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EBENEZERS;

OR,

RECORDS OF PREVAILING PRAYER.

WRITTEN AND SELECTED

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." 1 Sam. vii. 12.

LONDON:
HAUGHTON & CO., 10, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1882.

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141. / 586.
PREFACE.

When Israel of old had been defeated and humbled by the Philistines, and also chastised of the Lord for their irreverence and impiety, the Prophet Samuel, having reproved them for their sins, said, "Gather all Israel to Mizpeh, and I will pray for you unto the Lord."

The people assembled and fasted and confessed their transgressions, and while thus engaged, their enemies once more gathered to assail them. And the children of Israel said unto Samuel, "Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that he will save us out of the hand of the Philistines." And Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel, and he heard him, and "the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them." "Then Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it EbenEzer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." 1 Sam. vii.

The days of warfare are not yet ended; and the weapon "all prayer" is as needful and as useful now as ever. And why should not our Ebenezers—our stones of help—mark the deliverances which God hath wrought, and the victories he hath given us through our Lord Jesus Christ?

"If any man be a worshiper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth." "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers." True, there are prayers that are never answered, like blossoms that bring no fruit, and seeds that perish by the way-side; but are there not others that bring forth fruit, some thirty, sixty, and an hundred-fold?

During more than fifteen years the writer has edited a religious monthly paper, The Christian*. During all these years the first page of this paper has been, and still continues to be, occupied by records of providences and authentic accounts of answers to prayers. These accounts of facts, many of which

*First published in Boston, Mass., January, 1866—with it subsequently being incorporated another periodical bearing the same name, which was commenced, January, 1863. Other papers, in London and elsewhere, have since adopted the same title.
were within the personal knowledge of the writer or of his intimate friends, are now gathered in the different volumes of the "Faith Series," entitled, "The Guiding Hand," "Tales of Trust," "Ebenezer, or Records of Prevailing Prayer," etc., which are now sent forth for the help and comfort of believing souls.

We do not offer these recitals to convince the skeptic or the scoffer—we have other arguments for such persons. Those who deny the marvels recorded in the book of God, will of course reject these humbler testimonies; and with them we do not now care to argue or contend—the sheep hear the Shepherd's voice, and wisdom is justified of her children.

But there may be those to whom faith has become little more than a fading memory, who may be reminded by these incidents that God still heareth prayer, and thus be stirred up to pray, with "Samuel among them that call upon his name." Psalm xcix. 6.

Many of the incidents here recorded have been and can be verified. But it has been no purpose of ours to parade the names or advertise the faith of those whose prayers the Lord has answered. They seek not honor from men; nor do they claim superiority over others. They do not rejoice that the demons are subject to them through Christ's name, but rather that their own names are written in heaven. They do not think that answers to prayer are especially "remarkable;" they think that the "remarkable" thing is that Christians are so prayerless and so unbelieving, and plant so few Ebenezers along their pilgrim pathway. The thing that moves their wonder, astonished even the Lord from heaven, for "he marveled at their unbelief."

It is not desired that the reader should trouble himself to learn when or where the Lord hears and answers prayer. Rather, "when thou prayer, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee." Would you know the man or the woman who prevails before the throne, and whose petitions God will hear? Seek, then, the Lord with all your heart; let your soul be filled with his Spirit and his word, and that person may be yourself.

THE AUTHOR.

Scriptural Tract Repository,
Office of The Christian. Boston, Mass., U. S. A.,
September, 1881.
CONTENTS.

PART I.
Prayers for Rescue, Relief, and Blessing . . . 9

PART II.
Prayers for Healing . . . . . . . . . 211

PART III.
Prayers for Conversion . . . . . . . . . 299
## INDEX.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Case of Dropay Healed</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Child’s Faith</td>
<td>254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Child’s Prayer</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Daughter Healed</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Definite Promise</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A “Just Happened So”</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Fatherless Student</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Jesus Cured Me</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Jesus Did It</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A John Easter’s Prayer</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Land for a Chapel</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Lord Jesus, Help!</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Melanthon’s Restoration</td>
<td>291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Mothers’ Prayers</td>
<td>318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Narrow Escape</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Parents’ Prayers</td>
<td>354</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Paying Water Rates</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Power from on High</td>
<td>322</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Power of Prayer</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Prayed Home</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Prayer for Bread</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Prayer for Fifty Dollars</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Prayer and Deliverance</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Prayer Without Submission</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Raising Funds by Prayer</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Rain and Religion</td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Rescued from a Wreck</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Saunders MacIvor</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Saved from a Last Shore</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A “Somebody is Hungry”</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Something Gives Way</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Tell Jesus</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A That Poor Couple</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Arrested Storm</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Baffled Pirates</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Bedside Prayer</td>
<td>349</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Big Umbrella</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Blacksmith’s Prayer</td>
<td>341</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Brother’s Prayer</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Captain and the Quadrant</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Carpenter’s Story</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Daughters’ Prayer</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Distressed Minister</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Divine Healer</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Five Loaves</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Forgotten Blotter</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Forgotten Party</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A The Grasshopper Plague</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*The articles designated by a star (*) were written expressly for The Christian.*

Ebenezer (6)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Healing of Innocentius</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Heaven-sent Breakfast *</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hushed Tempest *</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Ice-bound Ship</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Indian Mother's Prayer</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Infidel Physician</td>
<td>364</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Infidel's Prayer</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lame Healed</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lengthened Life</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lost Prayer-book</td>
<td>366</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lunatic Restored</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mighty Healer</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Moravians in Battle</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Old Scotchman's Prayer *</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Persecutor's Fate</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Poisoned Child Saved</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Prayer in the Woods *</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Praying Indians</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Praying Mother and the Ball</td>
<td>356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Praying Prisoner *</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Praying Sailors</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Praying Soldier</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Praying Wife</td>
<td>374</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Quaker's House</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Reclaimed Husband *</td>
<td>305</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rescued Son *</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Saved Boys</td>
<td>381</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Saved Hand</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Scoffer Converted</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sea-captain's Prayer</td>
<td>376</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sick Teacher Restored</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Silver Dollar</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sister's Prayer *</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Slandered Minister *</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Snow-bound Widow</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Stolen Gloves *</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Stolen Sleigh *</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Storm Made Calm *</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Three Icebergs *</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Turkish Captive</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Waiting Train *</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Widow's Prayer</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Widow's Shoes</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Widow's Tree</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Winds Controlled</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirty-eight Years of Prayer *</td>
<td>345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Chalkley's Deliverances. 165</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trust in God</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Were They Answered?</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;What Will Ye That I Shall Do?&quot; *</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Who Were They Praying For?&quot; *</td>
<td>323</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Longer Wait?</td>
<td>362</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Bramwell's Prayers</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Wilt Thou Be Made Whole?&quot; *</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wisdom in Perplexity *</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yellow Fever Healed</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Don't Pray</td>
<td>338</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
EBENEZERS.

PRAYERS FOR RESCUE, RELIEF,
AND BLESSING.
"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Ps. 1. 15.

"For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him." Ps. xxxii. 6.

"I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. They looked unto him, and were lightened; and their faces were not ashamed. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." Ps. xxxiv. 4–6.

"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. xxi. 22.

"This is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us: and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him." 1 John v. 14, 15.

"Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." John xvi. 24.
EBENEZERS.

PRAYERS FOR RESCUE, RELIEF, AND BLESSING.

THE ARRESTED STORM.

The history of the children of God, in all their generations, abounds with facts which indicate the interposition of a divine Providence in answer to the prayer of faith. And though, in the present age of rampant unbelief, men question these facts and speculate concerning their origin, yet from time to time there are not wanting fresh witnesses who testify that there is a God in heaven who hears and answers prayer; and that he who "hath gathered the wind in his fists," and "hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm," has neither lost his power nor changed his character, since the days when, at the prayer of a man of "like passions as we are," "it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months;" or since, at the potent word of Jesus Christ, the Galilean tempest hushed its fury, and "a great calm" fell upon its storm-tossed waves.

The following account, taken from a sketch by Rev. (11)
Maxwell P. Gaddis, an eye-witness, published in the *Ladies' Repository*, for March, 1849, will serve as one more illustration of the efficacy of prevailing supplication, and the power of a prayer-answering God:

In the year 1832, a company of humble believers gathered together in a beautiful spot on the waters of Straight Creek, a few miles north-west of Russellville, Ohio, for purposes of Christian worship. The meeting commenced on Saturday; the people gathered from far and near, some eager for the novelty of a camp-meeting, some glad of a brief escape from care and toil, some hungering for the bread of life and thirsting for the waters of salvation, and others ready to proclaim in that forest temple, built by the hand of God, the unsearchable riches of Christ, to larger assemblies than could be accommodated in the ordinary places of worship in that new region of country.

The morning was cool and pleasant, and the people assembled from various quarters. The opening discourse, delivered by Rev. Burroughs Westlake, was from the words, "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?" and was an earnest and powerful appeal; but while he spoke, the outer circle of the ground was the scene of much confusion. The face of the whole heavens had become overcast with heavy clouds, and all around gave token of a coming storm. All who were not congregated for worship at the stand, were busily engaged in erecting their temporary tents, tightening the cords of those already pitched, fixing the roofs of their rude cabins, and in various ways were making all possible preparations
to protect themselves from the approaching storm.

As the preacher closed his sermon, deep anxiety was depicted on every countenance, and many hearts were sunk in despondency and sadness by the threatening aspect of the gloomy sky. All were of opinion that the services of the meeting would be interrupted, if not entirely broken off, by the rain, and that the congregation, young and old, robust and feeble, courageous and timorous, must prepare to brave the terrors of a storm in the dense forest, and perhaps the dreadful dangers of the thunderbolts, crashing amid the giant trees and smiting the monarchs of the forest in their might and power.

“A thunder-storm! the eloquence of Heaven!
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt Omnipotence around him thrown!
When every cloud is from its slumber driven!

“With what a gloom the ushering scene appears!
The leaves all fluttering with instinctive fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A breezeless fervor round creation spread.

“And last, the heavy rain’s reluctant shower,
With big drops spattering on the tree and bower,
While wizzard shapes the lowering sky deform—
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm.”

At this moment, when an oppressive silence reigned throughout the encampment, one was seen coming out from the preacher’s tent, in the rear of the pulpit, and ascending the stand to close the services of the hour. His voice was low, sweet, and melodious; and as he proceeded to line out Cowper’s beautiful and well-known hymn,
"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head,"

all eyes were riveted upon the stranger. With the reading and singing of each verse of that appropriate hymn, the devotional feeling increased, until the tear of joy sparkled in many an eye, while the hearty "Amen," as it fell from the warm lips of the trusting Christian, gave added interest to the scene.

The singing closed; the assembly knelt in prayer, and the voice of the stranger was lifted up before the throne of grace. At first his low and subdued petitions were scarcely audible from the surrounding confusion, which was increased by every new arrival, and by the continued preparations for sheltering the people from the impending storm. But as he "continued in prayer," and breathed forth the deep longings of a burdened heart in soft and solemn tones, a hush fell on the gathering tumult; an awful presence seemed to rest upon the encampment; men paused in their labors and, falling on their knees, united in the petitions that were ascending; the sound of the woodman's axe and the wagoner's whip died away; not a
voice or foot fall on the forest leaves disturbed the sacred silence of the hour, and every heart seemed to heed the whisper of a still, small voice, like that which said of old: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Few of those present had known until that day the full efficacy of fervent prayer. The stranger was conversing with his God, as man with his friend. After lifting up his petitions for the conversion of sinners and the success and prosperity of the meeting, he began to plead with the Almighty, if consistent with his will, to stop "the bottles of heaven," and grant the people fair weather to worship him in the grove. And as he proceeded, his mouth was filled with arguments, and passage after passage of the word of God seemed freshly brought to his mind. He spoke of the might of Deity: "Behold, God is great; ... for he maketh small the drops of water; they pour down rain according to the vapor thereof, which the clouds do drop and distil upon man abundantly."

