accident happened. A kind neighbor went nearly four miles for a doctor, and I had to go out alone in the dark to the garden and kneel down with my face to the earth to seek help of God for her and myself.

But I must go back a little in my narrative. When this dear child was about six months old she was very sick; it seemed as if we were going to lose her. A friend called one day; I asked her what she thought of her. She replied, "Oh, poor little thing; I think she is going as fast as she can." This was spoken with a tone and manner as if it were a thing of no

consequence. It wounded me deeply, for I prized her very much, my other living daughter being then in her teens, and four boys between them. Yet I could not ask her life, being sure that God knew what was best. I could but groan and weep over her as I bowed by her cradle-side.

But God read the sorrow of my heart, and as in the days of His flesh "Jesus had compassion," a Voice said to my heart, "If she does not go, another must." She recovered, and in about two months after my dear little Benjamin, the next oldest, was suddenly taken. He had always been delicate, but till about three days before his death was not worse than usual. On Wednesday he was playing up and down the lane astride a broom-handle for a horse, but on Thursday appeared ill, asking repeatedly for "milch" (milk). On Friday night he was very restless, and Saturday morning asked to be taken up, and in a few minutes said, "Put me in my tadley (cradle), ma." While I was in the act of laying him down he stiffened himself out and was gone. During the few days of illness I feared the worst; in his feeble health and our own circumstances I foresaw nothing but trouble in this world for him, and for his own sake I tore him from my heart and gave him back to God; but it seemed like tearing away a part of myself, so sore was the rending. My whole being seemed shattered and shaken, yet down deep in my inmost soul there was such consolation and assurance that God had in love and pity taken him away from the evil to come, that I said to my friends, "This is not an affliction;

it is a visitation;" and truly it was as if angels had visited our humble home and transplanted my flower to paradise, and I said, "These two children that God has taken will be two flowers to grace the portals of the tomb when I come to pass through." In this great sorrow the joy of the Lord was abundant, and my spiritual senses were so quickened by communion with Him that I was prepared for another lesson on the

MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

Several times, I think about three, shortly after the death of my dear little Benjamin, on coming out of the house to go to the well, which was some distance off, he came and walked, or seemed to glide, beside me. I was quite conscious of his presence, as much so as if I had seen him with my natural eye, yet it was only to my spiritual vision.

He appeared a tall young man, but the figure was like what we might expect it to be according to his figure as a child; the likeness was there, he was dressed in black cloth like a preacher; he conversed with me without words, but I understood him perfectly.

He gave me to understand that he sympathized deeply with me in my many trials, and how grateful he was to me for tearing him from my own heart to give him back to God, and conveyed to my mind how that in the few days he had been in the spiritual world he had reached a maturity of knowledge more than if he had lived to manhood on earth. This was the meaning of his appearing full grown.

His being dressed like a minister meant that he was a ministering spirit and had been sent to comfort me, but he always parted with me when we came back to the house, never entering it, and there was a cause for this, too. Several other circumstances of the same nature I will hereafter relate.

VICTORY.

A friend had given one of our boys a dog. We would rather not have had it, but as the child thought so much of his pet, we allowed him to keep it. One morning there was a great noise in the lane. Going to see what was the matter, I found our neighbor with his hired man, each with a club in hand, pounding our little dog, while their large dog was helping by worrying it.

I was shocked, and asked a reason. He said the dog had been annoying him. I said (calmly, for God kept me), "If you had told us he was in mischief, we would have fastened him up." He was in a great passion, and it was useless to say any more. The dog was past cure. We did not know for some days what had become of it, then we found it on the roadside with the life still in it, unable to move, in the hot sun, the flies feeding upon it.

Neither myself nor the children could bear to see it or put an end to it. I went to — and asked him if he would come and finish his bad work. A feeling of disgust and indignation took hold of me, and for the first time since God forgave me, I found I could not forgive. This feeling continued for some

days like thorns in my breast, and became worse to bear than what had given rise to it. I could bear it no longer, neither could I get rid of it. I was working in the garden when the thought came, "the Lord can take out the thorn." I fell on my knees and begged Him to do so, and it was gone and troubled me no more. I had victory!

TRIBULATION.

Our Lord foretold His disciples that in the world they should have tribulation, but they were to be of good cheer. To my mind there is no tribulation to be compared to spiritual tribulation. The common ills of life don't come near it. Of these I have had my share. Adversity, losses, ill health, bereavement, and worse, cold scorn from some I dearly loved; but all these put together did not make me long to leave this world before my time or my work was done. But spiritual conflict with the powers of darkness has wrung from me the cry, "O, when shall I escape and be 'forever with the Lord,' where my enemies can never come?" "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, . . . against spiritual wickedness in high places." There is a state where the wrestling or conflict is no longer with our own flesh and blood, our human or natural propensities, nor with flesh and blood in the outside world, where our fellow human beings tempt and try us so sorely at times, but it is in the spiritual realm where the arch enemy throws his cruel suggestions like poisoned arrows.

This manner of attack, I believe, is chiefly tried upon those who have escaped from the corruptions that are in the world through lust. It was tried upon our Saviour in the wilderness but failed, "Then the devil left him *for a season*," sure to come back again in the hour and power of darkness. Shall Christians have trials? Yes; the trial of our faith, which is more precious than gold. Have they burdens? Yes; or they could not roll them on the Lord. Cares? Yes; or they could not cast them on the Lord, who careth for them, "Who in the days of His flesh offered up prayers with strong crying and tears . . . and was heard in that He feared." Christ in His human nature was like ourselves; He took our nature upon Him that we might be made partakers of the Divine nature,

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CHAPTER XII.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

It might be as much as ten years after I had received the baptism for work, and during that time I had been learning more of God and received many blessings. There had been a season of revival in the neighborhood under the labors of the Rev. B. Sherlock, and I had shared largely in it. He had left, but the blessing remained.

It was almost a constant occurrence for me to find myself repeating, just as I was waking up every morning, some passage of Scripture or verse of hymn, and these I remarked frequently had some connection with the affairs of the ensuing day. So common had this become that I was pondering over it and wondering how it was. The next morning, just as I was waking, it was explained to me. To my *spiritual vision* there stood by my bedside a being much larger than one of the human race, with a long rod in his hand, on the point of which there was a yellow substance like honey, and as I looked a drop was falling. The angel dipped this rod into my breast, then lifted it up to heaven. The explanation given me was that holy ministering angels were about us. They bring sweet thoughts and drop them into our hearts, and as we breathe them out again in prayer or praise they lift them up to heaven.

At another time I was reaching up to wind up the clock, determining in my own mind at the same time that I would go and do a certain thing as soon as I had done winding the clock; but an unseen arm encircled my waist in a caressing manner and a Voice in kind, persuasive accents said, "Don't do that; don't do that." Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy name that I was deterred from my purpose! I have since seen that it would have involved me in great trouble. Oh, the merciful Father, how he watches over us and gives his angels charge over us to put their sheltering arms around us lest we dash ourselves against the stones. My enemy had been urging me sore, but he was foiled.

Another case was that of a dear young friend, Jane Wallace, who died in November, 1874, and preceded Mrs. P. Palmer just a few hours to the mansions of glory. She had been in the habit of coming to our class with her mother when very young. She afterwards gave her heart to God and joined the Church. The subject of holiness had been pressed upon our attention some time before, and now she had claimed the blessing, and though in very feeble health, came up on purpose to tell me the blessed news. I was house-cleaning, but gladly left it to listen to and rejoice with her. I then asked her to pray with me, well knowing that this blessing is like a fire that only needs vent. It enlarges the heart and fills the tongue. She made no objection, though I'm not aware that she had ever led in prayer before; but oh, the spirit of that prayer and its divine influence rested

on me for days after, and the memory of that visit is still precious. I shall meet her in glory. Her health declined rapidly. I heard she was worse and went to see her. It was Saturday evening, a beautiful star-light night. As I walked I looked up to the sky, and a voice, seemingly from among the stars, said to my heart, in the language of one of our hymns:

“ With songs let us follow her flight.”

This was to me an intimation that she was going home; that we were not to mourn, but rejoice and send up our songs after her. I found her lying on the sofa. She did not say much, neither could I. There was a sacred solemnity in the place, but a verse came to me which I could not help repeating; it seemed for her:

“ Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,—
Father, thy mercy never dies.”

This was the last time I saw her alive. The next evening (Sabbath), while on my way to prayer-meeting, suddenly there fell a great joy upon me. It did not rise out of my heart from any cause, but felt as if shed down upon me and made me want to sing aloud. I looked around to see if there was anyone on the road, so that I might give vent to my joy. Seeing no one, I began to sing words that I had never heard

before, and they fitted themselves to a tune. I was then told that I must sing that while on our knees at the prayer-meeting (we were in the habit of singing kneeling). I said, "I can't do that; I shall not remember the words;" and was answered, "Yes, you will," and I did, and obeyed. The words were:

"O Jesus, my Saviour, Who came from above,
And left us on record rich tokens of love;
O wash me and cleanse me in Thine own precious blood,
And bear me safe home to the bosom of God.

"Come, all ye poor outcasts; ye wanderers, come,
For you there's provided a kingdom and crown,
For you He is waiting; oh, won't you believe?
Come now at His call, a free pardon receive."

The first verse was for myself; the second was for the people. While singing on the road I looked up and saw—though whether with the natural eye or spiritual vision, or both, I cannot tell—as if a portion of the sky were let down like a platform, the edge of which was quite near me, almost over my head. It was covered with people seemingly in joyous commotion, some coming to the edge and looking towards the home of J. W., then turning suddenly back among the throng apparently in great glee, just as we would, if we were looking out for some loved one and saw them coming, hasten to tell the others. At the side of the platform next me there were two persons larger than the rest, with flowing robes, which I knew to be angels. The wind seemed to blow their garments aside and disclose their beauti-

ful white feet, like waxwork. The one next me appeared to be clothed in azure blue studded with gold; and I still believe my natural ear caught the sound of their garments or their wings. It was like the rustle of silk. At the farther edge, away in the distance, I noticed one in particular; it was evidently a female. The black glossy hair, done up in a plain ball at the back of the head, made a beautiful contrast to the lovely white cheek and neck, and had a strong resemblance to Jane herself. Might it not be some of her relatives? This one seemed most joyful.

Early on Monday morning, before daylight, on awakening, these words were spoken to me: "Get up and share the last struggle with her" (that is, with Jane). It was still dark and the house cold, and I did not rise promptly, my mind running over the strange things happening. This I have greatly regretted; doubtless I missed a great privilege.

In a few minutes it was said again, "Rise, or they will be here for you before you are dressed." I rose at once then, and before I was dressed a messenger came to tell me Jane was gone, and that I was wanted.

But this heavenly manifestation did not end here. On the evening before the funeral, I went to the house with some friends, intending to stay but a short time, as I was feeling very poorly, but struggled hard to hold out, as it was the last act of respect I could show her.

When the coffin was brought, several were called to put her into it. I was among them. I shrink from telling it, for to some it may appear impious, but to

me it shows that the very dust of His loved ones is precious in His sight. Just as we were passing into the room, for an instant, and only for an instant, my eyes were opened, and the Saviour was revealed among the group, not with any glory to dazzle or affright, but simply as the Son of Man, as when He walked our earth.

I afterwards learned that this dear girl was in the habit of going to her father's room after he had retired for the night, and, after seeing to his comfort, would then sit down and read the Scriptures to him. Was she not a dutiful daughter ?

Mrs. P. Palmer was a person for whom I felt a strong attachment, though I never saw her but once. It was the spirit of her writings that drew me to her, and I found on reading her book on "Faith and its Effects" that our consecration had been made nearly in the same words, and our experience in many points was very much alike. She has always seemed to me like a kindred spirit, and I have thought that I was permitted at that great jubilee to get a glimpse of the home-coming of these two dear friends.

Being in the store of Mr. W. one day, Miss E. W. leaned over the counter and said, "Janie died twelve years ago to-day." This gave rise to the following verses :

TWELVE YEARS AGO.

Twelve years ago to-day our sister passed away
 To a mansion in her Father's house on high,
 To join in that blest song sung by the blood-washed throng,
 Where friends and kindred meet no more to die.

Twelve years ago to-day the empty casket lay,
 Robbed of that precious gem that in it dwelt ;
 Ah ! then how deep the grief, even tears were no relief,
 So sore the burden of the woe ye felt.

Twelve years ! How short it seems, and yet how much it
 means

Of glory and of blessing to our friend ;
 And yet, ere twelve months more, we too may reach the shore
 Where toil and pain, and grief are at an end.

O may we be so blest as soon to reach our rest,
 And see our dear Redeemer face to face,
 Begin that endless life, so free from earthly strife ;
 Then let us patient run the appointed race.

ACROSTIC TO MISS ELIZABETH WALLACE.

Elizabeth, weep not in sadness and sorrow,
 Look up to the home of your lov'd ones above ;
 In glory they're waiting the gladsome to-morrow,
 Zephyrs wafting their wishes to those that they love.
 And while you are weeping because you are lonely,
 By millions surrounded they warble His praise ;
 Ere long you shall go to the land of the holy,
 To join in the song which the glorified raise.
 How soon will the conflicts of earth all be ended,
 Which caused us such sorrow and raised in us fears,
 And soon with the lov'd ones our spirits be blended.
 Look up, then, dear sister, and dry up your tears ;
 List, for the jubilee songsters are coming,
 And the next time they come it may be for thee.
 Cease weeping and join in the glad hallelujah,
 Each day brings us nearer, our loved ones to see.

And should you get home before me, dear sister,
 Will you carry my love to the friends that are there,
 And tell them I'm walking the way which the Master
 Marked out for his children to follow while here ?

THE INVISIBLE.

It will surely be seen by what is already written that there is "real" (not imaginary) communication between this and the spirit world. I came lately upon an article in the *Christian Guardian* by John McLean, of Port Arthur, on the "Invisible," which agrees so much with my own experience that I wrote an extract from it. He says, "Blessed is the lot of a few of God's seers who can gaze into the spiritual world. Unseen powers seem to touch the souls of some men, or to come so near to them that they can almost hear the rustle of their garments as they pass by." (This I believe I heard myself before the death of Jane Wallace.) "Blessed is the experience of those who can realize the power of the invisible. Has there never seemed to your spiritual vision the presence of an unseen power when the vacant chair has remained unoccupied in your home? . . ."

"This intense realization of the invisible was the experience of the Princess Alice, who seemed to feel her father's presence always by her side helping her towards a noble life. When her little two year old 'Frittie' fell out of the window and was killed, she mourned for him as lost, but above her grief there came to her spirit this power of the invisible. In her walks with her son Ernie they talked to each other about 'Frittie,' who seemed to be near them." Again, "Attended by angelic messengers amongst whom are numbered some of those you love. . . ." Thus far J. McLean.

The mention of the Princess Alice brought to mind some of my own experiences on that line. For some time before she died the Queen had been very much in my thoughts and I frequently made her the subject of earnest prayer. One morning while pursuing my household duties such a wave of sadness and a feeling of sympathy passed over me that I stood still and enquired of the Lord what it meant. The answer was, "The Queen is in great trouble." We afterwards found that was the very day on which the Princess Alice died.

At another time while at prayer I saw in vision the distant hills sway to and fro, and it was conveyed to my mind that an important event was at hand that would affect the nations. This was speedily followed by the death of Prince Leopold.

Still later, while conducting family worship, I was unusually drawn out in prayer for the Queen, and with many tears besought the Lord to comfort and sustain her in her declining years amid her numerous cares and burdens. On rising from prayer I began to consider the peculiar influence that had so touched me, and remembering that twice before I had been notified concerning the affairs of the Queen, I resolved to note the date. On the third day after this news reached Toronto of the death of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, who was said to be the Queen's favorite grandson.

MY QUEEN.

In heaven thou'lt meet with other kings and queens
Who wore no coronet while here on earth,

But in the palace of the King of kings
 Their robes and crowns proclaim their royal birth.

And tho' unworthy, I will dare to hope
 For that which is denied me here below,
 That when to that bright realm we're lifted up,
 We'll meet each other and each other know.

With respect to my own personal experience, I am sure that my own two dear children whom the Lord gathered home in early childhood, visited me.

HOW TO SECURE RIGHT IMPRESSIONS.

For some time I had been the subject of such deep spiritual exercises, both by visions, dreams, an inward Voice and mental impressions (all of which were fully verified) that, although I felt the Lord very near and enjoyed a degree of happiness impossible to put into words, I became alarmed as to where these things would lead me, and greatly feared becoming a fanatic.

With this thought uppermost, I knelt and enquired what I was to do about it, and prayed to be saved from fanaticism, and received for answer: "If the Lord leads you out you need not be afraid of falling—He will hold you up." And I saw a road before me in which I was to walk, and work in which I was to engage, differing in some respects from the ordinary Christian usefulness, yet nevertheless of God, and corresponding to the early days of Christianity. I was shown that, while the Church and the world were laboring to advance and progress, in some things we needed to progress backwards, that is, begin at

the beginning—get the spirit that moved the early Christians.

But I wished further to know how to deal with impressions, and was answered, "Keep your heart tender," and at the same moment there appeared to my (spiritual) vision a lump of wax as large as a loaf of bread. This was set down beside me where I was kneeling. This was to show me my heart or conscience must be soft or tender like wax to receive impressions.

But I said, "Lord, if my heart is soft may I not as easily receive impressions from the Evil One?" Instantly these words were spoken with power to my heart, "Keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth Him not." And I was instructed that if I would live near to God and walk close to Him, I would be so surrounded by a hallowed atmosphere that Satan could not approach near enough to produce wrong impressions. Oh, how I wish I had always remembered this gracious lesson; how many fears it would have allayed, how much questioning it would have silenced, how much sorrow prevented.

There is a difference between temptations and impressions, or suggestions. The tempter came to Christ and made suggestions, but there is no evidence that he made wrong impressions.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHEER HIM.

I HAD ever entertained the highest respect for the ministers of Christ, and believing the words of Jesus, "He that receiveth you receiveth Me," had come to look upon His ambassadors as next to himself. If they preached with power, I rejoiced; if they were more feeble, I sympathized the more, and worked the harder to help them.

When the Rev. — came to our circuit, another person had been appointed by Conference, but our young minister one night dreamed that that person would not come, but another, and told us the name of that other. I think he said he saw it written in his dream. And so it turned out. The appointment was changed, and a person of the name he mentioned came instead.

On the first Sabbath that he preached at our church I was sitting in my place reading in my hymn book. As I read there came a voice to my heart as of some one looking over my shoulder and said: "That will be your experience with respect to the minister now coming," alluding to the words of the hymn I was reading (409). And when he came in, as he passed my seat I felt he was worshipping in the spirit, and I worshipped too and felt the unity. This was not of myself, for I had never seen him before nor heard of

him, except that he had been well liked on his former circuit. Some time after he had been stationed here I dreamed of being at the parsonage; the house was all in disorder, and I saw his wife come into the room, she looked like a shadow or as if made of gauze (she was in very poor health). I saw the preacher lose his temper and get all out of sorts himself.

This in my dream distressed me very much, not only on account of the sin, but because I thought, "Now Satan has gained a victory and unfitted him for God's work." The next moment (for we flit about so in dreams) I found myself in my own house and the minister was standing in the doorway. I felt so concerned about him that I went up to him and laid my hand on his arm and said to him, "We should always call upon God for help."

Then again, I found myself at the parsonage and heard him upstairs bewailing himself in deep distress and confessing his sin and imploring help. This changed my sorrow into triumphant joy, well knowing he had gone to the right place for help, and that his sin would be forgiven and he would now be able to continue his work.

A few days after this, while I was making breakfast ready, one of my little boys was reading aloud in a Sunday-school paper a story of a brave fireman who was trying to rescue a child from a burning building. He had mounted a ladder to reach the window where the child appeared in the upper story, but the flames almost made him recoil—he staggered in his efforts. Some one in the crowd below cried out, "Cheer him,

cheer him," and then a simultaneous cheer from the multitude went up which so inspired him that he accomplished his task and the child was saved.

As the boy finished reading the Spirit said to me, "Cheer him," referring to the minister and showing me that he was like the fireman, contending with difficulties and needed encouragement. I was much surprised at such a message, for I don't know that I had then spoken to him or even shaken hands with him, for although I revered the ministers very much, I was in no hurry to intrude myself upon them. So I said, "How can I cheer him?" The answer came, "By writing to him."

This seemed terrible. That such a one as I should undertake to write to the minister was out of all course. I could not think of such a thing; but the hand of the Lord was upon me, and became heavier and heavier every day while I resisted and reasoned as to the absurdity and presumption of such a thing. Thus I continued for some time, for and against, feeling the Lord required me to do this, and nature shrinking till I was sore distressed. At last one day a gentle Voice, as of some one near, said to me, "Now if you don't do this, won't you be repeating one of those acts of disobedience which have so often brought darkness and sorrow upon you?" I felt the force of this and said, "But what can I write that would encourage him?" The answer was, "Write

" ' In Jesus who believe
And feel His sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God.' "

I knelt before God and passed through a great struggle, and at last said, "By God's help I will." The moment I made that resolve, I received a blow on the side of the head as from some one behind me, and my spirit heard a voice say, "Do it then." I knew it was my enemy, who has always labored to hinder me by working on my fears. I can't tell how or what part of my being felt the blow; it did not seem to be my body, and yet for days after there was a feeling of numbness in that side of my head. I believe Satan would destroy us body and soul if he could.

I had been greatly burdened for the souls of the people among whom we lived, both in and out of the Church, and expressed a hope to the pastor that he would soon give us special services. He replied, "If the people are not ready for it, or if it is not the Lord's time, it would be better not to commence than risk a defeat." This was about Christmas. I replied, "Well, you are the minister, and ought to know best." Immediately the Voice said, "You should not have said that; you should have urged him." During the whole of that winter the burden increased; day and night prayers and sighs were going up to God, and my pillow was wet with tears. There was also continually before my spiritual vision a number of shallow, open graves, not more than a foot deep, on the different farms around, and at the same time these words were being continually repeated to my mind: "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the ground." It was also conveyed to my mind that the open graves

so near the surface indicated that the dead state of the Church was open and evident to all, and the scattered bones, divisions, and quarrels, confirmed it. But when after a time the special services began, the graves gradually disappeared one by one as the people turned to God, except one that remained on the farm of D. D., who was at one time a lively young Christian. This person cooled off and remained in that state for many years, though repeated revivals took place in the neighborhood, both in the Primitive and Wesleyan churches.

But a time did come when during special services the spirit of God wrought mightily upon him, convincing him that it was "now or never." He did return to the Shepherd and Bishop of his soul, but only lived about two years longer, and mourned that he had lost so much precious time.

Our minister's wife afterwards told me that when they sought counsel in prayer as to where they should begin protracted services, all my trouble and grief was set before them, and they decided to come to our appointment first.

At one of the meetings the power of God and anxiety for souls weighed upon me so that I could not help sighing and groaning aloud, and could not cease, even when the meeting was over, but it increased as I walked homeward. One of my children was with me and asked me if I were sick.

As I walked along, I saw what I don't know how to describe other than a vision. It was a great number of white threads—there might be hundreds.

One end of these reached up into the skies, the other ends were all brought together and tied in a knot near the earth, and within my reach. I was shown these were the prayers of God's people; they had reached His throne and had taken hold of the powers of heaven. The knot was UNITED PRAYER. And now it was our part to take hold and pull with all our might—this was "persevering faith and prayer." Then the blessing would come down in heavenly showers.

A little farther on another view presented itself. Away down to the left, as it were, in the bowels of the earth, I saw his Satanic majesty on his throne with several of his courtiers about him. He looked anxious and troubled, and was in the act of rising up in alarm.

When I told Mrs. M., she said, "Praise the Lord; if Satan is becoming alarmed it is a good sign."

At another meeting, while leading in prayer, I was vehemently drawn out so that I did not seem to be in the body, but as if I were walking down one aisle, led by a tall majestic person, who stopped occasionally at one and another of the pews, while I prayed for a minute as he prompted. Then passing up the other side of the church, we stood together. While in prayer I repeated these lines at a seat where was a certain individual:

"Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long, rebellious years,"

with other portions. This person was a professing Christian who had gone far astray, but instead of acknowledging it kept up the outward profession and was privately persecuting and distressing a child of God. This, I believe, was the Lord dictating the prayer, and going with it himself to press it home.

THE WRECK.

During the progress of these meetings I had a peculiar experience, which I can never think of without regret. One day while pursuing my usual custom of reading the Scriptures kneeling, the power of God came upon me, and a trembling sensation went all over me as I read the passage, Ezekiel xi. 13, "And it came to pass, when I prophesied, that Pelatiah the son of Benaiah died," and I was given to understand that I would have to speak in the meeting, though what I should have to say was not yet told me; but whatever it was, it referred to the person before mentioned, where the Spirit of the Lord stood with me in the aisle and I repeated the verse.

I felt there were some tremendous issues at stake that night, and when the minister opened the meeting I found that he had the same impression, though he knew nothing of my exercises, for he said something to this effect, that he felt the powers of darkness were in battle array, and that we were going to have a hard fight. I felt he was right, and was somewhat intimidated.

When the time came that I was leading in prayer

the Lord said to me, "Stop praying and get up and deliver my message." At the same moment I saw (by spiritual vision) the enemy standing between me and the altar brandishing a weapon and threatening me. At one moment I felt like rising, and then a great fear would come over me. This was repeated several times, and I also distinctly felt two hands as of some one behind me passed under my arms to help me to my feet. It was not upon my body the hands were placed, but on my being in a way that I cannot explain; but I am as certain of it as that I have any being. Oh, how shall I tell it, that after all this wonderful teaching I should at last be so foolish as to say, "No, Lord; I cannot do it." How wonderful that all this could go on while I was praying, and without confusing my thoughts. It seems as if the human mind and the natural voice could be at work while God is talking to us on another subject, and both understandingly. The moment I came to this conclusion the enemy must have got a stroke at me, and I had to stop praying, for the power of speech failed me. My tongue and my limbs seemed half paralyzed, and continued so all the next day. I had to keep very quiet. My family thought I was sick, but I could tell no one about it.

Now, though the Lord had not told me what I should say, I know he was going to give me a message, and that while I was telling it the person before referred to would be smitten of God in his own home, and die; and the people, seeing the judgment of the Lord in fulfilling the message, would be convinced

that the God of the Bible was still in our midst. Had I risen to my feet He would have given me words. The grief and sense of loss this disobedience brought me can never be described; there is no language adequate, while at the same time the sentence was pronounced against me, "Because thou hast let go out of thine hand a man whom I appointed to destruction, therefore thy life shall go for his life." Of this I shall speak hereafter. But the Lord is very merciful. This was my first conscious conflict with the spiritual powers of darkness in the open field of public work (though I had had many private conflicts of my own), and He had compassion on me, and doubtless my Advocate above prayed for me as He did for Peter, that my faith might not fail; and the next day, while in great sorrow kneeling at His feet, He said to my soul distinctly, "Thou art all fair, My love," thus sealing my pardon. But as God dealt with His people of old, though my sin was forgiven, its punishment and consequences were not altogether removed. More anon.

Two days after this, at the evening meeting, I stood up and acknowledged my folly. I know it was in a very feeble manner, for I had not the strength of God with me as if I had been obedient, and a kind Christian friend remarked to me that I did not speak as usual. How could I? I was shorn of my strength.

Nevertheless the merciful, pitiful Lord, just as I finished speaking laid His hand upon my shoulder and said to my heart, "That's right; you have tried to

obey me." (This was in the spirit, and referred to my speaking at His bidding, even when it might seem out of place.) At the same time when I stood up to speak I saw (with spiritual vision) a flower spring up in the aisle. It was a morning glory. It opened and spread till it reached the top of the pews and touched them on each side of the aisle and stood there full blown while I continued speaking; but as I drew to the close of my remarks the flower gradually curled up its edges, and just when I finished it collapsed and vanished. I wondered, but did not understand; perhaps it meant the opening or blossoming of my work.

THE RESCUE.

After this I went on as usual, happy in God's love and service, though I knew I had suffered some great loss that I could neither understand nor describe. I told my sorrow in the class-meeting, and went purposely to another meeting one Sabbath where was a minister who spoke more on the subject of holiness than others, thinking he would understand me, yet he did not, and the answer he made me was, "Well, sister, we can't help you." No, how could he help me? How could he understand my soul's conflicts? It was God who had smitten, and He alone could heal.

I have often wondered how it was that I could feel at one and the same time so secure in the pardoning love of my heavenly Father and yet mourn so deeply over some indescribable loss. I thought it was the blessing of holiness I had lost; and doubtless it was, for holiness and disobedience cannot dwell in the same

heart, but this was restored the day after when the Spirit said, "Thou art, all fair, My love." I now believe it was the loss of position and a sphere of work. The opportunity lost was gone forever, and like Esau's blessing, could not be recovered, though I sought it carefully with tears.

Oh, how I longed to get back to the meeting the next night in hope that I might yet have a chance to redress the evil; and though my limbs would scarcely carry me, or my tongue articulate, yet I engaged in prayer, and while doing so my bodily power returned. By some means, however, I was rather late that night and could not get the seat I usually occupied in the side pew, but had to take a seat in the centre of the front pew directly in front of the preacher. I felt as if I had been purposely set there so that God might speak directly to me by him, and while he was speaking the power of the Lord almost drew me down off the seat, and I could with difficulty keep from prostrating myself on the ground.

In the course of his talk he described a shipwreck, and the people had to jump into the water as the wave went towards the shore. One gentleman was trying to persuade his wife to leap at the right moment, but she hesitated, then jumped, a little too late, and, as a consequence, the wave was receding and brought her back and dashed her against the side of the ship, a wreck.

This was a true picture of my case (though neither the minister nor any one else knew anything about my trouble till the next night), for I had hesitated

and failed to launch out on the wave of opportunity at the right moment, and it was gone forever and my work was wrecked. But it did not end here. About two months after, being all alone one day, I was giving vent to my feelings in songs of praise, and had come upon an old Sunday-school hymn book in which the words occurred :

“O Jesus, my Master, command to beat faster
These weary life pulses that bring me to Thee.”

The words were new to me and just expressed my feelings, for my soul was so filled with God that it seemed ready to burst its barriers and fly away. After singing these lines repeatedly, I went up-stairs for my usual season of worship, and while thus engaged suddenly a great fever came upon me, and I felt myself becoming quite ill, and was now reminded of the sentence pronounced against me: “Because thou hast let go out of thine hand a man whom I appointed to destruction, therefore thy life shall go for his life.” I acknowledged the justice of the sentence and could say nothing against it. Suddenly it seemed as if a voice said to me, “Did not the Lord pronounce sentence against Hezekiah, telling him to set his house in order, that he should die and not live, and then sent the messenger back to tell him He would add fifteen years to his life? Perhaps the Lord would do so for you if you ask Him.” By this time I was pacing the room in that restless, tremulous state that comes with high fever, not at all unhappy or fearful, but felt a great solemnity as if in the

presence of high, spiritual powers, and said within myself, "Yes, the Lord can do this if He wills," but I did not feel any disposition to ask Him.

Presently my eye fell upon a small Bible lying on a table. I was not accustomed to use this book, the print was so fine, but took it up mechanically and it opened exactly at the place where the above mentioned passage occurs, which is 2 Kings xx., first six verses. I accepted the token and presented my petition. On this same table a newspaper had been spread under the toilet cover, but the room not being in use, the cover had been removed. While standing by the table I happened to look down at the paper and read a short paragraph, just two or three lines, about a Mrs. Van Ben S. who was being very useful in the work of soul-saving, and the Voice said to me, "The Lord would have made you as useful as that person, but now you may take a bit of work wherever you can get it." I never heard any more about her, except once, when I read another short notice telling of her great usefulness. The Lord was sore displeased with me and Satan triumphed. My illness increased and continued about three days, during which time the fever rose to such a height that I frequently said, "Am I going to be burnt up alive?" My linen and the bed-clothes seemed to scorch me. My head was dizzy and my mind on the point of wandering but it did not. I was kept perfectly calm and collected, but had to keep my bed most of the time. I did think of sending for some neighbor, but of the two nearest, one was just recovering from illness,

and the other so buried in work, it being harvest time, that it seemed useless, and withal I disliked very much to trouble my neighbors, so I asked the Lord what I should do to help myself; then it was that I heard in my heart these words, "Send for castor oil and take it." Now this to me is the most disagreeable of all medicines, and I delayed sending. In a short time the order was repeated in a commanding tone, with the word "immediately" added. "Send for castor oil *immediately*, and take it." I then sent my little child to the store for some and took a dose, and think it was not more than five minutes before I got relief, though it did not operate. There was also connected with all this two peculiar incidents. One happened in daytime. It was not a dream, though I was in bed, but it was in the spirit. I was taken by my shoulder by a person whom I knew was the Lord Jesus, and led to the edge of a precipice or chasm, very deep, and told to look in there. I saw nothing but grey, dismal solitude, and the Lord said, "That is what you deserve, but I have died for you." The lesson conveyed to my mind was this, that it does not need fire and brimstone or devils to make a hell, but simply to be banished from the presence of God will be hell enough for any immortal soul. Yet all the time I felt so safe with the strong hand of my Saviour holding me that I was not afraid, but adored His goodness and mercy in saving me from the destruction my disobedience deserved.

While those few days of illness lasted I heard my

husband one morning conducting family worship, and when he got through reading the Scriptures and began prayer I felt an irresistible desire to go and kneel among them, so slipping out of bed, dizzy and weak, I knelt down just inside the doorway, and while there had a strange sight. There appeared a little way before me a green curtain covering a doorway, and the breeze was gently swaying it, and lifting one corner so that I could see a little way within I beheld what seemed to me the land

“ Where everlasting spring abides
And never withering flowers,”

for I saw an abundance of most beautiful flowers. At the same moment a passage in Solomon's Songs was spoken to my heart, second chapter, 11th and 12th verses: “ For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land,” and I received the sweet assurance again that my error was forgiven, and that if I had been taken I would have passed beyond the veil that so thinly separates us from the spirit world into the land of endless delight. This whole transaction seems to me the most serious in my life, and I have refrained from writing it till nearly the last, because I shrink from touching upon it. Nevertheless it is among “ the things I have passed through,” and that is what I was told to write, as they were not given me for myself alone but for others also.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VISION OF B.