"For he saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth; likewise to the small rain, and to the great rain of his strength ... Also by watering he wearieth the thick cloud; he scattereth his bright cloud; and it is turned round about by his counsels, that they may do whatsoever he commandeth them upon the face of the world in the earth. He causeth it to come, whether for correction, or for his land, or for mercy." Job xxxvi. 26–28; xxxvii. 6–13. He addressed the heavenly Father as the God of Providence, who "caused it to rain upon one city, and caused it not
to rain upon another city;” Amos iv. 7; who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will, and who had said that snow and vapor and stormy wind fulfilled his word; Ps. cxlviii. 8; who hath his way in the whirlwind, and

“Who plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

With such words as these did he approach the mercy-seat, to present his supplications at the throne of grace, and more than two or three were there agreeing with him to ask this favor of the Lord. And their prayers were not in vain. Before the stranger left off speaking with his God, the heavy clouds rolled their riven shades away, the bright blue sky gleamed through the fleeting vapors, the cheerful sunlight fell upon the gladdened faces that had been upturned in earnest prayer, and fair weather banished their anxieties and blessed them with comfort during all their sojourn in the tented grove.

That day was memorable to hundreds. But though it seemed to them that they could testify that “there was no day like that, before it or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man,” yet it was only the ancient power of Elijah’s God, revealed in answer to the prayers of his trusting saints.

On inquiring the name of the man of prayer, it was found to be William B. Christie, a member of the Ohio conference. The following Monday at nine o’clock, he preached with convincing speech and earnest and persuasive power, from the words, “There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common
to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.” Under that sermon many were convinced of sin, and led to seek the Lord. And at the close of his discourse, an infidel, whose skepticism and boldness both had vanished while he sat upon his horse in the rear of the stand and listened in that awful silence to the mighty prayer of faith, came forward and yielded his broken heart to Christ, united with the people of God, and henceforth was a devoted servant of the God that heareth prayer.

The skeptic may mock at this recital, but, says the narrator, “Hundreds of living witnesses to this day will unite their testimony with mine in saying that they fully believe that it was in answer to the prayer of faith, at that moment, that the rain was withheld from falling on the encampment.” And hundreds of other witnesses, both living and dead, in all the ages of the world, can bear steadfast and sufficient testimony that “the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers.”

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

It was the remark of an eminent minister, that he who will observe God’s providences, shall never lack for providences to observe. And the Psalmist, after recounting the wonderful deliverances of the imperiled sons of men by land and sea, thus concludes:

“Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, Even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.”
But though the personal experience of almost every child of God affords examples of providential guidance, and tokens of divine mercy, yet many of them allow these things to escape from their minds, and then sink down in unbelief when they should be "strong in faith, giving glory to God!"

We were reminded of this by a conversation with Mr. P——, a city missionary, who recently called at the Repository to renew the slight acquaintance of other years, and to show his interest in the work of disseminating divine truth.

After expressing his most hearty approval of the plan of operations which makes God's promises and God's providence the basis of all endeavor, he expressed his regret that his own faith was too feeble to allow him to venture forth, casting all his care upon the Lord, and then remarked in substance as follows:—

"I have, however, known, even in my own experience, several circumstances to occur which were very remarkable, to say the least, as instances of answers to prayer.

"One time after I came to P—— to labor, I needed some money, and did not know where to get it. I was a stranger, and had no borrowing acquaintances in the place; but I needed the money, and I just went to the Lord and told him I wanted ten dollars, and asked him to give it to me.

"I then took my cane and walked out on the street, not knowing or caring particularly where I should go; but as I started, something seemed to
say to me, 'Go up and see the old lady on the hill.' As I was ready for a suggestion from any good source, I accordingly went up and saw 'the old lady on the hill.' We sat and talked together for a while, without the slightest allusion to pecuniary matters, when all at once she interrupted the conversation by saying, 'Mr. P——, will you allow me to give you ten dollars?' 'Most gratefully I will, madam,' I replied, and the lady went up stairs to get the money. On her return as she placed it in my hands she said, 'The Lord told me to give you ten dollars.' But she did not know that I had just asked him for exactly that amount, not half an hour before.

'At another time I had a sum of money to make out, and I lacked just three dollars of the required amount, and I knew not where to get it. And you know with persons who do not have much money, a small amount is not always easily obtained. Well, as I had no other means of getting it, I went up stairs and told the Lord I wanted three dollars, and asked him for it as I would have asked a friend in time of need.

'Just then the door-bell rang, and I came down stairs and went to the door, where a gentleman stood, a stranger, who said, 'Mr. Blank'—who was also a stranger to me—'wished me to hand you this money'; and he placed a bank-note in my hand. I went into the house, unfolded it, and found that it was just three dollars. And it seemed that this money was already on its way before I asked the Lord for it.'

'Yes,' we replied, 'the promise says, 'Before
they call I will answer, and while they are yet speak-
ing I will hear.' The Lord knew you needed the
money, and sent it just in season to answer your
prayer. And perhaps if you had not prayed, the
man might not have come that way, or might have
forgotten to stop and leave the money."

We talked on of the Lord's kind care and willing-
ness to provide large sums as well as small ones if
he only saw they were needed.

"Yes," said Mr. P——, "a worldly lady, to whom
I was speaking of these circumstances, said if she
could get money as easily as that, she would have
all she wanted. But I told her the Lord has prom-
ised to supply all our needs, but he has not promised
to satisfy our wants and desires."

The conversation continued a little, till Mr. P——
started, as if struck by a recollection, and said, "I
have just thought of another instance of an answer
to prayer. Just this moment it has occurred to me
that I have, for some time past, been asking the Lord
to give me a hundred dollars. I have found myself
praying for it as I have been passing along the street,
and I have felt almost condemned for making such a
request; but since I came to this city I have met a
man, a friend whom I did not expect to see, and he
has given me a hundred and fifty dollars. I did not
come to Boston expecting to receive money; and the
Lord has given me one hundred and fifty dollars
when I had only asked him for a hundred. And I
never thought of it as an answer to prayer till this
moment."
EBENEZERS.

We told him we thought he had better stop lamenting his feeble faith, and go to praising God for his faithfulness to his promises.

“Well,” said he, “I think I must come up a little higher and trust in God more.”

And we have thought how many others there are who pray, and forget what they have asked for, and when the answer comes, do not recognize the hand that sent it; and who spend the time lamenting their unbelief, which ought to be employed in recounting the half-forgotten mercies of the Lord, and testifying of his faithfulness to fulfill his word. May God help us all to rejoice more and grumble less.

THE ICE-BOUNDSHIP.

A writer in the *Christian Weekly*, relates a story of a Christian sailor, named John Blank, employed as first mate under Captain C——, who had command of one of the two ships which some ambitious persons in Buffalo set afloat on Lake Erie, during the fierce heat of the speculation which raged like a forest fire over the West for a few years prior to 1836.

Determined to lead the navigation of the season, the ship left Buffalo immediately after the harbor was cleared of ice, supposing, what was a quite usual occurrence, that the wind would carry the ice up the lake, break it up, and so disperse it that they would have no further trouble with it; but to their great surprise, as they neared the upper end of the lake, they found themselves moving between two immense
fields of ice; that on the right extending, apparently, to the Canada shore, that on the left moving, before the wind, slowly but surely down upon them.

The ship was not prepared for an Arctic encounter like this, and how to escape from their perilous position was, indeed, an anxious question. But two courses presented themselves, and whether either of these was practicable remained to be seen. The first was to land on the ice, and so make their way to the Canada shore. Our hero, John Blank, volunteered the attempt. It was, of course, fraught with fearful hazard, but he succeeded in making the exploration, and in returning safely to the ship, but only to report that the ice was entirely detached from the shore, and that escape in that direction was impossible.

The second method was to reach the open channel between the ice-fields in the ship's boats; but this idea was soon abandoned, for, at the rate the ice was moving before the wind, it was very certain the two fields would meet long before the boats could reach open water, and, if caught, they would be crushed like eggshells. What was to be done? Officers, sailors, passengers, looked in silence and with pallid cheeks upon the approaching foe. In front, as far as could be seen, there was nothing but that narrow channel, and no wind to carry them through to the open water.

Under these circumstances, the captain called the passengers and as many of the crew as could be spared, from the deck into the cabin, made a plain statement of their danger, and of his entire want of
power to afford them relief, and though not a professing Christian, said: "We are in the hands of God; if he does not interpose for us there is no help, no hope. If any of you know how to pray I wish you would do so."

There sat the despairing company with bowed heads, in dead silence, so still you could hear your heart beat. In that terrible moment, John Blark, the pious mate, raised his head, and just in a whisper, said, "Let us pray." Officers, passengers, sailors, at once quietly went down upon their knees, and naught was heard, except now and then a deep-drawn sigh or a half-suppressed sob, while the converted sailor, in simple, childlike language, told in the ears of Him who holds the winds in his fists and the sea in the hollow of his hand, their exposure and danger, the interest they each had in their own lives, and the lives and happiness of others, fathers, mothers, wives, children, and friends; humbly confessing their sins and just exposure to pain and penalty; and then, with tearful penitence and loving trustfulness, supplicating mercy and deliverance through the crucified and exalted Redeemer.

After the prayer, the captain and mate went on deck, and who can tell what were their thoughts or feelings when they saw that, during that solemn moment of penitent prayer, the wind had changed, and now, instead of blowing the crushing ice-field upon them, it was blowing the ship slowly, but surely, through that open channel. In the presence of that strange fact, the captain and mate uncovered their
heads, and John Blank, looking aloft at the nearly naked yards, said, "Shall I put some more canvas on her, Captain?"

"No," said the captain, "don't touch her; some one else is managing the ship." And so the unseen hand did lead them to the open water, and to their desired haven in safety.

We will not stop to do the battle with the speculative theories of prayer, which eminent scientists have latterly thrust into the face of Christendom. The incident, of the truth of which the reader can rest assured, shall be left to bear, uninterpreted, its own testimony to the truth that God hears and answers prayer. And therefore it is written that "men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

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THE DISTRESSED MINISTER.

In times of scarcity in money and employment, how many hearts beat with a painful anxiety, lest the "barrel of meal" and "cruise of oil" should utterly fail! How many at such times, though in comparative comfort, look forward with painful forebodings to the future for themselves and those dependent upon them! Every one then realizes that they know not "what a day may bring forth." It is such seasons as these that show the superiority of the Christian's faith above the hope of the mere worldling. The promises of God are full and precious to those that put their trust in him, and the inspired Psalmist could say in his old age, I have "not seen the righteous forsaken,
nor his seed begging bread. The hand which ruled
the affairs of earth then, is the same yesterday, to-day,
and forever.

Many years ago a devoted English minister was in
a strange place, and became reduced to great straits.
His money was all gone, and not a particle of food
remained for his household. In the depth of his dis-
tress he cried mightily unto the Lord at the hour of
morning prayer. When he arose his little ones
begged for bread, and as there was none to give
them, all burst into tears. But a sleepless eye had
watched all his footsteps, and even while he was yet
speaking, had sent a messenger to relieve his distress.
The door-bell rang, and a man presented to the
astonished wife a small parcel, saying he was directed
by a gentleman to leave it there, and that some pro-
visions would arrive shortly. Very soon a country-
man drove up with a load of provisions of almost
every description. The paper was found to contain
forty gold pieces. Such a profusion had never been
known in the house of the poor minister before. It
was with feelings almost of awe as well as boundless
gratitude that this marvelous relief was regarded, so
plainly was the hand of God to be seen in it. These
timely gifts were continued at intervals, until the
day of his death, yet it was long before he could learn
from whence they came. At length it was found that
the donor was a benevolent Christian merchant, who
had often observed the minister walking the streets
with a grave, dejected air, and had been led to inquire
privately into his circumstances. As a result, he had
sent them the gold by his clerk, and the provisions by his country servant, saying, "God forbid that any of Christ's ambassadors should be strangers, and we not visit them; or in distress, and we not assist them."

Desponding Christian, though for a time your earthly prospects look dark, remember you have a rich Father in heaven. And you, to whom God has given an abundance, now may you show your gratitude by distributing to the necessities of others. Follow the promptings of your heart to such charities; they may be the whisperings of God's Spirit to your soul, and if you do not listen, he will choose a worthier instrument. "What a pleasure it is," said the noble Howard, as he took a cluster of luscious grapes to refresh a dying soldier, "to afford relief even to the bodies of men!"

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A REMARKABLE STORY.

The following letter from an esteemed minister, the pastor of an orthodox Congregational church in the vicinity of Boston, we give to our readers without note or comment:—

"I send you the narrative of the incident occasionally alluded to in my conversations with you. I extract it from a 'Record of Answers to Prayers,' which I was then keeping for my own private use. The little that you have said to me, now leads me to give it to the public for the first time. I hope that its publication will help to increase the faith of many a
fainting disciple in the power of prayer. The hairs of our heads are all numbered, and we may still bring to God the lightest care that oppresses our minds:

"Sept. 27, 1866.—Since Tuesday we have had very unpleasant weather. Yesterday it rained in torrents and the roads were very muddy. During the day I frequently thought how unpleasant such weather was for the 1500 strangers gathered at the anniversary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, now holding its sittings at Pittsfield in this state. Last evening it struck me that if God was directly petitioned by some believing member of so large a body, for the cessation of the rain, in all probability the request would be granted. And I said to myself that if I were there, I should present such a request to the Lord, for the comfort of the assembly and of the families engaged in entertaining them. At once the question arose, "Why not do it yourself now?" But I considered the question preposterous—only an idle fancy—and dismissed it from my thoughts. It continued to rain through the night. About three o'clock in the morning I awoke, and could get no sound sleep afterwards. My thoughts were busy with Pittsfield. "Pray for the Board," kept recurring to my mind. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin," came very solemnly to me. But I put off these words by saying that it would be a fanciful interpretation to apply them to myself in reference to the rain. Besides, I thought it might be the suggestion of the wicked one to lead me to tempt God,
"'I arose at a quarter before six o'clock. On looking out of my window, I noticed a faint breaking of the clouds in the western horizon, and an appearance of the same in the sky above me. But in no part, clear sky. The wind was a little south of west, and I thought this a good omen; and I was glad for the Board's sake that they were going to have a fair day. But towards seven o'clock, it gradually grew darker, until every sign of clearing disappeared. I saw in the distance another dense rain coming on, and everything indicated just such a day as we had yesterday.

"I was sorry for the Board, but glad for myself; for these dark, rainy days I love—they keep me close to my books and studies. At a quarter to eight o'clock, I took up my pen to write on my sermon. But I found myself unable to begin, because my mind was agitated with this one thought: "Pray that the Board may have a pleasant day." After some hesitation, I knelt down and prayed that if this feeling was not a temptation, but the voice of the Holy Ghost, I might be heard, and if my prayer was heard, that it might clear away before nine o'clock. I would regard such an answer as a sign of a connection between my prayer and the coming on of the clear weather. When I knelt, a dense rain-storm was rapidly approaching, only a mile distant, and the clouds lowered without a break. In fifteen minutes after I arose from my knees, the clouds were suddenly broken, the rain vanished, and large patches of blue sky appeared—the first that I had seen for the last fifty hours. This change began to come on, I observed,
almost immediately on my rising. So marvelous did the thing appear to me, that my faith was staggered, and after waiting some thirty minutes, and perceiving that the clouds were moving away quite slowly, I knelt and prayed that the day might be perfectly cloudless, and if it became such before nine o'clock, I would be doubly assured that my prayer had been heard. This last thing was not granted me, but by ten o'clock the entire hemisphere above and around me had not a fleck in it, except a bit of cloud that lay along the eastern quarter of the sky. By noon not a particle of cloud could be seen in any quarter of the heavens. It is now about a quarter of two o'clock, and it continues the same, the wind being north-west. It is the finest autumnal day that we have had for a fortnight. I have written out this experience thus minutely, because I told the Lord I would if he heard me, and also because I wish to glorify his name, and record that even to-day the winds and the clouds do obey his voice in answer to the earnest supplications of his people.'

SAVED FROM A LEE SHORE.

The following account of a remarkable deliverance, illustrating the might of Him whom even the winds and the seas obey, is recorded by Benjamin S. Batchelor, of New Bedford, who heard the facts from the lips of one of the crew of the ship that was so providentially spared in the hour of danger:

"About the year 1835, the packet ship Sovereign,
Capt. Griswold, of New York, with a large number of passengers and much freight, was in the British Channel, on a lee shore, in a heavy gale. At the place called the Bill of Portland, the land forms a curve, two points of land projecting into the sea. Between these, the ship was drifting directly on shore, and escape seemed impossible. Only a change of wind could save them.

"It was near midnight. No one had retired, for none expected to see another rising of the sun. The captain thought that within an hour and a half all would be over.

"There was on board, as steward, a colored boy, about eighteen years of age. He was a good Christian lad, then recently converted. When all were anxious for their fate, he went down into the coal-hold, under the forecastle, and there prayed. When he came up, he went to the mate, whose name was Williams, and said, 'Mr. Williams, we shall not go ashore.' 'How do you know?' inquired he, with an oath and a sneer. 'Because the Lord has told me so,' replied the boy; 'we shall have a change of wind.'

"Whether in answer to his prayer or not, let the reader judge; but half an hour from that time the wind shifted about five points of the compass, enabling the ship to pass clear of land, and they were safe. The ship returned to New York, discharged her passengers and cargo, went another voyage and was lost.

"Of course unbelief will construe all this as the
result of accident. To the atheist the world is the result of accident. But men of God, who are in the habit of visiting the closet and communing with God—to whom the prayer of faith is a reality—will have no difficulty in believing that the colored boy knew whereof he affirmed when he said God told him so. There is a God who hears and answers prayer. May we all know the way to his throne."

THE PERSECUTOR'S FATE.

Dr. Eugenio Kincaid, the Burman missionary, states, that among the first converts in Ava, were two men who had held respectable offices about the palace. Some time after they had been baptized, a neighbor determined to report them to government, and drew up a paper setting forth that these two men had forsaken the customs and religion of their fathers, were worshiping the foreigner's God, and went every Sunday to the teacher's house; with other similar charges. He presented the paper to the neighbors of the two disciples, taking their names as witnesses, and saying that he should go and present the accusation on the next day.

The two Christians heard of it, and went to Mr. Kincaid in great alarm, to consult as to what they should do. They said if they were accused to government, the mildest sentence they could expect would be imprisonment for life at hard labor, and perhaps they would be killed. Kincaid told them that they could not flee from Ava, if they would;
that he saw nothing he could do for them, and all that they could do was to trust in God. He then knelt with them, and besought God to protect them, and deliver them from the power of their enemies. They also prayed, and soon left Kincaid, saying that they felt more calm, and could leave the matter with God.

That night the persecutor was attacked by a dreadful disease in the bowels, which so distressed him that he roared like a madman; and his friends, which is too often the case with the heathen, left him to suffer and die alone. The two Christians whom he would have ruined, then went and took care of him till he died, two or three days after his attack. The whole affair was well known in the neighborhood, and from that time not a dog dared move his tongue against the Christians of Ava.

Is there no evidence in this of a special providence, and that God listens to the prayers of his persecuted and distressed children?

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LAND FOR A CHAPEL.

"The earth is the Lord’s," but it is "given into the hand of the wicked." And often the people of God can have hardly so much as a place on which to erect an alter, or pitch a tent, or dig a grave. Yet still the hearts of men are in the hands of God; and he can hear the prayers of his servants, and provide a way and prepare a place for them, notwithstanding all the wrath and malice of their foes.
Dr. J. Liefchild, in his "Remarkable Facts," relates this story, showing that God hears and answers the prayers of his people even against the purposes of evil men:—

"Many years ago, in a retired part of the country, a few pious people associated themselves together in a small room for religious worship, and some zealous friends from a neighboring town were accustomed to visit them for the purpose of ministering to them the words of eternal life. The success which attended upon these services suggested the desirableness of endeavoring to build a small place of worship. All agreed as to the importance of the object, and as to the probability of obtaining sufficient pecuniary aid for its accomplishment; but after much deliberation there appeared one formidable objection in their way. The only land in the neighborhood eligible for this purpose was in the possession of a gentleman well known to be a violent opposer of all who differed from himself in religious opinions. Most of these good people, therefore, feared it would be of no use to apply to him for the sale of the land, as he was of an unbending disposition. Yet there was no other alternative, and it was suggested that they should have recourse to prayer for the removal of this difficulty. Two, also, out of this little company were appointed to make proposals to the owner of the land for the purchase of it. Before the time appointed for making this application, it was agreed that a whole night should be spent in prayer for the Divine blessing on the enterprise. The following morning saw
the two delegates making their way to the rich man's house with anxious hearts. They found him at home, and soon disclosed the object of their visit, stating at the same time that they would cheerfully pay him the full value of the land. No sooner did he hear the proposition than, with great indignation, he bade them be gone, and with much incivility turned them out of his house, sternly refusing to listen to their request.

"On returning to their friends, and making known their disheartening reception, some, who were strong in faith, proposed that they should pass another night in prayer, and especially importune the Controller of all events that he would incline the heart of the proud land-owner to yield to their request.

"This they did, and sent the same two delegates the next day to make another attempt to effect the purchase of the land. Again they were introduced to the prejudiced and uncourteous gentleman; but he now received them in a very different manner, apologizing for the haughtiness of his behavior the day before, and acceding to the sale of the land, adding, 'I cannot tell how it is, but I have had no sleep all last night for thinking of you and of your chapel, and I have now made up my mind to let you have the piece of land you want.' It may be well conceived with what cheerful hearts and joyous steps these good men returned to their brethren, and that the whole company gave thanks to the hearer and answerer of prayer, for his gracious and manifest interposition on their behalf."
THE STORM MADE CALM.

"He maketh the storm a calm," said the Psalmist, describing the deliverance of those who "do business in great waters," and who, in their trouble and extremity, seek and find deliverance at the hand of God; and all generations have furnished witnesses who could confirm the sacred record.

At a Sunday-morning meeting at Repository Hall, January 25th, 1874, a Christian brother bore testimony to the saving grace of Christ,—he having found peace in believing some forty years before, when on shipboard in the South Atlantic ocean, far away from churches, ministers, gospel privileges, and praying friends.

In illustration of the power and faithfulness of God, and his willingness to hear and answer prayer, he related a fact in his own experience, an account of which, at our request, he subsequently copied from his journal, substantially as follows:—

"In 1839 I was a sailor on board the brig Pandora, Captain G——, bound from Savannah to Boston, with a cargo of cotton. When off the coast of Virginia, some twenty-five miles distant from Chesapeake bay, we encountered a heavy gale. Saturday evening, December 21st, the wind blew gently from the south. On sounding, we found ourselves in thirty fathoms of water. At midnight the wind veered to the eastward, gradually increasing till four o'clock, Sunday morning, by which time the brig was under close-reefed topsails and foresail. The
wind still increasing, every stitch of canvas was taken in, and now the vessel lay helpless and unmanageable in the trough of the sea, not minding her helm at all, while the wind blew a perfect hurricane. The vessel being very light, loaded with cotton, made much lee-way, and though we had worn ship four times during the preceding night, hoping, if possible, to weather some shoals which the captain judged were near, and to make Chesapeake bay, where we might have a clear beach before us in case the vessel should strand, yet at eight o'clock Sunday morning we were in but seventeen fathoms of water.

"The gale now increased with fearful violence, waves rising like mountains, and rain and sleet pouring from the dismal clouds. At ten a.m., being then in fifteen fathoms of water, and drifting rapidly toward the shore, the captain summoned all hands into the cabin to consult about throwing our deck-load overboard, in order to leave us a better chance to secure ourselves to the rigging, and thus save our lives when the vessel should strike, which he judged would be in about half an hour. Not a gleam of hope appeared, and here our distress was increased by observing that the captain seemed under the influence of liquor, to which he had probably resorted in order to stifle his fears of approaching death.

"The order was given, and we went to work to throw the cotton over, while the captain, frightened and despairing, went into the cabin to drown his fears in drink. Seeing the state of things, and believing that shipwreck was imminent, I found two of my
shipmates who were Christians, and who had prayed daily with me in the forecastle, and I asked them if they had any faith now, that God would hear our prayers and deliver us. They both said they had; and I told them to pray, then, that the Lord might rebuke the winds and calm the waves.

"With an unspeakable mingling of fear and hope, we applied ourselves to the task of casting the cotton into the sea, at the same time lifting up earnest and united prayers to God for deliverance from the threatened destruction; occasionally gliding in close contact with each other, and speaking words of hope in each other's ears, and feeling, as we toiled, a blessed confidence that our prayers were not in vain.