I HAVE never been able to say exactly where I was or what I was doing when this vision was given, and can only say this much, that I was in my own home, and it was not a dream. I was taken in the spirit to the village of B., the headquarters of our circuit, and the place where our minister resides. I found myself on the corner of the main street. There was a thick black mist hanging over the village; it came down to the ankles of the people, only their feet were out of it, but they seemed quite unconscious of this, and were hurrying to and fro in great numbers and in great haste, full of business. While I stood looking on, a Voice of some invisible person said to me, twice over, "This is the death lethargy; this is the death lethargy." I knew it was spiritual death that was meant, and thought within myself, So many churches in so small a place, and yet the people in a lethargy that will end in death eternal if they are not awakened. I was greatly burdened for them in my spirit.

Presently I found myself standing outside of the Wesleyan Methodist parsonage door, and could see into the house just as if there were no door there, and saw the black mist creeping under the door as we see

the frosty air in winter creep under the door, and heard the Voice say, "They must get up and go to work, or they will be overtaken with it themselves." That meant the minister and his wife.

A few days after this I had business in B., and called at the parsonage. I found the minister's wife greatly exercised about the spiritual state of the people, so burdened that she said she felt as if she would die if the work of God did not revive. So we see the Spirit was operating upon them at the same time. She also had had a very remarkable dream of a great commotion among the stars of heaven over the village.

They had commenced meetings a day or two before I called, and when they had been going on about three weeks a friend, a class-mate, proposed my husband and I should go and help them, and offered to call and drive us down. It was a very snowy night, and when he came my husband declined going. I went, and at the close of the meeting, after all were gone out except the minister, two of the brethren, the friend with whom I came, and myself, we were standing around the stove, talking, when the Voice said to me "He (the preacher) is going to have a severe trial of, patience and perseverance, but .

"When his all of strength shall fail,
He shall with the God man prevail."

He had indeed a severe trial of patience and perseverance, for though they labored hard the work did not progress.

Other helpers came whose teachings were unscriptural, and caused much trouble to preacher and people. The meetings continued for three months. The Lord showed me many things concerning His work about this time. Some of these lessons I will relate.

The Lord had said to me, "I will have my Word honored," and it was shown me how ministers—not ours, but in general—were making sermons, and people, after listening to them, coming away well pleased, calling them good and grand, though there was very little said about Jesus or His salvation, and more seldom still about holiness, although the Scriptures expressly declare, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Moreover, it was upon the sermon the people hung, whereas the reading of the Word and expounding it should have more place.

Some ministers may glory in how much they can bring out of a few words. We cannot exhaust the Scriptures; but why should we spin out a few words to a long, fine thread, when there is such an abundance in the Bible? Why not cut off good thick slices of the bread of life and scatter it broadcast to hungry souls?

I felt the need of this very much myself, and when one minister came (Rev. B. S.) who used to talk a little on the reading lesson instead of going over it in a business-like manner and slapping the Bible shut, then going rapidly through the giving out of the hymns, I found it a great relief, and waited eagerly to be fed from the Word.

The Lord had also said, "I will provoke you to jealousy by a people that are not a people; and by a foolish nation I will anger you."

The first part, "I will have my Word honored," came to pass when the aforesaid helpers came and began their work. They went, Bible in hand, and had chapter and verse for all they advanced, while our people in many cases were so little acquainted with their Bibles they could not answer them a word: consequently they were greatly confused and many were led away.

Up to the time of their coming, people did not turn out well to the meetings, but afterwards the people came for miles around, and the church was crowded. They were not slow to see their advantage, and began to say hard things of ministers, and mock the Methodists, and make light of the class-meeting. After a while they swept all before them, and took the reins in their own hands.

Their errors in doctrine now became manifest, and our minister became fully aroused, but it was too late. Their teaching had taken hold of the minds of the people, and they found many adherents. It was only by the mercy of God that I escaped—by listening to the voice of the Spirit. When I heard of their earnestness and diligence, and their manner of pressing home *some* Bible truths, I said, "O Lord, are not these the people?" but was answered, "Were they not in *earnest* who would compass sea and land to make one proselyte?" Thus was I shown that earnestness was not always a proof of being right. Up to

this time I did not know their errors in doctrine, but they seemed to be honoring the Word.

The first of these teachers was a person whom I had known many years before in Quebec, and had met in class with her, and was much attached to her, believing her to be an humble, earnest Christian. No wonder, then, I rejoiced to meet her again, and engaged in the work of the Lord, not knowing at that time the change in her views. When Mr. M., another person of the same way of thinking, came, she called on me and brought him with her. As they entered the door I bade them welcome as children of God, and was ready to hear what they had to say, for as yet, in my simplicity, I had not conceived of any one seeking the welfare of souls who was not a child of God, or thoroughly right with God. But the inward Voice said, "Don't be so ready to call everyone the child of God who claims to be such." Here again I was checked and guided, and I soon found the need of this guidance, for Mr. M. quickly went to work to prove his peculiar doctrine, and, as an illustration, said, "You are married to your husband and can never be unmarried, no matter how often you may fall out and quarrel," meaning to show by this that a person once converted could never fall from God. I had not been used to this kind of reasoning, and, like others, could not at the moment find words to express my thoughts, but the Lord answered for me by whispering in my heart by His Spirit through His Word:

"But ye have not so learned Christ"; and again,

"As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in Him." Thus was I reminded this was not the way I had learned the things of the kingdom, being admonished to hold fast what I had received and walk by the same rule, and could not receive their teaching. After they had gone, while pondering over what they had said, this was presented to my mind: Yes, there is a cause for which a man may put away his wife and thus become, as it were, unmarried—"adultery." And what is departing from the living God and turning back to the world but spiritual adultery?

I heard them myself say that David was as much a child of God when committing abominations as ever he was at any time, and that a person who had once believed, even if he fell away and died drunk, was still in a saved state.

Now, it was explained to me how the Lord meant to provoke us to jealousy by a people who were not a people, and by a foolish nation to anger us. They were the rod of God to stir us up, to put us to shame for our carelessness and neglect of His Word; but when I told some of our people what the Lord had said concerning them they were much displeased, and said I belonged to them.

One person in particular who had been my friend for many years, was very positive in this matter, and yet this same person when she got time to see for herself and investigate, said to me when conversing on the subject, "Aren't they provoking?"

"Well," I said, "you have just admitted yourself

that you were very much annoyed at me for saying, 'The Lord had sent them to *provoke* us.'

It was explained to me thus: They were a people as far as teaching salvation by faith, but they were not a people in separating faith and works, which the Scriptures expressly unite, and in this they were foolish, and it was very provoking to hear them say in our own church that Wesley's hymns were not fit to be used, and to hear them sing, "Doing is a deadly thing." Of course it is if we depend on our doing to atone for sin, but the Scriptures put great stress on *doing the Will of God*.

Repentance was also trampled under foot, and the word "hope" was not allowed. They mocked at "perfect love," and derided the word "feeling"—as if we could have peace, love and joy without feeling! One of them, Mr. S., became quite insulting in his manners.

Just before the trouble broke out I received a powerful impression of coming trouble in the church in B. It came to me while reading the Word kneeling, and, as my custom was, asking the Lord for a portion. I opened at Revelation, chapter xii., and was given to understand that a great spiritual conflict was at hand, and that Satan stood ready to devour any that might attempt to escape into the kingdom as soon as they were born; and what more likely than to tell them that no matter how they might fall into sin they were still safe forever.

What a license to the sinful nature! God is the God of holiness and His people must be a holy people,

and Methodists will be no exception. Wesley knew his work was to spread Scriptural holiness through the land, and he kept to his work; but for a time his followers had been growing slack on that point. When our name was changed and we were no longer called "Wesleyan Methodists," perhaps it was not without reason, for had Wesley himself been here, many that were called by that name would not have been owned by him as Christians; but, thank God, the subject of holiness is being revived, and our cruel foe is at work, too, sowing discord and causing division on the subject, till I almost feel sick at heart to read it, and say, "Where will it end? When will they cease to rend the body of Christ?"

The aforesaid teachers had a peculiar way of putting things. They taught that repentance was not needed—nothing but faith; and the faith they taught was simply to believe that Jesus was the Son of God. A favorite expression was, "A dead man can't repent," yet they expected a dead man to *believe*. And the Lord commissioned His disciples to say "Repent"; but we know repentance does not lie in the amount of emotion or tears we shed, but in turning from sin, and also that even devils believe that Jesus is the Son of God.

Moreover, they taught that "we need not expect to be saved from sin"; yet this is the very essence of the Gospel. But how few of the great bulk of professing Christians believe this. Some even get angry when such a thing is mentioned, and some who are sincere toward God are afraid to accept this, their

blood-bought privilege, though longing to serve God aright in the beauty of holiness.

The battle was hot, and Mr. and Mrs. — came to take me to the meetings and stay a few days, and, lest I should not be able to go for want of having bread baked, brought some with them (for we all have to do our own bread-baking in the country). This set me at liberty, and I went. I soon found there was a division, for when, as my custom was, I started one of our revival songs while on our knees, none joined in it; there was a dead silence.

I had been there a few days when my daughter came out from the city and was going out home. I then thought I must go with her. It was not often we saw her, and the home would not be comfortable if I was not there.

While I meditated these things, a voice in my heart said, "You had better ask the Lord about that." But I thought the thing looked so reasonable that I did not need to ask, so decided for myself and went home; and again, when on the way home, the Voice said, "He that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me," and indeed I felt myself utterly unworthy of a place in the vineyard. Had I stayed two days longer, circumstances transpired which would have brought out some Scripture which the Spirit had been burning into my mind. It was in James ii. 17-26, but especially, "But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead? Was not Abraham . . . justified by works? . . . Seest thou how faith wrought, . . . and

by works was faith made perfect? Likewise also was not Rahab the harlot justified by works . . . ?" The Lord might have used these words to help His people, who were scattered like sheep. I hold myself responsible for some of the trouble that came, because I did not stand at the post the Lord had given me instead of considering my family—they could have done without me a little longer. Many have had to leave all for the work of God. My family sometimes thought I went too much to meetings; but I knew the Lord had called me to that kind of work. This incident will explain a remarkable dream I had about this time. I dreamed that the main street of the village was thronged from side to side with horses and chariots, all driving furiously in rampant confusion, but all going one way. I also was seated in one, but going in the opposite direction, and though so crowded and wedged on every side by the other vehicles, my chariot cut its way through without injury or jostling. I wondered very much in my dream at this, because I knew nothing about driving or the management of horses; but just when I got through the crowd I turned to one side, and awoke. The dream was explained to me thus: The Lord had enabled me to steer clear of the errors of these teachers who were making such a stir, but just when I might have helped the cause I had turned aside and gone home.

After a time a message was sent to our appointment, to know if we wished their help. I hadn't heard of it myself, but on the Saturday evening

before the question was put to the members at the class-meeting, I had been reading Second Kings xix. 32-34: "He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there. . . . By the way that he came, . . . shall he return. . . . For I will defend this city, to save it." I felt that this was the word of the Lord, and when on the Sabbath the question was asked, ~~I knew~~ that the Lord had already decided the matter. I held ~~my~~ peace and let the Lord work. One of the members then said it would be best not to have them, as the Primitive Methodists were holding meetings in their church (in our neighborhood); so they never came but one Sabbath previously.

It might be as much as sixteen years after this, and when I had come to reside in the city, I read a notice in a newspaper that a person (I think the name was mentioned) was going to speak on a subject in which I was much interested. It turned out to be one of those teachers, though I did not recognize him for some time. He spoke of the safety of the children of Israel while under the blood-stained lintel and door-post. After a time, as was their custom, he began throwing side-cuts at other denominations, and presently said, "There's no such thing in the Bible as religious experience." My heart gave a tremendous leap; I felt as if it nearly turned over. I was so shocked that I involuntarily exclaimed, "God save us!" The preacher looked straight at me, and said, "No, you cannot find it between the lids of the Bible; it is the language of hell" (or coined in hell; I'm not

sure which—I think the latter). I replied, “You have been speaking about being under the Blood. I have lived under the Blood for nearly fifty years and have a ‘religious experience’; and if those exact words are not there, yet the Bible is full of religious experience.” He said more to the same purpose; but not wishing to disturb the meeting too much, I held my peace and stayed the meeting out.

Lately, the female teacher referred to, hearing where I lived, called on me, bringing a friend with her. At once she began to strongly urge me, Bible in hand, to come out and be separate and not touch the unclean thing. I told her I had done that, that I had separated from the world and did not touch any unclean thing; but I found she meant the Methodist Church. I said the Lord had converted me there and given me work in that Church. But she said, “No, the Lord couldn’t do that; you must come out.” I said, “I will, just as soon as the Lord will show me He wants me out.” But she proceeded to show by the Scriptures that I must come out from among them. Then I said, “Where shall I go? Shall I leave my brethren and sisters that I know love God, and go wandering about like a lost sheep; or if I go to your mission, can you assure me that there are no black sheep there?” I then told her I had heard a person of her persuasion say that one who had once believed in Christ but fell away and died drunk, must needs be saved, because the Scripture says, “Whosoever believeth in Him . . . hath everlasting life.” (But John also says, “If we say that we have fellowship with Him,

and walk in darkness [sin], we lie, and do not the truth. . . . If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And James says, "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. . . . Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.") She asked me who said that. Laying my hand upon her knee as she sat opposite me, I replied, "You did, Mrs. —." "Oh," she exclaimed, putting her hands to her face, "Did you hear me say that?" "Yes, I did," said I. Her companion now spoke, and said she wouldn't say that now.

Perhaps not. I had heard through a friend of hers that she had changed her views in some respects. However, we had our talk without getting angry or excited, and when leaving the last thing she said was, "Don't come out! don't come out! Now don't; stay where you are!" I assured her I was quite ready, and would come out directly the Lord said so, or if I found a better way; but I have failed to find any other Church whose ordinances are so helpful to spiritual growth, though there is plenty of room for improvement, especially on the line of entertainments.

Now, I believe Mrs. — is quite honest and sincere, and is doing a good work on a certain line among the poor and their children, and am glad for her; but she has got prejudiced against the Church where once she was a humble and devoted Christian. They have got the notion that because we are called Methodists that we meet in the name of Wesley, not

in the name of Jēsus ! What nonsense ! Is there any name so dear or so highly extolled among Methodists as the name of Jesus, though there may be black sheep in the fold ? In the little church of twelve there was a Judas, a Peter, and two ambitious for the highest seats.

In the year 1840, in the ancient city of Quebec, I was converted and brought into the family of God. The Lord in His good providence placed me in the bosom of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. She put her arms around me. From her breast I was nourished with the sincere milk of the Word, and grew thereby ; from her lips I learned the songs of Zion, which were then an inspiration, but many of them have since become a blessed reality. When I first learned to sing :

“ Father, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true ;
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew,”

Oh, what an uplifting there was in the words. And then again :

“ Father of me and all mankind,
And all the host above ;
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.”

And as my soul advanced in the heavenly way, and the time for glorious warfare came, there came too the inspiring words :

“ All things are possible to God,
 All things are possible to man ;
 To me, when I am all renewed ;
 When I in Christ am formed again,
 And witness from all sin set free,
 All things are possible to me.”

And—

“ I have a shield shall quell their rage,
 And drive the alien armies back.”

Yes, truly I was “ borne upon her sides, and dandled upon her knees, and was satisfied from the breasts of her consolations ” (Isa. lxvi. 11, 12). These two were her Bible doctrines and her sacred songs. She told me of the Father’s love, of the Elder Brother that was fairer than the sons of men, and of the Spirit of Love, who was to be my teacher and guide. I believed in the Father’s love; I saw the beauty of the Son, and said: “ Thy favor is better than life, Thy love is sweeter than wine. Thou art the fairest among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely; whith have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee.”

And I proved in a wonderful manner the guidance and comfort of the Divine Spirit, who talked with me as distinctly “ As friend holds fellowship with friend.” And have I not the same right to believe what God says to me as Abraham had, and indeed would I not be guilty if I disbelieved?

Then when I aspired to walk the highway of holiness, how those hymns seconded the sacred Word and kept up a continual concert in my soul; there was something for every state:

“ He wills that I should holy be.”

“ Jesus, Thou art my King !
To me Thy succor bring.

“ Triumph and reign in me,
And spread Thy victory.”

“ That I Thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind Thy truth may see.”

And such like. O what a blessing that the heavenly husbandman planted me in such rich soil and in such a genial clime ! And shall I forsake my Mother because some of her children are naughty, as I myself have been ? Nay, rather let me stay among her household and rejoice that I have such a privilege. If there is danger, let me stand in the gap ; if there is work, let me put my hand to the plough or pen ; if there is joy, let me share it and give glory to God.

PRESENTIMENT FULFILLED.

I had called at the parsonage, had some conversation with the minister's wife, and prayer, as we always had when we met ; had said good-bye and got outside of the door. I gave a sigh of relief, for I felt as if I had escaped some impending trouble. I had been reading that morning of the prophet who, contrary to the word of the Lord, turned back at the request of another prophet, and so came to grief. I had often been guided through the affairs of the day by the morning lesson, and might have saved myself if I had been watchful.

Mrs. — followed me to the door, still talking, and

presently said, "Come back a little, I want to ask you something." She asked me several questions, which I begged her not to press, as I did not wish to talk about it.

But she urged me very much, and repeatedly said, "*From you, I will not take it amiss, from you.*" At last I gave her the desired information, and left. Next morning these words were spoken to my heart, "It is good for a man to hope and patiently wait for the salvation of God." It was strongly impressed on me that there was trouble ahead, but the good Lord was graciously preparing me beforehand. The enemy was indeed coming as a flood; but the Spirit of the Lord was lifting up a standard against him. After a while the words came with increasing force, and a great wave of sorrow seemed to roll over me. I had become accustomed to note what was spoken to me in this way. The same words came again, "It is good," etc., and the wave of sorrow with it so strong as almost to throw me off my feet. I was making my bed at the time, and caught hold of the bedpost to steady myself, and said, "O Lord, what is it?" I was answered, "Mrs. — has told her husband what you said, and now they are both incensed against you." She had *taken it amiss, after all*; but it was the work of the enemy, and a very severe blow to me, for we had pledged ourselves, all three, to pray and work unitedly for the work of God on the circuit, and no doubt the adversary knows something of the power of united prayer, and sought to break the bond. It was revealed to me thus: I was taken in the spirit to

the house of these friends, and saw a fire burning in the centre of the room, where we three—that is, the minister, his wife, and myself—along with another person, had knelt one Saturday evening in united prayer, without once rising from our knees, from about ten till one o'clock in the morning, and never noticed the flight of time. I saw the enemy come carrying a red-hot ball, like a cannon-ball, lift it high in the air, and dash it violently into the fire burning on the floor, which had the effect of scattering it in all directions. That is just what he delights in, destroying the works of God and scattering His people. Oh, we have a cruel foe.

It had been agreed that they should come to tea at our house on the following Monday, that being our missionary meeting night, but they went elsewhere. While I was busy preparing for my expected visitors, the Voice said to me, "You need not toil and hurry yourself, for they will not come." And so it turned out. How the good Lord will spare even our bodies if we are attentive to His voice.

Like a bird that has broken the snare, and is fled,
So the word we have spoken can ne'er be unsaid.

The Rev. Mr. L., I think, was delegate. During the meeting, while our minister was speaking, I saw (with my spiritual vision) a group of dark figures like naked Indians, with clubs in their hands and wicked determination in their looks, walk up the aisle on the opposite side from where I sat. As they came near the altar one of them, apparently a youth

about seventeen or eighteen, singled out from the others, leaped up in the air and turned a somersault over the head of the minister, and lay there on his back kicking up his heels in great glee. It was evident their intention was to injure the preacher. All the time he was speaking I felt a sense of suffocation; I was half stifled. But when Mr. L. was speaking all was quiet and the air clear, and I could breathe quite freely. As soon as he ceased and our minister spoke again, the stifling sensation was repeated. Though it is many years since this happened, the thought only lately dawned upon me, Could it be that the apparently young spirit who exulted so over him was the one cast out when the minister was converted? as I heard him say he was about seventeen then.

The Scripture says: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he wandereth about in dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he taketh seven other spirits, more wicked than himself," etc. I did not count, but think there were about that number in the group,—but God saved His servant. I believe their aim was to disturb his mind through troubling his wife, so as to unfit him for his work. There are wonderful machinations carried on behind the scenes, which we little think of; and who is able to deliver us but the Lord Almighty?

CHAPTER XV.

A PROMISE FULFILLED.

WHEN the Rev. B. S. was stationed on our circuit, I profited greatly by his ministry; this, I believe, was through his teaching and pressing home the doctrine of holiness. I used to call his sermons "the bread of life," and wish I had them in letters of gold, that I might never lose them.

At this time the clear witness of a clean heart was restored to me. I had suffered some spiritual loss (I now believe the loss was the want of kindred spirits on this line), though always thirsting and never satisfied without this blessing and the witness of it. I felt so disgusted with myself, and so desired to be filled with holiness, that my soul concentrated all its energies in this prayer, "Lord, establish me in thy love, and never suffer me to decline or lose ground again."

One night, during protracted services, while walking up the aisle of the church, the power and love of God were shed upon me, and these words were spoken with heavenly sweetness to my soul :

"My heart shall be His constant home,
I hear His spirit cry."

I knew it was an answer to my prayer. Thus far the Lord has made it good, and has not suffered me to

decline from His ways nor let the fire go out of my heart; on the slightest tendency to stand still He alarms me. I see nothing so much to be dreaded as getting sleepy on the road. The Lord does better to us than all we can ask or think; but the enemy does not slacken his efforts, neither must we. If we live in the Spirit we shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh. From that time I heard the voice of the Spirit more distinctly, and discerned the guiding hand more clearly. My thought was that holiness consisted in deliverance from pride, anger, covetousness, the spirit of the world, and such like, and so it does. I found also that it required obedience to the Voice, and it took me a long time to be convinced that the Lord meant me to be guided at all times by that means, but I came to find that for me at least it was His appointed way. I was a very dull scholar, but the Lord had patience with me.

“I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.”

At the closing meeting, the minister gave the converts this advice, namely: “If they had only time to read one verse, to take the Bible and go on their knees before God and ask for light upon it.” I thought if this is good for young converts, it will be good for me. I had frequently done so, and found great blessing from it, but now it became my daily practice, and with very little intermission has continued ever since, now about twenty years.

At this time the intercourse between God and my

soul was so free and clear that I could ask what I would with the simplicity of a child, and found that I had my request. Seeing this, I asked the Lord if He would cause me to open on such passages as He saw fit, through which to convey His messages to me, as He well knew how arduous my duties were, and how little time I had at my own disposal. And I knew He could choose my lesson better for me than if I read at random, and it was done unto me according to my faith. Sometimes I would open several times at the same place, and when I enquired the cause of that, I was told it was because I had not got all the meaning out of the passage the Lord meant to convey. This led me to consider more deeply what I read.

I now opened repeatedly at this Scripture, "I also tell thee I will build thee an house." For some time I did not take these words to myself, but the Lord so convinced me they were for me that I accepted them and believed they would be fulfilled, and told our pastor's wife that the Lord was going to build me a house. She said, "What kind of a house?" I told her that I did not know, but it was a provision.

We had been living nearly ten years in the house we then occupied, but certain circumstances were making it very unpleasant about this time. I thought I would make a request to the landlord, but the Voice said, "No, it will only make matters worse; take it to the Lord." I did so, and on the next Sabbath Mr. D., our assistant class-leader, as his custom was, read a portion of Scripture in which occurred these words, "Because he hath set his love upon Me,

therefore will I deliver him." As he read, those words were applied with power to my heart; they came as a direct message from the Lord in answer to the prayer I had been told to lay before Him. Very soon after this a person called and told me of a house I could have if I wished, but I said we had no wish to move as we were near the church, school and store, and under moderate rent, whereas the house mentioned was much superior, with larger garden and orchard, and would likely be much higher rent, so the matter rested. We did not even entertain a thought of it. We soon got another message, and still another, from the owner, Mrs. W., saying she would rather we had it than anyone else. It now began to dawn upon me that perhaps this was the way the Lord was going to deliver me, but I was unwilling to move into more comfortable quarters lest I should become less diligent in attending the means of grace, as it was farther off. But the matter was so pressed upon me that, after much prayer and asking three different tokens of the Lord (all of which were given) if it were His will we should go there, we accepted the offer and moved just six weeks after the promise of deliverance was given. We rented this place for two years and a half and only paid \$6.00 per year more than for the other, and Mrs. W. was kind enough to tell me if we could not pay the rent we should not be put to trouble; but bless the Lord we had always been enabled to do that through all our difficulties; we never got behind with our rent.

This new home was very pleasantly situated, and

everything about it was comfortable and convenient, and often while walking about the premises and remarking how the owners had arranged things for their comfort, expecting to spend the evening of life in it, the thought would come, "Can this be the house the Lord said He would build for me?" but I would invariably answer myself, "No, this cannot be it, for Mrs. W. and her daughter must both die before it can be sold, according to Mr. W.'s will." Now the daughter, Mrs. M., was a fine, robust woman, I should think about forty. It came to pass, that an aunt of hers while visiting at her house died very suddenly and Mrs. M., I was told, in washing something belonging to her, ran a pin into her hand. Erysipelas in her arm followed and she died in about ten days, and some time before her aged mother, who was suffering from cancer. However, after Mrs. W.'s death the place had to be sold, and, by a remarkable chain of providences, it was bought for us by two of our sons. Thus the good Lord fulfilled His own counsel and what He did He did well, for if I had had my choice there is not another place I have ever seen that is half so desirable as this to me. It is beautiful for situation, and has the most cheerful prospect I have ever seen in that part or elsewhere. The view on every side is pleasant even in winter, and is unobstructed for quite a long distance.

THE GUIDING HAND.

I will now give a few chapters on that line, though some of the incidents occurred a long time apart and

at different places, and are not written in the order in which they happened, but classed under one head.

One Saturday I felt strongly impressed to go to B. village for the Sabbath services. Having been acquainted with our minister's sister-in-law many years before, and having been class-mates in Quebec, an intimacy had sprung up between us and they always welcomed me. Saturday was not a convenient time to go, but I prayed God that if it were of Him that He would open the way, so I hastened my work and waited for guidance.

I felt that I was to send to Mrs. R. and ask if she would let her little boy drive me down in the evening, committing the matter to the Lord, for if it were not of Him I did not want to go. The boy came with the cutter and I went, intending to return on Monday morning. But in the meantime there came a very heavy fall of snow which made it impossible for me to walk home, at least three miles and a half.

On Monday morning before breakfast, Mr. M. (the minister) went out on some business; when he came in he told us that Mrs. B. had been taken ill in the night and was thought to be dying. I had seen this person only once before, but I felt I was to go and see her. I was anxious to get home, but said nothing about going to see Mrs. B. Mr. M. said I must not think of walking—he would drive me home. But I heard the Voice inwardly say, "No, he must not drive you home. Go and see Mrs. B. and I will provide you a ride home."

Mr. M. and his wife persisted in saying that he

would drive me home. At last I told them what the Lord had said. They were accustomed to hear me say such things and so they reluctantly consented, but both followed me to the gate, saying, "Now, if you don't get a ride be sure to come back and Mr. M. will take you home." I thanked them and said, "I shall not need to come back, I shall get a ride home."

Mrs. B. was not a member of our church, but I called and asked to see her; they showed me to her room and left us alone. She had revived a little. I talked and prayed as the Spirit helped me. After a while I heard the whisper within, "Now it's time to go." I rose and left, and just as I stepped out of the door one of my neighbors was passing with his sleigh and I was taken almost to my own door. Had I stayed longer or left sooner, I would have missed him. Mrs. B. recovered a little, but just a month after was taken ill and died suddenly. Surely the hand of the Lord was in this. I believe He sent her the message of salvation.

DOETH GOD TAKE CARE FOR OXEN? -

I had encumbered myself in various ways in trying to help the family, but my labors were blighted, and only resulted in leaving me more broken down. And it was well, for if I had been prospered I should have plunging deeper in. Now that I had a cow, I was naturally trying to raise the calves. This led me to undertake work to buy hay for them, but after toiling a whole winter for this purpose, two of them died in the spring.

My time and labor being thus wasted, I concluded to give that up. Accordingly the next calf that came I asked a neighbor if she would buy it; she said perhaps she would. As soon as she was gone the Voice said, "You should not take upon yourself to dispose of things in that manner; you should have asked the Lord." I asked the Lord to forgive me if I had done wrong, and also if it were not according to His will that He would prevent Mrs. R. from buying it. I did not mention it to her again, but of her own accord she told me she had decided not to buy it. Some time after this the calf fell sick; it was in a pasture field some distance from the house, and I carried it milk twice a day. One Saturday morning it would not drink, but lay curled up, its nose cold, its eyes dull. I went six times to the field that day and tried to make it drink, but in vain. This with my Saturday's work quite exhausted me. Still I felt sorry to lose it after caring for it for three months. I knelt down and told the Lord my trouble, and put Him in remembrance that I had not wished to keep any more calves, and that I had reason to believe this time it had been according to His will; but if it was His will now to take it, I asked Him to give me willingness to part with it. I then went to bed, leaving the matter with Him.

Very early on Sabbath morning, at the first glimmer of light, just as I woke I found myself repeating these words as if they had been spoken within me: "O thou that bringest me back from the gates of death," and at the same moment with my spiritual

vision I saw the calf (lying just where it lay all day Saturday) turn its head and look at me, and this was distinctly said to me, "Get up, the crisis is past, it will drink now."

I was very weary with the labor of the previous day and began to reason thus: I have done all I can for it, and if the Lord chooses to take it it will have to go. But I was answered, "If the Lord condescends to care for your temporal affairs, you should be willing to endure some hardship in obeying Him." I then said, "But what shall I do?" Answer, "Take the smallest tin mug, warm some milk in it over the lamp and take it to it: it will drink now."

I rose reluctantly—being so tired—and did as I had been bidden: and just when I came in sight of it, while still lying in the same spot, it turned its head and looked at me as I had seen it as I lay in my bed. It drank the little drop of milk I had taken it. I then went home and to bed again till six o'clock, when I rose and warmed about a pint of milk which it drank, and rapidly recovered.

For several days after this singular occurrence these words were constantly pressed upon my attention, till I was compelled to consider them: "Doth God take care for oxen, or saith He it altogether for our sakes; for our sakes, doubtless."

Thus I was given to understand that all this had not been done to save the life of a calf, but to teach me how minutely the Lord is watching over all things, temporal as well as spiritual. And this is quite Scriptural. Did He not superintend the in-

crease of Jacob's cattle, and is He not the God of the Bible still; is not the gold and the silver His and the cattle upon a thousand hills?

Who shall not fear and reverence Thee, O King of kings and Lord of hosts! Yet we put God so far away from us in our imaginations, as if we would push Him to one side out of His own world, and away from the creatures which His hands have made; but Jesus tells us that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without our heavenly Father, and though five of them are sold for two farthings, not one of them is forgotten before God.

THE MESSAGE TO MRS. B.

Yesterday, May 12th, the remains of Mrs. B., senior, were laid away, which brings to mind a circumstance in which my last chapter and this one are connected. Mr. B., a well-to-do young farmer, was wasting his life and means by drink; to the grief of his mother and wife and the injury of his family.

The Lord told me to go and tell those two women to "set their affection on things above" and not look for comfort here, for they would not get it in Mr. B. They lived about three miles distant from me, and it would take me most of a day to go and come, so it was delayed. God took a child out of the family, and then when friends were going to the funeral I might have got a ride. I did not feel well and allowed that opportunity to pass; but the Lord moves in a mysterious way to bring His purposes about.

By this time the calf of which I have just been

writing was a heifer over two years old, and, as is common in the country parts, was accustomed to graze on the road in summer-time.

I had not seen her for two weeks, and became anxious about her and set out to look after her. Having some idea where she was accustomed to go, I took that direction, but did not see her. I asked the Lord to direct me. Then I was reminded of the message to Mrs. B., and told to go about that and look for my heifer at the same time. I meant to do so, but a little farther on there were some persons at work in a field on the opposite side of the road. I stepped across and enquired if they had seen her. "Well, there had been some strange cattle in their yard just before they came out," so I went in that direction, thinking she might be with them. They were gone, but I met a man who said there were two farther up the road. I followed on, but mine was not among them. I had now got so far out of the way I thought it best to go a little farther and make sure she was not on that road. Besides this, I needed to rest awhile, so called at the house of an acquaintance—for the people are all acquaintances in the country for miles around; and there was scarcely a house for two miles around where I had not been, more or less, talking, praying or reading with the inmates—often welcome, sometimes receiving the cold shoulder.

But what of that? "The servant is not above his Lord." When I told R. my business she said she had seen an animal answering that description opposite

her gate about a quarter of an hour before, and as I knew I had not passed her on the road I thought she must have gone farther up, but when coming out of R.'s gate I received this instruction, "It is the devil that is trailing you about, in this manner. You should have obeyed what you were told in the morning and not have enquired of those men after enquiring of the Lord. R. saw no such beast; she only told you so to get rid of you lest you should stop for dinner."

I will say a few words about this person as told me by a relative of hers. It seems she had cheated a young friend of her lover by defaming him to her that she might get him for herself. If this were true, she paid the price; her sin found her out. They were not long married before she was compelled to return home because of his drinking habits and abusive conduct, and they are still separated. Her disappointed friend soon married another after a brief acquaintance, and he was shortly claimed by another woman with some children as her husband, so these two women are living solitary, each with a child dependant on her. Would not the true fear of God, which teaches us to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with Him, save us from many of the ills that come upon us in this life? To make sure there were no cattle farther up I went on. It was now near noon. Weak and tired, I was glad to rest and take dinner at the next friend's house. This was a person who had received some spiritual benefit in a revival service some time before and joined the Church, but had lately taken offence because the minister did not show his father, who was

ill, as much attention as he thought he should, causing him to leave the church in his own neighborhood and go to another farther off; but his visits were few. He was a strong young man and had a wife and some little children. Shortly after this he had been working out in a shower, and on coming in did not change his clothes; took cold, and in two weeks was laid away forever.

On the day of the funeral, while standing beside the coffin looking at him through the glass lid, I said in my heart, "O Lord, where is he now?" for I had not seen him for some time nor heard how he ended. Then I heard these words, "And bring no fruit to perfection." I hope he is saved, for he would surely know the way to Jesus, having once been there, but his work was not perfected as it would have been if he had been steadily growing from the first.

After dinner, going out to pursue my search, I met S. W., a person we were well acquainted with, coming along in his buggy. He said there were no cattle on the road farther up, so I accepted a ride and went home with him, as it would take me a good way back on the road I had come. The day had been very hot, so I stayed with Mrs. W. till about four o'clock, then started for home. As I came near the place where I had first turned aside out of the way in the morning, the cloud and gloom that had been over me all day suddenly dispersed and I became so happy that I said to myself, I must have got into the right way now I feel so happy. It seemed as if heavenly spirits were

hovering around me, and these words were infused into my heart :

“ Come, and by Thy love’s revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.”

About five minutes more of a walk brought me to the turn leading to Mrs. B.’s house, when what should I see but my heifer coming along among some other cattle. So if I had obeyed I would have been spared all that toil and trouble. As it was, the good providence of God had not forsaken me as I deserved, for He is very pitiful and of tender mercy, and my stay at Mrs. W.’s brought me just in time to meet her at the place that proved the correctness of the Lord’s dealings, and, as it were, put her right in my way so as to take her home with me, which I did, and made haste the next day to go on my errand to Mrs. B.’s. Yet there came a time when this man Mr. B. seemed to reform for a little while and I rejoiced in hope for him, but alas ! it was transitory.

DISOBEDIENCE PUNISHED.

Some years after, when this same heifer became a cow, she still kept up her wandering habits and caused me many long walks. She had now gone about three miles from home, and as we expected her to calve in a few days I did not like her to be much out of sight. I called in at Mrs. S.’s to rest, and enquire if she had seen my cow. They knew her, and said she had passed that way. While I was resting one of her sons kindly went and brought her

up. It was Friday evening. Mrs. S. invited me strongly to stay all night, but I was so anxious to get the cow home and be ready for my Saturday's work that I refused, though she pressed me repeatedly. An impression came to me that the Lord had something for me to do there, though very reluctantly I thought if she asked me again I would stay. She did ask me again, but in such a feeble way (I suppose on account of my previous refusals) that I now thought she scarcely meant it, and refused again. All the way home I felt condemned, and saw that there were several things that might be left alone for that Saturday without discommoding anyone, as most of the family were from home.

The following Tuesday I had gone to see an infirm old neighbor. We had talked and prayed together, when presently I heard the inward intimation that "it was time to go. My cow needed attending to," for she was shut in. I soon left; but she had calved in my absence, and things had gone wrong with her. She was sick all that summer, had no calf the next year, gave very little butter, and that poor white soft stuff, for which we had to churn generally four hours—and sometimes we get no butter at all.

I was often quite discouraged, and prayed about it, but got no answer or relief. A friend once asked me if I believed in an "evil eye." Of course I did not believe in it; but after nearly two years of this troublesome kind of work, it was suddenly set before me how I had rebelled against conviction in not staying at Mrs. S.'s to attend to the Lord's work (for I

afterwards learned that she had a son at home that night who was just going out to his first circuit as a Methodist preacher—I believe the next day—and I had learned, however unlikely, that the Lord often sent messages by my mouth or blessing in prayer).

I now understood how the Lord would have had me stay for mutual prayer and encouragement, and I was admonished to confess my error and seek forgiveness, and also the removal of this trial which was brought on by my disobedience.

All this was suddenly conveyed to my mind while standing in the yard, where I had gone to milk my cow, and without moving from the place I accepted the lesson, saw my error, confessed my sin, asked forgiveness, and felt that I could ask now for the removal of the trial with faith. From that time, without any cause that I could see in outward matters, the butter came easily, plentifully, and was of excellent quality.

The lesson was twofold: first, that I must be at the Lord's disposal—it was for this that He had called me—and leave my affairs to His management when He called me in another direction; secondly, that I had been kept under the rod till I should learn what an evil thing it was not to submit to Divine guidance, and that it is needful we should come to a knowledge of our errors, and confess and repent of of them before the rod can be removed. "Blessed is the man whom Thou chasteneth and teachest him out of Thy law."

There are several other instances where the Lord

has directed me how to act concerning my cattle. Sometimes I was foolish enough to choose what seemed to my judgment best, but found it for the worse. When I trusted my Guide it was well, all things came out right.

THE LORD'S ALMONER.

Before the union of the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist Churches, and while the Rev. Thomas Guttrey was stationed in Toronto, I spent two weeks in the city, and went once with a friend to hear him. As we were passing from the church to the basement for the prayer-meeting, my friend said with a tone that had a meaning in it, "No women pray here, except Mrs. Guttrey, sometimes." Doubtless she meant to warn me, as that was my peculiar work in our own church in the country. Perhaps she thought I might not be polished enough for city people. However, in the meeting I was not moved to pray, but to sing (which was much harder work to me):

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

Now, I always had the idea that any poor worm might approach the Lord in prayer, but singing seemed to require some talent, and I shrank much more from attempting it.

But the words kept returning again and again with great force; and several times when the words came something like a beautiful white cloud (this was not to my natural, but spiritual, vision) about

the size of a dinner-plate flew up against my breast, bringing with it such an inspiration that I could scarcely refrain from breaking out, but was held back by my own miserable timidity and the words of my friend: "No women pray here." This heavenly inspiration was repeated several times, and if I had accepted it and used it, as I have often done since, I know the Lord would have helped me. But as I was too foolish and slow of heart to believe, I saw the beautiful white cloud, which doubtless was the Holy Spirit, float away towards where Mr. Guttrey was, and he immediately struck up:

"There is life for a look at the crucified One."

I had never heard the words before, but I carried them home in my heart, and often sang them in our own meetings afterwards. I also perceived as the meeting proceeded that neither my friend nor myself needed to have feared to take part, for I could tell by their utterances that many of them were from the humbler walks of life and young in the vineyard of the Lord. But the Lord was preparing a great blessing for them. Shortly after my return home I heard there was a great revival among them, and the Lord showed me how I had missed my way, and missed a great blessing myself, by refusing to be His "almoner," by bearing His messages that contain blessings to others.

Let Christians beware how they refuse to work together with God, and thus quench the motions of the Spirit and grieve Him. Oh, it makes me sad to

think how often I have done this very foolish and wicked thing. Surely we may say:

“And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.”

And surely if His love and mercy were not inexhaustible, I would long since have been turned out of the vineyard; but again and again He has forgiven my foolishness and renewed the oft-repeated promise, “I will put My words in thy mouth, and I will not take My words out of thy mouth,” and so I find it still, thanks be to God. I have often thought within myself, If God's mercy and patience holds out to me, none need despair.

THE LOST VOICE RESTORED.

I have learned that it is not always the appointed leader of the class-meeting that is the leading spirit of it. This I proved when Mrs. G. left for other parts. She had been very helpful to me, and chiefly by the snatches of song she so often struck up, just suitable to my state and case. Doubtless this was by the good Spirit's guidance.

Soon after she left the Lord called me to take up this work; but I started in dismay, for though I had been over thirty years in the Church, and was very much given to singing, I had never presumed to start a tune or sing alone in meeting. I thought any poor worm might lead in prayer, as then we were talking to God, who spurns none who are sincere. But to lead in song required some talent,

and I knew I had no such strength of voice as she had, so did not obey. The Lord marked my disobedience by depriving me of the power to sing. I could not raise a single note either at home or in meeting. This was quite a trial to me, as I had found great delight in venting my soul in the language of Zion's songs. This continued so long that I began to fear I should never sing again, and said within myself, What a terrible thing it would be even in heaven if, when all the rest were singing, I should have to sit silent. I became alarmed, and sought the Lord about it. Soon after this I was invited to attend a meeting at Shiloh, and during the after-meeting the Voice said, "Sing such a verse with such a chorus." Now, this chorus was something I had never sung, and had only lately heard, even since my voice had failed; but it had been running through my mind, and I had been singing it mentally, as music will sometimes remain floating through the mind. The chorus was:

"The cleansing fount I see, I see,
I plunge, and O it cleanseth me."

But I said, "Oh, I can't sing now at all." The answer came, "Try, the Lord may give you back your voice." So through the hope of getting back my voice and the fear of further disobeying, I made the attempt, and lo! I could sing as well as ever. From that time, though I cannot say I never failed when prompted by the Spirit, I came to use this means of pouring out my soul, especially in prayer-meetings, chiefly while kneeling. Singing thus I

seemed most in my element, and in that posture found more strength of voice, perhaps because the head and shoulders were more thrown back. This exercise became to me one of the easiest and sweetest ways of throwing out the Gospel net. I felt as if my soul went out in the song and laid hold of others, and this continued till about three years since, which would be in 1892, at which time my voice and strength gave out, except occasionally when powerfully blessed—then I can sing.

The Lord has frequently, as it were, burned a song into my mind and heart, and then sent me very distinctly to sing it to some certain person. This was the case when I first came upon the hymn "Jesus is Mine," beginning with the words :

" Fade, fade, each earthly joy : Jesus is mine !
Break ev'ry tender tie ; Jesus is mine !"

Especially—

" Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away ! Jesus is mine !"

And again—

" All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void :
Jesus has satisfied ; Jesus is mine !"

This hymn I sang over and over again to my own heart's content ; it was the language of my soul. When I had feasted well on it and got it fixed in my mind, then the Lord said, "Go, sing that to Mrs. S." Now, this was a young woman of whom I knew

nothing at that time, and had but a slight acquaintance with her mother, Mrs. J. R., but I afterward learned she was separated from her husband and had come home to live with her parents, or rather to die with them, for though by the color in her cheeks and the brightness of her eyes she looked the picture of health, she was dying of decline (perhaps of a broken heart). Did not the Lord send the right kind of message for one in such circumstances; were not earthly joys fading and tender ties breaking; had not their day been brief? What was there left of all she had tried but a dismal void? But Jesus was offering himself to her as a satisfying portion, glory to God! I did not see her often, but I know I carried the Lord's message of love. Our class-leader visited her often, and we believe she escaped safe to land. Where shall we begin to praise Thee, O Lord, Most High? Thy loving-kindness reaches to the ends of the earth!

CHAPTER XVI.

"TURN IN THERE."

WHEN we removed to the house indicated by the Lord, I had no idea that it was going to interfere with my attendance at our own Wesleyan church, and was very much surprised when on my way to meeting one Sabbath, as I came opposite the Primitive Methodist church, to hear the Voice say, "Turn in there; turn in there." Now, it had always been my aim never to be absent from my post if I could possibly be there; so, putting away the thought, was proceeding on my way. But again the words were repeated, "Turn in there." I reasoned that that would never do, for although I had no sectarian prejudice and gladly availed myself of every opportunity to meet with the Primitive Methodist friends when it did not interfere with our own, it seemed out of all order to absent myself for any other meeting.

The Voice had sunk deep, and caused me to enquire of the Lord and ask a token for guidance. It was that if the Lord wanted me to turn in there to worship, the meeting at our church might not be good to me; but if I were to continue at our own, I might have a good meeting.

I then went on my way. Before reaching the church I became very much exhausted, and when

leaving could not tell anything that had been said. There was no class at all that day; but as I had asked a token and received it, and also heard the Voice, I felt in duty bound to obey. There was a young preacher stationed there at the time, I'm sure a very good man, whose prayers did me much good, but his preaching was not strong enough to suit my case. I believe it was his first circuit; yet I always sympathized with God's "little ones," and rejoiced over every young person who tried to work in the Lord's vineyard. On the next Sabbath, therefore, I turned into the Primitive Methodist chapel, which stood just about half way between the Wesleyan church and our home. The first Sabbath, as I sat there, I said in my heart, "O Lord, is this the pasture I have to feed in?" Then the Voice answered me, "Never mind; I have some young souls here," intimating that the Lord wanted me to be helpful to them. Oh, how my heart bounded with joy to do the Master's will. I don't know how long I continued going without giving in my name, for I had no idea of separating from our own society, and only knew that the Lord had sent me there at that time, and when quarterly tickets were being renewed, said, "I belong to the other church."

After a time I began to reason: If the Lord sent me here, it looks very stupid not to take a ticket and settle down among them; and moreover, they were twining round my heart through caring and praying for them and worshipping together. So at last I took upon myself to ask for a ticket; but I might have

saved myself the trouble, for in a very short time the two societies were joined and all went to the Wesleyan church to worship. Doubtless this was the reason why I was never prompted by the Spirit to take a ticket of membership among them. The Lord foresaw the *union*.

During the time of attending the Primitive Methodist church, it came to my ears that some of our people were not pleased at what doubtless seemed to them a needless breaking away, for I never thought of giving a reason. Meeting my old class-leader one day, I explained to him my reasons, for I was so simple or stupid that until I heard the remarks, it never struck me that it would make any difference to anyone where I went. He was a kind-hearted old man, without prejudice, and answered me, "It does not matter where we worship, if we worship God." I said, "No; I don't believe it does." After we parted, and he had gone on his way, the Voice said very distinctly, "Yes, it does make matter where you worship," and then gave me the following instruction: "If a mother says to her daughter, 'Go, sweep and dust a certain room,' and the daughter goes about some other work, saying to herself, 'Oh, it makes no matter; it's all work for mother,' will the mother feel satisfied when she finds the work undone which she gave her to do?" I saw the point, and that it *did matter* where we work and worship. God is holding the reins in His own hands; it is for us to be docile and tractable, yielding to the slightest motion of the Spirit, answering His purposes.

HOLY INTELLIGENCES.

My health at this time was very poor, chiefly through overwork and improper diet, sitting down to meals in an exhausted state, eating in a hurry and rushing to work immediately. The Lord was teaching me many lessons about this time. How much He can convey to the mind in a few words.

One morning just as I was waking, these two words were spoken to my mind, "Holy intelligences," and then there followed this instruction, "If you expect to spend eternity among angelic beings and the spirits of just men made perfect, how ought you to conduct yourself in all things temporal as well as spiritual; if God has made you a partaker of the Divine nature, should you not exercise a *holy intelligence now* and endeavor to regulate your food and employment with regard to your health, because the body affects the mind?"

I was conscious of the presence of a heavenly messenger, and accepted the lesson. I saw the point, and set about the remedy, but in order to do this had to give up some kinds of food and work as the Lord directed me.

The first was not without a struggle, as my stomach was so disordered that at times I had no appetite or relish, at other times a terrible craving for food. Here I learned to sympathize with the poor inebriate struggling against his appetite. I believe it was the Lord that showed me I must fast. This seemed a most unlikely thing to me. I thought it was more

food I needed to strengthen me, but it was so pressed home that I said, "I must fast if I die in the effort," and was at times so weak that I had to lie down till the meal hour was past; but it was the right remedy, and the heavenly Physician did not let me die. Rest for the body and rest for the stomach was the thing needed, and I have since found when an undue craving for food comes on, that is the time to fast. It is rest that is needed first to tone up the stomach, at least for me.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

I set out one summer day to visit two of my friends, hoping to spend the time profitably. On leaving one house to go to the other, I came to a secluded spot on a pleasant country road, and wishing to have a few moments alone with God, I knelt by the wayside and asked the Lord to bless me and make my next visit useful. To my surprise, I felt no assurance of this, but as if the Lord were silent to me. This soon explained itself and taught me a lesson, for when I reached the house of my friend she was absent, and I did not get in at all. Her husband was there, but I was not much acquainted with him; he did not ask me in. Thus I learned that the Holy Spirit makes no false impressions, and I was suffered to go on to the house that I might prove it for myself and know the reason why the Lord was silent. Times without number since then I have been withheld from undertaking things I intended to do by the same token, and have thus been saved useless labor and waste of

time. This instruction was given me about forty years ago, long before I ever heard of Divine guidance, as now taught. I gathered it from the Word of God, by which the Spirit taught me that He still talks with His children.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

A person who had made his home with us was of such a quarrelsome disposition that the family were made very uncomfortable by him. I bore with it quietly for some time, but it was getting worse every day. I was grieved to see the whole family so punished, and afraid my own patience would not hold out. I went to the Lord and asked Him to be pleased to remove him. I received for an answer, "The rod of the wicked shall not rest on the lot of the righteous, lest the righteous put forth his hand to iniquity." On the second day after this his employment was changed, and he had on that account to change his boarding place. How quickly the Lord comes to the help of those that put their trust in Him; He knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation.

"He sent from above, He took me,
He drew me out of many waters."

THE LOST HAMMER.

A claw-hammer was missing; my husband valued it because it was so useful, and he felt annoyed about it. I had sought it everywhere I could think of, but without success. Seeing that it was causing trouble,

I felt troubled too. When just retiring for the night, I said to myself, "I do wish I could find that hammer." Immediately a voice seemed to say to me, "Would it not be better to ask the Lord about it than to be wishing and worrying?" I said "Yes it surely would; how is it I did not think of it sooner?" Then I just lifted my eyes and heart to the Lord as I stood, and said, "O Lord, I beseech Thee, cause me to find this hammer, for Jesus' sake." Then I went to rest in peace, leaving the matter with Him.

Next morning the weather was intensely hot and I very weak, yet I set about cleaning up the woodshed and summer kitchen—it was a high building. A table stood under one of the beams. The thought struck me, "there will be dust on that beam and the wind will blow it down on the table beneath." It was so high up I had never attempted it before; but now I stood on the table, and reaching up, with a wing in one hand and dust-pan in the other, began to sweep it off, when the first thing I felt (for I could not see, it was so much above me,) was the lost hammer. It had been left there when fixing up the stove pipes in the spring.

THE LOST BOOTS.

At another time a pair of boots were missing. Diligent search was made to no purpose. Their owner had to go to work with his Sunday boots on. In a couple of days he returned and the search was renewed. I too joined in the search, but no boots were to be seen. I saw it was going to make trouble and confusion (it always makes me sorry to see others put about), so I

fled to my old resort and asked the Lord that we might find them. In a few minutes I happened to look up, and saw the boots on top of an old cupboard in the woodshed. Doubtless the man had put them there himself and forgotten them. I said to him, "Now when you are in any trouble or difficulty, pray about it. I prayed about those boots." But he answered me very surly, and said he guessed he knew about praying as well as I did. I said, "Well if you do, still it is good to remind one another and encourage one another to pray." He muttered something about preaching and practising. I did not hear distinctly, but I said, "Well, I am trying to practise what is right, and if in any thing you see me do wrong, if you will tell me I will take it kindly and will not be offended; for I wish to be and do right." But he answered me never a word.

THE LOAD OF HAY.

At a time when fodder was very scarce and I was in great straits about my cow, I had been laying my trouble before the Lord and was looking expectantly to Him. I was standing at the door when a person with a load of hay came driving along. The thought passed through my mind, could it be for me, though I scarcely thought it, and felt rather surprised when an old acquaintance stopped at my door and asked me if I had any need of it, and at the same time handed me a basket of apples. It was Samuel W. Some years after, when fodder was still more scarce

and I had two cows to provide for through the coming winter, I began to think of selling one of them, and had mentioned this to some of the neighbors. Two persons came and made me an offer, but both were so low that I accepted neither. Afterwards I began to reflect, "Now, perhaps I have done wrong; perhaps that was my providence and I have missed it. It may be God sent them." And having suffered already severely through getting out of the order of providence, I became much troubled and fearful that I might not get them through the winter. My anxiety drove me to the stronghold. I asked the Lord to forgive me if I had done wrong, and to undertake for me. While reading the Scriptures I came upon these words, which the Spirit applied so distinctly to my heart that my faith rested in them, "And suffered not their cattle to decrease," *Psa. cvii. 38.* The Lord did not fail me. One of my sons bought a load of hay from his employer and we were able to get some more fodder and both my cows wintered well, and in the spring were in better condition than most of the farmers' cattle in the neighborhood (this was their own testimony), so I had the use of the cow for another summer, and the next fall sold her for more than had been offered for her the year before.

THE LOST PAIL.

It is over forty years ago since I received my first lesson on praying about lost articles, and the Lord had been teaching me many precious truths from His

Word. I had lost a tin pail in a well. It was only a small matter, but of consequence to me, as our means were very limited at that time. My attention was drawn to that Scripture where a man was felling a beam and the axe-head fell into the water and he exclaimed to the prophet, "Alas, master, for it was a borrowed one!" The prophet enquired where it fell, a stick was cast in "and the iron did swim."

I reasoned if the Lord did not think it beneath His dignity to cause a miracle to be wrought in order to relieve that man in his trouble, I might ask Him about my pail. But my faith was tried. I had to wait some time. Still I thought it ought to come, and tried every means, even with grappling irons, as I don't believe in folding our hands and not helping ourselves unless the Lord says, "Stand still and see the salvation of God."

Like the woman we read of to whom our Lord seemed to give no heed for a while, intending to grant her request all the same, I waited and my faith was fed by the Lord that I might learn and never forget the lesson. The well was not on our premises but in a neighbor's yard, and I think it was about two months after my pail was lost in it that other tenants took the house and went to work to clean out the well, and among other things brought up was my pail. It had always been my thought that it must come, but how, was a mystery; yet it did come, and this encouraged me to persevere in this practice of praying for lost articles. I have had numberless answers on this line, praise God.

LOST POCKET WELTS.

I was making a pair of pants for one of my boys and had the parts complete, and was at work on them when I had occasion to go into the kitchen for a few minutes. On coming back one of the pocket welts was missing; after a while the other disappeared. There was no one about but ——. The children were all at work or at school, and it put me to inconvenience, because I did not wish to cut into the remaining piece of goods, as it was in reserve for another purpose.

Knowing something of ——'s propensity for gathering up scraps, I said, "Have you seen them?" but the answer was "No."

Still the thought kept pressing itself upon me that —— was somehow connected with the loss. I kept putting it from me, for I couldn't see what use they could be to anyone, but I could not get rid of it. It followed me for some days. Saturday night came, all were in bed. That night I knelt long, talking over my affairs with the Lord and praying earnestly to be saved from thinking evil of ——, for I thought it was a temptation. What was my surprise when the Voice said, "Go look in ——'s pocket and you will find the pieces." I let that pass and went on with my prayers, and was going to bed when the Voice said, "You have not looked in that pocket."

I said, "No, Lord, I don't like to look into anyone's pocket;" but the answer came, "But the Lord has said it and you must obey."

I then unwillingly brought ——'s garment to the light and, lo, there was not only the pocket welts but another large piece of goods. I was so shocked that a person of mature years and Christian profession—one who had been much longer in church fellowship than myself—should stoop so far to evil, and withal such a sense of the presence of God so near to reveal secrets and bring to light the hidden things of darkness, that I stood trembling from head to foot with the garment in one hand and the pieces in the other. When I came to myself, without considering what I was doing, I thrust the stuff back into the pocket and put away the hateful garment from me, as something spotted by the flesh.

The next day being Sabbath, I did not mention it, but on Monday morning I thought I would give —— another chance to be honest if so inclined, so went and said, "Are you sure you know nothing about those pieces?" The denial came more firmly. Then I said in my heart, "If you are determined to persist in your evil courses, I must leave you in God's hands," and said nothing. Perhaps this was not the best way; exposure might have been better, but I did not think it worth while. I had God on my side and that was enough for me.

THE LOST HANDKERCHIEF.

Again, I once borrowed a pocket handkerchief belonging to ——, and unfortunately left it in the chapel. I made every enquiry but could never learn what had become of it. I felt very bad about it, as

I knew it had been a gift to —. This trouble, like every other, was carried to the Lord. It came to pass one night, as we were sleeping together, — wakened me by rummaging about in the bed, and asked if I had felt a little bundle, saying, "It is my purse wrapped up in my handkerchief, for there was a hole in it."

The Voice said, "Up, take possession; that is the handkerchief you have prayed about." I felt the lump in the bed, pushed it under my side and waited for the day. It was the very one. I took possession, washed it and returned it to its owner. I never knew how — got it, but God delivered it into my hands.

LET OTHERS' WORK ALONE.

While living at Mono Mills our means were very limited, and as my husband was a local preacher the friends kindly arranged that we should not pay quarterage. After we left that place this habit was kept up for several years. I spoke of it more than once to my husband, and expressed a desire that we should give something to God's cause; but he invariably answered, "According to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not." So the matter rested.

Still the thought followed me, if we have but little we ought to give of that little, and that our neglect of the Lord's claims was perhaps one reason why we did not prosper in our temporal matters. Accordingly I set about looking for work myself, and went to a

friend, and induced her to teach me to spin (twenty years ago it was a better business than now). It is now forty years since. When I had earned \$2.50 I made up my mind to give \$1 to the cause, and with the remainder to buy a warm linsey gown for the coming winter, which was much needed. One day my husband required some change and I let him have my earnings. Money spent is hard to gather up again; it came back to me no more, so I wore my thin dress another winter, and the cause went on without my dollar.

After this I began to take in other work, and to give part to the Lord. My work increased beyond my expectation or ability, and soon quite overpowered me, and yet it all seemed needful to make ends meet. I rose early, sat up late; in the longest summer days often rising before the sun that I might get the benefit of the cool, bracing morning air. In winter, when all the family were in bed, I turned out the light, put on a shawl, set my feet to the fire and sat knitting in the dark as long as I could hold up, or as long as there was any heat in the stove, for I did not burn extra fuel or light. Twice I lost myself in my own house from exhaustion, and with difficulty found my way to bed.

It might appear by all this that the love of the world drove me to work in this manner. Not so. I never was more free from the spirit of the world. My only object was to gain an honest living, and as my husband could not do all, I cheerfully and willingly cast in all my energies to help him, and was glad if

thereby he could have more time to pursue his favorite recreation—reading.

This state of things could not last always. I became so run down that I could not do the work brought to me, or attend properly to my own family; yet I was unspeakably happy in God; His love was so shed abroad in my heart that I talked with Him as a man with his friend on all or any subject. But now it had come to this, that I could not stay up more than half an hour at a time, and as I sat thinking over the state of affairs, I said, "Lord, what shall I do now? I am not able to work any more. I can't hold out any longer." Immediately I was in the spirit, and in a low valley, between two high hills, saw two persons walking. One was tall and dignified, the other a small, forlorn-looking creature. The first I knew to be Jesus, the other was unmistakably myself.

The Master bent His head graciously towards the waif at His side, and said: "Let every other person's work alone but your own; attend better to your family, for it is to you they have to look for comfort. Take some time to read and some time to go out among your friends; and when you go, speak for the Lord, and the Lord will provide."

All this was quite distinct, but the next day I began to think people will be bringing me their work as usual, and if I refuse it they will perhaps put a wrong construction on it, and thereby the cause of God be injured; and if I say the Lord has forbidden me, they won't understand me.

I felt I could ask my heavenly Father with the simplicity of a child if He were leading me in this way that He would prevent them bringing me any more work. From that day to this, now over thirty years, no one has ever brought or asked me to do any work, and the Lord has provided.

My family were better cared for. I could not do them justice with my feeble health and attend to others' work, and I have enjoyed the pleasure often longed for, but seldom obtained, that of reading, though I did manage to read the Word of God, with prayer, every day, and the going out among my friends was beneficial to my health, and, I trust, not unprofitable for them.

About this time, employment for some of the younger children, suited to their age, presented itself, and in this way I was relieved, and they were able to help themselves. They have all now reached manhood and womanhood, and kindly minister to my necessities. This also is of the Lord. "O how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee, which Thou hast wrought out for them that put their trust in Thee before the sons of men."

VISIT TO KING CHURCH.

For some time I had felt drawn to visit King church. The people were laid on my heart. I could not go without missing our own Sabbath services, as I made it a point never needlessly to absent myself, but I felt the Lord would make a way when the right time came.

It came when our Quarterly Meeting was at the farthest end of the circuit, too far for me to attend. I thought now was my chance.

On Saturday I laid my plans to get through my work early and go part of the way that evening and stop with a friend, and in the morning go as far as S. W.'s, whose wife had invited me to come sometime, and stay over night. The church was a long way off. I could not have walked direct to it.

The weather was very hot, and I was fagging at my work when I received an impression that S. W. was coming for me. It seemed only a thought, but it came again, with this message, "Make haste with your work, or he will be here before you are through." I was very tired, but had just finished and was dressing myself when he drove up to the door. Supposing he knew of his wife's invitation, I said: "Have you come for me?" He looked a little surprised; the truth was he knew nothing of it, but had come to the neighborhood on business, and had just called in, my husband being an old acquaintance, so I got a ride to his place.

Thus the Lord provided conveyance for me to carry out His own plans. The next day (Sabbath), the word of the Lord in my mouth and heart was "practical godliness." I went to King church with the family, and at the class-meeting that day the same words came to my lips. As I uttered them, I felt in myself just where the Lord sent them; it was no arrangement of mine, for I knew nothing of their spiritual state, only I believe they were Christians. My impression was

that the Lord wanted these children of His to take higher ground.

A good while after, the parties referred to came to our church one Sabbath, and the lady, speaking of her experience, made use of the self-same words, "practical godliness." The seed (the word of the Lord) had taken root and was bringing forth fruit. I have heard of their godly life since.

The meeting being in the afternoon at King church, we spent the forenoon in reading and conversation. While occupied with a book that interested me very much, there came over me such a desire to be alone with God that I might pour out my heart to Him, that I rose and went out to seek some secluded spot, and found it in the farthest corner of the orchard. Here I knelt with my face to the ground, and was drawn out in fervent prayer for our own minister and those assembled at the quarterly meeting.

I was greatly blessed in my own soul, and received a Divine assurance that the Lord was blessing them abundantly, and that I was sharing in it, though many miles apart. Our minister afterwards told me it was so of a truth. They had a most gracious season, and he had great liberty in speaking from Ps. xlv. 10, 11: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him."

CHAPTER XVII.

DIVINE LEADINGS—BROTHER W.

It was Saturday, towards evening. The work was done up, and I sat down to rest, taking up my hymn book and Bible reading. There were two of the hymns of which it was said to my heart, "Those are for the people of M. H. church." Later on, I opened the Bible at Hosea xi., and the Spirit said, "That, too, is for them," but did not give me the slightest hint that it was I that should carry the message.

Having heard that Brother W., a local preacher, was to speak at M. H. the next day, I made up my mind to hear him. (He was well reported of, and considered to be a good man.) This I had settled in my mind; but afterward, on account of there being two services in the church where, by the Lord's direction, I had for some time been worshipping, I gave up the idea of hearing Brother W., as I could not attend all three services. It was a little self-denial, for I wished very much to hear the brother, but chose what seemed the path of duty. One of the two services was the evening prayer-meeting. That was my element, especially as there were few to engage in it.

On Sabbath morning, as soon as I awoke I was convinced that I had to go to M. H., and obeyed.

While waiting for Brother W., the congregation sang several pieces.

Suddenly it was conveyed to my mind that the hymns and chapter were prepared for this occasion. How mercifully the good Lord had led me, step by step. Had I been told in the morning what awaited me, I fear I might have repeated one of my old follies and remained away. As it was, I was face to face with duty, trembling but trusting. I asked how to proceed, and gave myself up to the guiding hand of God.

The church was full; they were singing for the third time. I had received instruction, and just as they finished I rose and asked if the choir would be kind enough to sing such a hymn—one of those that had been pointed out to me at home. I then told them how I had been led, and said if any one would give me a Bible (I had not a Bible small enough to carry to church with print large enough) I would read the chapter that the Lord said was for them, and commented on it as it had been taught me, especially the third and fourth verses: "I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms; but they knew not that I healed them. I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love: and I was to them as they that take off the yoke on their jaws, and I laid meat unto them." The last words especially, "I laid meat unto them," reminding us how the Lord had sent us various kinds of preachers (different men, each with different gifts, but all of God) and tried to do us good, but the enemy had prevailed among us. There were

great commotions in the church. Thus, like a tender father, the Lord led this poor trembling soul to work more openly. The brother we expected did not come. We heard afterwards that he was sick. God moves in a mysterious way to bring about His own purposes.

MAY I NOT HAVE TWO COWS ?

This was a question I asked the Lord when I found that my garden patch produced more roots than was needed for one cow, and hay and straw could then be obtained cheaper than in after years. The answer came most distinctly, "Yes, but not this year." That settled the matter for the time being; but I believe the adversary still tries to push us into things from which God would withhold us for our own good, and so to entangle us in worldly care.

After a time the thought kept pressing itself: "If I may have two cows, why not this year?" till it became a strong temptation; and one day being at the house of a friend, I went out with her when she went to milk, and saw among her cows one that I thought would suit me. She did not want to part with that one, but offered me another one at a reasonable price.

Alas, how soon we get into mist and confusion when we depart in the least from the Lord's teaching. Oh, how often I have had to learn this lesson, over and over again, that it is to our own hurt to be disobedient. My two cows wintered pretty well; but when I thought the worst of my trouble was over,

it proved to be just beginning. They had to pasture on the roads in summer, as did also many of the farmers' young cattle. I never remember seeing the roadside so parched up and bare as it was that summer; and the cow I had bought was not a good forager nor a strong, healthy beast. One day, when bringing her home to milk, she seemed so weak and staggering I was afraid she would die on my hands before she was paid for—it being the custom in the country to give time. This alarmed me, and led me to cry unto the Lord, and to see and acknowledge my folly in not waiting His time. Just then I happened to be passing the graveyard, only about one-half of which was in use. There was grass there and the gate was open. It seemed as if a Voice said, "Turn her in there." I did so, and sat down and watched her, to keep her from going among the graves. As I sat there, the case of Hagar and Ishmael rose up before me, and how God made a way for her in her extremity.

Twenty dollars was the price I had to pay for the cow, and in the fall I was glad to take sixteen for her and four for her calf, and pay my debt. The small amount of butter she made was not worth the trouble she cost me.

The next summer there was an abundance of rain, and it was remarked by many that they could not remember ever seeing the grass on the road sides so thick and flourishing; so if I had waited it might have been well for me. God knows the end from the beginning; yet by such like painful lesson and corre-

sponding Scriptures I became convinced that, as in olden times, God cared not only for His people, but their cattle and all that appertains to them. So it is to-day.

We were not taught these things from the pulpit; they were learned alone with God. At that time I had not found anyone who believed that God talked with us about such things. Oh, the wisdom and the patience of our heavenly Father, it passes comprehension. It was not the love of gain that moved me, but the wants of my family seemed to require all I could do.