"It did not seem more than five minutes from the time we commenced to throw the cotton overboard—for we had scarcely tumbled twenty bales into the sea—when we heard a shout from the quarter deck: "Avast heaving cotton overboard! The wind is coming out from our lee! Avast there!"

"It was the captain's voice, bidding us stay our hands; we obeyed, and looking up we saw him clinging to the rigging, apparently so drunk that he could hardly stand, while away over our lee bow we could see blue sky and fair weather; and it seemed that in less than ten minutes from the time the hurricane was at its height, the wind had chopped around in shore, and was gently wafting us away from danger, and out into deep water again.

"There were glad souls on board the Pandora that day, as she swung around in obedience to the helm,
and we laid her course again for our destined port. And some who before had mocked at prayers and blasphemed the God we loved, admitted then that God had answered prayer, and that he had delivered us from death.

"And I love to repeat the story to the praise of the Lord who yet lives to hear, and bless, and save his trusting children."

Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
And men, astonished, mount the skies,
Or sink in gaping graves.

Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He hears the loud request;
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

Oh that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record!

THE STOLEN GLOVES.

If ever the wisdom of God is needed by poor mortals, it is in the care and training of wayward little ones. Parents know this; and if they, with abundant opportunity, and unlimited authority, find it hard at times to manage and direct their own little families, how much more trying must be the position of a
teacher in a public school, who, with limited opportunity and power, is compelled to receive and train, not two or three of her own children, but scores of every class and grade who come from homes of every kind, and often with habits and surroundings unfavorable in the extreme, to perplex beyond measure the teacher who would guide them in the fear of the Lord.

But even in such a position God's grace is sufficient, and he can melt the hardest heart and bow the strongest will; and if the teacher or the parent will carry every case to God in prayer, "the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain."

The following incident, taken from a secular paper published in Philadelphia, will illustrate the power of prayer on wayward children's hearts:

"A boy in one of our public schools had a very fine pair of gloves stolen from the pocket of his overcoat. He stated the fact to his teacher, and she brought it before the children of the room under her charge. In simple but earnest language she told them that however much they might deceive one another, they could not deceive God, who would surely bring them to account for all their actions; she therefore entreated the boy who had taken the gloves to restore them. She did not wish to cast suspicion on any of them by instituting a search, but would leave the wrong-doer to the guidance of his own conscience.

"There was no response to her entreaty that day, but she took the subject to God in agonizing prayer when she went home, and the next day appealed to
her scholars again, and told them that she should continue praying until the gloves were restored. So deeply interested did she feel in the welfare of the children entrusted to her care, that she could not repress her tears when she addressed them, and they all sympathized with her, because they all loved her, and knew by experience that she loved them also.

"Silently raising her eyes to heaven, she seemed to implore the Divine aid. The scholars were quiet; not the slightest movement of hand or foot disturbed the silence, and even their breathing seemed suppressed,—when one of the boys, half concealing his face with his hands, while the tears streamed down his cheeks, confessed that he had taken the gloves, and restored them. The teacher not only forgave him, but kissed him for his courage in confessing his fault publicly, when he might have restored the gloves privately. She availed herself of the opportunity to impress upon the minds of her pupils the duty of forgiveness.

"We do not know the young lady's creed, but we have been informed that she prays for the welfare of her pupils and for grace to teach them aright, three times every day."

We are ignorant of the "creed" of this young lady, but we would not fear to have our children under her influence, even if she had no "creed" at all, since she has that faith, without which it is impossible to please God, and which believes "that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." And we remember another school in
which prayer was mightier than blows, where even wayward children were hushed in solemn fear by the warning of some reprover, who said, "I will ask Mrs. H—to pray for you;" and we are sure that he who would conquer children must bow himself before the Lord, "as a little child."

THE CAPTAIN AND THE QUADRANT.

A godly man, the master of an American ship, during one voyage found his ship bemisted for days, and he became rather anxious respecting her safety. He went down to his cabin and prayed. The thought struck him, if he had with confidence committed his soul to God, he might certainly commit his ship to Him; and so, accordingly, he gave all into the hands of God, and felt at perfect peace; but still he prayed, that if He would be pleased to give a cloudless sky at twelve o'clock, he should like to take an observation, to ascertain their real position, and whether they were on the right course.

He came on deck at eleven o'clock, with the quadrant under his coat. As it was thick drizzling, the men looked at him with amazement. He went to his cabin, prayed, and came up. There seemed still to be no hope. Again he went down and prayed, and again he appeared on deck with his quadrant in his hand. It was now ten minutes to twelve o'clock, and still there was no appearance of a change; but he stood on the deck, waiting upon the Lord, when, in a few minutes, the mist seemed to be folded up
and rolled away as by an omnipotent and invisible hand; the sun shone clearly from the blue vault of heaven, and there stood the man of prayer with the quadrant in his hand, but so awe-struck did he feel, and so "dreadful" was that place, that he could scarcely take advantage of the answer to his prayer. He, however, succeeded, although with trembling hands, and found, to his comfort, that all was well. But no sooner had he finished taking the observation, than the mist rolled back over the heavens, and it began to drizzle as before.

This story of prayer was received from the lips of the good Captain Crossby, who was so useful in the Ardrossan awakening; and he himself was the man who prayed and waited upon his God with the quadrant in his hand.

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above."

PRAYED HOME.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." In such circumstances man learns his helplessness as he learns it nowhere else; and there, in times of extremest peril, God reveals himself as the Saviour of the tempest-tossed, and the ruler of the storm.

Ah! God only knows how many prayers go up from fathers and mothers and wives and children,
EBENEZERS.

who shudder at the howling of the midnight tempest, and fly for shelter to the covert of Jehovah's wings, beseeching his mercy upon those who are beset with mortal peril and distress, far out upon the raging deep.

And many a man, prayerless though he may be himself, yet feels and knows at such times the value of a mother's prayers, and rests in confidence like that which led the poet to write,—

"Sleep soft, O wearied mariner,
Rocked in the cradle of the sea;
The ear of heaven bends low to her;
He comes to port who sails with me."

A writer in The Presbyterian says: "A minister tells us of a weather-beaten sailor who, on his homeward voyage, encountered a dreadful tempest. His mother, who had expected his return, was waiting with deep anxiety to see her son. During the raging of the storm she trembled, as she sat in her cottage, for her beloved child's safety; and with strong faith in God she earnestly prayed for his preservation.

"When night came, she and her husband retired to bed; but not to rest. They were far too anxious to sleep. As the morning dawned, the winds were hushed, and all was calm. Presently the little gate in front of their dwelling turned on its hinges, the door opened, and their son, their beloved son, for whose life they had feared, stood before them. The vessel had been driven into one of the many harbors on the coast, and was safe. 'Mother,' said he, as
tears ran down his rugged face, 'I knew that you'd pray me home.'

"Mother, pray on. The boy may be far away. Storms may beset him, and dangers surround him, but God hears prayer. And many a tempest-tossed and sorely-troubled soul shall greet a mother in the paradise of God, and say, 'Mother, you have prayed me home.'"

Thou Saviour of the lone and lost,
Who once our sinful burdens bare,
Thy blood shall save the tempest-tossed,
In glory on the other shore.
The other shore, the heavenly shore,
The happy, bright, eternal shore;
The land of rest, where storms are o'er,
There's sunshine on the other shore.

THE FORGOTTEN BLOTTER.

A story is told of a bank officer in a village not far from New York, who at one time could not make his accounts balance. Night after night and day after day he had patiently coned the long columns of figures, only to find the same sickening result. He knew that he was not a defaulter, that he had not taken a penny from the bank, but he could not prove it. The accounts would not balance.

At length the morning of the day came when his books must be submitted for inspection, and he found himself in the utmost distress. Disgrace and trouble seemed staring him in the face, and he had nothing to sustain him but conscious integrity and trust in God. Early that morning he went to the bank, and
bowing on his knees, poured out before the Lord the story of his sorrows and his fears. For an hour he continued in prayer to God; he said, "O Lord, I have done right; I have preserved my integrity, but here I am about to be overthrown unless thou shouldst come to my rescue. Lord, deliver me!"

He arose from his knees and went to an old blotter which he had entirely forgotten, and on opening it, there lay a sheet of figures which he had omitted and forgotten, and when the summing up of this sheet was set down, and the column was added, the accounts were balanced, and the praying man was saved.

How many a man in such a position might have been goaded to desperation and driven to ruin; but faith in God anchored this man's soul amid the storm, and God who heareth prayer, answered and delivered his servant.

THE SLANDERED MINISTER.

The position of those who are called to take oversight of the church of Jesus Christ, and to labor therein in word and in doctrine, is one of much danger and delicacy. Exposed to special temptations, confided in and trusted as no others are, bearing a standard which makes them targets for Satan's fiercest darts, they have need of the prayers, the sympathies, the admonitions, and the reproofs of the people of God, while for themselves they must watch and pray lest they enter into temptation.

And while the servant of God must be blameless, and well reported of without, he must not thus think
to escape reproach, for the more closely he walks with God, and the more eminently useful he is in the world, the more certain he will be to be aspersed, maligned, and accused by the enemies of God and truth.

Doubtless Satan is sometimes allowed to set forth his brood of lies as a warning to some unwary soul, for God only knows how often men have been saved from actual sin by the alarmed and watchful suspicion which some cruel slander has caused them to exercise; and he only knows what blessings have been tasted by his stricken ones, who, in their hour of trial, have hidden within the secret of his presence from the strife of poisoned tongues.

The Lord has ever been careful of the rights of the aspersed and the accused. To Israel he said, “One witness shall not rise up against a man for any iniquity, or for any sin, in any sin that he sinneth: at the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall the matter be established.” Deut. xix. 15; Heb. x. 28. And the Apostle, when referring to the rumors of misconduct at Corinth, declared that the same rule must govern the admission of evidence there: “In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established.” 2 Cor. xiii. 1. This rule he specifically applies to the accusations which may be brought against those who preside in the church of God, and who labor in word and doctrine therein, when he says, “Against a Presbyter receive no accusation except on the testimony of two or three witnesses.” 1 Tim. v. 19—Conybeare’s Version.

The proper course, then, for the servant of God who
can wash his hands in innocency before God, is to keep to his work and leave his accusers in their shame. If he drives fast on the heavenly road he will soon get out of the dust of the devil's wagons. And the people of God are bound to reject those unsustained rumors which are not supported by competent evidence according to the word of God.

Sometimes, however, it occurs that a servant of Christ is placed in ecclesiastical connection with men who disregard the express precepts of the word of God in regard to this matter, and then, upon the testimony of a single witness, he is accused and condemned, men of influence giving the weight of their names and position to establish an accusation which, of itself, should be rejected, as the assertion of a single witness instead of the concurring testimony of two or three.

In such a case the servant of God can only appeal to the Judge of all the earth; and seeking forgiveness of the Lord for having been entangled in unscriptural alliances with men who dare go contrary to the word of God in the administration of the affairs of the church, he must await the course of divine providence, looking to God to plead his cause and bring the truth to light.

Blessed is he who in such an hour can lean upon his God and trust him to the end. A death-bed sets many things right,—the day of judgment will reveal the rest. But often in this world a prayer-hearing God interposes on behalf of his trusting ones. A writer in the Watchman and Reflector relates the following incident in illustration of this principle:—
"A clergyman, whom I personally knew, was charged by a woman with crime. A council, consisting of seven clergymen, with other persons, was convened. Two days were consumed by a long detail of circumstances, all of which bore the semblance of guilt, and which were sustained by the solemn affidavit and oath of the accusing party. Some time about ten o'clock of the closing day, the evidence being all adverse, although the minister solemnly protested his perfect innocence, a resolution was introduced to depose him. To this he requested simply that the action upon it might be deferred till the next morning; which request was granted. He then proposed that the night should be devoted to special prayer, saying, 'I believe there is a righteous God in heaven, and who, in his providence, governs upon earth. I believe I am his servant, and am willing to commit my case to him, after such an exercise in prayer.' The clergymen were much exhausted, nevertheless two of them agreed to his proposition. He proposed that they should occupy distinct rooms till twelve. This being done, they met for social supplication.

"The two remarked as they met, one to the other, 'I have had remarkable freedom in prayer, and I believe light will beam from some quarter, I know not where.' While they were in prayer a loud rap was heard upon the door of the house. A messenger from the dwelling of the accuser was there, with an urgent entreaty that they would come immediately thither. On entering her apartment, she addressed
them, saying, 'I have sinned. He is perfectly innocent.' By circumstances which she related, all were convinced that she then told the truth. She had been suddenly prostrated by disease, which terminated fatally. Her statements were given to the public. Great fear fell upon the people. A most powerful revival of religion ensued. The man of God was heard with great effect long after, as he ministered at the altar, living in the respect of all; and he died in the sweetness of Christian assurance at last, leaning his head upon the arm of Jesus. To this day many remember well the emphasis with which these words were quoted in that region: 'Verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth.'

THE PRAYING PRISONER.

It is a blessed comfort that God remembers those whom man forgets, and that all powers and agencies are subservient to his will. And it is an added consolation, that there is no spot on earth so lonely, so dark, or so desolate, that we can not from it gain access to the ear of the Majesty on high. Let this be the comfort of the outcast, and the joy of those that are in chains,—God hears them and God remembers them. He reads the record of their innocence or their penitence; he knows how to pity, and he knows how to deliver. The sighing of the prisoner comes up before him, and according to the greatness of his power he preserves those that
are appointed unto death. Ps. lxxix. 11. "For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth; to hear the groaning of the prisoner; to loose those that are appointed to death; to declare the name of the Lord in Zion, and his praise in Jerusalem; when the people are gathered together, and the kingdoms, to serve the Lord." Ps. cii. 19-22.

A singular and remarkable instance of the deliverance of a prisoner in answer to his fervent prayer, occurred recently in Prussia, and is related by a Moravian missionary, A. Tauch, in his report for the year 1866, which we copy from the columns of The Moravian, as follows:—

"A lithographer whom God had blessed with excellent talents in his profession, never improved them to His glory, but led a very dissipated life, spending in this way all his earnings, as he did his patrimony. Requiring more money for the gratification of his lusts, and being an excellent bookkeeper, he made false cash entries. After carrying on this practice for a considerable length of time, he was at last discovered, tried, and condemned to ten years' hard labor in the penitentiary. Three times he attempted to escape, but was every time retaken. Each time his prison term was prolonged, and finally he was sentenced for so long a term that it was not probable he would live to see its end. After being recaptured the third time, he was placed in solitary confinement, and in a cell from which escape was impossible.
"The Lord blessed this solitary confinement to the welfare of his soul. He began to ponder on his deplorable condition, and to reflect, that, with his talents, education, and former temporal prosperity, he might have led quite a different life. Yet he was compelled to confess to himself, that no one could be blamed for his present wretched condition but himself. The Spirit of God by degrees wrought in his heart a deep sense of his guilt, so that, amidst floods of tears, he sorrowed after a godly sort, and finally sought and found peace, and pardon of all his sins, in the blood of the Lamb. The faithful prison chaplain, who often called on him, probably contributed greatly to his conversion. These two men now became intimate friends, and often bowed their knees in prayer in the prison cell.

"One day he wrote a letter to his friends, telling them how happy he was since he had found the Saviour, probably the happiest among all the inmates of the prison, at any rate happier than the inspector thereof. All letters written by prisoners, having to pass through this man's hands and to be read by him before their transmission, he of course read this one likewise, and the remark concerning himself nettled him and prejudiced him against the writer, so that he soon made him smart for it. One of the jail-keepers who often entered the convert's cell was in the habit of cursing fearfully, and the latter requested him, while in his cell, to desist from it, because, through the grace of God, it had become a sanctuary to him. The overseer ceased his cursing,
but manifested a still greater dislike towards him.

"Two years after his conversion, the prison chaplain asked him whether he would not present a petition to the king for pardon, inasmuch as numbers were being pardoned, some of whom he knew in advance would soon be sent back, while he felt assured such would not be the case with him. The prisoner addressed the inspector on the subject, it being necessary that he should endorse the petition. The latter, however, at once told him that he would never furnish him with a testimony. This harsh reply drove the prisoner, as well as the chaplain, into fervent prayer to God who alone could help them, and they both felt assured in their hearts that the Lord would grant their prayer. Another year passed away, when the chaplain one morning entered the prisoner's cell with a sorrowful mien, and announced to him that another prisoner had been pardoned, while no steps were taken towards his liberation; and he knew that even if he (the chaplain) should once more reason with the inspector on the subject, just then would be an unfavorable time for so doing, because a number of fresh forgeries had been detected at Berlin. To this the prisoner replied: 'Reverend Sir, you are constantly preaching about faith; now if you exercise faith yourself, you need not suffer yourself to be the least disconcerted by what transpired at Berlin.'

"Thereupon they both knelt down, and once more presented the subject to the Lord. Rising from prayer, the chaplain said: 'I now believe that
you will be pardoned in spite of every obstacle.' But the prisoner, striking the table with his hand, exclaimed in a loud and cheerful voice, 'And I believe I shall be pardoned this very day!' The minister eyed him with astonishment, but the other reiterated his belief. And such actually turned out to be the case. Toward noon the inspector entered the prisoner's cell, quite confounded, and read a dispatch to him, which he had just received from Berlin, stating that the king had pardoned X——, the lithographer, who was forthwith to be set at liberty.

"How this had come to pass, and how the king could know anything about the prisoner, was a mystery to all around, but a few days more solved the riddle. During the course of the year a certain Prince Salm, a pious gentleman, had visited and inspected the penitentiary, and among the rest had conversed with the lithographer. The chaplain had told his history to the prince, and how the inspector stood in the way of his petition for a pardon being forwarded to the king. The prince had attentively listened to the report, without making any reply. Several months later, however, he came to Berlin and, having obtained audience with the king, he asked the favor of the prisoner's liberation. The king replied that he could not grant it, because no testimony had been presented in his favor; to which the prince replied that he would himself become the prisoner's surety. 'Well,' said the king, 'if you will do that, he shall be liberated on the spot;' and
a telegraphic dispatch was at once forwarded to the penitentiary.

"This brother had now returned to his own home, and at the time of my visit to him, had been married four months to a pious widow, whose husband, and only child had died several years previously. Being reinstated in his lithographing business, he lived very comfortably on the property acquired by his marriage. Prince Salm, who had been instrumental in procuring his liberation, had lately visited him, and gladdened his heart by staying over night with him. Brother N—— concluded his interesting communication to me, with these words: 'I cannot sufficiently thank the Lord that he suffered me to be sent to prison; for by that means I have come to be a happy man in soul and body.'"

Perhaps some in prison may read these lines; let them be encouraged by them to pray; to pray for liberty; not the liberty to rove, and riot, and sin, and blaspheme; not the liberty from restraint, which they have abused to their ruin; but the liberty wherewith Christ and his truth makes us free; the liberty of soul from sin and fear and death; the liberty which cannot be restrained by dungeons or by fetters, "the glorious liberty of the sons of God." To them is this message of deliverance sent. To them Christ proclaims "liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

And if they find this freedom, then their place of bondage shall be a place of blessing, and their abode
of sorrow shall be an abode of long-remembered joy. For many a pardoned prisoner looks back to his dungeon as to a Bethel, the house of God and the gate of heaven; and remembers that when chains confined his body then he first had liberty of soul.

And when this inward freedom from sin is felt, then God can make the prison seem a palace, or can bring forth the prisoner from his chains in his own good time; and prove by many a blessed token that “If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” John viii. 36.

“IT JUST HAPPENED SO.”

How often in the narration of events occurring simultaneously, the one having so vital a connection with the other that the two produce results which neither alone would have produced, do we hear the expression, “It just happened so.” Were this expression confined to the ungodly and skeptical alone, we would not wonder; but when the professed children of God so far forget their high calling as to lend such words to the cause of infidelity, we may well pause with painful apprehensions. For those who have professed to believe in a Supreme Being as the mighty maker of the heavens and the earth; who upholds all things by his omnipotent power; who numbers the very hairs of our head; and without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground, to allow such expressions to fall from their lips, leads us to seriously consider whether they have believed
to the salvation of their souls. And yet how almost universal is the tendency to ignore the direct providences of God, and to attribute even the most convincing proofs of his answer to prayer, to mere chance.

The many, many narratives given by the children of God, all testifying, by infallible proofs, of our heavenly Father's unchanging love and compassion, have so stimulated those who love Him, to pray without ceasing, that for the encouragement of the tried and tempted ones, I desire to relate an incident connected with my own life, which made an impression upon my mind that time can never efface.

It was during the year 1849 that the California excitement, or "gold fever," raged with such terrible violence throughout the United States; and in its results proved itself one of the worst scourges that ever overshadowed a civilized country. The exaggerated accounts of fabulous fortunes, awaiting the thousands who had only to reach the land of gold, and gather up the precious metal in any desired quantities, and return to their homes, turned the brains of thousands from the various peaceful avocations of life, whose first and most eager question was how to get the necessary means for the journey; and next, which was the most expeditious route to choose. During such an excitement, stimulated by the various ship-owners of the eastern cities, land owners of the West, and the numberless inventors of machines and appliances with which the more readily to separate the precious dust from the sand, men were willing
to sacrifice home, friends, and every comfort of life, and literally sell themselves, body and soul, for gold. To this end, homes were mortgaged at fabulous rates of interest, personal effects, the accumulation of years of frugal toil, were sacrificed, and the husband, father, and son, the only stay and support of the household, were hurried off, leaving the wife and mother, with the little ones, often to struggle with penury and want. And what pen shall record the fearful tale of woe and death on the far-off western plains, where starvation, disease, and the tomahawk laid thousands low, whose bones even now lie bleaching on the deserts, and sent thousands home destitute, sick, and disheartened.

During this excitement my father's family were living on a large farm, well stocked, and in a good state of cultivation, about forty miles west of Chicago. Our family consisted of eight children,—six girls, my brother, and myself,—I being the youngest of the family. My father, who had inherited a roving disposition, from the first had eagerly sought every means of intelligence from the gold mines; and although my mother had earnestly sought to dissuade him from the thought of going, he finally, disregarding all her entreaties and prayers, decided to go, taking my brother with him; and accordingly began to make the necessary preparations.

And now began dark days in our home, especially for my poor mother, who seldom smiled, often wept, and daily pleaded most earnestly at a throne of grace that God would, in some way, interpose in her behalf.
Several neighbors had clubbed together to form a party, and the route chosen was overland, with ox teams, in covered wagons. Father bought a new wagon for the purpose, and brought home material for covering it, and employed his entire time in getting together articles considered necessary for the journey. To get means to defray expenses, the farm was to be mortgaged. And finally the day of departure was fixed upon, and human eye could see nothing to prevent the journey.

My brother had been engaged several months in a drug store in a neighboring town, and all other things being in readiness, father started to bring him home, and at the same time deposit the mortgage and get the money. And how well do I remember that day. It was late in February, but so warm and bright, that from the time father started, early in the morning, until nearly noon, I had been playing on the straw-stack. On going into the house I missed mother, and went to the chamber in search of her, and found her lying upon the bed, weeping and groaning. I went up to her and asked her if she was ill. "Drawing me to her she said, "My heart is broken." Alarmed at her condition, I hurried down stairs and out of doors, crying bitterly and not knowing what to do; and after wandering round for some time, I fell upon my knees and prayed with all my strength that God would let my poor mother live. I then returned to her very quietly, and found her kneeling by the bedside, sighing and often sobbing, but evidently in earnest pleading for help. I knelt beside
her, and after some time she arose, wiped her tears away, and taking my hand, with a sad smile, we went down stairs, and she resumed her household duties, and I went out to do some chores.

About an hour after I saw one of our neighbors ride up to the gate and hastily enter the house; his manner was so unusual as to at once arouse my apprehensions that something was wrong, and I hurried into the house, to find my mother wringing her hands, and exclaiming, "My poor boy, my poor boy!" I heard the neighbor say that my brother had been taken very ill about a week before, and that the disease had finally developed itself as small-pox in its most violent form; and that he was quite delirious, and it required two strong men to keep him on his bed, but that the physician had strong hopes of saving his life.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and the almost impassable state of the roads, my mother determined to go to him at once; and accordingly, taking me to drive the horse, we started. After going some five miles, however, we met a messenger with letters from my brother's physician, earnestly advising no one to come, as everything was being done that could possibly minister to his comfort; and then very reluctantly we turned back.