LINKS OF A CHAIN.

It has been said "Providence is God in motion," and to watch these motions is a delightful task to the child of God. The Rev. Dr. Barrass once said to me, when I had been telling him of some kind providences, "He that regards providence will never 'want' a providence to regard," and I have found it even so. Accustomed for many years to take all my cares and troubles to the Lord, it has become quite natural for me to wait and expect Him to unravel the tangled skein when it was beyond my skill, as it often happened.

So it came to pass when the Lord bade me "let others' work alone," that I had to look to Him for means to pay my portion toward the support of His cause in our neighborhood. This He sometimes brought about in a singular manner. Our minister's wife was poorly and without help. By Divine direction I went and stayed a few days with her. The

day before I left, while at prayer, the Voice said, "You must go home to-morrow; they will want to pay you." I cried, "O, Lord, don't let them do that" (for my purpose was only to do them a kindness), but the answer came distinct, "Yes, you must take it, for that is how I have provided for your church dues." The next day, when leaving, they placed some money in my hand which I instantly refused, but then the memory of what the Lord had said flashed upon me, and I accepted it. Thus my quarterage was paid for that time; and frequently afterwards, just in the time of need, a letter would reach me from some of my children containing money, several times only a day or two in advance of the business Quarterly Meeting. At times the minister took butter, eggs or fowls instead of money. After my husband's death I parted with my cow and fowls, and spent some time with my friend Mrs. B. in Fergus, and with my children in St. Thomas. Some time after returning I found myself again without money at Quarterly Meeting time, and began to think how my dues were going to be paid, for I had neither cow nor fowls to fall back upon, nor any money letter, and was repeating to myself the words, "A sparrow does not fall to the ground without your heavenly Father's notice," when I was arrested while walking across the room as by some one suddenly saying to me, "That word *notice* is not there at all, it is 'without your heavenly Father.'" Then I was shown in much shorter time than it takes me to write it, how a person may *notice* a great many things, and yet not be

interested in them, and of course nothing escapes the notice of the Almighty.

But when it says "without your heavenly Father" it brings God much nearer, as if He had His hand right in it. Now I had always heard that passage quoted with the word *notice* in it, and thought it was correct. Though I had been reading the Scriptures for over forty years, I didn't know any better until that Voice informed me. I made up my mind to look for myself, though not knowing exactly where to find it; and on taking my Bible for that purpose I opened just at the place. This was very frequently the case when seeking passages that were required. The next day (Friday) I went to Mrs. M., my opposite neighbor, from whom I took milk. They were out milking, and while waiting for them to come in I picked up a newspaper that was lying on the table, and happened to see the price of apples, and that they were dearer than usual. I reasoned in myself that if they were dearer in Toronto they ought to bring a little better price in the village also. I made this remark to Mrs. M., and the next day being Saturday, took her over a dish of apples for her baking, as I had a tree that ripened earlier than any of hers.

While talking with her I expressed a wish that I could get some of mine taken to the village, as I knew we could not use them all, we were so few in number then at home and the apples would not keep for any length of time, besides we had other trees that would soon be ripe. She said, "I am going to the village in the buggy this afternoon; if you will come along we

will put a bag of them in behind." I accepted her offer and went.

She stopped at the store where she dealt, but they would only give fifty cents for the bag. That was about the usual price other years. But having seen the statement in the paper, I thought they should be more. The storekeeper was absent and the clerk said he could not give more, but he would go out and see if such a person would give more.

While he was gone Mrs. M. said, "Haven't you to go to the tinsmith's?" I said, "Yes, I will go now." Mr. D. was not in, but a person was waiting for him whom I asked if he knew how apples were selling. He replied, "Oh, they are worth a dollar a bushel; there's none in the village yet." Mr. D. came in just then and I asked if he wanted any apples. He said, "Yes; what do you want for them?" So, guided by what the others had said, I replied, "Twenty-five cents a-peck." He said, "Oh, that's cheap enough," and laid a quarter on the counter. This surprised me, as I didn't for a moment expect to get cash, particularly as I was going to have some tins mended, and trade was the general way of doing business.

But the thought flashed across me, I may as well take the money—time enough to pay for the tins when they are done. I then found some others who paid willingly the same price. All at once I heard a whisper in my heart, "Now you can pay your quarterage." For a moment I was staggered, as I had hoped I was getting a trifle for my own use, and had for the time being quite forgotten all about church

matters, not having thought of getting cash for the apples and so seldom seeing any money till the fall.

The next moment I rallied, discovered the hand of the Lord in all this and joyfully laid my offering at His feet. Thus was I led, step by step, as by links in a chain, from the Voice that corrected me about the word "notice," the seeing of the paragraph in the paper, Mrs. M.'s offer, the stranger in the tinsmith's shop, and the willingness of the people to pay cash without being asked for it, up to the moment when the Voice said, "Now you can pay your quarterage." Truly our heavenly Father knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him. This is a long story about so small a matter, but the ways of the Lord are wonderful and worthy of note. Praise ye the Lord.

THE DEVIL'S DUST.

Some person had been unkind enough to say that Mr. W., our storekeeper, and for several years a most acceptable Sunday-school superintendent, was one of the greatest blackguards and not fit to be in the Church, and as the person who was said to have repeated this had been seen at our house the previous day it was laid to my charge; but, as one of my neighbors said, "I knew in a minute it was not you, for that was not like your talk." And indeed no one ever heard me speak in that manner.

Mr. W. made it his business to call upon me and enquire about it. At first I thought he was joking, but I found he was in earnest, and I was not only surprised but much grieved, and made up my mind

to go to Mrs. W. to know how it came about. While meditating this, the Voice said, "Don't toil yourself, taking that long journey this hot weather. It is only the devil's dust—wait your opportunity." I resolved to wait quietly.

I had not long to wait. There was a tea-meeting in our neighborhood and Mrs. W. called on her way to it to ask if I were going. I told her what I had heard. She denied having said it. We went together to the tea-meeting, and just as we entered the grounds we came upon Mr. W. talking to some friends. I drew him to one side, and asked Mrs. W. again if she had ever heard me say such things. She answered me most emphatically, "Never." "Oh," said Mr. W., "I didn't believe it." Thus it was cleared up without any trouble.

THE BEE—REV. J. D.

It is very common in country parts for the farmers' wives to make a "bee" in order to get some big job of work out of the way. To this end a number of the neighbor women are invited. They spend a pleasant day or afternoon together, and a bountiful supply of the best is provided for the table. These gatherings are very much like a party. My friend Mrs. M. had been having an all-day bee, but as I could not go till the afternoon, I told her I would come some other afternoon and help her again.

Shortly after this she sent me word she would be glad if I would come that afternoon. Accordingly, I was pushing my work through to get an early start,

but an impression came upon me that I was not to go that day. At first I gave no heed to it, but as I worked on it deepened. Then I began to reason it was right I should help her as she had been very kind to me. The impression got stronger, but I argued I had promised to go (but my promise had not reached her, as the messenger went right on to school). Then the Voice spoke and said, "But you are the Lord's property and ought to be at His disposal." Still I could not be persuaded; so got our dinner over early and started out, but felt such a sense of something forbidding me that when about half way there I stood still on the road and said, "Lord, if thou wilt tell me plainly what to do, I will do it." Immediately the answer came distinctly, "You are wanted in the opposite direction and you have to go out to your tea." This was so plain that I turned and retraced my steps at once. After a while I went upstairs, as was my custom, to read the Scriptures with prayer. Having got through this exercise I said to myself, "There is no indication that I have to go out to tea; I must surely have been mistaken this time." Just then some one came in inquiring for me. I came down and found it was the Rev. Mr. D. He said Mrs. D. had sent him in to see if I would come in and have tea with her, and that Miss Rutherford, the school-teacher, was coming too (this was my dear friend, Mrs. G. B., of Fergus). He himself was going off on business.

Of course I went, and at the tea-table told them what had passed and how it came about. After tea

we all went into the parlor, and Mrs. D. gave us some music, and sang some hymns that were new to me, among others, "The Cleansing Fount," "I am Now a Child of God," and "Whiter than Snow." We then went to prayer. During these exercises the spirit of the Lord came upon me like a mighty whirlwind, and seemed to carry my whole being up to God in praise and prayer.

This was also the night of our annual missionary meeting—always looked forward to with great interest—but as I was leaving Mrs. D.'s house the word of the Lord came to me, saying, "This is your missionary meeting for to-night, and yourself the missionary." Thus I learned that I was to stay at home that night, and it was well, for it turned out a dark, rainy, stormy night. I had the comfort of knowing that I had been led of God and that He himself had been pleased to call me a missionary—that is, *sent* on a mission. It did not occur to me at the time that there was anything in all this but that the Lord wanted me to be obedient, and that He had given us a sweet blessing while waiting on Him. Some years after, while thinking over the incident, I was suddenly reminded that Mr. D. did not believe in God talking with us and had treated such things lightly. Perhaps the Lord wrought it for his sake, for doubtless his wife would tell him about it on his return. He was not different from most ministers of that day, and many of the present day. I was very much surprised when I discovered this, for I expected all ministers understood these things if no one else did.

Then the words of Jeremiah v. 4, 5, seemed to describe the state of things around me: "Therefore I said, Surely these are poor; they are foolish: for they know not the way of their Lord, nor the judgment of their God. I will get me to the great men, and will speak unto them; for they have known the way of the Lord, and the judgment of their God; but these have altogether broken the yoke, and burst the bonds." For so it was that neither preachers nor people, with but few exceptions, believed in or taught that we should make God the man of our counsel in anything farther than our salvation. Yet it was in the Scriptures of both Old and New Testaments that I learned that God and man converse on many other subjects, and following their example have proved it true. In Old Testament times the people of God were encouraged to "enquire" of the Lord about temporal matters; how much more should we, as Jesus taught.

DEATH OF A. M. R.

Revival services were going on in our church. My boys and a young man who lived opposite had been attending them. This person called in one evening before meeting. He had some business with the boys. When they got through, it seems they thought themselves too late, so stayed at home and spent the evening playing games. When I returned and saw how they were employed, I felt very much grieved at their indifference.

It was very late and I was extremely tired, but I

could not bear to go to bed without family worship. It was always my work to conduct it at night. My husband had already retired. I got the Bible and sat at one end of the table waiting for a break in the game, and lifted my heart to the Lord, asking Him to direct me to something suitable. The game seemed very long. I kept turning over the leaves. My mind could not settle upon anything. After awhile I heard the inward Voice say, "Read that." I hadn't the least idea myself what was in the chapter. It was the seventh of Ezekiel, and in the first six verses the words "the end" are repeated five times.

Just then a break came in the play, and as I began to read a dread solemnity fell upon me. I felt that I was reading someone's death-warrant, and said in my heart, "O Lord, is one of my children going to be taken away?" I thought of selecting another chapter, but the Voice said, "No, read what I have given you." So awfully solemn was the influence resting upon me that I felt quite sick, and cold chills came over me.

Finishing the lesson we went to prayer. I had great liberty, but with most solemn weight. It seemed that eternal interests were at stake: and truly they were, for the next morning, about ten o'clock, a neighbor came in and told us that A. M. R., the young man mentioned, had been found lying on his face in the yard, dead. He was a steady, respectable young man, subject to fits. Doubtless it was the note of warning to him of his approaching end, and that the Lord in kindness sent it. Surely serious

impressions are not to be made light of and ridiculed. My reason for waiting till there was a break in the game, so as not to interrupt them, was because my children had complained that I did not give them liberty enough on that line.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OBJECT LESSONS.

THERE is a kind of teaching which has been given me that I have been accustomed so describe as object lessons. It appears to be like the instruction given at times both in the Old and New Testaments; for instance, the basket of figs shown to Amos and the sheet full of all manner of living creatures let down to Peter. These have frequently come to me at the time of revival meetings in our neighborhood, and the state of the work has thus been indicated by them. I find noted down :

THE HOUSE IN RUINS.

It was the time of protracted meetings. The work did not progress, although the pastor and some of the members labored hard night after night. After a time the difficulty was explained to me in this way: I was shown a heap of logs at the edge of a river. These were the ruins of a building that had fallen down, and away farther back at some distance beyond the ruins were two men trying to drag another man to the river brink, it seemed with the intention of putting him in; but he was evidently averse to being taken across that pile of ruins, and was twisting and struggling tremendously to get free. I was then

informed that the tumble-down house represented the state of the Church spiritually, which was so evident to all that it was impossible to bring people to the River of Life over a mass of inconsistent and formal professors. The hindrance lay in the distracted state of the Church by reason of quarrels in her own bosom. How often this is the case. The Church hinders its own work by the inconsistency of its members.

THE RESTIVE HORSE.

It was again the season of effort in the church. I think a four days' meeting was being held, and the Spirit of God was moving powerfully in some directions, but was resisted in others. The lesson this time was conveyed to me by being shown a restive horse. It was a noble-looking, well-built animal; but it was rearing and plunging furiously, unwilling seemingly to obey the reins, which were held by an invisible hand, so powerful that all its efforts to get loose were in vain. After it had continued its fruitless struggles some time, the invisible hand gave the reins a jerk that brought the animal down helplessly on its haunches. It conveyed this truth to my mind: that however men may resist God and struggle to get free from His restraint, if they will not willingly yield themselves to His guidance, they will eventually be compelled to do so.

There was also another circumstance that happened about this time which I did not notice then, but which now comes and connects itself with this vision. A

certain minister, while he was very sociable and friendly with the people, did not feed the flock of God with food suitable to build them up; and the hand of the Lord was heavy upon me, compelling me to speak, as opportunity was given, things that should have been spoken from the pulpit.

Three different times the Lord showed me in spiritual vision things concerning this minister. I was at prayer, and, as my custom was, bearing up the pastor at the throne of grace, when there appeared to me a small room into which the sun was streaming, filling it with a rosy light. Kneeling in this room with his face to the window was the preacher, and I was told in my heart, "This is the inner sanctuary, the holiest of all; this is where God wants him to be." In the second year of his ministry among us he was shown to me walking down the aisle of the church and giving first one and then another a poke on the shoulder with the end of his forefinger, when each person so touched would dodge away and look up sideways at him and laugh. I was told that is the way his preaching affects them, it touches them so lightly it is just like play. They smile at his stories and anecdotes but are not built up in the faith. The third was while he was standing near the altar speaking to the people. I saw another man take his place and stand with a leaf of a book spread out in the palm of his hand, and raising his right arm and moving back one foot, as if he would throw the leaf right at the people. I was made to understand that the leaf was the Word of God, and at the same

time a plaster, and must be thrown with force so as to make it stick. (The Word of God is a healing balm for the sin-sick).

This minister could not help discovering that the Spirit of the Lord was moving me to speak and work, and I believe would have made way for me but some were offended at it, and so "He, willing to please the people, left me in bondage." This the Lord told me in my heart; I was afterwards told it by those who had it from the parties concerned, and that the preacher did not know what to do. But the Lord knew what to do, "He has His way in the whirlwind." The Lord had given me a message but I could see no way of delivering it. He made a way. The preacher was taken with some complaint in his loins and could only walk with difficulty. One Sabbath he was so bad that while he stood up in the altar to speak a few minutes his color went and came as if he were in great suffering. He then sat down to read a portion of Scripture, then turned towards me and asked me to speak (I thought he said on the lesson he had been reading), but I was not sure of this and unprepared, but I was told by the Voice, "Now the Lord has made a way for you, deliver His message."

(There was a person present who had once been a professing Christian, but who had turned back and had been making use of some very indelicate language in the hearing of some young people calculated to defile their minds. I did not know she was in the congregation, but while speaking my eyes met hers;

she blushed deeply and hid her face in both her hands.)

This minister was removed by his own request at the end of the second year. In his farewell sermon he remarked, "There are other voices besides the voice of God." I knew well where the arrow was directed and did not mind it for myself, but was sorry for the man. When shaking hands with me at the door, he said, "Come and see us on our new circuit." I said it is not likely I shall ever be that far (I have been past it many times since). He then said, "I'll come and see you." I couldn't say come, for I felt his heart was not with me, and he never did call, though he has been in the neighborhood.

THE DEW LAY ALL NIGHT ON HIS BRANCHES.

I had spent an almost sleepless night in communion with God, but no words could describe the deep joy or unspeakable sweetness of that communion. On rising in the morning I opened the door and stood looking out on the garden. It was midsummer, and there was a beautiful growth, but never before or since in my life did I see such a weight of dew as rested on everything that morning, and the rising sun made the garden glitter like diamonds and jewels.

While I stood admiring the works of God and still under the influence of the night's converse with Him, these words were spoken to my heart, "The dew lay all night on His branches," and the illustration was applied to my soul.

As the dew had lain all night on the garden,

beautifying and refreshing it, so the Spirit of God had been resting on my soul, and then these words were twice repeated, "Immortal youth, immortal youth." Then there followed like a panorama such glorious views of the life-giving nature of God that cannot be described, but the substance of it was: As the dew in the night and the sun in the morning make the face of nature to bloom, so the Spirit of God on His children during the night of this life and the glories of the sun of righteousness breaking on the soul when admitted to the presence of God in heaven cause *immortal youth*. That is why nothing ever fades or grows old in heaven. The life-giving presence of God keeps everything young. Death or decay cannot come where God is. He is the source of life, and everything must live where He dwells; everything must blossom and bloom in His presence, because "He is the Life."

And the Lord gave me a foretaste of it in my own person that day, for although I was then nearly fifty years of age and always in feeble health, yet for the whole of that day all my ailments were gone and the buoyancy and freedom with which I carried my body, together with the sweetness of soul, was superior to anything I had ever enjoyed in youth, and my thoughts formed themselves into verse, as was often the case when the Lord came near and filled my heart and lips. Speaking of heaven, I said:

"There youth is immortal and beauty divine,
And neither know change or decay;
There the saved of the Lord in His beauty shall shine,
And its glory shall never decay."

To be driven from the presence of the Lord, that is death, the death that never dies—it will be hell enough; it will need no fire, for it will be an unquenchable fire and a worm that will never die, to remember that we might have been in heaven.

THE MILLER'S WIFE.

This was a person whom I had been given to understand was not religiously inclined, and did not relish being spoken to on the subject. But as usual, my cow had strayed, and in looking her up, I was passing the miller's house, where, sitting on the verandah, his wife and the apprentice were busy mending the "bolting cloth." This is like a large sheet made of alternate strips of fine white silk and strong ticking.

I had often felt that I must try to have a talk with her, but hitherto no opportunity had come. Now it had come, and how was I to begin? Then the lesson that Saul's asses were lost to bring him in contact with Samuel was repeated in this case, and to enquire if they had seen my cow pass that way was the first opening of a conversation. I was accustomed to lift my heart to the Lord for some line of thought to strike out with, and it came to me thus: I said, "Well, this bolting cloth is out of repair and unfit for the purpose it was designed for; so the soul of man is out of order and unfit for the use it was designed for, which is to glorify God on the earth and enjoy Him forever." This formed my text from which to show the necessity of coming back to God to be

put into proper order. In this way I sowed seed as I went by the way. I also had another lesson and text in store for future use. Would that I had been as instant in season with

ANOTHER MILLER'S WIFE.

When she first came to the place, I felt drawn to visit her, but shrank from introducing myself, yet a way was made if I had been prompt to avail myself of it. I met her at the house of a friend, and she invited me to call on her. This I intended to do, but before I got it accomplished she was taken very ill. When I heard of it, I went on Sabbath morning to the church close by her home, intending to call on her, and here I learned that no one was allowed to see her but those waiting on her, so I did not attempt to go contrary to the doctor's orders. As I stood on the hill looking at the house of sorrow, an unspeakable yearning took hold of me that I might only be allowed to whisper one word to her; that word was "Jesus!" I tore myself away from the spot, knowing that much delay would prevent my getting to our own meeting in time. I am now convinced that it is sometimes our duty to attend to the needs of our fellow-creatures rather than the public services. However, I was afterwards told that if I had gone to the house I would have been allowed to see her. Moreover, I found that in the beginning of her illness she was greatly distressed in mind and needed help. Some of her neighbors proposed sending for me or Mrs. R. At last they sent for her, but Mrs. R. told

me she was suffering so severely it was difficult to have any satisfactory conversation with her.

She was a very comely young woman, and but a short time married, yet she seemed, by what we heard after her death, to have had a presentiment that she would not live long.

In looking back over my Christian career, I notice that I have very frequently been led or sent of God to persons who were near their end, though in many cases there was nothing to indicate this. Some of them died very suddenly.

“BE YE ANGRY AND SIN NOT.”

It is often said, experience is the best teacher. In this way I have learned the meaning of the text better than by anything I have read or heard. The Lord most certainly delivered me from natural anger and resentment, enabling me to endure and take peacefully insult and scorn, and that of long continuance. Not that my feelings were hard or callous, for these were the very things that were most painful, coming from the quarter they did—far more painful than adversity or the common ills of life; but I was strengthened to endure as seeing Him who is invisible. Religion does not harden us, but rather renders us more sensitive to wrong, whether given or received.

At a time when my feelings had been sorely lacerated by unkindness, I took my Bible and was going upstairs to be alone with God, to seek help and comfort, but was so overcome with grief and

weakness that I had to stop within four steps of the top, and could get no farther. I laid the Bible on one step, and knelt upon another, and opened, asking God for a portion. The first words I saw were: "I will make the wrath of man to praise Me, and the remainder of wrath will I restrain"; and later, "Thy hand shall be first upon him," intimating that I should expose the evil. But I begged the Lord to spare me that ordeal, as I had no wish to do the individual harm. It was now that the Lord said to me, "The bed is too short, that a man cannot stretch himself upon it, and the covering too narrow, that he cannot wrap himself in it." By this I was given to understand that he would not be allowed to be at ease in his shortcomings, or wrap himself in the covering of a religious profession, but that his own ways would tell on him, the truth would leak out.

Another case was that of a person who took every opportunity to snub and insult me; but the Lord kept me in perfect peace, yea, good will towards her. I endeavored at every opportunity to show her this, and to accommodate her, and always spoke a kindly good-day when we met, but the rankle was evident in her manner. My family blamed me for speaking to her at all, and said I was letting them and myself down in thus humbling myself to her; but I couldn't do otherwise, I had no other feeling in my heart, and was simply trying to overcome evil with good.

Protracted services were commenced. I received an impression that the work of God could not go on while this evil and other such like were going on in

the church. Accordingly I made up my mind to call upon her, and speak kindly to her, and ask her to put away the hard feelings. Knowing this was critical ground, I was prepared for a rebuff. She listened to me quietly, then in a cold, haughty manner said, "I don't know what you come troubling me for. I don't go after you; but it's the old boy that puts you up to speak to me when you know I don't want you to," and more such like. Her husband, who was in the next room, though unknown to me, now came out, and said, "I see there has been a great misunderstanding between you and Mrs. ——" We had some further conversation, and when leaving I offered her my hand, which she took. I left their house weeping bitterly, not for myself at all, but that such a state of things could exist in the Church of God, and felt that I must cease speaking to her, as it only increased the bitterness. Lest any of the bitterness should find its way into my own heart, I made it a point when passing their house—which I had to do very frequently—to lift my heart in prayer for them. One day while pursuing this plan, these words were powerfully spoken to my heart: "Wait thou upon God, and keep His way, and He shall exalt thee to inherit the land; when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it." I knew to whom it referred, but not in what sense the cutting off meant. I supposed it might mean a shortening of life, but time and circumstances have made it plain. I continued to wait on or serve the Lord. He exalted me to inherit the land by giving me a little possession,

while their property has passed out of their hands, and they out of the neighborhood entirely. I did not intend mentioning these things, but they show the working of God's hand so plainly that I have put aside my scruples.

Several other instances might be given to show how the Lord repays people into their bosoms for their treatment of His children. This, and what will be found in other chapters, will show that the indwelling Spirit can save us from sinful anger. Sinful anger! Is there any other kind of anger? Yes, such as Jesus felt when He looked round about upon them *with anger*, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts; such as He felt when He made a whip of small cords and drove them out of the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers; such as the prophet felt when he turned and cursed the mocking children in the name of the Lord. He was but pronouncing God's sentence against their sin. I can recall a case in my own experience when, in the eyes of others, I might seem to be very angry, for I smote my hands together, and declared emphatically that such and such conduct should not be allowed in my house, and was surprised myself at the calm consciousness within that I had done right, that it was God's message. My nerves were not stirred nor my blood roused. I went to bed, fell sweetly asleep as if nothing had occurred, and awoke in the morning, still wondering at the sweet peace that pervaded my spirit. Yes, it was a righteous indigna-

tion, a *just displeasure*, and God set His seal upon it, and marked the offender, too.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Anger, if long cherished, will become bitter, and turn to vindictiveness. Much more could be written on this subject, but this is enough to answer the present purpose.

At the very outset of my Christian career I understood that Jesus *meant* what He said to His disciples: "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil," though I did not apprehend at the first by what power this was to be done. The joy of first love and few temptations buoyed me above everything; but later in life under sore provocation, and when I had learned the evils of my own heart, I knew that nothing but the indwelling of the Holy Ghost can enable us to do this from the heart. The evil referred to was simply "late hours," persisted in regardless of advice or admonition, and though spent in the home, are hurtful to body and mind and morals. Of course there are allowances to be made at times; but when they become the rule, instead of the exception, then parental authority must be exercised, and in this case I know it was of the Lord.

CHAPTER XIX.

A GRACIOUS PROVISION.

It was late in the fall, special services had begun, and I attended every night when possible. The weather was getting cold, and having so many to knit for, my own stockings were in bad condition. I had cut the feet off one pair but could not get them footed, as the evenings were spent at the meetings. "Our heavenly Father knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him."

One evening, near the close of the meetings, Mary Stewart (afterwards Mrs. Irwin) laid a parcel in my lap as she came into meeting, saying "say nothing." When I got home and opened it there were two pairs of long ribbed stockings and a pair of mitts. These had been knit for Mary by her grandmother. No one but the Lord knew of my need. I had not seen Mary except in meetings for a long time, nor did I know for some years afterwards that they had been knit for herself. This whole family have been exceedingly kind to me, but that is their habit to all within their reach. Truly God is mindful of the wants of His children. It is no vain thing to serve the Lord. I know some would say that I had no right to so neglect myself and go so much to the meetings, but there is a spirit in man and the breath

of the Almighty giveth him inspiration. The Lord has also said, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way that thou shouldst go." I can only say that I know that God sent me there and that I had a part to take, a work to do, and all other things were secondary.

THE SANDWICHES.

At a time when my husband had been sick and laid aside from work, which of course straitened our circumstances, I had been feeling a great wish for some spiced ham I saw in a window, but would not indulge myself in it as it was dearer than other meat, and I said "No, I will be content with such things as I have." The good Lord who changed the water into wine did not forget his feeble worm, but kindly sent a supply in his own way of that which I denied myself of.

There had been a bazaar in our church and a friend had a table of refreshments at it, and having a quantity of sandwiches and cakes left from it, she kindly sent me a basketful over. She knew nothing of my wants and wishes. Thus the Lord did better for me than I desired and sent me just the thing I needed.

THE DYING GIFT

Circumstances made it necessary that all should help to keep the house. My daughter, S., though in poor health, worked very hard to make things comfortable and denied herself many things. I felt grieved for her but could not alter it. At last she broke down. I

saw her looking sad and enquired the cause. She said, "It seems all I can do is of no use, we can't get along." We had bought some land in Melancthon and the township was being drained, which raised our taxes very much and took the money we intended for other uses, which discouraged her. I told her what the Lord had just been showing me, namely, that she had done her part in working hard and denying herself for the comfort of others; this was the lesson He had wished her to learn, but He did not mean the whole burden to rest upon her, she was now to cast her care upon God and trust in Him to provide. All this was perfectly clear to my own mind and I felt sure He would do it and told her to be of good cheer.

Two days after this Wm. S. drove up to our door with a light waggon and began to carry in crocks and pails and other articles. I couldn't tell what it meant and felt stupefied. He also handed me a picture and said, "Mary left that to you." The meaning was this: His sister, Mrs. Irwin, had died and willed these things to me. Her mother had been a kind friend to me and I had always felt an interest in all her family. I had known Mary from a little girl. She had married but died early, and in her last illness she expressed a wish that I would go and see her. She lived over four miles from me, but I set out, and by resting by the way reached her home and spent three or four days with her.

I had lived in that neighborhood some years before and the people were on my heart. I went out among them a little and felt that the Lord was with me and

He did not take my services for nothing, but sent the wages at a time when it was much needed. That supply served me until a better day dawned. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

This Mrs. Irwin was the same Mary Stewart who brought the stockings and mitts to me at the revival services, spoken of elsewhere, and at the time I went to see her she was living next to the house we had lived in on the fourth line of Albion, belonging to Mr. Spence, so I felt at home among the people.

THE FIRST COW.

I had been living in the country several years among a kind, generous people, who had given us a good deal of milk without cost, but had lately moved to another neighborhood. Here I missed my kind friends, and the support the milk had given me. I got very weak, lost my appetite again, and the whole cry of my nature was for milk, milk. Nothing else seemed to satisfy me and I needed a good deal of it, more than we could afford to buy, so I said nothing.

I had often wished for a cow of my own and had twice made an effort to get one. In the first case I had reason to think the owner was afraid we might not be able to pay for it. In the second, the hired man was present and heard me talking to Mr. W.

about it; but wishing to consult my husband first, I did not strike a bargain. Before I had seen Mr. W. again the hired man had bought her for his mother. The Lord's time was not fully come, and it was all right. The first cow took some disease in her feet, and had to be got rid of; the other milked blood from one teat a good part of the summer. Billy's (the hired man) mother said I had witched her. Evidently she thought I owed her a grudge—but never for a moment; indeed, I took it all for the best, and when she was ill visited her, sympathized and prayed with her.

Now I was at a great extremity, and so weak I could scarcely keep up. In this state I was trying to put the bread in the pans for baking, and was in the back kitchen, where I had gone to escape notice, wishing to hide my weakness from the family. Here my enemy assailed me in this way, "Is this the God of whom you make your boast as being so good and doing so much for you? and He has given cows and abundance of everything to everybody around you and is letting you die on your feet for want of milk?" For a moment it seemed all too true, as everyone around me had indeed abundance, while I seemed to be dying for want of milk, even while going about. But in another instant I was shown the device of the enemy. Now that I was in this extremity he was trying to drive me to rebellion against God by inspiring hard thoughts of Him.

I fell on my knees, just where I was, and cried out, "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee," and said, "Lord, if it is Thy will that I die for

want of milk I will willingly accept it, only save me from rebelling against Thee." How long I remained in prayer I don't know, but my heart poured itself out freely. I received a great blessing and shed abundance of tears, which greatly relieved the oppressed heart. On rising from my knees it was distinctly said to me, "Now you shall have a cow"; and she came within a month by a peculiar chain of providences. About two weeks after the promise was given a tin pedlar came along. I told him I had nothing to sell but some onions, of which I had a good crop that year. "Oh," said he, "I am in poor health, and would just like some onions." He took them all, and I followed him out to his waggon to see what he had for sale. The first thing he handed out was some milk pans. The Voice said, "Buy them, you will soon need them." So I bought them on the strength of that word, and had them ready when the cow came. Surely the Lord directed me.

I had heard that Mr. K. had a cow for sale, and thought I would go and see about it; but on my way called to ask advice of Mr. W., his landlord. Mr. W. said, "That cow will not do for you; she is a large beast, and will require a deal of feed. I know about her."

Mrs. B. was visiting there that day, and heard what passed. She said, "I have a little cow I will sell you cheap, as I am selling out to move away. You can have her for \$10 down; or \$5 now, and I will give you a year from next May to pay the other \$7," which brought her to \$12.

Now two of my little boys had been working for a neighbor, and had earned just \$5; so I gave her that, and came into possession of my first cow. Mrs. B. was a widow; she moved away, married again, and died before the second payment came due, and her mother collected it. Was it not the Lord that led me to Mr. W.'s just when Mrs. B. was there? I believe it was.

HOLD YOUR PEACE.

The time had come when my husband could not do much at his trade. One of our sons had rented a farm and wanted us to go and live on it with him, where we could be rent free and have a good garden and keep a couple of cows, while the younger members of the family could be helpful to him. This, to my mind, seemed just the thing, as it would relieve my husband of the care and labor and expense of a separate home, but he utterly refused to have anything to do with it.

I felt annoyed that he would not fall in with our plans, as it was his good we had in view, and I felt like remonstrating with him, but before I had time to speak the Voice said in a peremptory tone, "Hold your peace. It is not the woman's place to rule the man. How do you know but his opposition is your salvation?" This was so distinct that I said not a word but committed the matter to God. And it was well, for matters did not progress favorably on the farm, and also we would have frustrated the Lord's plan, as the house we were then living in turned out

to be the one He had in view when He said, "I also tell thee I will build thee an house." And in due time this was made manifest.

Oh, how much better it is to be guided by the Lord than to choose our own way!

THE PILLAR OF FIRE.

It has pleased the Lord to give me many spiritual manifestations, but none so glorious and awe-inspiring as that which I named "The Pillar of Fire." It was to me what the burning bush was to Moses—a representation of the most holy God—and I can never speak of it but with a feeling of reverence.

I had been drinking deep at the fountain of life and realizing a full salvation, and looking to be kept by Him who alone is able to keep us in that blest estate. My custom was then as it still is to retire for a short time in the afternoon for prayer and study of the Scriptures, and to hear God speak to me from His Word.

While at prayer there appeared to my spiritual vision a pillar of fire. To my mind it represented the Lord God Almighty, and while gazing at it I received such views of His holiness that for some time I could do nothing but repeat, "Oh the holiness of God! Oh the holiness of God!" After a time the pillar seemed to come nearer to me, and then there was given me such views of the glorious nature of holiness that I could only repeat, "Oh the glory of holiness! Oh the glory of holiness!"

How long I continued kneeling and repeating those

words I don't know; but again the pillar of fire moved nearer and stood so close to me that I felt an influence or power proceeding from it that penetrated and permeated my whole being. And I now discovered that this pillar was composed of fire mingled with light and that it was living fire—the light and fire mingling and revolving round each other, and burning like a furnace. My theme now changed, and while I worshipped and admired and became filled with the Divine emanations from the presence of God, I could do nothing but repeat in low tones, "Oh the beauty of holiness!" And this continued long after I had risen from prayer, and was attending my household duties.