And now the earnest petitions of my poor mother were changed for the life of my brother. My father stayed near him several days, and when the crisis of the disease was past, and he began to recover, he came home and renewed his customary work upon the
farm. What a change was now visible in my mother. Her prayers had been answered, and though with affliction, still in mercy. My brother's recovery was so slow, that before he was able to come home the season had so far advanced as to make it impracticable for them to think of taking the journey. The company with whom they were to go had left without them, and finally adverse news began to arrive from the gold-fields.

And now the sequel. Of the eight men who formed the company with whom my father was to go, three died upon the plains; the remainder subsisted for weeks upon the flesh of mules found lying dead along the route, and finally deserting wagons and equipments, they turned homeward, where they arrived late in the fall, sick, and in rags, disheartened and destitute, to find their homes mortgaged, and overgrown with weeds, and their families without sufficient food to maintain them through the winter. My brother entirely recovered, and returned to his business. Our barns were filled with grain, and many a bushel found its way into the homes of the families of these destitute, returned Californians. And was not this a direct answer to my mother's earnest, fervent prayer?

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

The following story, from the pen of Mrs. Wright, is certified as true by the editor of the Puritan Recorder, who says: "We have the pleasure of knowing the subject of the sketch, and have
often been at her house. 'May the candle of the Lord ever shine there as it has in years past.'"

It was a season of great scarcity in the hill regions of New Hampshire, when a poor woman, who lived in a hut by the woods, had no bread for her family.

She was sick, and without either friends or money. There was no helper but God, and she betook herself to prayer. She prayed long, she prayed in earnest; for she believed that He who fed the ravens, would feed her.

On rising from her knees one morning, her little barefoot girl opened the door to go out. Something shining on the sill, stopped her. The child stooped down, and behold, a silver dollar lay there. She ran and took it to her mother. It really was a new, round, bright, silver dollar! They looked up and down the road; not a living person was in sight, and neither footsteps nor wagon wheels were to be heard.

Where did the dollar come from? Did God send it? Doubtless it was from his hand; but how did it get there? Did it rain down? No. Did he throw it from the windows of heaven? No. Did an angel fetch it? No. God has often means for answering prayer without sending special messengers. He touches some little spring in the great machinery of his providence without in the least disturbing its regularity, and help comes;—sometimes we do not see exactly how, as this poor woman did not; then it seems to come directly from him, while, in fact, all our being taken care of, ever since we were born, comes just as directly from him, only he employs so
many people to do it — fathers, mothers, servants, shop-keepers — that we are apt to lose sight of him and fix our eyes upon them.

"But how did the silver dollar get on the doorsill?" some one may ask. It happened that a pious young blacksmith was going down to the sea-board in quest of business. It was several miles before he could take the stage-coach; so, instead of going in the wagon which carried his chest, he said he would walk.

"Come, ride," they said; "it will be hot and dusty."

To all his friends urged, he kept answering, "No,"
"I'll walk, and take a short cut through the pines;" and off he started with a stout walking-stick. As he was jogging on through a piece of wood, he heard a voice from a little lonely hut by the roadside. It drew his notice, and he stepped towards it on tiptoe; then he stopped and listened, and found it was the voice of prayer; and he gathered from the prayer, that she who offered it was poor, sick, and friendless.

"What can I do to help this poor woman?" thought the young man. He did not like to go into the hut. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a dollar, the first silver dollar he ever had — and a dollar was a big sum for him to give; he was not as rich then as he is now. But no matter, he felt the poor woman must have it. The dollar being silver, and likely to attract notice as soon as the door was open, he concluded to lay it by the door
and go away, but not far; for he hid behind a large rock near the house, to watch what became of it. Soon he had the satisfaction of seeing the little girl come out and seize it, and went on his way rejoicing. The silver dollar came into the young man's hand for this very purpose; for, you see, a paper dollar might have blown away; and he was led to walk instead of ride—why, he did not exactly know; but God, who directed his steps, did know. So God plans, and we are instruments to carry on his plans. Oftentimes we seem to be about our own business, when we are about his; answering, it may be, the prayers of his people. And with what circumspection we ought to walk, when every step we take is guided by an unseen hand, and every act we do may have influence and importance far beyond any thing which we imagine or intend.

The young blacksmith is now in middle life; he has been greatly prospered, and has given away his hundreds since then; but perhaps he never enjoyed giving, more than when he gave his first silver dollar.

THE OLD SCOTCHMAN'S PRAYER.

I was pleased the other day with a story which an aged Scotch minister told me about an old Scotchman, who, many years ago, was on his way to a meeting of the people of God, held in a tent, or some such temporary structure.

The old pilgrim was poor and ill clad, and partly deaf; but he trusted in the Lord whom he served,
and rejoiced in his kind providence. On his way to
the meeting he fell in with another Christian brother,
a younger man, bound on the same errand, and they
traveled on together.

When they had nearly reached the place of meet-
ing, it was proposed that they should turn aside
behind the hedge, and have a little praying before
they entered the meeting. They did so, and the old
man, who had learned in every thing to let his
requests be made known unto God, presented his
case in language like the following:—

"Lord, ye ken weel enough that I'm deaf, and I
want a seat on the first bench if ye can let me have
it, so that I can hear thy word. And ye see that my
toes are sticking through my shoes, and I don't think
it is much to your credit to have your children's toes
sticking through their shoes, and therefore I want
ye to get me a pair of new ones. And ye ken I
have nae siller, and I want to stay there during the
meeting, and therefore I want you to get me a place
to stay."

When the old man had finished his quaint petition,
and they had started on, his younger brother gently
suggested to him that he thought his prayer was
rather free in its form of expression, and hardly as
reverential as seemed proper to him in approaching
the Supreme Being. But the old man did not accept
the imputation of irreverence.

"He's my Father," said he, "and I'm well ac-
quainted with him and he's well acquainted with me,
and I take great liberties with him." So they went
on to the meeting together. The old man stood for a while in the rear of the congregation, making an ear-trumpet of his hand to catch the words, until some one near the pulpit noticed him, and beckoning him forward, gave him a good seat upon the front bench. During the prayer the old man knelt down, and after he arose a lady who had noticed his shoes, said to him, "Are those the best shoes you have?"

"Yes," said he, "but I expect my Father will get me a new pair very soon."

"Come with me after meeting," said the lady, "and I will get you a new pair."

The service closed, and he went with her to her house.

"Shall you stay during the meeting?" said the good woman, as they went along.

"I would, but I am a stranger in the place, and have nae siller."

"Well," said she, "you will be perfectly welcome to make it your home at our house during the meeting."

The old man thanked the Lord that he had given him all the three things he had asked for; and, while his younger brother’s reverence for the Lord was right and proper, it is possible that he might have learned there is a reverence that reaches higher than the forms and conventionalities of human taste, and which leads the believer to come boldly to the throne of grace, to find all needed help in every trying hour; and which gives to the blood-sprinkled and accepted worshiper of God, a boldness or liberty
to enter into the holiest, which astonishes those who have only known the power of the spirit of bondage unto fear. And while we carefully avoid the irreverent rashness of speaking vain and careless words before the Lord, we may well, also, avoid the long, precise, and studied orations of the hypocrite, and especially the faithless insults of those who ask, and receive not, because they ask amiss; and who make God a liar by not believing the promises that he has given.

It is a precious privilege to pray in humble boldness and confiding love; to bring every want and woe and lay them at the Saviour's feet; to put aside the stale and stereotyped utterances of formality, and hold converse with the Lord from the deep longings of the inward heart. Let us seek to prove this privilege in all its fulness, as the Lord may give us grace and faith.

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THE HEAVEN-SENT BREAKFAST.

It was on the afternoon of Christmas-day, 1866, that while writing in the Scriptural Tract Repository, in Boston, a strange feeling of unrest came over us, and laying down the pen, we sallied out into the street and took our way to a humble chapel on Lowell street, where we had heard that a service was being held. We entered and sat down. A physician was delivering a brief address, and the subject seemed to have reference to the gracious providences of God, and his guiding hand as seen in the affairs of life. He spoke in substance as follows:—

Once in my visits about the city, I stepped into a
store and commenced to talk upon the truths of revelation, and the conversation presently turned upon the faithfulness of God in providing for his people.

The merchant at length related the following story: In the city of Portland there resided some years ago, a rope-maker named H————. He was regarded as in prosperous circumstances, and doing a comfortable business. In the year 1812, “the embargo” which was laid upon exports, ruined his business; he could not sell his ropes; and he finally fell into straitened circumstances. He had a wife, a frail and feeble woman, who had been afflicted with pulmonary disease for twenty-five years; and he had, also, several children. One cold, snowy, winter’s night their last morsel of food was consumed; he had no means to obtain more, and the children went supperless to bed. The man was not a Christian, and was in great distress; the woman was a child of God, and knew there was a hiding-place for tossed and troubled souls before the throne of grace. The husband retired to rest with the children, and the feeble wife and mother remained to pray, and plead the promises of God who feeds the hungry from his bounteous hand.

The night wore away while she continued in earnest supplication, and about two o’clock in the morning something seemed to bid her go to the door. She opened it; the snows were drifting, and the storm was howling without, but in the entry there stood a large basket. Unable in her feebleness to lift it, she dragged it within the door as best she could, and uncovering it, beheld bread, beef, potatoes,
butter, ham, and a variety of articles of food—an abundant supply for present and pressing wants. For all these things she thanked and praised the Lord, and having done so, proceeded to prepare a breakfast for the family; boiling some potatoes, cooking some meat, and placing them with the bread and butter upon the table.

When all was done, she called her husband and bade him come and see the breakfast that the Lord had provided for them. But he, ignorant of God's wondrous workings, supposed that hunger and trouble had made her insane, and begged her to be quiet, and he would certainly get some food in the morning. But she insisted that he should come and see the food that the Lord had provided for them. At length the odor of the smoking breakfast reached his nostrils, and he came out, and saw with grateful wonder the food which the Lord had given to feed his suffering family.

The children were waked up, and the heaven-sent breakfast was eaten with keen appetites, and reverent and thankful hearts; but the source of supply, or the hand by which God sent it, was yet a mystery. Nothing about the basket gave indications of the place from whence it came, and they could only give thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for such timely aid.

One day, some time afterwards, some one was looking at the bottom of the basket, and discovered on it the trace of two initials, nearly obliterated. At once the man recognized them as the initials of a
grocer who lived at the next corner, and concluded that the basket came from him. He was a believer in the final salvation of all men, and was not regarded as especially devout; but he had evidently been made an instrument of blessing at the hand of God.

The rope-maker's wife lost no opportunity, but speedily called upon the wife of the grocer, saying, "I have come to tell you how the Lord heard my prayers."

"Stop," said the grocer's wife, "hear my story first. That cold, stormy night, when I lay in bed with my little infant, only a few weeks old, on my arm, and the winds were howling around, some one came to me and took hold of me, and said, 'Mr. H——'s folks are starving, and you have bread enough; send them some bread.' I waked my husband and told him. He said, 'It is false: Mr. H—— is better off than I am. He does not need bread.' Soon the same hand was laid upon me again, and the message repeated, 'Mr. H——'s folks are starving, and you have bread enough; send them some bread.' I again urged my husband to go, but he refused. The same hand laid hold upon me the third time, and the same voice spoke to me once more, 'Mr. H——'s folks are starving, and you have bread enough; send them some bread.' I entreated my husband to go, but he had no faith in it; and I said to him, 'Husband, you take care of the child, for I am going to carry Mr. H——'s folks some bread. I can not stay. God will rob us of every thing we have if we do not do it.' Seeing that I was determined to go, he offered
to go for me, and he took the basket. I called after
him and told him to put in bread and potatoes and
butter, etc., and he went out in the storm, and waded
through the deep drifts of snow, and left the basket
in your entry."

The rope-maker's wife then had her story to tell
about the sore distress, the weary night watch, the
agonizing prayer, and the timely answer, which
brought comfort to both soul and body in that wild
and stormy night.

"And," said the merchant who told the story, "I
was one of the children who ate that breakfast which
the Lord thus provided." "And," said the physician,
"that merchant is Mr. H——, of this city, a member
of the T—— church, a matter-of-fact man, now in
the employ of the government."