The power and glory of this manifestation rested on me for days. Wherever I went or whatever I was doing I seemed to walk softly and surrounded with a heavenly atmosphere. I had been in the presence of God.

Surely the condescending grace of the Lord is unspeakable, and how sad that after so much Divine instruction I should yet fail in courage at times to go forward with the work appointed me. Moses received lessons to prepare him for his work and made use of them; while I often failed to use the grace given. Oh how foolish and erring I have been! How I need God's utmost patience and forbearance. Amen.

Is there not some resemblance in this to Ezekiel's vision? Ezekiel i. 1, "And I saw visions of God." Ezekiel i. 4, "A fire infolding itself, and a brightness . . . in color of amber."

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

Having heard that the minister's wife was in feeble health and without help, it led me to pray for her. Lying awake one night thinking over her case, it was presented thus to my mind: "Of what profit is it to say be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things that are needful to the body?" And what use is it to pray for her if you don't help her? I felt the claim but could not see how I could help her. Seeking counsel of God I resolved to go and see what could be done.

Accordingly I went to the village, about three and a half miles distant, taking my little girl about thirteen with me, thinking perhaps she might be of use to her. Mrs. M. was almost a stranger to me, not having seen her but once before, and that at a prayer-meeting. She seemed very reserved, and it was difficult to get into conversation. Knowing it was the Lord's business, I just had to break through and tell her my errand, and it was quite clear it was not my little girl that would do; so I remained with her about ten days, during which time she seemed relieved and cheered, and I had some peculiar experiences.

One Sabbath morning, before going downstairs, on opening the Bible I came upon the passage referring to the gathering again of God's people from where they had been scattered. "In the dark and cloudy day" I felt it was for His servant's comfort on going to his appointment, and resolved to tell him of it; but the

Lord said "No; take the Bible with you, and let him see My Word with his own eyes," and so I did.

It was very pleasant to spend a while in this home where harmony seemed to prevail, and they treated me so kindly. But even here my enemy was at my heels to provoke me to murmur. As I witnessed the care and attention bestowed on Mrs. M., and the many comforts by which she was surrounded, and contrasted it with my own lot, my toils and trials were magnified, and the enemy pressed me sore, and I could not get rid of the temptation. I fled to God for succor, and to be saved from discontent. The days were very hot and it was a busy time. I was tired and oppressed when I knelt before the Lord, but received such a blessing as banished all discontent and filled me with sweetest peace. At the same time my flushed and feverish face was *sensibly fanned* by a *delightfully cooling breeze* that I knew was from the *other side*.

My face must have paled off evidently, for on coming down Mrs. M. asked me if I was sick. I said "No," but did not tell her the rest. She looked steadfastly at me and said, "An Israelite in whom is no guile." No doubt she was quite right, for the Lord had just been washing me in the fountain opened for all sin and uncleanness, and cleansing me from satanic suggestions.

We became very much united in spirit, and she, with her husband and I, pledged ourselves together to pray for the work of God on the circuit. I believe such pledges are noted in heaven. Some time after

this, when in my own home and at prayer on this subject, there appeared to me a throne, around the base of which a white cord of three distinct ply was wound, the farther end of which was out of sight, but the other within my reach, while the words "A threefold cord is not easily broken," were spoken to my heart. Thus faith and hope were strengthened.

CLEANSING THE CHURCH.

We were on the eve of revival meetings for which I had been anxiously looking and praying night and day, when by a dream I was instructed. I saw in my dream an opening at the four corners of our church, as if the building were parting asunder, and on the walls, like drapery, were spread out a number of large black cobwebs. These I was trying to sweep off with a broom. This was a true representation of the state of our church. But the Lord visited us; and gave me instruction which in writing I headed

THE CANDLESTICK.

Just as I was waking one morning I had the following experience: It was not a dream, but rather a vision. A large candlestick rested on my breast; it was of silver, studded around the base and as far up as I looked with precious stones of various colors. I noticed one in particular, a beautiful green with a ring of gold encircling it; it seemed quite near my face. I did not see to the top of the candlestick, but

knew by the light that glittered on the jewels below that it was lighted, and as it danced and shimmered, and they reflected, it sent a dancing joy and throbbing delight all through my being corresponding thereto. This represented the Church revived; and it came to pass. The green stone was shaped like a grave, long, narrow and raised. It might refer to J. W. It happened shortly before her death.

INSTRUCTION. —

After telling my friends and neighbors for some years "the works of the Lord" herein recorded, the Lord spoke to me by the thirty-first and two following verses of the thirty-third of Ezekiel: "And they come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as My people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them. . . . And, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not. . . . Then shall they know that a prophet hath been among them." And the Lord said to me, "It is enough; say no more to them about it or it will become like an old song to them. They have heard of these things, now it is theirs to profit by them. The time will come when they will *know* that these were God's messages to them."

Some, indeed, liked to hear me tell what God had done for me. Whether they adopted the plan of talking to the Lord about their temporal affairs or not I cannot say, but it was for this purpose that I

have been made a witness of these things that others might be encouraged to put their trust in the Lord and make Him the Man of their counsel.

Also the Lord said, in the words of Isaiah lxii. 3, in speaking of his people: "Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God," at the same time showing me a King exalted on high, holding out in his hand a crown of beauty, a royal diadem, and saying to the multitudes below, "Behold my workmanship; this is by the operation of my spirit, this is the work of my hands." This agrees also with other Scriptures. A city on a hill, a candle on a candlestick, ye are My witnesses, light of the world.

TITHING, GIVING, LENDING TO THE LORD.

At the monthly meeting of our Woman's Missionary Society Auxiliary the question was asked, "If we give the tenth, will the Lord be pleased or satisfied if we don't give free-will offerings also?" I think it was agreed we thought He would.

Considering the subject afterwards, I remembered that just the day previous to our meeting I had been questioning whether I might help the needy out of my tithe money, or if it should all go exclusively to the spread of the Gospel. The thought of my heart was answered by this Scripture, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Then the joyful thought followed, in that way the tithe goes direct to the Lord Jesus.

Again, as my means are limited, am I justified in spending more than the tithe in a case that seemed very needful, and again the blessed Spirit by the Word of God answered me, "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Thus we see the Gospel law of love goes far beyond the law of tithes.

Again, I had ventured to advance sixty cents of tithe money to the missionary cause, and also a trifle to assist a person who was sick and in need. On leaving the house these words kept on repeating themselves to my heart, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord," and I felt there could be no danger in advancing my tithe, for I was lending it to the Lord. In the evening of the same day my son sent home a handsome roast of beef, when the remaining part of the verse came to my mind, "And that which he hath given will He pay him again" (Prov. xix. 17).

O what a faithful covenant-keeping God we have to do with! Let us praise Him and trust Him with all our heart. Yet we should always ask for guidance in the distribution of our means, as there is sometimes a danger of misuse. As the gold and silver are the Lord's, and we are only stewards of it, we have a right to see to it that it is not thrown away. May the Lord make us wise as well as generous

I hold in my heart a hope that the day is not far distant when "the whole limit" about the house of God "shall be holy" as it was commanded in ancient

times, and that entertainments will be held elsewhere, no money being made in that way for the support of the Gospel, but by tithing and free-will offerings. Jesus said: "It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer . . . and He *overthrew the tables of the money changers.*" Let us seek to know the will of the Lord in these matters. And, as in temperance and other matters, educate, agitate till we get right.

TITHES.

The painful fact that so many of our churches are in debt and difficulty leads us to ask, "How is it and why is it?" There are various reasons, but one reason certainly is the neglect of the tithe system by the people of God, for it was of His own people that the Lord required this, and Christians claim to be the children of Abraham, that is, children of *Faith*, or the spiritual Israel. If this be so, should we not walk in his steps who gave tithes so freely? The Lord himself made this regulation, therefore it must be right, as He is too wise to err, and He made it for the benefit of man. He does not require our pittance for His own benefit, for the world and its fulness are His. By the mouth of the prophet He says, "If I were hungry I would not tell thee."

But our giving and His receiving forms a link between God and man. It is for our good, just as the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, and it was to be a sign between man and his Maker, as the rainbow was for a sign that the

world would no more be destroyed by water. I will give the substance of "An Appeal" made to a church of which I was then a member, since, as the pastor said, "it was so Scriptural," which is the best recommendation it could have, and may be helpful.

AN APPEAL.

Dear Companions in the Kingdom and Patience of Jesus:

My mind has been painfully exercised concerning the debt on our church and the difficulty of raising sufficient money to meet the expenses thereof. This led me to ask the Lord what we should do about it (as you know, we are told "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men *liberally*, and upbraideth not; and it 'shall' be given him"). Immediately God's words to His ancient people presented themselves, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now *herewith*, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Was this not a challenge as well as a promise? and will the Lord be less gracious to His people in this day? or does His cause require less to maintain it in the earth? Verily, no, for there are many more open doors now, and the command has been given "Go ye into all the world." This Scripture seemed so clear and positive and has proved so true in my own experience and that of many others, that I

felt as if I could pledge myself for its fulfilment if we would only do our part, and was led to exclaim, "Who will trust God, who will believe and obey, and boldly step out on the promise!"

Then I considered the circumstances of many of our people, some out of work, others making very little; but may not this very state of things, in some measure, rise out of the neglect of God's appointed rule in withholding the tenth or tithe? He calls it robbing Him, and for this cause said, "Ye are cursed with a curse." Again, "Ye looked for much and it came to little, and when ye brought it home I did blow upon it, and ye earned wages to put it into a bag with holes."

It is evident the apostle applied Old Testament rules to New Testament times, saying, "It is written, thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." It was allowed to help itself freely while laboring for them, and then he asks, "Doth God take care for oxen, or saith He it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that ploweth should plow in hope; and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope." In other words, they that labor for our spiritual welfare should share generously in our temporal things, seeing they give their life, time and strength to this work.

In these hard times some men may not make more than \$5 per week and have to pay rent and keep a family. Can they do it? I own it looks difficult, but faith and experience says, God is able to make \$4.50 go farther with His blessing than \$5 without it. Who

will trust God? Who will give Him the tenth whether their income be much or little? Who will have faith enough in God to try Him? He himself invites us to "prove Him" and see if it is not profitable. Someone has said, "free-will offerings and giving to God's cause won't count till we have paid our just debt. When we have paid our tenth which we really owe, then after that we can begin to do what is really giving." O friends, let us rise up in our might as the heart of one man and be determined we will not bring down upon ourselves or the Church of which we form a part, the curse of barrenness, or be compelled to use so many artificial ways of raising money. Then our socials would be socials indeed, after our Lord's pattern, when we would have no anxiety about how much we were going to make out of them; we could then invite to our supper the poor, the aged and the infirm who could not recompense us, but God himself will recompense us at the resurrection of the just.

Now, if each of God's children would lay aside the tenth (or tithe) as the apostle we believe refers to, would there not be meat in His house, that is, a plentiful supply for all needful service, and also keep our seats free? Let not the day come when people will have to pay for the seats they sit on to hear the Gospel in our church; let us not treat God meanly, for "He is the bountiful donor of all we enjoy." In the days of Malachi they treated the Lord's offerings contemptuously and said, "Behold, what a weariness is it! and ye have snuffed at it, saith the Lord of hosts," but He marked it. "There is that scattereth,

and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." I have been signally helped to make ends meet when I determinedly avoided touching the tenth for my own use, though none knew of it but the Lord himself.

I give a clipping which I think is very good:

THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD WAITS ON THE
GENEROSITY OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

The habit of storing or laying aside one-tenth of our income is the secret of a happy, useful, and often steady-going Christian life. Of course it pays. A Christian Hindu, who tried both keeping and neglecting it, once remarked, "It pays to mind it, for nine tenths with God's blessing goes much farther than ten tenths without it." We hold our possessions as stewards from God. - Mark Guy Pearse says, "There is no stealing so mean or so bad as stealing from God."

Then, on the other hand, the habit of giving elevates the character, enlarges the heart and invigorates the spiritual life. "It is a great help in getting away from self." One of our members, who some two years since adopted this plan, met the secretary the other day, and said, "Do you know anything that wants funds? I have given all my subscriptions, and I still have money on hand to give away." In another case, whenever a special sum is needed for some purpose, the secretary has only to telephone and it is sent over.

Other instances might be given showing the benefit to the giver of adopting this plan and *sticking* to it. If you are paid weekly and your salary is \$10, each pay-day take out \$1 and put it in this separate box, recognizing it as not your own. We should like to hear from any who decide to adopt this plan.—*American Monthly.*

CHAPTER XX.

A SAD ERROR.

ANOTHER sore conflict, a great sorrow, which I must record, that I may not forget to profit thereby. I had been walking in the clear light, consciously conversing with God and realizing His presence with me wherever I went or spoke in His name; had been carrying the burden of souls on my heart, weeping and praying, and receiving tokens that my prayer was heard and my desire would be granted; had such sweet, easy access to the throne of grace in public and private, and had hailed with joy what I had long wished to see. It was the starting of cottage meetings; but at the second of these, which was held in my own house, I failed to take a step which was pointed out to me, and perhaps through this the whole business collapsed.

I have noticed that, when the Lord inspires us with the spirit of intercession concerning anything, He frequently calls us to take some part in bringing about the answers to our prayers, thus making us workers together with Him.

Shortly before the hour of meeting, while arranging some books on a table, I came upon one that had an article headed, "How to Obtain the Blessing of Holiness," and while waiting for the people to gather, I

sat down to read it. While doing so, a Voice said to my inner consciousness, "That will be useful for the meeting to-night; will you read it?" Oh, how nature shrank, and I said inwardly, "O, I hope the Lord will not call me to that to-night," for I was so weak and weary, having had a very hard day's work, and had also walked to the store, a mile off, having broken the chimney of a lamp that was needed for the meeting; but I should have looked to God, who giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength, and it would have been given me.

The meeting progressed well till a certain point, when there came a standstill. I felt now was the time to offer the extract, as there were young Christians present who just needed to know "how to obtain the blessing of holiness." But I reasoned thus: I have already spoken; it will seem presumptuous and like taking the minister's work out of his hands; he is leader, and beside this there has been so many extravagances among Holiness people in Toronto that many have become disgusted with the whole subject.

In the twinkling of an eye all these objections were answered. First, the said article was correct; second, the minister would be helped; third, the offence of the Cross had not ceased, and that I must not expect to have the path of duty made perfectly smooth for me. But I was so stupid and so vile as to take my own way and refused to proceed.

Just here there seemed to fall a cloud upon the meeting, and I believe the blessed Holy Spirit was

grieved, and at the same time I saw (in the spirit) a white cloud float away from me over to where some young unconverted people were sitting, and I was given to understand by this that the white cloud represented my cleansed spirit, but I had taken sides with the ungodly by disobeying the Lord. I was helping the enemy, whereas had I followed the instruction given me it would have helped Christ's kingdom. That was going over to the enemy's side. Yet my merciful, heavenly Father did not come down on his feeble worm with a thunder-clap of condemnation, but gave me still a spirit of earnest supplication for myself and the people. But the thought was pressed home upon me that I had not carried out the will of the Lord, and I believe it was the Holy Spirit that kept it before my mind till I had to consider the matter and acknowledge my error, and then He began to show me the terrible evil of choosing my own way instead of obeying the Lord and that it was nothing less than opposing my *will* to the *will* of the Almighty—the very thing Eve did, and brought sin and sorrow into the world.

The grief and shame that followed this discovery was almost unbearable; it lay so heavy upon me for two weeks, night and day, that it seemed to wither my very body.

I told my trouble to a friend and said to her, "I feel at least five years older in the last two weeks. She said, "You do look like it, I was going to ask you what ailed you." And now came a course of painful, but I hope profitable, lessons:

1st. That by this act I had deprived precious souls of the help the Lord had intended for them in drawing them to this meeting that they might be instructed in the way of holiness, and by so doing had robbed myself of blessings as the dispenser of this instruction. Jesus broke the bread but gave it to the disciples to distribute.

2nd. What a terrible thing is the loss of opportunity—once misused it is gone forever. I might never meet all those persons again, and if I did, might not have the opportunity to speak, or a message given me for them.

Then was set before me a person standing beside a river that was flowing on in silent grandeur, with his hands full of golden guineas and tossing them carelessly back and forth from one hand to the other, while many of them were slipping through his fingers into the river (Time) and were gone forever. So opportunities of doing good are more precious than gold. For some weeks after this I was like a wounded soldier in hospital under the hands of a skilful surgeon probing my wounds. Set aside from aggressive work, getting time for reflection, yet taking up every duty that came to hand, and day and night breathing out supplication to God, my one definite prayer was that I might not grieve the Holy Spirit by disobeying His dictates. One morning on waking these words were spoken to my heart:

“ Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,”

And I finished it myself—

“ Heal the sick and lead the blind.”

I felt indeed that I had fallen, not from God (for I loved and clung to Him still and mourned that I had grieved Him) but from a position of work, and that I had come down, down, down, to a lower order and atmosphere—my soul was sick and my spiritual vision blurred. But with those words came a quickening power. I felt my soul strengthened and lifted up; I knew it was the voice of Jesus and I worshipped and praised Him.

After a while He spoke another word of comfort, "Return into thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." This was like a cordial to my sorrowing heart, and again a third time He spake and put words in my mouth, "O Lord, make my feet like hind's feet, and set me on my high places." Thus the Spirit speaks the mind of God to us and prompts our prayers and praise. I was greatly strengthened and comforted. This came to me in the early morning, a time when the Lord often chooses to talk with us, when our energies are fresh by the night's rest, and the stillness favors our giving attention. On rising the first thing that met my eyes was a picture that hung on the wall of deer on the mountains with the words, "Make my feet like hind's feet, and set me on my high places." All unnoticed before. This small picture had hung there for months, but now the coincidence impressed me and seconded the voice of God in my soul. Thus I have perceived that the prayer inspired by the Spirit is to us a hint as to the will of God, and a prompting as to what we shall pray for. "For we know not what we should pray

for . . . : but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us . . . according to the will of God." (Romans viii. 26.)

As the deer skips about in joyous freedom on its high places in its own element, so I felt the Lord was beginning to lift me up again to my own place from which I had wandered.

Three days after this I awoke with these words :

" Armed with the unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ our head."

And the lesson imparted was, though you have been knocked down, up and at it again, never give in, fight to the end. Then came another lesson :

" But take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God."

Then a consideration of the passage, The whole armor of God, girt with truth, breastplate of righteousness, shod with a peaceful, peace-making, loving spirit, shield of faith, helmet, hope of ultimate salvation or victory, sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, as much as in us lies, living peaceably with all men, seeking peace and creating it. Glory to God. Amen.

Next morning, going to the Word and asking for a portion, I opened at the words, " His lips are like lilies dropping sweet smelling myrrh." Oh, what a thrill of happiness went through my being while I considered the beauty and sweetness of Christ's words as they dropped from His lips. They have a fragrance which the soul can inhale as truly as the bodily

organs can inhale the odor of flowers. "This is my Friend." What sweetness these words imparted.

OLD SHOES.

Our class-leader, a good man, always seemed to have his heart so full of the love of God that it took him a good while to empty it, he being slow of speech. This annoyed some of the members. On my way home from meeting, in company with two of the sisters one Sabbath, they were complaining about it. One of them said he was killing the class. I was grieved but silent.

Suddenly there came a rush as of hot air. I felt it through my whole being, body and soul, and these words came with it, welling up unpremeditated, and as if spoken by another through my mouth: "We treat our old class-leader as we do our old shoes. When he has spent the best of his days in our service and is nearly worn out, we toss him aside." Then followed a perfect silence.

But it seems as if our words were registered in heaven. A short time after, I dreamt of being in our church; it was crowded. As we came out, I saw on the ground a pair of men's old slippers, down at the heels. I wanted to save them from being trampled by the crowd, so, going forward, stooped down to pick them up. In the act of doing so I awoke. At that instant a Voice said distinctly to my mind, "Old shoes is going to be in trouble." I knew instantly who was meant. The conversation recurred to me. In about three days after, our class-leader's son was

killed, and there was a very large funeral in our church. No doubt Mr. B. was in great trouble; it was his eldest son, and he left a wife and young family.

TOO MUCH DEFERENCE.

I have frequently suffered great loss of peace and joy through paying too much deference to others, as when I felt the Spirit moving me to action on some certain line, but I thought it would seem out of place for me while there were others present better qualified.

One instance will illustrate. One of our church members had died. I went to the wake, but for some time previous a certain passage of Scripture kept surging through my soul; it was this: "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them."

I felt in my heart this was the subject God would have us consider, and wished someone would read that chapter. Strange to say, I was asked to take the lead, the Lord thus giving me an opportunity to vent what was burning in my heart; but because the class-leader was present, I thought it would be too presuming, and refused. Mr. B., the class-leader, then gave out a hymn, commencing:

"Sister thou wert mild and lovely."

I felt at once that was not to the point. God wanted to draw our attention to himself and to the awful solemnities of eternity instead of praising the creature

and dwelling on human perfections. In this way my work has often been marred. I did not like to presume upon my fellow-creatures, but presumed to shrink back from the Spirit's promptings. Oh, how foolish and vile I have been, and how great the patience of God to spare me and suffer me to occupy a place on His footstool.

MISS GRAHAM OF GEORGETOWN.

I was detained by stress of weather at a certain place when a middle-aged person called. She was selling patterns and teaching fancy work. Her modest, retiring manner and gentle tones in answering the many questions put to her by the mistress of the house attracted my attention, and I thought within myself she must be a Christian. I longed to speak to her, and I felt I could not let her go without enquiring of her spiritual welfare. I found my impression had been correct, and we had a few moments of very sweet spiritual conversation.

Some time after in her travels she called at my own house, which was over two miles from where we first met. We recognized each other, and were glad to meet. She stayed over night, and before leaving the next day, we went alone for prayer, and I was specially drawn to ask that she might succeed in her business that day.

When she got through her sales and was returning home, she came a good deal out of her way to tell me what uncommon success she met with that trip, both going and returning. Thus were both our hearts

made glad by this evident answer to prayer, and our faith encouraged in our Father God, and also in the Spirit's interceding within us according to the will of God. Miss Graham gave me some account of her Christian experience and of her family affairs, also of her sister as a worker in the Master's vineyard at Georgetown.

BILLY, THE SCAVENGER'S HORSE.

Looking out of an upper window, I saw the scavenger taking away the refuse. He stood on the sidewalk, for it was muddy, and talked to his horse, calling him "Billy." The horse seemed to understand him, for without whip or shouting, or even using the reins, he went forward or backed and completely turned the waggon around. I stood and admired the sensible animal, and said to myself, "That man must be very good to his horse to have him so tractable, and no doubt the horse loves his master."

All at once a lesson came to me in this way: What a pity that mankind is not more tractable and obedient, who have so kind a Master. Immediately I heard the Voice in my heart say, "There is a text for you. Go and talk to the scavenger and take him a tract." I hesitated. Then the question came, "Will you not then be as tractable and obedient as the horse?"

While I had lingered, Billy and his master had got through their work and were a good way down the

avenue. I thought "I can't now;" and yet I felt if I let the opportunity slip I should do wrong.

I hastened to select a tract, threw a shawl over my head and started out. It was raining a little by this time. Billy had reached the last house in the row, but I persevered and caught up to him in time and preached my little sermon, taking the man and his horse for my text and object lesson. He talked freely and civilly to me, said he would read the tract and pass it on. He told me his father belonged to the Salvation Army. I had caught my opportunity, obeyed and was blest.

THE METHODIST BOOK ROOM—THE ILLUSTRIOUS
DEAD.

Having occasion to purchase a book as a birthday gift, I went to our Methodist Book Room, and while seeking for something to suit my purpose and my purse, I read titles and looked into books that stirred my soul. After choosing "Billy Bray," and while it was being wrapped up for me, I lingered as long as decency would allow and could scarcely withdraw myself. It seemed to me I had been in the presence of those who had written the books, and who are still speaking to the world by their means.

When I left and was walking along the street, I felt as if I had been in a blessed atmosphere. The influence rested on me for several days, and I found myself repeatedly saying, "The illustrious dead," and thinking what a blessed thing it was to live and labor for the uplifting of mankind. After a while the

question seemed put to me, "Do the truly illustrious ever die?" I considered and answered, "No; they live on earth by the influence they have exerted, and they live in heaven with God forever—for the truly illustrious are not those who have won bloody battles and caused thousands of their fellow men to be hurried into eternity, prepared or unprepared, leaving a host of widows and orphans in want with bleeding hearts. Oh, no; earthly fame and glory is often a tarnished thing."

But it is a sweet relief to find occasionally, and more than ever of late, that many of the high-born and wealthy ones of this world are bending their necks to take upon them the Saviour's yoke, and with Him and like Him are going about doing good. Praise the Lord.

THE ENEMY FOILED.

In the summer of 1895 I had a short illness, the pain and fever in my head preventing me from thinking or reasoning correctly; and as I am subject to these attacks I have observed that my adversary takes advantage of them to accuse me of spiritual sloth and want of faith and love to God. At this time I received the following lesson. It left a deep impression on my mind. I don't think it was a dream, for I was conscious of all around me, but it was a sight such as has been often given me for instruction.

I saw an enclosure, it might be a couple of acres; beyond it to the left was a large tract of bush land. The limbs had all been burnt off the trees but the

bodies of the trees still stood upright, glowing like charcoal, while beyond them still farther the fire flamed and sent up clouds of smoke that made the atmosphere thick and gloomy.

Within the enclosure were two animals, evidently placed there for combat. One was an enormous beast resembling a buffalo with huge horns, the other a small slender animal somewhat like a deer, and in no way a match for the larger one. When the conflict began the deer only sought to shun its enemy, while the other chased it furiously all about the enclosure till, weary and worn out, the deer ran into a corner and fell down, exhausted and powerless.

The enemy now seemed to triumph, and with an awful look of fury and hate bent low his head and, following the prostrate deer, attempted to gore it to death. But, oh, what a joyful surprise! Those awful horns were so curved that only the round, smooth sides touched the deer. When the beast saw he was foiled he threw up his head, wheeled hastily round, and with a look of the utmost shame and disgust, fled out of sight. He who formed the beast had limited his powers for evil.

Just here a change came. I began to recover. The lesson was this: The gloom of smoke and fire represented the abode of fallen spirits; the branchless but still glowing trees, the devastation Satan hath wrought; the arena, the battle field of life; the great beast, Satan; the lesser, a human being (myself at that time): but God will control the rage of our enemy and make a way for our escape. "Thou

couldst have no power at all against Me, except it were given thee from above."

THE AUXILIARIES.

On the eve of the departure of Dr. Retta Gifford (now Mrs. Dr. Kilborn) and Miss Brackbill for the foreign field (China), a meeting of the auxiliaries of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church was called to assemble in the Carlton Street Methodist Church. We of the King Street Church had only been organized about two or three months, yet we claimed relationship with the missionary family, and thought we had a right to go, and were anxious to hear more about the work.

I set out alone, and asking the conductor of the street-car to let me off at Yonge Street, left it with him to tell me; but he forgot, and took me away some distance beyond it. By this means I was rather late. The lower part of the parlor was already filled, and a notice put up directing us upstairs to the gallery, but even here there was scarcely a seat to be had. Some were standing.

Our secretary was in one of the front seats, but could not stay for the evening meeting, and had to leave early. When on rising to leave she discovered me in the rear, and beckoned me to take her seat. This move was an advantage to me, for soon the Voice said to me, "Get up and tell them about your auxiliary and give them those verses." Now I had not come with the least expectation of taking any part in the proceedings, and felt all amazed. The friends

were now singing the hymn in which these words occur :

“ Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 ’Tis all that I can do.”

The Voice gently questioned, “ Will you be doing all you can if you don’t do the Lord’s bidding ? ” I felt the force of this ; and not daring to allow myself time to argue the point, sprang to my feet as soon as the singing ceased, and told them about our “ baby auxiliary,” and repeated the verses alluded to, and was surprised to hear myself speaking out loud enough, and repeating correctly verses that I had cut from a newspaper about fifty years before. They are so appropriate that I will insert them here in the hope that some other heart may be inspired by them.

“THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.

- “ Upon the Gospel’s sacred page
 The gathered beams of ages shine,
 And as it hastens every age
 But makes its brightness more Divine.
- “ On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
 From year to year does knowledge soar ;
 And as it soars the Gospel light
 Adds to its influence more and more.
- “ Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
 Pours inexhaustible supplies,
 Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
 And wisdom’s self become more wise.
- “ More glorious still as centuries roll,
 New regions blest, new powers unfurled ;
 Expanding with the expanding soul,
 Its waters shall o’erflow the world,

“ Flow to restore, but not destroy,
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.” ①

Doubtless the pastor (Rev. J. Henderson) must have felt their force, as he afterwards requested a copy of them, and by them the writer, though probably dead, yet speaketh. I was but a girl in my teens when I first read them, and don't remember looking at them for many years, but they came up when God called for them. Do we not see the guiding hand in all this—the forgetful conductor, obliged to go upstairs, the secretary leaving, and giving me a front seat which served as a platform from which to speak, and then the King's commandment? Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigns among men!

THREE CALLS TO EARLY PRAYER.

It was about midsummer, the days were long, the nights short. It was a time of hard work and of weariness, yet one morning, before dawn, as I awoke these words were spoken to my heart: “ And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, He went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.” With these words came also an intimation that I should rise and pray. I was so tired and sleepy that it was with difficulty I responded to the wooing Voice, and when I did get up could stay only a few minutes.

The next morning about the same time, on waking, the same words were spoken, and though I fully

meant to obey the call, there was such an *unusual* weight of sleep upon me, like a lethargy, that ere I was aware it had overcome me, and I did not rise.

The third morning it was repeated more powerfully. Then I thought it must be of the Lord, and got up with the intention of going to prayer. I left my bedroom, went into the parlor that looked out on the front garden, and before kneeling down raised the blind to see if daylight was coming. It was still dark, but this only served to make more distinct what appeared like a white sheet spread on the ground and gently stirred by the wind. Of course I was curious to know what it was, and went out to see;—when lo! I discovered that my whole flock of geese, eleven in number, were busy eating off the young carrots, a large patch of which had been sown for winter keep for the cow. Now carrots are not like some other vegetables; they will not sprout and grow again when the tops are once destroyed. Had I slept till the usual time the whole patch would have been ruined. As it was, where they had been the crop was gone for that year.

See how the temporal and the spiritual are blended. By obeying the call to prayer the winter keep, at least of roots, was saved, which was no small matter to me. When the geese were secured in their proper place, I then knelt down to wait on the Lord. I was fully awake by this time, but do not know how long I remained in prayer. At its close I received a very impressive lesson in these distinct words, "Commit yourself entirely to God; trust Him fully; obey Him

implicitly, and give no heed to those suggestions," referring to the almost constant suggestions of the enemy that I was being deceived and that I would find myself mistaken about my spiritual concerns, and many other things to annoy and distract my mind.

This season of quiet, solitary communion with the Lord left a very gracious, comforting influence upon my spirit, and if the holy counsel given me at that time were strictly adhered to, what harm could befall me; but it seems we need repeated lessons. "Line upon line, precept upon precept" all along the journey of life, and God is not slack in "teaching and instructing us in the way that we should go"; neither is our enemy slack in seeking to hinder us. I have frequently felt that same uncommon lethargy of sleep when the voice of God was calling me to some duty.

To commit myself entirely to God, to trust Him fully and obey Him implicitly, I think contains all that He requires of us. Faith, love, obedience. The meaning conveyed to my mind at that time by the word "obedience," referred not only to obedience to the written Word, but also especially to those things which the Lord spoke to me *himself* for *myself*.

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CHAPTER XXI.

GRIMSBY CAMP-MEETING.

THE night season, when all is still and the thoughts and attention are more easily fixed, has frequently been to me a time of deepest communion with God. On one of those occasions about ten years ago, the Spirit said to me, "Your experience is not your own, it is for others also; the things which God has taught you were not entirely for yourself—write them." I thought within myself, how shall I set about it, shall I write them and leave them to my children to manage?

The Voice answered me immediately, "No, your children may never look over your papers, they may be burned up." And then these words came with power, "The grave cannot praise Thee; the living, the living, he shall praise Thee as I do this day," at the same time giving me to understand that I must set about it myself.

Many times during the past forty years have I seen the Lord's hand guiding my temporal affairs, and my going to Grimsby Camp-meeting was another instance. One day while reading the Word of God on my knees, with prayer for Divine instruction (this was my daily practice), I opened at the thirty-fifth Psalm, and when I came to the eighteenth verse, "I will give

Thee thanks in the great congregation : I will praise Thee among much people," there came to me a sweet persuasion that the Lord would fulfil those words to me.

I knew nothing at that time about the camp-meeting going on at Grimsby, but when I heard of it afterwards, a desire sprang up in my heart that I might go somewhere where God's Spirit was being poured out, and like all other desires, I laid it before the Lord, well knowing if it was from Him He would bring it to pass. For some time I thought no more about it, till one day hearing of some that were going to Grimsby Camp-meeting, I said to myself, I think the Lord is not going to take me there this time. That was because as yet the Lord was silent on the subject.

But the desire came back with force, and I think when the heart is right with God the desires are in accordance with His will. I went to prayer and told the Lord He knew that for my health's sake I needed a change, He knew, too, what a life of toil mine had been, how little recreation I had had, and that I had ever found all the recreation I desired in the company of His children in fellowship or prayer-meeting. And yet, Lord, I said, Thou hast seen fit to give many of Thy children the means of going to camp-meeting; the gold and the silver are Thine; if it be Thy will Thou canst take me there.

I had not mentioned the matter to any one but the Lord, but while I was praying my Father was planning for my good, and I trust for His glory. That same

afternoon when I came out of my room, after this talk with the Lord, a letter was lying on the table for me. It was from a friend at Grimsby. She had sent an urgent request for me to come, and to make no excuses, she would provide me a home and pay all my expenses. What could I say but, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good." I went and was benefited by the change, and also learned some useful lessons.

Being now fully persuaded that God was opening my way, there seemed also an opportunity to gratify another desire that had been growing in my heart, namely, to visit some of my old companions in the heavenly way at Bolton, and I thought of staying overnight among them and attend their prayer-meeting, but on asking for guidance circumstances directed me to move on.