This was the physician's story as nearly as we can
repeat it, and we have placed it among these records
of prevailing prayer, in hope that from it some of
God's poor children may derive comfort in the day
of trial and distress, and be enabled to plant their
Ebenezers, or memorials of divine faithfulness, thick
amid the shadowy pathways of the weary world, until
they shall reach that land where "they shall hunger
no more neither thirst any more; . . . for the Lamb
which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them,
and lead them unto living fountains of waters."

Still, as of old, God humbles his people, and
suffers them to hunger; and feeds them in unknown
ways, that he may make them know that "man doth
not live by bread only, but by every word that pro-
ceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live." Deut. viii. 3. Happy are they who apply these lessons of his providence, and learn more and more perfectly to trust his faithful word.

THE FORGOTTEN PARTY.

In a little gathering of Christian friends, the conversation turned upon prayer, and the blessings which come in answer thereto, and a believing lady related the following incident:—

"One circumstance in my experience has come rushing into my mind, as if I must mention it, though I have never spoken of it publicly before.

"A year ago last winter, we had four boarders in our family, and at one time there was a pleasure party arranged somewhere in the region, and those boarders requested my husband to go with his team and carry them to the party. My husband had formerly attended upon such ensnaring places of mirth and amusement, and my heart sunk within me as I heard him give them his word to go and carry them if the weather was pleasant.

"I went away in secret, and laid the matter before my heavenly Father, and asked him to interpose and break the snare that was being spread, and prevent my husband from going into the place of temptation; and there came back to my heart the sweet assurance that the Lord would care for it all.

"I left the matter there, and was at rest. The evening appointed for the party came,—as fine a
night as the moon ever shone upon,—the sleighing was splendid, and all things seemed to favor their going; but nothing was said, the party was not mentioned, and the evening passed away as usual. The next night some one said, 'Oh! when was that party to be?' And to their surprise, they found that the time for it was passed, and the whole five of them had forgotten it entirely.'

Thus the Holy Spirit can, not only bring all things to our remembrance, but can also banish from our minds the things which would ensnare us and lead us astray from paths of righteousness.

THE BAFFLED PIRATES.

The histories of those who have forsaken all for Christ, and gone to spread the knowledge of his name in distant lands, abound in records of divine providences and deliverances in times of peril and extremity. Among them the following is worthy of a remembrance:—

A company of Moravian missionaries were on their voyage from London to St. Thomas, on board the ship Britannia. Nothing remarkable occurred till they one day discovered a pirate vessel.

The pirate ship approached till within gunshot of the Britannia, and then began to pour in a heavy fire. There were grappling irons on board, strong, sharp hooks, fixed to long ropes, ready to throw into the Britannia, and hold her fast, while the pirates should board her and do their work of destruction. It seemed that there was little chance
of escape from such an enemy. But the captain, whose heart was sinking at the fearful prospect before him, did not know what powerful helpers he had below, in the few peaceable missionaries, whose fervent prayers were then ascending, through the noise of the fight, to heaven.

The moment the pirates tried to throw their grappling irons across to the other ship, their own was tossed violently, and the men who held the ropes were thrown by force into the sea. Vexed by this disaster, the pirate captain sent others, who shared the same fate. Seeing that he could not succeed in this manner, he resolved to fire at the Britannia, till she sunk with repeated shots. But this effect strangely failed also; for the balls missed their aim, and fell into the sea. The smoke of the frequent discharges was very dense, and hung about the vessels for some minutes, hiding them from each other's view. At last a sudden gust of wind cleared it away; and, to the amazement of the pirate captain, the Britannia was seen at a distance with all her sails spread to the wind, speeding swiftly away from the attack; and they were forced, in great anger, to abandon their cruel purposes. Thus wonderfully had God appeared, and saved the vessel in answer to prayer. The missionaries' prayers had been greatly honored, but they were to have still further fruit in coming days.

Five years afterward, during which the missionaries had been diligently preaching the gospel at St. Thomas, they, and the other missionaries on the
island, agreed to meet together to celebrate the anniversary of their deliverance from the pirates, and to thank God for his other mercies. As they sat together, word was brought that a stranger wished to see them; and, at their permission, a tall man entered, with fine, manly features, and a bold expression of face. The missionaries wondered, and one asked what was the stranger’s business with them.

“First answer me one question,” said he. “Are you the men who came to this island five years ago, in the English ship Britannia?”

“We are,” replied the missionary who had spoken. “And you were attacked upon the sea by pirates?”

“Exactly, but why are these questions?”

“Because,” answered the stranger, “I am the captain who commanded the vessel which attacked you.”

Then the missionaries looked at one another in silent wonder, as their former enemy continued:

“The miraculous way in which your vessel escaped was the cause of my own salvation from the power of sin, through faith in Christ.”

It would be too long to tell you all his words; but you may imagine with what unspeakable joy the missionaries listened to his tale, as he went on to tell them how, in his vexation at their strange escape, he had made inquiries for the captain of the Britannia, and learned that it was through the prayers of the Moravian missionaries of St. Thomas; and how, not understanding how a vessel could be saved from pirates by prayer, he resolved to know
the Moravian brothers. He sold his vessel, and in the United States one day visited a Moravian chapel, and heard a sermon from the words, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." He sought the preacher, and heard from him the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. "And thus," he concluded, "from a pirate captain, I am a poor sinner, justified by the grace and mercy of Christ; and my chief hope has been that I might one day be able to see you, and relate to you my miraculous conversion. This joy is granted to me to-day."

He ceased, and you may imagine the feelings of the missionaries. They were met to celebrate their deliverance from the pirates on that day five years before, through prayer; and there stood before them the pirate captain himself, not fierce then, but humble and pious, who traced his own deliverance from the bondage of Satan to the same prayer that rescued them from him! They all knelt down together before God, and thanked him for his great mercies to them in delivering them from the danger which beset them, and in rescuing the baffled pirate from the greater danger of the wrath to come.

A SAVIOUR ON THE SEA.

In the month of March, 1843, in company with a young lady who was a believer in the Lord Jesus, and trusted in him for temporal as well as spiritual blessings, I started with my husband to take a trip on board of his vessel, which was bound for the port
of New York, where we were to discharge our freight. We had enjoyed very pleasant weather, until the evening of the 22nd, when the gathering clouds betokened an approaching storm.

We were then on Long Island sound, and as it was our custom before retiring for the night to read a portion of God's word, and unitedly to commit ourselves to his care and protection, we had on that evening read the account of the storm which arose when Jesus, with his disciples, was on the sea, and at their request, "He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."

It was about the time when we usually experience the equinoctial gale, or "line storm," as it is called, and after we had retired to rest the wind arose, and continued to increase until midnight, when it blew a terrific gale. It was very thick, and the sleet and hail came with such force that it cut the faces of the hardy mariners, as they braved the tempest, while attending to the commands of the captain, whose voice could occasionally be heard above the howling of the storm. The sea was running very high, and dashing completely over our little vessel, and finally washed away our boat, which had been hoisted upon the davits, and made secure, as we supposed, for the passage. Our vessel was scudding under "bare poles," as it was blowing so hard that no canvas could be made to stand before the gale. About one o'clock, as nothing had been seen during the night, my husband, knowing we must be near the head of
the sound, and apprehending danger from the rocks, which he well knew lay in our course, called us up that we might be in readiness for whatever might happen, and had directed that blankets and some pieces of rope should be laid aside, to secure us, if possible, to the rigging, in case the vessel struck.

After we had been informed of the danger of our situation, we thought of the portion of God's word which we had read before we retired for the night: and we realized that Jesus was as surely with us by his Spirit, if we were his children, as when with his disciples he was on the deep, and at their prayer, he had stilled the raging tempest, and said to the waves, "Be still." Our faith grasped the promise, "If two of you shall agree, as touching any thing that they shall ask on earth, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

We were, however, in sore perplexity. The lights which have been placed along the coast for the benefit of the mariner, had not been seen once during this fearful night; and the darkness, together with the howling of the wind as it came rushing in its fury through the shrouds and rigging of the vessel, the roaring of the sea, and the creaking and straining of the vessel, as she labored to keep herself from being swallowed up by the billows, all combined, was surely enough to test our faith.

But here was the precious promise, "Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." As we heard from the deck the oft-repeated wish, "If I could only see the lights, I could ascertain my position, and all
might yet be well," my young friend and myself bowed the knee in prayer, and unitedly asked our heavenly Father to grant that the light might be seen, when almost instantly we heard the exclamation, "Light ho!" which proved to be from a light-house on the north shore. We then heard the cry, "Could I now but get the light on the south shore, I could tell very soon where we are." Again we asked our Father to grant us this request, when quickly the wished for southern light threw its cheering rays across the sea. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

My husband then got the bearings from the lights, and found that we were, as he had supposed, at the head of the sound, and not many miles from a harbor, and said he must try and make it. But there was a dangerous reef, extending out some distance from the entrance, and as nothing could be seen, he was obliged to depend upon the lead and line, to guide him into the harbor. Again we fervently prayed that the Lord would direct us safely into the desired haven, and thanks to our heavenly Father, we passed over the reef in safety. As we were entering the harbor, my husband had a presentiment that he must only stand in a little distance, and gave the order to "Let go the anchor," just as he had fairly entered the port; and all benumbed with the cold, their hearts filled with gratitude for their safety, the crew gladly sought the comfortable cabin and their berths.

In the morning, when they arose and went on deck, they were surprised to find the harbor full of vessels,
which had gone in before us, on the previous night; and, had our vessel gone a little distance further in, some accident must have happened, as it was blowing a gale, and was so very dark. Our hearts would reverently thank the Lord for this, and for many other special blessings which we have received in answer to prayer. And may He, who ever answers the prayer of faith, grant us a continuance of his blessed Spirit; and, after the storms and tempests of this life are past, receive us, with all his dear people, into the haven of eternal rest, where there will be no clouds, no storms; but peace and rest, and an eternal weight of glory, for all who shall gain an entrance through the gates into the city, and so be forever with the Lord.

THE MORAVIANS IN BATTLE.

The following anecdote is recorded in the diary kept at Frerdenburg, a settlement of the Moravians, in Saint Croix, a Danish West India island:

In March, 1819, Mr. Bell, a captain of a ship, from Philadelphia, who is a religious man, living some time in this island, paid us several visits. One day he brought with him another captain, from Baltimore, of the name of Boyle. Having for some time conversed on religious subjects, the latter inquired whether any of our family were on board an English vessel, with only six guns, and twenty-two men, which in the year 1814 was attacked by a North American privateer of fourteen guns, and one
hundred and twenty men, on her voyage to Saint Thomas; and which after a most desperate conflict beat off the enemy. He added, that he supposed very fervent prayer had been offered up on board that vessel.

Sister Ramuch answered, that she was on board the English vessel, and could assure him that there was. "That I believe," replied the captain, "for I felt the effect of your prayers." He then informed us that he was the captain who commanded the privateer. "According to my way of thinking at that time," said he, "I was determined to strain every nerve to get possession of the British vessel, or sink her; but she was protected by a higher power, against which all my exertions proved vain." This disappointment and defeat astonished him; but when he afterwards heard that missionaries were on board the English vessel, it struck him that their fervent prayers to God had brought them protection and safety. This led him to a farther thought about these things; and at length, by God's mercy, to a total change of mind. On his making this statement, we joined him in thanking the Lord for his goodness.

From this authentic fact, we learn that under all circumstances, however bad and hopeless, it is the Christian's duty to pray and not to faint; to exercise faith and hope in that Almighty Jehovah whose ear is never heavy that he cannot hear, nor his hand shortened that he cannot save: for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few. While, then, the Christian can joyfully say, "Is
there anything too hard for the Lord?” let him hold
fast his confidence in his God.

When the pious Moravian missionaries saw a ship,
so superior in force, coming against their poor little
vessel, they did not cast away their anchor of hope
in the promises of God; they did not sit down in
despair, when it was the very time for their “God
who doeth wonders,” to make his power to be known;
but they called to mind his wonders of old time, and
exercised that faith which has given them such won-
derful success in the preaching of the gospel of his
Son. That faith in God which had called forth his
power to the subduing of kingdoms, stirred up these
righteous men to effectual, fervent prayer; and their
spiritual weapons were too mighty for the carnal
weapons of their powerful and determined enemies.
They had but one refuge to flee unto; but that refuge
was the mighty God of Jacob; the God to whom
salvation belongeth; and because they trusted in his
power, he caused them to rejoice in his mercy.