Accordingly I went on to the station and there, quite unexpectedly, met one of my sons going to Toronto. He kindly attended to my valise, got my ticket, and saw me safely on the street cars that took me to the house of my friend, Mrs. H., where I met an affectionate welcome and had the pleasure of attending their prayer-meeting in Gerrard Street Church, instead of Bolton village, as I had thought of.

The friend who had sent for me came by appointment on Saturday, the twenty-first of August, 1886. We crossed over in time for evening service. The next day I heard Dr. Talmage, on Boaz and Ruth. While he was extolling the generosity of Boaz in giving orders that his reapers should let fall some

handfuls of grain on purpose for her, I inwardly said, I wonder if the good-brethren who hold the reins of time here will be as generous as he was, and let fall a few handfuls of the golden moments for such a poor gleaner as I. When evening came it was tested. We had been hearing at the evening service of God opening the windows of heaven and pouring down blessing. At the after-meeting when the opportunity was given for speaking, I think I was first, at least among the congregation.

As soon as I rose, and my eyes beheld the vast multitude before me, the promise of God occurred to me, "that I should give Him thanks in the great congregation, and praise Him among much people." And at the same time I distinctly felt in my body, about the region of the heart, as if a door had suddenly been unlocked and thrown wide open, and now the liberty was greater than the painful bondage I had felt ever since coming on the grounds, for there was little spiritual influence, rather a cold hard indifference; the place had become almost a pleasure resort. It so happened that I was near the stand, a little to one side, so that the whole congregation were almost before me. The scene was very impressive.

I told them of the promise God had given me and now fulfilled, and how true He had been to every promise. The Whyte Brothers were there. We had been singing

"I am the living bread ;
If thou but test its power
Thou art forever fed."

I told them I had tested it, and had been feeding on this bread for forty-five years, and it still sustained me; but God so filled my heart and my mouth that almost every sentence was interrupted with praise. It came welling up whether I would or not; I could not restrain it, and I had to invite them to test it for themselves. When I looked up to the stand where the ministers and choir were seated, I thought what a blessed privilege theirs was to preach and sing the everlasting Gospel, and felt like Deborah when she said her heart was toward the governors who offered themselves willingly to the work of the Lord.

Now the windows of heaven seemed opened indeed, and blessing came pouring down upon me like a mighty stream, and I wondered why, with so much good preaching, singing and laboring, the mountains did not flow down at the presence of the Lord. I had just got to the middle of my last sentence; I heard the inward Voice reminding me that there were others to speak. I had said I could not stop, and was only going to say "But for the sake of others," when I was assisted from the stand by the choir striking up a beautiful piece of music accompanied by the guitar. I was so strangely filled with love and praise that it did not disconcert me at all, nor could I sit down till they ceased singing, but stood looking up at them and drinking in the beautiful words with all my heart, nor did I feel at all displeased that they had interrupted me. I knew they did not understand me, but they were praising my God, and that was enough for me. After some time the tempter came along,

whispering in my ear, "If you had on a fine dress and some feathers in your bonnet, and a chain about your neck, you would have been allowed to talk as long as you liked." Of course I looked upon this as a suggestion from the enemy, and shut my ears to it; but when telling these things to a friend some time afterwards, she said, "Perhaps it was not from the enemy after all." Well, be that as it may, we know there is often a great deal of deference paid to the upper class while the "poor man's wisdom is despised."

After a while one of the ministers came down from the stand, saying "Something must be done," and began clearing out the front seats and arranging forms for seekers, but only two or three came up. Then the Voice said to me, "Do they indeed think to coerce the Spirit of God; but they shall not do it." At the same time a scene of my childhood was brought before me very vividly. It was this: My grandmother's cottage was just at the outskirts of the town (Quebec), and in time of heavy rain she used to wash out her water barrels, of which there were several, and by means of a moveable spout turn the water about as she wished till all were filled. It was said to me, "Do they think to turn the Spirit about like that? It shall not be so; if they will not accept it through whatever channel the Lord sees fit to send it, it will not be given." There was no movement that night, yet I had great liberty in prayer, and was so drawn out that I had to rise from my knees, while leading in prayer, and stand upright and spread out my hands to heaven.

When I returned to the cottage for the night, the first thing I heard was the exclamation, "Oh, you've got the old-time religion."

Next day (Monday), in the afternoon, Dr. Talmage gave a lecture on "The Absurdities of Evolution." In the course of his lecture he said that every two thousand years God turned over a new *leaf* in the history of our world. Two thousand years after the creation the flood came; two thousand more and Christ came. I don't know what he said further, for just then I became lost to all around me, and there rose up before my mental or spiritual vision (note this) a "leaf," not printed with letters, but with living human beings, and all moving towards the upper edge of it, and disappearing over it. First it was covered with a multitude of missionaries, men and women, urging their way. A Voice said, into the "dark places of the earth that are full of the habitations of cruelty." These all disappeared over the edge, which meant they fell at their post; their work was done, their labors ended, they passed away to their reward. Then there followed another multitude of Sabbath-school scholars with their teachers and superintendents ready prepared to fill up the ranks as the others fell. Then there came a vast concourse of the laity, moving about in all directions, like busy ants in the summer time. These were all at work forwarding the same cause. I saw also a great quantity of machinery employed in printing, binding, packing and despatching Gospel literature, and ships, railroads, telegraphs, and other appliances engaged in the same

work. Then came to the front a host of women with their eyes turned heavenward and their hands lifted up to God, shouting the battle cry. And last of all, one poor, lone woman, with a parchment scroll in her hand, on which was written: "Testimonies to the goodness, truth and faithfulness of God," and I knew that woman was myself, and the parchment scroll was that which the Lord had commanded me to write. A Voice said to me, "May not the gracious manifestations God has given you have some part in this mighty movement?" and I thought within myself, what will the turning of the next leaf reveal, will it be the coming of the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven? Amen, so let it be.

While this wonderful panorama was passing before me, evolution and its absurdities were all forgotten, and when I came to myself he was near the close of his lecture, of which I had heard but little.

The spiritual influence I had expected did not fall on the people, and I felt disappointed and uncomfortable and so poorly that I began seriously to think of returning home; but the Voice asked me if I thought the Lord had brought me there. I said, "Yes." "Then can you go away at your own pleasure?" I said, "No." Then I prayed, "Lord, make me willing for all Thy will."

On Monday, in the evening, on coming in from meeting, just as I was going upstairs, the Voice said, "Stop and propose prayer here." This came so suddenly and unexpected that I began to say, "I'm a total stranger here, it would be taking a great deal

upon me, and then we have had meetings all day; they won't relish any more." While these thoughts were passing through my mind I kept going on upstairs to lay off my things, still thinking how to go about it. Now the beds began to be pulled out and made on the floor, for we were very much crowded. The difficulty was increased and the opportunity seemed past; and now the darkness and hardness that I had felt abroad began to gather round myself, and close in upon me with a stifling sensation. I had done wrong. Sleep departed. I could scarcely pray. I had to get up and call upon God for power to pray, confess my fault, and promised if spared till morning to attend to this matter. Next morning after breakfast I asked leave to speak to the company. Immediately a lady said, "We shall be very glad to hear anything you have to say." I then told them my error and asked leave to pray with them. The mistress of the cottage was a Christian, and at once produced a testament. I asked her to read; she did so, and then said, "Now, you pray." The Lord was present. On rising from our knees, she said, "Now, as long as you are here we will have prayer morning and evening, and you shall conduct it." Thus the Lord opened the way, banished my fears, and we had some melting times.

Among those who stayed at the same cottage were two Roman Catholic ladies, to whom I felt peculiarly attracted, and in whose hearts I believe the Holy Spirit was working. They accepted kindly what I had to say, and though they did not kneel

at prayer with us (that would have been contrary to their Church faith), they did not go away, but were serious and attentive, and listened to the addresses from the stand, which could be distinctly heard at the cottage, it being directly opposite. Mrs. Teeter owned the cottage. I believe I made a great mistake with respect to those ladies. On the day they were going to leave the camp-ground when I was going to the afternoon services, I heard these words spoken to my heart with reference to them, "Speak good words to them and they will be thy servants forever." By this I was given to understand that their minds were impressed, and if I would tell them the good words of the Gospel they would accept the truth. The time of the afternoon service was at hand, and though I felt I ought to attend to their case instead of my own pleasure, I committed my old mistake, and began to reason that I ought to attend the meeting, and that I could see and talk with them after; but it was vain human reasoning, instead of obeying the Spirit. When I came back from the meeting they were gone; their friends had come in the meantime with horses and vehicle, and the opportunity was lost. I cannot describe how painfully straitened I was in spirit; my soul seemed full to breaking; I was distressed for want of liberty. The place seemed full of hardness, and a thick darkness that I could feel spiritually—as distinctly as my body could feel a thick damp atmosphere. There seemed no fit place to empty my heart. I accidentally heard of a cottage prayer-meeting for

females, to be held the next day, so I determined to seek it out.

Early next morning it was said to my heart, "If you want blessing you must go to work for it yourself." I said, "Lord teach me how." It was gently whispered, "Fast from breakfast this morning and pray, it will do you good for soul and body." I said, "Yes, Lord, gladly." Then for the sake of fresh air and that I might be alone, I went to walk by the water and to look for the prayer-meeting cottage.

Soon a lady in passing stopped and spoke to me. I found she was a Christian and belonged to the very cottage I was looking for. She took me home with her, to see a person whom she had detained overnight in hope of doing her good, for she was in trouble concerning faith and feeling, and I happened to have a pamphlet with me on that subject, or rather an article on it, just to the point. And now I began to feel liberty and walk at ease, and found the Lord was with me wherever I went.

There was one person in the same cottage where I stayed who was so exceedingly churlish that I shrank from coming in contact with her, but before we left her manner was much changed. To my surprise she was a professing Christian, one who had been converted in youth, but who had either lost, or not taken, the mould Divine. What a pity, and that it should be so common.

I could not help remarking that all through the stagnation, want of emotion and want of liberty, the witness to my own full consecration seemed to stand

out separate and distinct, clearer than usual, though the error I mentioned interfered with it for a while.

There is also another circumstance I must mention. Some days later, at one of the services, the subject was "The Obscure Nazarene." The obscure early life of our Lord, of John the Baptist, and others, were mentioned, and how God brought them to the front in His good time. I think it was in that same discourse the speaker mentioned a young lord (it might be Lord Beaconsfield) who when he stood up to deliver what is called his maiden speech, was laughed at so immoderately that he could not be heard, and had to give it up, but on sitting down he said, "The time will come when you will hear me." These words, like many other of the messages sent me, came direct to me, but as to the how, when or where I am perfectly ignorant; only this much I may say, that since that time I have had many opportunities in various places of giving in my testimony for Christ (and might have had many more if I had used them), and never was I cut short, but, contrariwise, received much encouragement, which increases all the time.

On the day we were to leave Grimsby, when we were all ready, our valises packed and just starting for the boat, my companion thought the steamer was too much crowded, as so many were leaving the grounds, and seeing a horse taken on board, she wanted to stay till the next day, though the meetings were finished.

I lifted my heart for guidance. Immediately I felt inspired with courage and determination, and picking

up my valise, said, "Come along, I'll go to-day, and it was all right, for the boat did not come over at all from Toronto the next day, and it would have put us to expense and inconvenience to remain longer, as Mrs. Teeter, our cottager, was packing up to leave also. By the blessing of God, we had a safe and pleasant passage, and the hand of the Lord was in it from the beginning, and my health improved. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: . . . who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies."

CHAPTER XXII.

WIDOWHOOD.

IN the latter part of November, in the year 1886, just before daylight one morning I heard my husband making a noise in his sleep. This occurred very frequently if he only lay down for a nap in the day-time, and we made it a point to waken him, as we thought it not good. On that certain morning I tried to rouse him by nudging him, then I shook him, but he did not waken, and I felt a rigidness that alarmed me. I called my daughter, who slept in the next room, to get a light and come. We found him all drawn up and convulsed. I bade her get me a basin of water and cloth, and then go for a neighbor.

While she was gone I knelt beside him on the bed and applied wet cloths to his forehead and the nape of the neck, thinking it might be apoplexy. While so doing I kept calling vehemently to the Lord, pleading the mighty name of Jesus, that if he were not fully ready not to take him away without regaining consciousness. I don't think I ever felt the power of the name of Jesus as at that time. My prayer seemed to move the heavens, and I realized that Jesus came swiftly, from above and stood directly in front of me, so close that if He had been in the body I could have reached and touched Him without moving from where I was, and I heard in my heart

these words, "There's no need of all this ado, he will not go this time." And while I kept bathing his head I also heard spoken in the tone of one in hurry and excitement, "His heart, his heart."

This gave me to understand that the trouble was not in his head, but at his heart. I then left working at his head, and dipping my hands in the water clapped them suddenly to the region of the heart, rubbing vigorously, it seemed to me, about half an hour, when he suddenly opened his eyes and regained consciousness. It was afternoon before the doctor came, he having been absent from home, but he confirmed the Voice, saying the trouble was at his heart, and but for the timely help, might have proved fatal. On the evening of the next day he was up and about, and didn't know that anything had happened, but it left a pain in his back and left arm. He seemed more feeble and had less appetite, but appeared to keep on improving, and on Christmas day ate a good dinner of goose and pudding. In the evening he complained of more pain in his arm, which increased but was somewhat relieved by applications. We did not think it serious.

On the evening of December 30th, after some light refreshment, when family worship was over, he went to his room. Presently my daughter heard him speak and followed him in. I quickly followed also, and found he had got on the bed, but had not settled in his own place. He did not speak, but just drew a couple of short breaths, and with his eyes closed fell asleep like a child upon its mother's breast in the seventy-ninth

year of his age. He was converted among the Primitive Methodists under the ministry of William Clows in his seventeenth year, but on coming to Quebec in 1833 from England (the same year in which I came from Scotland) he found no Primitives, and for a time joined no Church. He afterwards united with the Wesleyan Methodists, and so remained till his death, taking his turn as a local preacher for many years. Although he left no dying testimony, yet the Lord gave me all the assurance that I needed, and I can trust that Voice.

He never looked so noble and comely as in death. To me the expression of his countenance meant "victory." He had had a long, hard fight; the battle of life had been sore, but through the infinite love and goodness of God I believe he escaped safe to land. It is remarkable that my mother, step-mother, grandmother and father all died suddenly. Of the two children, one was sick one week, the other three days. My son-in-law lived four minutes after being struck with an engine. For a long time I felt as if a shadow hung over me; as if I had been within the very precincts of the portal of the spirit world, and my hands and arms had a strange feeling as if they had passed beyond the veil in holding on to him. I believe he was held back in answer to prayer. Perhaps eternity will tell.

VISIT TO FERGUS.

One day as I sat reading a book in which cottage prayer-meetings were mentioned, there seemed a

presence as of some one behind me looking on the book also, and referring to the cottage prayer-meetings said, "That is what you will be doing when you go to see M. B."

This visit was much nearer than I expected, for I was preparing to go to Toronto in a day or two, but there was some arrangement to make with Mr. Albert Rutherford, her brother, about my cattle for the winter, and I could not leave till this was done. I had tried several times before to get it done, but could not do so till this particular Saturday morning, when I was strongly impressed that I must go as quick as possible, as there would be a change of weather, when the roads would be very bad to travel. The morning was very fine when I started off, but before I reached the end of my two-mile walk it began to cloud over.

What was my surprise to find my dear friend Mrs. B. there. It was Thanksgiving time. She had come to spend it with her father and friends, and was making ready to go off to visit another sister. Had I been an hour later I would have missed her altogether, as she was to return to Fergus on Monday morning. Truly the Lord is wonderful in working. I had not been long in the house before she had it all arranged that I should meet her at the station Monday morning and go home with her for a couple of weeks instead of going to Toronto as I had intended; but the two weeks were stretched from time to time at her request till they became nearly five months. We were met at the station by Mr. B., who behaved

very kindly, and we were all invited to dine at Mrs. N.'s. In the afternoon, it being the day for the fortnightly meeting of the W. C. T. U. in that place, and Mrs. B. being a member of it, she took me along.

Now was fulfilled what was told me; that I should be engaged in cottage meetings when I went to visit M. B., for at that meeting Miss S., daughter of the Presbyterian minister, moved that they should begin cottage meetings, and Mrs. B. was appointed to take charge of them. As a matter of course I went with her, and I believe they were profitable. They were taken chiefly to houses where the inmates did not attend public services for various causes. There were also other families to be visited, and sick ones to be cared for, and my friend being an indefatigable worker and knowing the wants of the people, I put myself at her disposal to go where she sent me. This was not always easy work, but it was just the right kind of work for Christians to engage in.

I had also taken with me the few pages already written for this book that I might consult her. Some of these I read by request at the W. C. T. U. meetings, and Mrs. B. advised me to keep on writing and wait God's good time to make it more public. This little bit of encouragement was helpful to me; but there was not much time for writing. Between the visiting and meetings and some trifling household duties which I very gladly shared, and the protracted meetings going on in the different churches, we were kept busy. There was indeed a delightful unity between the churches, two of

which were Presbyterian (the Old Kirk and the Free Church), one Congregational and one Methodist. Once a month the Wednesday evening service was a union meeting, and held in the Congregational Church. The first of these that I attended is memorable to me for the blessing I received at it. Mr. P., the minister, had read the parable of the "tares and the wheat," and then discoursed on it, dwelling on the words, "Didst not thou sow good seed in thy field?"

In the course of his remarks he showed the good seed to be the children of God which He planted at first in the world. *Afterwards* the tares were sown by the enemy, they are his children; but at the end the angels are to gather "out" of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity. Then shall the righteous shine forth in the kingdom of their Father. Thus he showed the final triumph of good over evil; but the climax was reached when he said, "Good there *was*, good there *is*, and good there *shall be*."

My heart followed on with the preacher step by step, and I was so thrilled with delight at the thought of the ultimate triumph of good I could scarce refrain from shouting; perhaps I did make a little noise. When the time for prayer came my friend said to me, "Now if you feel like praying, just do." God bless her. That little sentence was like turning the key in the lock; the door burst open and out rushed a tide of joyous thanksgiving, triumphing and exulting in the thought that *good there was, good*

there *is*, and *good* there *shall be*. But for that little help I might not have been so much at ease, seeing I was not in a Methodist church; but she knew the custom that prevailed and the harmony that existed among the people. How different when visiting in Toronto. There, another friend warned me as we entered the prayer-meeting, after preaching, that no woman prayed there but the pastor's wife. "Help us to help each other, Lord."

During my stay in Fergus there were two weeks of special services in each of the Presbyterian churches. These we attended as often as practicable. There was no sectarian wall of prejudice. I brought away one solid lesson from each of these churches. One church had Mr. S. for its minister—quite an elderly gentleman. I had been accustomed to think that the Presbyterian meetings must be rather dry and restricted as the women were not allowed to take any part; but I was agreeably disappointed. As soon as I entered the church a sense of the presence of God fell upon me, and as the service proceeded I was impressed with the spirit of reverence pervading the meeting, and Mr. S.'s exposition of the Scriptures was all that a Methodist or a Christian could desire.

Beside all this the wonderful Counsellor was at my side, and said to me, "Now, you see, there can be good meetings even where women don't take part, and are not Methodists sometimes too glib?" I could not but acknowledge the truth of this statement. The first I had just proved; the latter I knew to be true in several cases. Still I am thankful that the

Lord planted me in the Methodist Church ; He knows what soil is best suited to our individual growth, and places us accordingly.

My second lesson was learned on this wise : Mr. —, of the other church, during the two weeks of special services, had a young minister to help him, who one day put this test to the congregation : " All who are not satisfied, stand up." Being seated near the front I could not tell how many rose. I kept my seat, for I consciously felt I was a child of God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and had consecrated myself entirely to Him, and had the assurance that the consecration was accepted of Him, and the one absorbing desire of my heart was to please Him in all things. How could I be dissatisfied ?

I think the people did not respond as freely as he wished, so coming forward he said, " I am not satisfied." Then the elder minister arose. It immediately occurred to me, they must mean " not satisfied " in another sense, for as the finite can never grasp the infinite so we may go on learning and drinking in more of God daily as our spiritual powers expand. With this thought I too rose to my feet.

But my thoughts dwelt on the word " satisfied," and led me to examine its meaning, and it came to me in this shape : A child at school learns its lessons at home for the next day, when it has mastered them it feels satisfied ; next day it repeats them correctly at school and the teacher is satisfied too, but there is more to follow, and neither the teacher nor scholar should rest satisfied with present attainments. Even so

our heavenly Father gives us daily lessons and never gives us anything impracticable, He is too good and wise for that, but with every command will give all needful grace and strength so that like as Enoch walked with God, and before his translation had the witness that he pleased God, even so may we. Will not that give satisfaction, though there is much more to attain to ?

But the great trouble is that many people, even professing Christians, don't believe we can so live in this day, and so put the blessed privilege away from them, thinking such things belonged only to the old dispensation, whereas it belongs peculiarly to the present dispensation, of which Jesus says, "If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Had the patriarchs or prophets any higher privilege than this to which the least in Christ's kingdom is heir ?

The minister also said, "I want to be filled with joy unspeakable." This raised another thought within me, "what is joy unspeakable ?" and the answer came, "Indescribable, cannot be described, not necessarily exuberant or ecstatic." It is indescribable in its quietness, lying down deep in the heart, enabling us to endure when the fierce blasts of persecution or the sorest of earthly trials pass over us, "for the joy of the Lord is our strength." Even so Jesus, "who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right of the throne of God."

Many stumble at the outset about feeling. I thank my God that before I was converted no one ever told me anything about feeling. Consequently I entered the fold without quibbling, simply taking God at His word and accepting the offered pardon through the blood of Christ. Then peace like a tiny stream began to steal into my heart and joy soon followed abundantly. There was no lack of feeling then. Hid from the wise and prudent but revealed unto babes.

But the word of the Lord in my heart for myself, and for our minister, Mr. C., was, "This one thing I do," namely, to press home God's claim to a holy life and the near access we may have to Him concerning temporal matters. This was the work God gave me to do while in Fergus. Our own special services did not begin till shortly before I left, but the work went on and the Lord showed me the basement where the meetings were held covered about half way over with beautiful white flowers thickly set and close together, and so it was, for Mrs. B. informed me a blessed work was done. Praise the Lord.

There was much need of these special efforts, for the Lord had said to me, though I am loath to write it, "The land is full of adulterers," which meant that the flesh predominated, and this was made plain to my spiritual senses, for even while walking the streets the atmosphere felt heavy with sin. It was my spiritual senses that felt it, for we have spiritual senses as well as bodily senses; it was the wheat and the tares growing together. The Lord

also gave me to know in a peculiar way where some of the evil lay. No wonder Satan was angry and tried to do me mischief. Through the kindness of Mrs. B. I also had the opportunity of spending most of a day at a home provided for the poor and afflicted ones and had my dinner among them. This large building was so clean and comfortably warmed all through and their tables so well provided that I said to myself, "If I had no children to care for me in my old age I would be thankful for such a home!" I read the Scriptures, prayed and talked with the inmates and told them some of my own experiences. I also spent a short time in the men's ward and in the hospital attached to it, but as I am writing from memory, and it is now about eight years since, I will only add that the commotion about the second coming of our Lord that had been agitated outside had also got inside these walls, and many of the women, some helpless invalids, seemed more concerned about it than the salvation of their souls.

Now where I had lived for the previous thirty years this subject had not been touched upon, and I felt unprepared to answer their questions. I told the Lord how unfurnished I was and asked Him to give me understanding. The answer I received was this, "Death will be the end of the world to us, and death will also be the coming of the Son of Man for us, but it is of more importance to be ready than to know when this will take place, and the way to be ready is to live right every day." To those who are living in fellowship with Him, the sight of Him coming in

the clouds of heaven will be a great joy. I once had a taste of this in a dream, and the joy within was like an uplifting power that caused me to ascend to meet Jesus in the air without any effort on my part except clapping my hands and exclaiming repeatedly, "Now He's coming." Of this there is a fuller account in another chapter.

Altogether my visit was profitable to me. I learned some useful lessons, that have been helpful to me ever since, though I fear I could not fulfil my friend's idea of work. Such a sense of weariness possessed me that it was sometimes a sore distress to spend an evening out, which she often planned doubtless for the purpose of profitable conversation. I often found it almost impossible to converse, and would keep saying inwardly, "Lord, help me; Lord, help me." I suffered so much through weariness it seemed sometimes as if my heart and brain would stand still. I think this was the effect of nervous exhaustion, brought on by the sudden death of my husband, and my daughter's long illness afterwards through the shock, from which I had not yet recovered. I tried to keep up for my friend's sake, for she was very kind, and the children were very affectionate. May the good Lord bless them abundantly and reward them for all their kindness.

I have had many letters from Mrs. B., and two short visits since then, all of which brought a gracious influence with them. Praise the Lord for Christian friendship.

The lessons' learned while at Fergus led me to

write some thoughts on the subject of "Holiness," and though they have been printed in my small book, "Epistles and Poems," I will here insert, as they are a part of my experience.

HOLINESS.

Many ask, How can we be holy in this world? Are we not sinful by nature? and there is sin all around us. But we might ask, How can we *dare* to be otherwise, since God has commanded it and brought it within our reach? He is not a hard Master seeking to gather where He has not strawed; or, like Pharaoh, who required bricks to be made without furnishing material. But, says one, Don't we sin every day; don't you? Well, if I did I should be very unhappy, for the wrath of God would abide upon me; but even if I did I am not the standard by which you are to measure. Christ is the measure; He is the pattern; we must not measure ourselves by any human pattern. To the law and to the testimony, whatever that says, must be right. But what sin is it from which we cannot be delivered, will you specify? We will pass by the outward or visible sins; for if you profess to be a disciple of Christ you will surely have dropped all these. We will speak of sin in the heart, which no eye but that of God can see. Have you to struggle against pride, envy, guile, lust, covetousness, evil thoughts? Yes, thoughts! For thought is the most subtle and at the root of all action. We must sin in thought before we act sin. Jesus said, "Out of the heart proceed evil

thoughts." Now, if you cannot be delivered from any or all of these neither can your neighbor, and would you be willing that your neighbor should exercise any of these upon you? No, indeed, you expect your neighbor to be right and to do right towards you, and he has a right to expect the same of you. You must make no allowance for yourself.

Our Lord goes down to the root of the matter when He says, in Matthew v. 28: "Whosoever looketh . . . to lust after her hath committed adultery . . . already in his heart." And the apostle says, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Verily, what we do with or in the mind, or with the desire, that is the sin we commit, for "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," though he may not have opportunity to put it in practice; therefore it is the thoughts of the heart that must be cleansed. Then there must be such a thing as purity of heart, or Jesus would not have said "Blessed are the pure in heart" if there were no such state. But experience and observation tell me that no one will find this "pearl of great price" till he sells all—that is, parts with everything—to obtain it, until the one consuming desire of his heart is to have everything that divides his heart or affections with God, anything that usurps His place, driven out. Can this be done? Oh yes, most certainly. My own experience, if I may use it to illustrate. When life itself was not dear to me in comparison of this blessing, and after a season of deep humiliation on account of spiritual leanness and a felt want, which I knew was the want of Christ

reigning in me by the Holy Ghost, I went alone with God, and laid on the altar of consecration (and we are told the "altar sanctifieth the gift") myself and that which I held supremely dear, my husband and two little children, making no other stipulation than this, that as at His request I yielded my all to Him, He would give himself to me and dwell and rule in me. I desired no manifestation; I sought no evidence. I had only done God's bidding, which was my reasonable service, and I knew He would fulfil His part of the covenant. Then I went about my household duties with a feeling of satisfaction and in great peace. All the conflicting element between God and my soul had ceased; but the Lord, as is often the case, gave me more than I asked. While preparing the dinner the power of God fell upon me, so that I had to drop my work, close my eyes, and worship the King. At the same time I seemed to be carried in the spirit up to mid-air, and saw my Saviour sitting on a throne and myself at His feet, looking up into His face, while the glory that beamed from it penetrated and filled all my being, and I began to repeat lines that I had never heard before:

How sweet to commune with the King of the skies,
How sweet to sit down at the feet of my love,
And drink in His beams till, enraptured, I rise,
And feast for a moment with Jesus above.

I then opened my eyes and found I was still on earth, and closed them again to shut out the sight. Then another verse came:

'Tis but for a moment, for sadly too soon
 Our thoughts are recalled to this region of night,
 But soon the dear Saviour we look for shall come
 And the day of eternity burst on our sight.

But did I cease to flourish when this point was reached? No, indeed, but grew more rapidly. My soul expanded under the rays of the Son of righteousness. Did I cease to learn? No; my eyes and ears were opened. I beheld wondrous things in the Bible, and heard the voice of the Spirit speaking in my soul. Did temptations cease? ~~Oh no, but there was~~ given me an armor, which I had to learn to use. The conflict was not now so much with flesh and blood—that is, not with my own nature—as with spiritual foes, principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places. Some things that had been temptations to me before did not affect me at all now, but the fiery darts began to come, and I experienced after a while what the apostle speaks of, “After ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions.” I could now say with the poet:

“Thee, Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Thee, Saviour, we adore;
 Thee in affliction’s furnace praise,
 And magnify Thy power.

“Thy power in human weakness shown,
 Shall make us all entire;
 We now Thy guardian presence own,
 And walk unburned in fire.”

An illustration also comes to us in this manner,

Free grants of land were given out by the Government years ago on purpose to get the country settled. The land was a free grant, but there was a condition on which it was granted, namely, that the person should go and live on it. Just so this great gift of salvation, consisting of pardon and purity, is for us to live on or in; but as the children of Israel, even when they reached the promised land, had to fight for it and rout the enemies, and as the farmer has to clear and cultivate his land, so we have to work and watch, fight and pray, though it is not now so much the fight with sin as the fight of faith. "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Was there ever but one Pentecost? We read of but one, for then the Holy Spirit came to abide and to continue the teaching of Jesus, who said, "He shall not speak of himself; . . . He shall glorify Me: for He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you." So it is clear we have not done with Jesus Christ, as we have heard some say, because we are in the Spirit's dispensation. Christ said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Yet as thousands have received the atonement through the atoning sacrifice of Christ, so thousands of Christians have received their Pentecost since the Holy Ghost was ushered into the world to abide, though He certainly has been in the world ever since the creation, but in a different manner of operation.

There are some persons we have met who think they are not sinners because they pay everybody

their own and hurt no one. They are not immoral. These say they have no sin and deceive themselves, for "If we say that we have not sinned we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us." Paul says, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Our Lord came to put away sin by the sacrifice of His own body, and to destroy the works of the devil. The apostle says, "My little children, these things write I unto you, 'that ye sin not,'" yet leaves a way of escape, "and if [we should note the "if"] any man sin, we have an advocate." There are many things that some count sinful which are not so, and many things really sinful that are not looked upon as such. We need to learn the difference between sin and temptation. Many sincere Christians are sorely troubled on this point. Well, that is one point which the Holy Spirit when admitted into the heart to dwell and reign will clear up. I give an extract that expresses my own views and experience :

AUGUSTINE'S OUTLINE OF TEMPTATION.

"1. A thought. 2. An imagination. 3. A delight. 4. An assent. These are the four stages. You can stop the process between the second and third stages, but this only with difficulty. The time to stop is between the first and second stages. The first stage comes. It is no sin; it is only temptation [mark that], but if you let it go to the next stage, if you go to meet it and play with it for two seconds, the chances are one hundred to one that you are going

over the precipice. The only thing to do is to project some other picture in its place."

We should say stop in time, project the picture of an offended God and an unhappy soul, which would surely be the outcome of yielding to temptation. The Spirit of God is a swift witness and He warns in time if we listen to His voice. He speaks and often warns simultaneously with, yea, even before the temptation touches us sometimes.

August 14th, 1893. By the goodness of God I am permitted to visit my old home so distinctly given me of the Lord. Though now tenanted by Mr. N., I have reserved a room with all needful comforts in it and part of the summer kitchen with the privilege of using these for a month in each summer. Journeying mercies have been granted me, and the kind welcome of friends. New friendships formed and new openings for service for the Master meet me at every turn. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

O Lord, help me to be faithful to use these opportunities aright; teach me how to conduct myself under all circumstances and in all company to Thy glory. O Lord, let me never have a hollow profession; let me never become formal; let me not deceive myself nor be deceived nor deceive others. I cannot and do not wish to deceive Thee.

Yesterday I heard Rev. Campbell speak from the words, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." My own thoughts went very much after the next verse, "For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy." God has indeed led me to

the rock, and it has been a shelter and strong tower whereunto I could continually resort. I had a feeling all through the service that there was some barrier between the preacher and people, and learned later that it was even so.

August 15th. Awoke very early repeating these words,

“Dead to the world, in Christ ye live ;
Your creature love is crucified.”

I searched if this were really true in me, and found no desire after earthly good or gain. My one desire is to serve the Lord acceptably, to do His will, and glorify Him on the earth. Lord, grant me my heart's desire, for Jesus' sake.

August 24th. Have had a return of my old complaint, caused by the rush of blood to the head, and felt it worse than usual. It comes more frequently and from slighter causes. At such times it is very difficult to think correctly; talking or writing is hard work, and my mind gets quite confused. Each return is more difficult to get over.

I have to-day experienced a pleasant instance of the guiding hand of God. We were ready to go to visit some friends, but Mrs. N. wished us to have prayer with her son, who was that day to start for Manitoba. She expected him in very soon, so we waited from about nine till near noon, but he did not come. Several times I questioned whether we were doing wisely, but as it was to be an effort for the young man's spiritual welfare, I quieted myself and waited God's time, committing all to Him.

How glad I was that I had done so, for about noon a carriage stopped at the gate, and a very dear friend, Mrs. G. B., whom I had not seen for several years, alighted, her two sons and another intimate friend with her. I had been wishing to see her, and had that morning penned a card to her, asking if she could not make it convenient to come while we were here. "Before they call, I will answer," and "He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Had we been out, I should have missed her altogether, for she was just making a flying visit among her many relatives in this neighborhood. It was a season of mutual rejoicing and praise to God. It was during this season in the country that the following lines were penned:

A SONG OF GRATITUDE.

We had gone to spend a while in the country, but I caught a cold that laid me up. I was very ill for a short time; the change for the better came on a Sabbath morning, and tears of gratitude filled my eyes. My daughter seeing this, asked if I were lonesome. This gave rise to the following lines:

'Tis Sabbath morn. Though prisoner, I
Can see, from the bed whereon I lie,
White, fleecy clouds go floating by
On the beautiful blue of the summer sky,
And the yellow fields where the reaper has been,
Side by side with fields of the richest green,
And stately trees, so tall they seem
To touch the sky, and all things mean
The praise of Him who made them.

You ask if I'm lonesome. No, my dears ;
What you see are only gratitude's tears,
For God has taken away my fears
And my pain, for my prayer has reached His ears.
He who gave the blessed Sabbath day
Doth always hear when the heart doth pray.
O my children, keep in the narrow way
Till we meet in the land of cloudless day
More beautiful far than this.

But I will not write to-day of aught
But the praise of Him who our souls hath bought,
And out of the pit of sin hath brought
The wandering sheep whom the Shepherd sought.
Of Him I'll write if I cannot sing,
For my thoughts fly up as on angel wing
To the heavenly home of my God and King,
And sweetness back to earth they bring
To cheer my pilgrim way.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ST. THOMAS.

MY oldest son and daughter were married and living in St. Thomas, and this was my first visit to them. I found them in comfortable circumstances and in very pleasant homes, and spent about four months among them. It would seem the Lord had some work planned for me beforehand, for He shortly spoke to me through His Word, in the twenty-eighth chapter of First Chronicles, latter part of twenty-first verse: "And there shall be with thee for all manner of workmanship every willing skilful man, for any manner of service: also the princes and all the people will be wholly at thy commandment."

This might seem a very extravagant idea, but the Lord who spoke it gave me to understand in what sense to take it, and what was meant by it, and also fulfilled it. The meaning conveyed was that the skilful, that is the experienced Christians, "the princes," were the leaders, and the Church people in general would be favorable to me, and unite with me. This I found to be the case from the first time I attended the church, which was at the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, when the preacher and people gathered round and gave me a very hearty welcome.

The Lord also greatly blessed me and made me very happy in His work. I met with opposition from some quarters outside, who thought I should not go to seek the fallen ones—it was not respectable enough—yet it is just those we have to seek. Here also I missed some opportunities through the foolish diffidence by which I have come to great spiritual loss at times, and yet I gathered some instruction in every place, and the Lord was with me everywhere and made a way for me. It was during this visit that I learned my “Railway Lesson,” described on another page, and also one that showed Divine guidance in a very marked manner, just before leaving St. Thomas. It was my last meeting among them.

I had bidden them good-bye, but was unexpectedly detained another week. It was Wednesday. I intended to go to the meeting, but during the afternoon the Voice said, “You must tell them about the death of J. W.” (This also is in another page of this book.) Now, to do this would take some time, and I began to wonder how it could be done, as the time allotted for testimony was but short.

I could see no way but to go early and try to speak to Mr. A. before meeting, and ask him to allow me the time, for I did not wish to disobey the Lord. But a better way was provided, and everything seemed to combine to prevent me getting off early. My daughter was called out to see a sick friend; my son-in-law was later than usual in coming home, and when he did come was in no hurry to sit down to tea.

I did not wish to urge him or to leave till he had his tea comfortably, so instead of being early I was rather late. Even this was for the better, as the seat I usually occupied was filled and I was obliged to take one that answered better when the time came to speak. I did not have to ask for time or liberty, for the minister, seeing me in the congregation, said, "I see Sister Bentley is here yet, and as she is going to leave us soon we would like her to speak to us to-night." Thus the Lord made a way for me to do what He had bidden me. I told them how the Lord had given me a message, and that I could not see how I was going to get time to tell it, and how I thought of speaking to Mr. A. before meeting but could not, and how he himself had called upon me. This was an object lesson for them on the way in which God guides our affairs, and also encouraged my own heart to trust in the Lord to open up ways and means to bring about His own purposes.

The Lord also gave me a message for my son-in-law, who was somewhat peculiar in his religious views. He thought, as many others do, that the churches were making a money business of the Gospel, and that there were too many collections. He thought the Gospel should be free; but this did not spring from parsimony or greed, for he was kind and generous and ready to help where it was needed, especially among his fellow workmen. But people forget that while the Gospel itself is free, those who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel, and that places to worship in cost money, though many

carry this to extremes—building and furnishing costly churches burdened with debt. And then many unprofitable ways are used for raising money which must be a stink in God's nostrils and an offence to the Most High. Neither has every man who goes a preaching a right to be supported by the people, for some take to it for a living as they would take to a trade—men whom God has not called² to the work nor anointed for it, and in whose mouths the Lord has not put His words,—who have run before they were sent. He was also well versed in Church history and the rise of the different sects; he knew a great deal more about these things than I did, but that kind of knowledge does not bring salvation.

One evening he was engaged in an argument with a person of the Baptist persuasion, when the word of the Lord came to me, saying, "Don't argue with him at all, just lead him to Jesus." I followed this advice and avoided argument, and, as opportunity offered, tried to draw his attention and his heart to the Saviour. Oh, how little did I think that in one short year from that very time he would be in eternity!

No doubt the good Lord who knows the end from the beginning was wooing him to himself; and my daughter told me that on the last Sabbath he spent on earth they had been to church in the evening together, and on returning home they sat talking over the service, in which he seemed more than usually interested, and that a strange light and peculiar expression was on his countenance. Next day, after dinner, he went to his work, kissing her good-bye

at the door, and then looked back smiling at her. That was the last time she saw him alive. About three o'clock, by some mistake, a car struck him in the back, knocking him down. He only lived four minutes. The only words he spoke were "Poor Lizzie, poor Lizzie." They had spent about six years and a half happily together. He was a kind husband and a good son-in-law. My poor girl's heart was crushed, her grief was terrible to witness—the change came so suddenly.

~~For a week before his death I was undergoing a~~ peculiar experience myself that would be very difficult to describe or explain. I was now in my own home. It seemed to me as if I lived in an atmosphere not of this world. It covered only the upper half of my person and brought with it a Divine influence that increased as the days went by, filling me with a peace and joy so deep and quiet that I could not talk much. The lower half of my body lived and moved as usual in its own atmosphere.

On Sunday, the day previous to his death, this weight of heavenly influence became almost oppressive, so that I could not even read, though I had gone into the orchard and sat under a tree with my Bible. I had to give up trying to do anything and just give way to it. Perhaps if I had asked what it meant, as I did on some other occasions, I might have got information—as at the time of Mrs. A. N.'s death, and of the Princess Alice, and other occasions.

But whether this had anything to do with the going home of S. P. or not I will not say, but it is

remarkable that on the Monday I suddenly noticed that the heavenly atmosphere and influence were gone—that was the day of his death. It was the next day before the news reached us. Was it the joy of heaven that had been communicated to me as it was just before the going home of Jane W. and Mrs. N.? I believe the veil is very thin that hides our friends; our eyes are just holden.

MY RAILWAY LESSON ON FAITH.

While standing on the platform waiting for a friend whom I expected to meet in St. Thomas, a freight train came gliding along and stood in front of the station; there were about twenty cars attached to the engine. As I looked on I received a lesson, for we know that the Lord in the days of His flesh taught the people by surrounding objects. While I was admiring the ease and grace with which that long train was carried forward, this question was put to my heart: "How far would those cars go without the locomotive power, the steam engine?" I said, "Not far." No, if all the men in the place were put in the stead of it, I don't suppose they could draw them to their destination. But, attached to the motive power, how beautifully and with what ease they glide along over all manner of difficult and dangerous places and land their freight in safety at the end of the road. Even so no human power is sufficient to carry us on in safety over the difficulties and dangers that beset us and enable us to keep the highway of holiness. But let us be linked to God, the great

motive power, and we find it can be done; the difficulty vanishes.

Then it was said, to me: "But if we get off the track—what then?" I said, "A wreck," and I saw if those cars became detached from the engine and got no farther, they would be a nuisance, they would be in the way. So Christians, if they do not progress, but stand still, soon backslide and become a nuisance, a hindrance to others; and as the goods contained in the cars would spoil if left standing there, so the good the soul has received will perish and die out if not kept in use in the service of God and the benefit of our fellow-men.

I then walked to the end of the station, where a number of passenger cars were standing, and as they were somewhat raised I could see the underworks, which appeared to me very intricate. Here I fell to musing on the skill and ingenuity that is brought into action in the construction of those cars; then the thought, "Where did the skill come from?" From the great Master Mind, of course. Then, what a wonderful being man is to partake so of the God-like. Next came the thought, "How many different persons have been employed on those cars, from the blacksmith, the carpenter, the painter, the glazier, up to the upholsterer?" and the Voice said to me, "Yes, and what faith is placed in these men that their work is safe and trustworthy, but how little 'faith in God.'" With what confidence people walk into the cars, choose comfortable places for their loved ones, throw

in their valuable luggage, and trust all to the skill and management of the railway officials.

Some days later came the thought, "O, if we could gather up in our arms all the faith that we place in our fellow-creatures in one great bundle and throw it all over on to God, and say, 'All this and much more we owe to Thee, O Lord, for Thou only art worthy of all faith, and love, and honor,' what rest it would bring to the soul."

Try it, dear friend. Give God the confidence of your heart. Speak to Him freely; He understands you better than your best beloved. There is no danger that He will impugn your motives or put a wrong construction on what you do or say. Nay, He is so true and faithful that He will even tell you the truth about yourself. A highway shall be there.

WHY NOT BE A SERAPH ?

On coming to St. Thomas I received instruction thus: I was shown a good-sized work-basket filled with small bundles neatly packed in. Each bundle was a separate article, and all were waiting to be mended; but all could not be mended at once, and it was conveyed to my mind, "There is plenty of work here, but you must take hold of it by degrees as opportunity offers." One opportunity came while walking home from the class-meeting in company with a brother, who told me he had trouble with his temper. A lesson came to myself while talking to him; it was this: A piano is a very quiet thing, mostly wood and wire. It will stand silent and

useless in a corner till someone with skill touches it, then it will give forth sweet music. A pen is also an insignificant thing; but let a right-minded person take it up and use it, and what a means of blessing it may be. So if we put ourselves into God's hands and let Him use us, though we are so unworthy, He can make us a blessing to the world as far as our influence extends.

But a more delightful lesson was in store for me. Having just come from Fergus, I knew my friend, Mrs. B., had a quantity of religious periodicals, and, thinking they might assist me in my work, sent to her for a parcel of them. Among these was a single leaf of an old *British Workman*, with a story of "The Man who Spoiled the Music." By his drinking habits his home was comfortless and his wife pale and sad. Two of his little girls came home from the mission Sabbath-school singing,

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven."

But when they opened the door and saw their father, they shut it again and crept silently away. At this he was angry, and yet he knew it was he who had spoiled their music. This led him to think of others out of whose lives he had taken all the music. He strode out of the house, all dirty and unkempt as he was, and wandered on till he came to the green fields, where he sat down to brood over his miserable life. He remembered his boyhood and the mother for whom he had purposed to do such great things when he should become a man, and how he had brought her grey hairs

with sorrow to the grave. He had spoiled her music, too. Then he thought of the prayer she had taught him and began slowly repeating it, "Our Father, which art in heaven," till he came to the words, "For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory." Here he stopped short and began to question thus: "What is all that kingdom and power for? Is it to make stars and trees and everything beautiful, and leave a poor wretch like me to struggle with sin and go down to destruction?"

He had been meditating his own destruction, saying to himself he would be better out of the way where he could spoil no more music, and his wife and children would be no worse off without him; but then again came the thought, would that mend matters? Still the words kept coming back, "For thine is the kingdom, the power . . ." till the truth was forced upon his mind that the power that created and upheld all things was present to help him if he would accept it. The outcome was that, to the surprise of his family, he returned home sober and continued so for a whole week (despite the taunts and jeers of his fellow-workmen), and to their greater surprise when on Saturday night he came home not only sober but with a well-filled basket of necessaries. He was saved, and the music returned.

When I reached the end of the story I dropped the paper, and lifting up my hands and voice said vehemently, "Oh, to be a seraph! oh, to be a seraph! that I might carry the news round the world that the power

of God is on the side of fallen man and we can have it if we will."

I knew this before, but it was so grandly illustrated in this poor man's case that it filled my heart with joy to think that he too had found it out, and I longed that every one else might prove it too, and kept breathing out my desire, "Oh, to be a seraph." Presently the Voice said, "Why not be a seraph? Why not be a seraph?" This set me to considering. What is a seraph? and as if in answer there came to memory a verse of some poetry which my husband had written in a Bible which he presented to me as a wedding gift. It ran thus:

"May'st thou, so like that seraph throng
Who wait the moving of God's will,
And on the burning wing wait long
Their pleasing duty to fulfil."

At the same moment there came up before my mind what I had often seen in my country home among the flowers at my own door, the beautiful, tiny humming bird come darting along, seemingly in such haste to do its work that it did not even alight but kept its wings in rapid motion (which causes the humming sound) while it sipped the nectar from the flowers and was off again.

And yet another lesson: There was a fire burning on the ground; the flame went straight up; it was conical shaped and about the size of a white sugar loaf, but while I looked there came a breath of air and swayed the flame round on either side, this way and that.

The lessons were: First, that we should burn with love to God and a desire to do His will; Second, that we should do it quickly, drinking nectar ourselves from the source of all sweetness, and hastening away to impart it to others; Third, the fire on the ground meant the fire that God had kindled in the hearts of His people, and when the breath of the Spirit of God blows upon it, it turns whichever way He wills to fulfil His purposes.

How often I have rejoiced to sing kneeling in prayer meetings:

"There's power enough in Jesus
To heal the sin-sick soul."

Those lessons were learned in less time than it has taken to write them.

One friend remonstrated strongly with me because I sometimes went to a house where the parents were both seemingly earnest Christians, but the daughter had gone astray (she was home at this time). I endeavored to show her that it was just to such-like we should go. "O yes," she admitted, "there were persons whose duty it was to do such work," but it did not seem to occur to her that her humble friend might be one of those whose duty it was to go. A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and among his own kin.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CANADA HOLINESS ASSOCIATION.

JUNE 25th, 1894. Have just performed a painful duty which began to be felt over a year ago, but the time had now come when it must be done. I have this day returned the last number of the *Expositor of Holiness*, although it has been kindly sent me free of charge for some years by the editor, my reason being that it is so changed I cannot accept it as an expositor of holiness, nor read it profitably, and dare not circulate what it advances concerning the Scriptures and the Divinity of Christ.

A feeling of subdued gladness and sweetness filled my soul as when relief comes after some painful operation which we shrank from yet knew had to be performed though it cost us much to have it done. But there was a feeling of sorrow mingled with it that it should ever have become necessary.

Mr. B. was not at home, and I think it was well, for his manner wounds my spirit; but my heart went after Mrs. B. and kept on saying, "Lord bless her. Yea, Lord, bless them both abundantly and lead them by the right way." Mrs. B. acknowledged their having received my two letters, but said 'Mr. B. publishes what he thinks best.' I suppose, being editor, he has that right.

Doubtless they were right enough at the beginning of their work, but controversy can seldom be carried on for any length of time without evil results. The effort to justify ourselves and "hold our own ground," as we say, is often one of Satan's devices to make us heady and self-willed. The first intimation I had that anything was going wrong was about six years ago. This was long before I detected anything in the teaching that I could not agree with, and I have thought it would be well to put on record the steps by which I have been led concerning this matter and my attitude towards the present teaching of the Canada Holiness Association.

Mr. B. preached twice in Bolton village, I was told, but I did not hear him. He visited a friend of mine (Mrs. W. Irwin), an invalid, and she became his agent for the *Expositor of Holiness*. She mentioned me to him as one who held similar views on Divine guidance. Accordingly he sent me a copy and I obtained four other subscribers.

I was greatly delighted with the contents of the pamphlet, for holiness had been my supreme object and aim for years; and as for Divine guidance, I had abundant experience on that line, but seldom found any one who believed in it to the same extent. No wonder I was glad to find some one who understood these things. I welcomed the monthly coming of the *Expositor*. At that time there was a humble spirit in the editorial and other articles.

But when the division came between Dr. S. and Mr. B., I have no language to describe the shock

it gave, or the grief it caused me. It seemed like the taking of the Ark of God by the Philistines in Eli's day. I was sick for several days on account of it, it seemed so dreadful for Christians to get divided on the subject of holiness; but the enemy knows if he can only divide and scatter the children of God his point is gained. Oh, how earnestly I hoped that Mr. B. would not reply or get into controversy, but quietly go on with his work and let God vindicate him. His work would have spoken for itself. But a gap was made then that has been widening ever since, and into the gap have been thrown first hard thoughts, then hard words, irony, sarcasm and ridicule, till, to strengthen the position taken, the Scriptures were deemed unimportant for those who were "led by the Spirit." And now they are further undermined by throwing doubts on the correctness of some parts—even the Godhead of Christ is assailed. Matters have reached a climax. What a pity to leave so great a work and come down to controversy—what a pity that brethren should fall out by the way.

"Why not sing and shine with sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace."

In my great sorrow (for there is nothing so dear to the heart of the Christian as the cause of God) I cried to the Lord, and, true to His word, "as one whom his mother comforteth," the Lord comforted me, assuring me that all these commotions would be over-

ruled by Him to the spreading of the truth, as did the scattering of the disciples in the early days, and said to me, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?" signifying that I was to look above and beyond man to God alone.

However, as oft as I went to Toronto I attended the holiness meeting at Mr. B.'s house, and gladly sat at their feet expecting to learn more concerning the way; but I missed the gracious spiritual influence we used to feel in holiness meetings held in Richmond Street Church thirty years before, and felt a little confused by the way things were put. At one meeting I said I had erred in not going to a place where I intended, but had gone in another direction. Mr. B. said, "Did you ask the Holy Spirit?" I said, "Yes." "Then," said he, "you must not admit that you could err, because that would imply that the Holy Spirit is not a sufficient guide." He said, "Your going in an opposite direction might be to lead you into some work for the Lord." I said, "That is just what it did"; for my daughter (for whose health's sake I was then in town) had started out before me and gone in the wrong direction, and she being so weak I did not wish to make her turn back, so we went on; but she got worse by the way, and we were glad to turn in to the house of an acquaintance. Here I found opportunity and great liberty in conversation and prayer. Thus a door was opened into this family, where I have often since found a welcome. But as to not admitting that we can err after asking the Holy

Spirit to guide us, that still depends on our will continuing submissive, and our hearts attentive to His teaching. I have myself learned some lessons by sore experience on that line.

After I had attended several of the meetings and given my experience on the line of Divine guidance, Mr. B. asked me if I would write something for the *Expositor*. Accordingly I wrote two letters on "How I was Led to Grimsby," which he published. I afterwards wrote another concerning the death of J. W., which he thought best not to publish, giving as a reason that people were apt to run after the marvellous, but that he might make use of it at some future time. To this I was quite agreeable; still I believe it was of God that I should send it to him.

After I sent the letter off I had a dream. I saw Mr. and Mrs. B. sitting in their parlor reading my letter, and I saw Mrs. B. wind up a ball of yarn and lay it aside in a basket (that was how my letter was laid aside). Again I dreamed that I saw Mr. B. take his son by the shoulder and violently thrust him out of the room, and in the next number of the *Expositor* there was an article showing how to be angry and not sin; and that there were times when it was quite proper to be angry. Again I dreamed and saw in their meeting-room a row of new chairs, and in the next number of the *Expositor* there was an acknowledgment that the friends of the cause had presented some chairs for the convenience of the meetings. Before returning home, Mrs. Blight, a dear friend, asked us to stay a while with her. I think it was

on a Friday evening we went, and would have left on Monday, but I wished to attend the Tuesday meeting at Mr. B.'s house, and her home being near made it convenient for us. Accordingly we left her house at near three o'clock, I for the meeting, my daughter for Mrs. G.'s, telling Mrs. B. where I was going.

But when about half way there the word of the Lord came to me, saying, "No, pass on to Mrs. G.'s, they are strong enough there without you," and giving me to understand they were getting heady on the subject, and that my testimony, though true and correct, would only help on the trouble. This was so distinct, even to the very tone of voice and emphasis, that all my plans were overturned in a moment, and I went on to Mrs. G.'s house with my daughter, where we just had time before the family came home for tea to finish up a conversation we had begun shortly before on the same subject (Divine guidance).

This was the first premonition I had of anything going wrong, but have had many since. The next came to me near the close of a camp-meeting at Niagara, when the Lord showed me a vessel tight and strong, well built, and on her deck quite a number of very respectable looking, well-dressed (a little on the Quaker line) passengers. While I looked the people crowded all to one part of the vessel and turned her to one side, showing her keel. The Lord said to me, "This is the state of affairs; they are rushing too much in one direction and endangering

the vessel" (that meant the cause of God). And soon again I had another object lesson. I was shown a person spinning yarn, and as the thread was drawn out I saw one place where it was as fine as a hair and consequently useless, and was told that was the way people were treating the subject of holiness and Divine guidance—going to extremes and spoiling it. Soon after this I was preparing to remove to Toronto, and the Lord said to me, "Now you have sat at their feet, what have you learned?" I could not say they had added anything to me, for I was sure that holiness was the privilege and duty of God's children years before I knew them, and as for Divine guidance, had experienced more than any of them spoke of. The Voice said to me, "'Princes walking as servants upon the earth.' It will be your turn to talk when you go to Toronto," and I told them so at the first meeting I attended. And the Lord gave me to understand that as a child of the King I had been instructed by God himself, and that it was out of place for me to be sitting at their feet as a learner on that line, but that I should rather be proclaiming what He had taught me on the subject, and continually emphasizing and causing me to emphasize the fact that I had not received it from man, neither learned it of man, but from God. And yet at the same time keeping ever before me the words of Daniel, that these things were "not revealed to me for any goodness or wisdom that I have more than any living," but to fulfil God's purposes, and I believe it is for this same purpose that Mr. B.'s book on "Divine Guid-

ance" has been withheld from me, for I am not called to testify to other people's views but to speak the things that I *do know* (experimentally) *and testify of that which I have seen* (personally).

On settling in Toronto, Berkeley Street Church was the first place I dropped into to worship, and found the people very kind. I had great liberty among them, although I did not join the church, for I knew the good Lord had given me a vacation and left me at liberty to visit my Christian friends in other churches occasionally. I did not avail myself of this liberty very often, and for all the thirty years that we lived in Albion I don't know that I once went to any other meeting to the neglect of our own, but now I was to have this privilege and did not know whether the Lord meant me to continue thus always.

I attended Bro. McD.'s class generally on Sabbath morning, and the holiness meeting held in the Board Room in the afternoon. Doubtless there was a purpose in my going to this church, where I remained till the Lord said to me quite unexpectedly one Sabbath morning, when asking Him as usual where I should go that day, "It is not good to be loose any longer," and giving me as a reason that people don't have confidence in those who go about too much, and for their sake I might settle down. I said, "All right, Lord, but where shall it be?" and was immediately directed to the King Street Church. Here I also found a warm-hearted people, and ministers who were

very kind and liberal towards me in the different meetings.

It was while attending the holiness meetings at Berkeley Street that I noticed a tendency to set too lightly by the Scriptures, and also a sense of resistance towards myself. I had no idea it was in any of the people, but thought it was from the enemy of souls, so kept on going until I was obliged to stay home through illness. Suddenly one Sabbath afternoon, when all had gone to Sabbath-school and I was left alone, the word of the Lord came to me saying, "Go to the meeting and tell them what I have shown you about the danger of treating the Bible lightly. There will be a book lying on the table, take it up and show them what you have seen." What I had seen was this: The Lord showed me a ladder placed firmly on the ground, and He said this ladder represents the Bible planted firmly in the earth; the rungs are the truths contained in it on which man may climb up to God and heaven, but while I looked some invisible power gave the ladder a blow that set it wiggling on one point, making it unsafe for anyone to mount it. Then I was told "That is how their manner of treating the Bible would affect the minds of people; their confidence in its truths would be shaken, so they would not step out firmly on its teaching."

When this message came it surprised me, for I felt unfit to go on account of distress in my head, and I said, "Lord, I cannot go, I'm too sick"; but the words of the text which my children had brought home

from morning service were spoken with power to my heart, "All things are possible to him that believeth." I said, "Lord, I believe Thou canst enable me." Having slept very little the previous night, I felt the need of a little sleep and said, "Lord, if I am to go, give me some sleep and waken me in time." It was then past three and the meeting was at four. I went upstairs immediately, laid down and fell fast asleep, and woke at twenty minutes to four. I had to dress and walk five blocks and the day was very hot. My sleep was short but the trouble in my head was all gone and has not returned since. Mr. B., the leader, was not there that day, but I delivered my message, and as it was told me, there was a book lying on the table directly before where I usually sat. This I took up and used as directed to illustrate the ladder fixed fair and square on the ground, and then swinging on one point from a blow by some unseen power. No doubt some who were present informed the leader about this, as at the next meeting I attended he turned round and talked right over my head (I usually sat next to him, as my hearing was bad and he spoke rather low) in a very sarcastic manner, saying that talking about visions and answers to prayer was childish rattle, like a little girl who had a toy or a new doll and was so pleased with it that she was showing it to everybody, and more to that effect.

I was perfectly amazed and sat looking up in his face in wonder to hear him talk so, but the gracious Voice within said, "Never mind, he doesn't know,"

meaning that he did not know how the Lord was leading and teaching me, and then with great sweetness said to my soul, "Great peace have they which love Thy law: and nothing shall offend them," and made it good. There was not a ruffle on my spirit, and the first words I said on rising were just what I felt, "Great peace have they which love Thy law: and nothing shall offend them"; and my last words before sitting down, raising my hand high, were, "I must still shake my rattle."

While Mr. B. was talking, I said, "O Lord, can I be right, can I be led by Thy Spirit and this man too, seeing we differ so?" The reply was, "Yes, for as flint and steel striking together cause sparks to fly, so this collision will bring out thoughts on the subject. I have allowed his own spirit to break out that you may be convinced of what I have been telling you, that there is opposition towards you here." And indeed I had felt this as distinctly on my spirit as we feel a strong wind on our bodies, and as if the sleet were cutting my face. It was his own spirit, and the great evil was not in misunderstanding me but in slighting the Word of God. Christians often misunderstand each other. It is said of Jesus, "misunderstood He lived, misunderstood He died."

For four months previous to this, every time the *Expositor* came, though I read it with as much interest as ever, I felt it left a sort of confusion on my mind and a conviction that it was not good for me. Each time I had to go to the Lord to get my mind regulated, for there seemed to be a kind of spell

in it that left me bewildered, though I did not detect anything wrong in it myself, and also an influence that was trying to bring me into bondage to Mr. B.'s opinions and saying, "But what would Mr. B. say concerning this or that, how would he look at it?"—this was so frequent and persistent that Mr. B. was becoming a sort of bugbear to me. On the Sabbath above mentioned, while I was speaking, a gracious power rested on me and took away all fear and filled me with a Divine energy, while at the same moment I both saw and felt as if hundreds of tiny threads that had been forming a network in and around me suddenly burst asunder and I was free, and it was a glorious freedom to be from under any human thralldom and accountable only to God. In the course of the next week fresh instruction was given me from the Lord to the effect that as we educate our children with a view to their future occupations in life, so God educates His children for the work He means them to engage in.

Paul says he was not sent to baptize, but to preach the Gospel. Yet he baptized a few. On the contrary, John was sent for this very work. Peter, Paul and others were taught by visions, and they did not conceal the fact; and, also, no man has a right to interfere with the work of his fellow-workman. "To his own master he standeth or falleth" (unless he is evidently in error). In my childhood's school-book we were told that it took nine men to make a pin (the machinery of the present day may have altered that), but it would have been out of order for those

making heads to go to those making points, or pulling the wire, or cutting the lengths, and stop them or ridicule them because they were not working according to their pattern of heads. So God has been educating me by visions, dreams, impressions, answers to prayer, a Spiritual Voice and providences that I might be the better prepared to speak of Him to my fellow-beings as a God near at hand to all them that call upon Him in truth and sincerity. All this instruction I repeated to them on the next Sabbath, and also said it was not likely I should be present again, as I was soon to leave the city. Indeed, I felt the Lord did not want me to continue attending those meetings, and I had not found them as profitable as I had expected.

On my return to the city in the fall, I heard the holiness meetings had been removed from Berkeley Street to Parliament Street, but never knew the reason till nearly two years after, when I read a statement by Mr. B., "that they had been cold-shouldered out of Berkeley Street Board Room, although it was one of their best meetings." Immediately it flashed on my mind, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom." They had cold-shouldered one poor simple child of God, but there might perhaps be a score who attended that meeting, and who were cold-shouldered.

Many months after this, a minister who had once been our pastor in Albion was appointed to preach in

Berkeley Street. I went to hear him. The sacrament was to be administered that evening. Mr. B. was present and assisted. I questioned in myself whether he would relish giving the bread and wine to one whom he had snubbed and ridiculed in the public meeting. As for myself, it did not matter, for I had no animosity, but yet I felt it was rather out of place. My thoughts flew up to God about it, and it was all beautifully arranged for me without my interference, for they took alternately the right and left half of the altar to serve the communicants. Just as I was about to go forward, a person came and sat at my left side, where I intended to step out, and rather than disturb him, I went through the next seat, on my right. This move, which was not of my planning, brought me out at that side of the altar where it was my friend's, Mr. S.'s turn to serve; thus I was saved the awkwardness of the situation. At the close of the service, Mr. B. came forward, offered his hand, and spoke to me, which I was quite willing to return.

Still the *Expositor* came to me gratis, as I had ceased to subscribe for it after the death of my husband. Mr. B. had said if I was humble enough to accept it, I might have it free. For this I was grateful, and often read extracts from it to others or lent it around, till I could no longer do so on account of the change of its tone and teachings, for I could not approve of the irony and sarcasm it contained, nor the views it held forth. This brings to remembrance that as much as two years before, when I used to take

such delight in reading the *Expositor*, I frequently heard the Voice say in a warning tone :

“ Bid me of men beware.”

The remainder of the verse is :

“ And to my ways take heed,
Discern their every secret snare
And circumspectly tread.”

The meaning conveyed to my mind was that I must not take up too readily with other people's opinions and teaching.

About the time of my coming to reside in Toronto, after the death of my husband, I received a very singular lesson. I was shown in mental vision a father with a young son by his side, to whom he was showing some object in the distance and directing him very earnestly to take accurate aim at it, and then said, “ Be sure you don't fire till I tell you.” I knew it was to me this was spoken, but did not understand its meaning at the time. I believe this foreshadowed the breach between the Canada Holiness Association and myself when the Lord sent me right into their midst with His message concerning their making light of the Scriptures.

I had noticed a curtness, as I thought, in Mr. B.'s manner towards me at the Niagara camp-meeting, but would not allow myself to entertain the thought. After the outbreak in the Berkeley Street Church, I bethought me that perhaps he had taken umbrage at something I said. It was to the effect that I had been

very desirous to see the book Mr. B. had published on "Divine Guidance," but that I was not anxious now. I can see now how this might be construed into a slight on the book, but indeed it was not meant as such, for at that time I had not discovered any wrong in it. At those meetings we talked of having our wills subject to the Divine will, and as at that time I could not afford to buy one, and had not happened to see one, I meant to say that I was now content to do without that which would have been a great pleasure to me, and this was only in accordance with his own teaching. I afterwards saw a copy for a few minutes shortly before leaving Niagara. The trouble was that I had not worded myself carefully enough, never thinking that anyone would misunderstand me or think it a slight.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS SENT TO THE "EXPOSITOR OF
HOLINESS," BUT NOT PUBLISHED.

Letter No. 1.

Where will this trouble end? What will it grow to? That Christian Methodists, ministers, should be falling out by the way on the subject of holiness seems incredible. We ought to understand each other, and understand the will of the Lord; we ought to believe the Bible. Christ taught holiness; the Bible is full from beginning to end of Divine guidance; but does that do away with common sense, human reason, or judgment? Surely not, for all these are the gifts of the glorious Creator, and are

bestowed like rain and sunshine alike on the good and evil; but inasmuch as our common sense, reason and judgment are not always sufficient to guide us through life, either in temporal or spiritual matters, He has graciously promised His children additional instructions.

He will "give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, . . . and it shall be given him." "The meek will He guide in judgment: and the meek will He teach His way." "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go."

But it seems to me the great trouble is that many professing Christians, and many true Christians, are not aware of what treasures they are heir to. Our Father has willed us such an immensity of riches that many are skeptical about it, and treat it as idle tales; but if instead of contending about it we would investigate the matter, we would come to a better understanding of our privileges, and it should not be left to the Canada Holiness Association to teach us on that subject. With the Bible and our hymn book in our hands we have enough upon the very surface to teach us that holiness is not only commanded, but is the privilege of all God's children. Now I am not a member of the Canada Holiness Association, neither have I read "Mr. Burns on Divine Guidance," nor come to this conclusion from the single sentence, "He will lead you into all truth,"²² for the Holy Spirit could not lead us into anything else but truth. It is taught throughout the Scriptures, and it is the Scrip-

tures that teach us where to look for the power to live a holy life; also they are full of examples of Divine guidance. It was there I learned it for myself long before the Canada Holiness Association existed.

The Spirit and the Word agree, and why not, since holy men of God wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, for our instruction in righteousness, in the Old Testament; and the apostles, filled with the same Spirit, wrote in the New, that we might have these things in remembrance? Therefore the Bible is still the Word of God.

In the February number of the *Expositor of Holiness*, H. D., in an article headed "The Son of Man," says: "Reader, in what sense does your sonship differ from Jesus' sonship, from Ezekiel's sonship?" It differs in this: If we are to believe the Holy Scriptures that He was not the son of Joseph, but the son of God, read carefully Matthew i. to the end of the chapter; also Luke i. 26-36, iii. 23, "being (as was supposed) the son of Joseph," and John i. 1, 2, 3 and 14. He was the only begotten Son of God. The first Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam a quickening spirit. There is a difference. He knew no sin; He never fell; He was holy, harmless, undefiled and *separate* from sinners, while we are fallen by nature, our hearts desperately wicked, and only reconciled by His death. We are *adopted* sons, but when the conditions are fulfilled God can say of us as of Jesus, we are His beloved sons in whom He is well pleased. But all this blessedness comes to us through Jesus; that is where the difference lies. We are born

of the Spirit into the kingdom of God. He was with God, and was God from everlasting. He had a body like the sons of men, and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled himself and became obedient unto death. Read carefully Matthew i. from the eighteenth verse to the end of the chapter; also Luke i. from 26 to 35. It is evident he was born holy; He was harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners, whereas we are born in sin. He was son of God by inheritance, we by adoption. Luke iii. 23: "Being, (as was supposed) the son of Joseph." Read also John i. 1, 2, 3 and 14. He was "in the beginning with God," and "all things were made by Him." God created all things by Christ Jesus, as in Ephesians iii. 9, and Colossians i. 16, "For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth."

But my letter may be getting too long, so I will conclude, leaving it to yourself whether you give place to it or not. Can we not rely on the Scripture concerning this matter?

E. B.

Letter No. 2.

Mr. B.,—Will you be kind enough to grant me space for a few thoughts in the *Expositor*? In the December number of 1892 and the February number of 1893, Mr. D. raises thoughts that are new to us concerning the divinity of Christ. Matthew and Luke are very explicit on that point, and if they were in error would our blessed Lord have left them under a delusion in such an important matter, or

would not the unction of the Holy One, by which they were to know all things, have enlightened them on that subject ?

In the first, he says, "There is a divinity attributed to Jesus that is full of mysticism. We believe He was born again himself, just as He taught Nicodemus that he must be." Now, I don't see any mysticism about it, if we believe the Scriptural account of it as given by Matthew i. 18-25 and Luke i. 27, 34-35. But if the New Testament scriptures be wrong at this point, or people are taught to think they possibly may be, will it not tend to undermine their faith in the rest of it ?

John says, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word *was* God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made. . . . He was in the world, and the world was made by Him." John calls Him "the only *begotten* of the Father," and John the Baptist said, "He was preferred before me; for He *was before me.*"

Jesus himself said, "Before Abraham was, I am." "Glorify Thou me with Thine own self with the glory *which I had with Thee before the world was.*" And again, "What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before?"

It is written, "He took our nature upon Him," so He must have been a person before, or He could not have taken it upon Him.

It is true the early Christians had not the New

Testament, but they had the living witnesses who had received the Holy Ghost and recorded these things that we might have them in remembrance, and according to your own showing they must be led into all truth.

Again, "He (Jesus) was born again himself just as He taught Nicodemus that he must be." Was He then sinful that He needed to be born again? If so, who atoned for His sin? Again: "We believe Matthew, Mark and Luke could get the two births mixed up." Surely they had ample time to get led into the truth on this subject by the Holy Spirit before the New Testament was written, if Mary's and Joseph's testimony is not credited.

But if, after all, they were mixed up, how do we know that any other part is not mixed up also, even the teachings of Christ about the Comforter?

Thanks be to God, He has not left us in the dark in this matter. We have proved the Guide and Comforter. But is not this manner of treating the subject of Christ's divinity, calling it a "flimsy, gauzy thing," very like "bringing in another Gospel than that we have received"? For myself, I accept the Scriptural account of the lively or living truths, since the Old Testament was written by holy men inspired by the Holy Ghost, and given for our instruction in righteousness; and the New by men filled with the same Holy Ghost, that we might be kept in remembrance, and committed them to faithful men, who should be able to teach others also. And we have received the teaching.

Let me express a few thoughts on the article in last month's number of the *Expositor*, "The Son of Man," by Mr. D. He asks, "If Jesus was not Joseph's son, what man was He the son of?" Now, we believe the Bible with respect to righteous living and Divine guidance. Are we not to believe what it says concerning the immaculate conception of Christ?

Why is it written in Matthew i. 18, "Before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost?" Why was Joseph, being a just man, minded to put her away privily? and why did the angel of the Lord appear to him and tell him that that which was conceived in her was of the Holy Ghost? Now, all this was done, we are told, that it might be *fulfilled* that was *spoken* of the *Lord* by the *prophet*, "Behold, a virgin shall be with child and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."

I will only answer for myself, and say I believe He was called the "Son of Man" because he had taken a human body like men. "A body hast Thou prepared me." "*He took our nature upon Him.*" By this I believe *He was before taking it upon Him*, and was found in fashion as a man. He stooped to become like one of us.

Mr. D. further asks the question, "Reader, in what sense does your sonship differ from the sonship of Jesus, from Ezekiel's sonship?" His sonship differs from all other sonship in that He was born holy and never sinned. We are forgiven and *adopted*. He was *in the beginning with God*. All things were made by Him. He is *God*, we *His creatures*.

CHAPTER XXV.

MY ROMAN CATHOLIC FRIENDS.

IN the order of providence much of my early life was spent among Roman Catholics, having lived about twenty years in Quebec, where I have heard it said that the Catholics were twelve to one Protestant in 1850, and since then greatly increased. When my step-mother died I was sent to the Ursuline Convent as a day scholar, and afterwards as a boarder to the nunnery attached to the General Hospital, it being quite common then for Protestants to send their children to these schools. Thus I became acquainted with their faith and prejudices, which have been of use to me in dealing with their spiritual interests.

I ever found them friendly and reasonable to talk with if one did not meddle with their Church or priests. I have been instructed of the Lord, that in my small sphere this would be a waste of time and useless labor, and would only raise their displeasure; I am to preach to them the simple Gospel, tell them of the wideness of God's mercy, and how they can have pardon from God without money, and that they are invited to draw near to Him without the intercession of saints or angels. In this I have been wonderfully helped by thoughts and words new to myself.

Mr. S., a Roman Catholic living near us, was ill

with cancer in his ear. I felt drawn to visit him, but shortly before doing so, while reading the Scriptures, my attention was arrested by the words of Mary, in the first of Luke: "For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." I thought, "No wonder the Roman Catholics call her blessed." This circumstance proved useful to me when I called to see him. He seemed very intelligent, and said he had read several Protestant books. His wife said, "We are not so bigoted as some people; we believe there are *some good* Protestants." She also told me, as something very wonderful, that a woman belonging to their Church had prayed for three things and got them all, and that she went and told the priest. I said, "Oh, I can believe that all right, for I have received answers to prayer a great many times." She then took me into the next room and showed me pictures of some priests and a bishop, and of some saint who had seen a vision. I told her I believed in visions too, for I had seen them frequently, and told her a trifle of my own experience. We then returned to the sick room and had some conversation, and following the impulse that came over me, I knelt by the bed, and taking her by the hand, drew her gently down beside me. Perhaps she read some objection in her husband's countenance, for she said to him, "O yes, prayer can't hurt anybody, she must be one of the *good ones* when she has seen such things." On leaving, she followed me outside, and said, "I would be glad for you to come and see him, for he has been

a hard living man." This was very liberal for a Roman Catholic.

Mr. S. had at the head of his bed a large picture of the Virgin, and at the back another, as large, of our Saviour. On one occasion while conversing with them my eyes wandered to the pictures, and I was contemplating them in my own mind. Mrs. S. must have noticed this, and said, "Would you look at those pictures?" I replied, "Oh, yes, why wouldn't I?" "Because," said she, "some Protestants wouldn't." "Oh," I said, "the pictures will do me no harm, besides I like good pictures, and I respect Mary very much, and hope to see her in heaven." To this she answered, "People say that we worship the Virgin Mary, but we don't, we only pray to her to intercede for us with her Son. She being His mother He will do anything for her." "But," I said, "Jesus invites us to come to himself," and began to repeat the Scripture: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden," when she quickly picked up the words and finished the passage herself. "Now," I said, "you see there is no intercessor needed, we are to come right to Jesus himself; besides," I said, "neither Mary, nor Paul, nor Peter, died for us, and even if they had it could not atone for us; but Jesus did, so He loves us more than they do." I then told them of the love of God while we were yet sinners, and that we need not try to make ourselves better before we come, but come to be made better.

At another time, seeing a Roman Catholic prayer book on the table, I took it up, and on looking

through it came upon some prayers to the Saviour in beautiful, humble, penitent language; yet farther on there were prayers to the Virgin. These I let alone, but read to him the prayers addressed to Jesus, and I felt I could use them from my heart, for there was nothing in them but what a Methodist or any Christian might use, unless it was that they were found in a Roman Catholic prayer book. But the evil lies farther back, with those who are at the head of affairs, who keep the people in ignorance of their blood-bought privileges, and make a gain of their devotion, for many of them are devout and sincere, and live up to the light they have. Since it is by faith we are to be saved—and many of them have faith in Christ, though clogged with many unnecessary beliefs—the fact that they believe in Jesus as the Saviour, and love and reverence Him, will be the attracting power that will lift them heavenward, while the rubbish they have been taught to accept as needful will drop off them like rotten sloughs. The Saviour will *in no wise cast out any that come unto Him*; He has bought them too dearly.

We cannot condemn the people by wholesale for the errors taught them. If so, we might sweep all Calvinists to perdition for teaching the monstrous doctrine that even unborn infants are doomed to be reprobates and that there are infants of a span long in hell. It's awful to contemplate the vagaries that are being taught as the true religion, and how every sect fishes out of the Scriptures that which supports its own theories. One puts all the stress on Faith, another on

Immersion, still another on Apostolic descent, and so on. "But he that feareth God shall come forth of them all, for the Lord knoweth them that are His," and how to deliver the *Godly* not only out of temptation, and to clear their spiritual vision of the cobwebs of error and ignorance by the power of the Spirit of God; and much that we know not now we shall know hereafter. Mrs. S. was in the habit of following me to the door and thanking me and inviting me to come again, saying she had great confidence in me. Soon after this I went to the country for a few weeks and during my absence Mr. S. died. On my return I called on the widow. From what she said I believe his faith and hope were fixed on Christ. To the best of my remembrance she said he seemed very happy and that just at the last he made a spring toward the picture of the Saviour, saying he was going to Jesus. So the picture and the reality were together in his mind, but the picture would not prevent the reality from taking place. Even though he had received the superfluous (extreme unction), the fact that he felt he was going to Jesus did not seem as if he expected to go to purgatory, where even the best of them expect to go. However, I did as I was directed of God in dealing with them and with other cases as they came to hand.

Just when about to write the foregoing I happened upon an article in the *Montreal Witness* of September 24th, 1895, that corresponds so much with my own experience that I will add it in hope that some one may be helped in their work thereby.

MRS. KAI ALLAH'S FISHING BAIT.

Mrs. Kai A., for nine years a Bible reader in Damascus, stated at a recent missionary meeting at Old Orchard, that soon after she began her work in Damascus her sister, who worked with some Quaker missionaries near Jerusalem, said to her, "You need the Holy Spirit." Pointing to a smoky lamp chimney she said, "Without the Spirit your teaching will be just like that." Mrs. A. in great simplicity accepted this truth and ever after depended on the Spirit to give her the right message and to give it power with the souls she was working for. She made a study of our Lord's promise, "I will make you fishers of men." One day she talked with a boy who was fishing, and he told her he had to have a particular kind of fly for that particular kind of fish. This led her to pray, "Lord, give me bait."

The Mohammedans of Damascus are very bigoted, and the Catholics still more so. She wished to reach the Catholic woman of whom she hired rooms, so to begin with she bought a picture of the Virgin and hung it in her room. The landlady's daughter came in while she was kneading bread. After she had finished she crossed the bread as the Catholics do. The girl was surprised and said, "Are you not a Protestant?" "Yes," she replied, "I am a Protestant; but it doesn't matter whether I cross the bread or not, Jesus will bless it; He blessed the bread when He fed the five thousand." "Fed the five thousand! What's that?" "Why, don't you know?" continued

Mrs. A., producing her Bible to read the story. At this the girl took alarm. Then Mrs. A. said, "Well, bring your Catholic Bible and I'll read it from that." The girl brought her Bible and Mrs. A. was reading and explaining the miracle of the loaves and fishes when the mother came in. The mother saw the picture of the Virgin on the wall and asked about it with surprise. Mrs. A. replied, that she had great respect for the Virgin and would do everything the Virgin told her to do. Turning over the leaves she read, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it," and added "That is the only command of the Virgin Mary in the Bible, and that is exactly what I want to do, just what Jesus says."

At one time she went with another missionary to call on a Mohammedan judge, and acted as interpreter. The Mohammedans believe in Jesus as prophet but not as Saviour. At first they had an argument on that subject which did not seem profitable. Then Mrs. A. asked the judge if he would lend her his Koran. He produced a very nice copy of it in a beautiful bag, and asked if she could read the vowel language. She replied that she could, and proceeded to read what the Koran said about Jesus, swaying herself to and fro in true Mohammedan style.

The judge was delighted and said she looked like a Mohammedan woman. Then she opened her Bible, saying it told much more about Jesus, and preached the Gospel to him. A knowledge of medicine will give her abundant access into Mohammedan families,

and she is in this country taking a medical course for "bait."

Let us not be surprised if the Roman Catholics try to make converts to their faith as we do to Protestantism, for doubtless they love their Church and reverence their teachers as much as we do. It appears to me their manner of worship is a mixture of the pagan, the Jewish and the Christian. Like the pagans they perform many painful duties (as penance), and repeat numberless prayers (on their beads), using the same words over and over again, and that at times when their attention is engaged in other matters—as the nun who used to kneel at one end of the scholars' dressing-room (when I was at school) saying prayers, counting them on her beads, with eyes wide open and watching over us.

Like the Jews, their places of worship are richly adorned, with lights burning and priests in beautiful garments with girdle and mitre, using incense and bowing before the altar, and otherwise resembling the Jewish manner of worship as recorded in Scripture.

Like the Christians, they believe in the Holy Trinity, in Christ as the Saviour—though they have added many other intercessors, addressing prayers to beings whom we are not authorized to worship and don't know anything about, and who, unless they were omnipresent, could not hear the multitude of prayers addressed to them from every point of the compass. Is not this voluntary humility and worship of angels, and does not all this make it appear

that Christ's sacrifice is insufficient? Great stress is laid on belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, and in confessing to the priest in order to obtain forgiveness of sin or "absolution." This is what we were taught at the Roman Catholic school. But if we who have the *Truth* hold it in *unrighteousness*—that is, live unrighteously—how great will be our condemnation! We will be in a worse case than they.

I have had other opportunities among Catholics. One of them living near us came to wash for us occasionally. When we went to family worship we asked her if she would like to come and join us. She was quite willing, and listened attentively while we read the Scriptures, then knelt with us. This woman had a daughter who was in very poor health and who had also a sick child. I visited her sometimes and felt drawn to pray with her and for her little boy, for which she seemed very grateful and requested my prayers; and when I had not seen her for some time, having left that neighborhood, she seemed very pleased to have me call and pray with her again.

Another case was that of an invalid who had been confined to her bed for several years. She seemed very glad to have me pray with her, and asked me to pray for her. Several of our people also visited her.

Another case was that of a young looking man—though he was married and had four children—living near us. I frequently saw him sitting at his door. He looked so ill that I longed to speak to him of God and His love, which I did frequently. He was in consumption and went off very suddenly. When the

widow was leaving the city she called to bid us good-bye. My heart went out to her in love, and I longed to take her to my Father's throne of grace and speak to Him for her, so asked her if she would kneel with me. Rising quickly from her chair she said with strong emotion, "Certainly." We knelt together, and a very gracious influence rested on us. She wept and responded to my prayers, and with flowing tears we embraced each other and parted.

I believe she was devout and loved God and let her little boy read good literature that I lent him. I hope to meet her in heaven. She wondered herself that the priest would do nothing towards their spiritual welfare without so much money.

"O if their priests themselves believed
And put salvation on,"

they would find easy access to the minds of their people.

Mrs. — was the first person that called on us with vegetables when we moved to the west end of the city. I judged of her nationality by her speech and guessed at her religious belief, and was correct in both. I often longed to speak to her on the all-important subject, but never could feel my way opened—they guard themselves so jealously against Protestants. If they only knew how we seek their welfare they would not be so frightened of us.

Time was rolling on. She had been serving us for more than a year, and I felt anxious lest my opportunity should pass unimproved. I prayed the Lord

to lead me in my approach to her, and give me words that would be acceptable, and proceeded as directed.

One day when she called I answered the bell, with one of my little books, "Epistles and Poems," in my hand, and said to her, "You have been selling and I have been buying from you for over a year, but now I have something to sell, will you buy from me?" showing her the book. "Oh," she said, "I can't read." I said, "That is a great pity; you miss a great pleasure. Perhaps your son can read?" (this was a youth who came with her, probably about eighteen). "No," she said, "he can't read either." I then told her there were verses in it on the death of Mrs. Sheehan's baby, a person belonging to her Church, and read a couple of verses on the "Marriage in Cana," reminding her that that was among their own teaching. She seemed greatly surprised that I should write those things myself, and said, "You must be good! you must be good!" Now her heart was opened, and I could tell her of the Saviour's love, and how we may come to God through Christ without the need of other intercessors, and more on that line. The outcome was that she took one home that I offered to lend her, for she admitted her little girl could read. The next time she came she paid me for the book, and was delighted with it. In this way we sow seeds of truth as we pass along on the journey of life. I believe she is sincere and devout (I was so myself when under the teaching of priests and nuns at the nunnery school). She said she belonged to every society in their Church, and mentioned them by

name. There was one (I think St. Joseph's) for sick children; to this she paid twenty-five cents a year to have masses said either for herself or the children—I forget which.

This opened a channel for further conversation. My daughter, as well as myself, saw something in her countenance like the radiance of goodness. I believe there was love to God in her heart. Among other things she said, "If we were to go through the world on our knees we couldn't thank Him enough for all His goodness." They will be dealt with according to the light they have.

TO MRS. SHEEHAN ON THE DEATH OF HER BABY.

The beautiful babe has fled away
To the land of bliss and endless day;
From the Shepherd's fold he can never stray,
Safe with the lambs shut in.

The tender Shepherd stooped from above
To fold your lamb in His arms of love;
How great this blessing some day you'll prove
When you meet him again on high.

He was taken away from grief and care,
And from sin that leads to dark despair,
In his Saviour's glorious home to share
The joy of the ransomed ones.

For he was redeemed by the precious blood
Of the suffering Son of the living God,
Who bore our sins' tremendous load
In His body on the tree

O let us love Him, and trust Him too,
Who invites to His home both me and you,
And follow Him close life's journey through,
Till we meet in that home above.

We'll praise Him there who shed His blood
To bring us back to our Father God
By the thorny path that on earth He trod
To save us from endless woe.

Even now He bids us welcome in
To His kingdom on earth and be cleansed from sin,
And ready, prepared to enter in
To the home of the blest above.

[These friends were Roman Catholics, and I wished them to know that salvation was not bought with money, but by the precious blood of Christ; hence the tone of the verses.]

Prayer relieves care and drives away fear,
Then we tune our hearts afresh, and sing with good cheer.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SELECTIONS FROM "EPISTLES AND POEMS."

PARADISE LOST AND REGAINED—A CHRISTMAS POEM.

"See that ye refuse not him that speaketh."

When the mountains first were settled and the hills had been
brought forth,

And the firmament like curtains had been hung around the
earth,

When the heavens declared His glory and the fountains of the
deep

Were strengthened, and a limit was given them to keep,

In a garden east of Eden, which the Lord had planted there,
With trees that all were good for food, to look upon were fair,
There grew the tree of knowledge, in the midst the tree of life,
And in that lovely garden God placed Adam and his wife.

Of every tree therein, save one, they freely might partake ;
That one, a test of loyalty the Lord saw fit to make,
And happy in their innocence while they obedient were,
They lived and loved and talked with God without a fear or care.

Alas for them, alas for us, they learned to disobey,
And lost their glorious innocence, and lost their heavenly way.
O dark, dark, dark and sad the hour when woman raised her
hand

And dared to touch the fatal tree and break God's high com-
mand.

Well might the angels stand aghast, the morning stars be mute,
 Each seraph in astonishment lay down his golden lute ;
 And well might silence reign in heaven, for who would under-
 take

To plead the cause of fallen man or restitution make.

What consternation reigned around ! Creation felt the shock
 Through heaven and earth and hell resound—Jehovah's laws
 are broke.

And now they must be driven forth, lest in their fallen state
 They of the tree of life should eat, and thus prolong their fate.

O woman fair and beautiful, thou handiwork of God,
 What ruin has thy fall produced throughout the world abroad ;
 What wondrous power for good or ill is centered still in thee,
 Where wilt thou cast thine influence, on which side shall it be ?

Wilt thou, so formed for happiness, devote thy powers to ill,
 Or use the gifts heaven gave to thee, the woes of life to heal ?
 O Mother Eve, to thee we turn, and in thy daughters see
 The channel through which God will bless thy vast posterity.

Thy Maker hath not cast thee off, although from Eden driven,
 But sent through thee His blessed Son to lead us back to
 heaven ;

And now we celebrate His birth and join the glad refrain,
 Peace and good will to men on earth, glory to God again.

The Christmas tree a symbol is of Christ the Tree of Life,
 Who came to bless the world with peace and banish sin and
 strife.

His hands are filled with gifts divine, the fruit of heavenly love,
 For God the Father sent the Son and Spirit from above ;

The Son to tell the Father's love, the Spirit to inspire
 And kindle in cold, stony hearts a flame of heavenly fire.
 O let us yield ourselves to Him that He may work His will
 In us, and then we joyfully His counsels shall fulfil.

Jesus, the "gift unspeakable" of God the Father's love,
 The Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and Guide to heaven above.
 The *written Word* the letter is that brings the joyful news,
 O sons of men, God speaks from high, His message don't refuse.

LINES ON THANKSGIVING SERMON

If ever there was in our lives a time for thankfulness,
 It is the present, when the Lord doth us so greatly bless,
 For he hath sent a rich supply of food for man and beast,
 And joyfully we praised His name in our Thanksgiving feast.
 Let all things that hath breath proclaim His love and faithful-
 ness,

Sun, moon, and stars, earth, sea, and sky, His power and skill
 confess ;

Thanks for deliverance from the scourge of epidemic's power,
 Thanks for our sanitary laws, may they prevail yet more.
 Yea, thanks for sickness ; when it comes affliction works our
 weal,

This David knew and owned it good, ^{re}restraining him from ill.
 Thanks for our church and Sabbath-schools and all the means
 of grace,

They're like so many stepping-stones to help us gain our place.
 And thanks for this fair Canada, the land in which we dwell,
 So rich in rivers, lakes and mines, in forest, hill and dell ;
 For this Queen City where we hold our Sabbath quiet, dear,
 Her institutions are so grand, affording all a sphere,
 Her men and women to the front their places come to fill
 Because she educates them well and well rewards their skill.

What though some sordid souls for gain proved recreant to
 their trust,

The nobler souls that hold the rein shall tread them in the dust.
 Thanks for the laws that govern us ; thanks for our noble Queen.
 What woman e'er bore royalty with such a gracious mien ?
 What Queen has ever blest her realm with pattern half so good ?
 What glory like the glory due her vir uous womanhood ?

And in her sympathy so warm her people's grief to share,
 God bless her, when her course is run a brighter crown she'll
 wear.

Thanks for the *times* in which we live ; it's not so long ago
 Since steam power, steam boats and steel pens were things they
 did not know,

In Wesley's days Electric Light was still a thing unknown,
 And Tel. and Phonography too, and Railroads there were none,
 But now they traverse o'er the land, from east to west they flee,
 Those iron horses, and by wire we talk across the sea.

We should be grateful to the Lord such blessings who bestowed,
 And meditate upon the works and wonders he hath showed,
 For gratitude in heaven lives when faith has sight become,
 And prayer in praise is lost, yet still will gratitude live on.

“Take you hence out of the midst of Jordan, out
 of the place where the priests' feet stood firm, twelve
 stones, and ye shall carry them over with you, and
 leave them in the lodging place, where ye shall lodge
 this night.”—Josh. 4, 3.

This book contains memorial stones.

“And, behold, . . . I am going the way of all
 the earth : and . . . not one thing hath failed of
 all the good things which the Lord your God spake
 . . . ; all are come to pass.”—Josh. 23, 14.

But I am thoroughly ashamed, for I have failed
 many times.

LINES ON CHRISTMAS SERMON.

What makes the difference, you asked,
 Twixt heathen lands and ours ?
 Why does not Christmas bring to them
 Some joyous, happy hours ?

Why are their women so cast down ?
Why sad and dark their lives ?
No proud and happy mothers there,
No lov'd and honored wives.

Why do they cast their baby girls
Into the Ganges deep ?
Or leave them all alone to die
Where poisonous reptiles creep ?
It is because they know not Him
Who stooped to human woe,
And took the children in His arms
Because He lov'd them so ;

And bade sad women lift their heads
And go in peace, forgiven
Through faith in Him who lived on earth
Although the Lord of heaven,
Who healed the sick and called the dead
Forth from the silent grave,
Who fed the hungry multitude
And walked the stormy wave.

They know not that to us a Child
Is born—a son is given,
Who has prepared for them and us
A glorious home in heaven,
Upon whose shoulders broad and strong
The government shall rest,
Of all the worlds above, below,
It well befits him best.

Before whom angels veil their face
And Holy, Holy, cry, ²
But from whose presence spirits lost
And trembling devils fly ;

His name shall be called Wonderful
 And Counsellor. O joy!
 To have a mighty Friend above
 Who doth His powers employ

To plead our cause in heaven's court
 And counsel us below,
 And guide our faltering footsteps in
 The way that we should go.
 The increase of His government
 And peace shall never end,
 But justice, truth and righteousness
 His kingdom shall attend.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA OF GALILEE.

There once was a marriage in Cana we're told,
 And the mother of Jesus was there,
 And Jesus, with His lov'd disciples, was called
 In the hour of their gladness to share.

Was that not a beautiful wedding to see,
 Where Jesus himself was a guest?
 What a happy young couple they surely must be,
 How much they were favored and blest!

To think that the Lord of the glories above
 Should stoop to His creatures so low,
 To join in their festival, smile on their love—
 To a marriage in Cana should go.

Perhaps some will say that was long, long ago,
 When Jesus lived here among men,
 And doubt if He'll so condescend to us now
 Or speak as He spoke to them then.

Oh glory to Jesus, He still is the same,
 And still is as graciously near ;
 We have but to whisper the thoughts of our heart
 And we find Him attentive to hear.

If we seek first His kingdom and righteousness here,
 He has promised all else He will add ;
 He bids His disciples to be of good cheer
 When their hearts are inclined to be sad.

If we walk with the Lord in His kingdom below
 And are led by His spirit of Love,
 'Tis the Father's good pleasure on such to bestow
 A kingdom in glory above.

There youth is immortal and beauty divine,
 And neither knows change or decay ;
 There the saved of the Lord in His glory shall shine
 With a beauty that fades not away.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

'Tis the twenty-fourth of May,
 Our gracious Queen's birthday ;
 Blest is her reign.
 Victoria, wise and good,
 In virtuous womanhood
 Strong for her people's good,
 God bless our Queen.

O Lord, her life still spare,
 Teach her to cast her care
 On Thee her God.
 O lead her gently on
 Till all her duties done
 And life eternal won
 Through Jesus' blood.

It may be her last year
To spend among us here
In widowhood.

The next year she may be
In glorious company,
And her Prince Consort see,
Albert the good.

And we should thankful be
That such a Queen as she
Reigned in our day.
What blessing hath she been
Is not as yet-half seen,
But future years will glean
Fruit of her sway.

Then take her to your heart,
And each one bear a part
Right loyally,
To lift her up in prayer
That God may soothe her care
And land her safely where
No grief she'll see.

ON THE DEATH OF HARRY RUSSELL.*

Your darling Harry is safe at rest
In the Shepherd's fold where the lambs are blest ;
Short was his course and swiftly run,
Sharp was the conflict, but victory's won.

* This dear child was run over by a waggon on his way to school. He lived only two hours after the accident. He knew he was dying, and asked his mother where he would sleep that night. She asked him if he knew that Jesus loved him. He said "No ; but I know God loves me."

For God stooped down in His pity and love,
Transplanted your flower to bloom above,
Before it was stained by the breath of sin ;
You will find it there when you enter in.

'Tis another link in the chain of gold
Let down from heaven. O then take hold,
It will help your hearts from earth to rise,
When you think of your darling beyond the skies.

You knelt beside him, and asked "Did he know
That Jesus loved him ?" He answered "No ;
But I know God loves me." O blessed faith,
As a little child, the Scripture saith.

For he was too young to understand
The redeeming work that God hath planned,
How He gave His Son His love to show,
And Jesus died, for He loved us so.

'Twas the Father's love that Harry knew,
He had heard the record, believed it true ;
Confessed his faith with his latest breath,
And in triumph rose above sin and death.

For he knew he was dying, and asked you "Where
Shall I sleep to-night, mother, tell me where ?"
Sweet child, he knew not there is no night
Nor need of sleep in the land of light.

But awake, for the spirit never tires ;
Awake, amid the angelic choirs,
Singing the song of redeeming love,
That endless theme in the realms above.

No night, for in heaven 'tis always day,
No need of the moonbeam's silvery ray ;

For the glory of God doth give it light,
And the blood-washed walk in garments white.

No more a child as when here below,
He knows as on earth we can never know ;
In one short week, as we here count time,
He has gained a height of knowledge sublime.

He would rise from that bed of cruel pain,
To range with delight the heavenly plain ;
With angel companions in glory bright,
He knows now in heaven there is no night.

O father and mother, look up through your tears ;
O sisters and brothers, disperse all your fears ;
Harry only has gone on a little before,
He'll be waiting and watching for you at the door.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

AND now within these lids I think you'll find
The different stages run, and states of mind
Through which I've passed, and, if inclined, you'll see
That what befel to others came to me.

And as the Scriptures show that prophets were
Men of like passions with ourselves, then where
They've left a lesson, let us take it up.

Avoid their errors, yet inspired by hope
Let's follow those whose faith and patience won
The promises and now inherit them.

Also, there is a great similitude between
The things God showed them and the things I've seen.

In those far days the prophets of the Lord
Were few and far between who heard His word ;

But in these latter days it was foretold
The Spirit should be poured on young and old.

Servants and handmaids, sons and daughters too,
Shall prophesy. O then believe it true,

Search for yourselves, and then accept the sign,
You'll find the token in this book of mine.

Like Abraham of old, the friend of God,
With Him in paths unknown I've trod.

Like Moses, too, in the lone wilderness
God led me solitary, to impress
His lessons on my young and tender heart
He meant in future years I should impart ;

For though like others, I had daily care,
I was alone with God—God everywhere.
He talked with me, He gave me words to speak,
I shrank and begged He would some other seek,
I felt not fit His messages to bear ;
I said, " I cannot speak, nor would they hear."
Then was his anger kindled. In the strife,
Like Moses too, I nearly lost my life.

Like his successor, Joshua, I found
I had to fight for every foot of ground.
Though it was promised land, it must be won ;
Giants were there that must be overthrown.

As the four lepers, who great spoil had found,
Knew they should tell it to the rest around,
And went to show the household of the king,
So to God's household I the tidings bring
Of good laid up for those who fear the Lord,
And wonders wrought for those that trust His word.

Then Esther came, just in the nick of time,
To fill a throne for purposes Divine.
So God has purposes in this our day
For humble workers who His voice obey.

Like David, I would often find a song,
New to myself and others, float along
Upon my heart, and as a harp that's strung,
The power and goodness of the Lord I've sung.
He promised too an house for me He'd build
And with His hand this promise hath fulfilled.

As Solomon sought wisdom to control
His kingdom, I the kingdom of my soul ;
And as God gave him more than he had asked,
So hath He dealt with me for years that's past ;

I asked but heavenly wisdom me to guide.
He said, "Because thou seekest nought beside,
Long life I'll add and My salvation show,
Thou shalt be satisfied—My power shalt know."
This promise, too, to me fulfilled has been,
And three score years and ten I now have seen.

It was in vision that Isaiah saw
The King, the Lord of hosts, and filled with awe
He felt himself undone, his lips unclean,
His woe discovered by the light he'd seen.
Then flew the seraph a live coal to bring
And touched Isaiah's lips and purged his sin.
So when God sought a messenger to send,
He ready was because his lips were cleansed.

Like Jeremiah, to whom God said, "Go
And make the house of Israel to know
Their sin, My love, and how they've strayed from Me;
Bid them return, and they shall welcome be."
Then, too, I said, "I am vile and weak
And ignorant. O Lord, I cannot speak.
If I attempt it, they will say to me,
'Who made thee ruler and a judge to be?'"

And as Ezekiel was by visions taught,
So in the spirit I, too, have been brought
To see and hear, not for myself alone,
But that God's will to others might be shown,
And learned much more than pen or tongue could tell,
Yet did not always use my knowledge well,
But often failed just when a crisis came,
Just when I should have spoken in His name.
O wondrous mercy, that my life has spared,
That did not banish me as I deserved.

But as for me, this knowledge was not given
For wisdom mine, more than in any living,
As Daniel saith, but that God might be feared,
His power acknowledged and His name revered.
Wisdom and might are His, He changeth times
And seasons, raiseth or abaseth kings.

Like Jonah, I from work assigned me fled,
Ah, then the weeds were wrapped about my head,
And in a sea of sorrow deep I lay,
Thinking that I never more should see the day ;
That I, like Esau, had my birthright sold,
And lost a gift more precious far than gold.
But the good Lord in mercy brought me up,
Set me to work again and bade me hope.

Visions and dreams and answered prayers to-day
Are not the "childish rattle" some folks say,
But channels through which God conveys to man
Some little knowledge of His wondrous plan.
From Genesis to Revelation we
All through the Scriptures find this so to be ;
John, Paul and Peter, many others, too,
Were taught this way—it's not a thing that's new.

These are the paths through which I have been led,
Sustained and guided, by Jehovah fed.
Consider it, and if it be of God,
Then follow in the paths the saints have trod,
And at the journey's end, when toils are o'er,
We'll meet, I trust, upon the heavenly shore.

O come, my friends, accept the proffered hand
That fain would help you to the better land.

Might I accomplish this, I'd gladly own
Myself well paid, and ask no other crown
Than to assist the souls for whom Christ shed
His precious blood and bowed His dying head.

O the goodness of God in employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raise,
His standard to bear, and with triumph declare
His unspeakable riches of grace.

But *the half can never be told*. The reader will find no fiction or embellishments; but a plain statement of facts, in plain, simple language.