CASTING ALL CARE.

A widow lady, who had lost with her husband, the
comforts with which he had been able to surround
her, supported herself and fatherless little one, by
literary contributions to various periodicals.

On one occasion she owed fifty dollars to her land-
lady, and was notified beforehand that it must be paid
on the very day it fell due. This amount was due
her in another city, it being the income on her only
remaining piece of property. So she wrote to her tenant ten days before the money was needed, fully expecting from him a ready response, felt uneasiness in regard to her own indebtedness. The meantime, she was busily employed with her pen, earning whatever she could from day to day. As the time drew near, however, and she heard nothing from her debtor, she began to feel anxious, and wrote to one of her editorial employers, for the amount due her for contributions; though she knew it to be less than half what she needed, and was utterly ignorant as to where the remaining portion was to come from. But two days remained, and still there was not a dollar in her purse. She had exerted herself to the utmost—done all she could, and failed to raise any portion of the amount required. In this emergency she betook herself to prayer—special prayer, either that a way might be opened for her relief, or that she might be perfectly resigned to whatever trials might await her. She had been praying before, but now her whole soul seemed to lay hold upon God—to "take hold of" his "strength." Asking divine direction she took up her Bible to read, and her eye fell on the words, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you;" and from that hour all anxiety left her,—she felt sure that the prayer was heard, and she calmly awaited the result.

On the morning of the day her debt had to be paid, just an hour before the time, a letter was handed her, containing a draft for fifty dollars—the exact amount she needed. It came from the editor to
whom she had applied for payment of the twenty dollars he owed her, and he had sent fifty, thirty of which was paid in advance. This he had never done before, nor had she asked him to do so on the present occasion, nor even hinted at her necessity. *She had asked God, and thus he had answered her prayer;* and had verified his own assurance, "He careth for you."

This is but another of the many instances on record, where God has been pleased to strengthen the weak faith of his children, by sending special answers to importunate, believing prayer—*the answer being either the blessing sought, or something better;* and we cannot doubt that the number of such answers would be multiplied indefinitely, had we more of the simple, child-like faith that takes God at his word, laying hold of his strength, as the hungry child seeks his mother, *expecting* his wants to be relieved as certainly as made known. Jesus says, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." "Whatsoever"—and what right have we to say he means this or that, to the exclusion of something else. And when he says to his tired, suffering, world-weary children, "Your burdens are too heavy for you, cast them upon *me* and I will sustain you," why should we go bowing, bending beneath the load, often sinking to the very earth under trials, afflictions, and annoyances that are too grievous to be borne, when *He* so graciously waits to carry them for us? Let us learn to rest upon his promise, and believe that he means all that is implied in those blessed words,
"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

In this faith, even if trial, disappointment, and affliction shall be our lot, we can look submissively upward to our Father's face and say,—

"Thy various messengers employ,
Thy purposes of love fulfill;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will."

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PRAYER FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

A writer in the Sunday School Times relates the following instance of an answer to prayer: "A gentleman laboring as a city missionary in New York, one day received five dollars to be given to a certain poor minister in Amos street. In the evening the missionary called and gave him the money. "For a moment the good man stood amazed and speechless. Then taking down a little journal, he opened to a record made that morning, and showed it to the missionary. He read simply, 'Spent two and a half hours in earnest prayer for five dollars.'"

"'And now here it is,' said the man, with a heart overflowing with gratitude. 'The Lord has sent it.' Both giver and receiver had their faith strengthened by the incident. May we also find it an encouragement to trust our temporal affairs in his keeping. It is only when we are serving him that we can expect such help. The gospel gives no encouragement to those who seek only their own interests, and who are mere selfish workers in the world's
great harvest. The condition of our receiving what we ask is, that 'we do those things that are pleasing in his sight.'"

Praying for money while refusing to work and earn it, would savor more of presumption than of faith. But however much we may toil, it is yet the hand of God that feeds us. And when he weakens our strength, or crosses our plans and hedges up our path, he is yet able to supply our need, and delights to hear our earnest, importunate prayers.

A TEACHER'S PROMOTION.

"For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south; but God is the judge." Ps. lxxv. 6, 7.

In the year 186—, the writer was a teacher in the public schools in a manufacturing village of Massachusetts, and associated with other teachers in a large building containing a number of schools. I had taught some years; was worn and weary, and much desired a change—feeling that change would be in a measure rest. I desired the position of the teacher in the grade above mine. This school was taught by a resident of the town, and was apparently secure to her. What was to be done with this desire? I did not covet her school, yet I did desire it. I was unwilling to use any secret influence against her reputation or position, or in any way to do or say anything which I would be unwilling to have any one do to me. I felt desirous of obeying the golden rule given us by our Lord and Master.
Well, as the wish for that school, or a school that grade, continued, I "went and told Jesus repeatedly praying in secret. I asked the Lord to give this teacher some other position which would be of advantage to her, and give me her school.

In prayer I expressed what He who seeth the secrets of the heart saw within,—a desire to do nothing in any way that I would be unwilling anyone should do to me,—only asking a better position for her, and thus to get her place for myself. This was during the winter or spring vacation. The next term we taught as usual side by side, good friends, and I ceased to pray as I had a few weeks previous.

In the next summer vacation the news came that Miss Blank had accepted an offer to teach in a state Institution, with various advantages—one of which was considerable increase of salary.

Remembering the petition of a few months previous, and thinking that works should join hands with faith, I applied to the official in whose power was the gift. His answer was: "I had decided to offer you this school." The school would have been mine had I not applied. I taught the school until health failed and I resigned.

No one knew of my praying, yet he who seeth in secret rewarded me openly. I think the teachers can testify from observation at least, that when one occupies a desirable position, efforts are oftentimes brought to bear against the one in the coveted place and in favor of some one outside, by exciting prejudice, influencing votes, and other questionable means.
much better to go and tell Jesus all, and leave desire with him who careth for us, accepting notion as he opens the door, thus obeying his command, "Whatsoever ye would that men should to you, do ye even so to them."

PRAYERS AND RESPONSES.

Mr. Newman Hall, minister of Surrey Chapel, London, gives the following instances of answers to prayer from his own experience: "The writer's brother, when superintendent of a Sunday-school, felt a strong impulse, one Saturday evening, to call on a member of his Bible class whom he had never visited before, and to inquire if he was in any need. He found him very ill. Though the mother and sister seemed in comfortable circumstances, he felt constrained to inquire if he could aid them in any way. They burst into tears, and said that the young man had been asking for food which they had no power to supply, and that on Monday some of their goods were to be taken in default of the payment of rates. When he knocked at the door they were on their knees in prayer for help to be sent them. By the aid of a few friends the difficulty was at once met—but the timely succor was felt to be the divine response to prayer.

"With that brother the writer was once climbing the Cima di Jazzi, one of the mountains in the chain of Monte Rosa. When nearly at the top, they entered a dense fog. Presently the guides faced
right about, and grounded their axes on the frozen snow-slope. The brother—seeing the slope still beyond, and not knowing it was merely the cornice, over-hanging the precipice of several thousand feet—rushed onward. The writer will never forget their cry of agonized warning. His brother stood a moment on the very summit, and then, the snow yielding, began to fall through. One of the guides, at great risk, rushed after him and seized him by the coat. This tore away, leaving only three inches of cloth, by which he was dragged back. It seemed impossible to be nearer death and yet escape. On his return home, an invalid member of his congregation told him that she had been much in prayer for his safety, and mentioned a special time when she particularly was earnest, as if imploring deliverance from some great peril. The times corresponded! Was not that prayer instrumental in preserving that life?"

THE BIG UMBRELLA.

One time a great drought prevailed in some of the midland counties of England. Several pious farmers who dreaded lest their crops should perish for lack of moisture, agreed with their pastor to hold a special prayer-meeting to petition God to send rain. They met accordingly; and the minister, coming early, had time to exchange friendly greetings with several of his flock. He was surprised to see one of his little Sabbath-school scholars bending under the weight of a large old family umbrella. "Why, Mary," said he
EBENEZERS.

"what could have made you bring that umbrella on such a lovely morning as this?" The child, gazing on his face in evident surprise at the inquiry, replied, "Why, sir, I thought, as we were going to pray for rain, I'd be sure to want the umbrella." The minister smiled on her, and the service commenced. While they were praying, the wind rose, the sky, before so bright and clear, became overcast with clouds, and soon, amidst vivid flashes of lightening and heavy peals of thunder, a storm of rain deluged the country. Those who attended the meeting unprepared to receive the blessing they sought, reached their homes drenched and soaked, whilst Mary and her minister returned together under the family umbrella.

There is a great deal of this praying for rain and forgetting all about the umbrella. The Lord is pleased with our confidence in him. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." We are commanded to "ask, and" we "shall receive." The receiving is implied in the asking. When a child asks for bread, he does not hold his hands behind him and refuse to take it. He lifts up his hands, expecting to receive the favor sought. So we are to pray, "lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting," and God will surely hear our cries.

When Elijah prayed for rain he sent his servant to see if it was not coming. David said, "Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God; for unto thee will I pray. My voice shalt thou hear
in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.” Ps. v. 2, 3. How many prayers go rambling here and there; how few direct their prayers,—aim them right for the throne,—“and look up” to see that they do not miss the mark. Let us pray in faith. Let us aim every prayer. Let us “look up.” Let us watch for the cloud to rise when we cry to God for water; and when we go to meeting to pray for rain let us remember and take the big umbrella with us.

THE FIVE LOAVES.

One tedious night, about the year 1845, when the wind howled through the streets, and all the terrors of a New England winter were abroad, a youthful mother in the city of Worcester, gathered her little children around her, and bowed the knee in prayer. It was an hour of sore distress. The husband and father was absent, proclaiming the glad tidings of the kingdom of God; the little stock of food was exhausted, a few ounces of Indian meal being about all that was left; the night was dark, the snow deep, and the path unbroken; and no human hand was near to help.

But that mother, who had forsaken all for Christ, knew where to cast the burden of her cares and sorrows before the blessed mercy-seat, and find deliverance from them there.

She prayed. Can you imagine what she prayed for? Was it what you prayed for when surrounded
with plenty, and with every need supplied? It was
What He who "became poor" told us to ask for,
"Our daily bread." The prayer went up, mingled
with faith and tears and sighs, and found acceptance
with Him who hath said, "Before they call I will
answer, and while they are yet speaking I will
hear."

In another part of the city a young lawyer sat
alone in his room. He had found Him of whom
Moses in the law did write, and had believed unto
the saving of the soul. His father, enraged at his
piety and faith, expelled him from the house. He
had hired a room, and there he pursued his studies,
and sought in prayer and faithfulness to know and
do the will of God.

At length his wandering thoughts took shape, and
concentrated on the cottage where this praying
mother dwelt. He knew nothing of the condition
or special needs of the dwellers there, but still he
felt for them. He had never spoken with them, but
somehow their case seemed to lie upon his heart,
and he could not resist the gentle voice that urged
him to go forth. He left his room, sallied out into
the snow, went to a baker's shop, purchased five
oaves of bread, went to the house of this family
about which his mind had been so strangely exer-
cised, strode through the untrodden snow, and
knocked at the door.

The prayer for bread had gone up; the mother
had risen from her knees and awaited the answer;
she heard the knock, opened the door, and there,
knee-deep in the snow-drift, stood the young who handed her the five loaves of bread departed with a joyous heart.

There was thankfulness in that lowly dwelling for God had heard the prayer of faith, and there was "bread enough and to spare." And for that day alone, but for other days of despair, poverty, and tears, was the memory of that like the pot of hidden manna, a joy and comfort that troubled soul, furnishing food and refreshment for faith during many years of toil and trial in the wilderness.

Many years have passed since the writer sat in the cottage of that praying woman, and he can tell the story of the mercies of the Lord. Troubles and trials have crossed her pilgrim path since then, and tear-drops have been scattered along the weary way; the glow of youth and the freshness of beauty have departed, but faith of other days is still her solace and help, and the strong consolations of the immutable promises are still her refuge and her rest.

And in the hope that these "five loaves again feed some hungry soul, and teach some Ishmael heart to heed the inward call of God, we give this memorial of God's faithfulness in trouble and distress; and breathe, meanwhile, a prayer that he whom God has fed and led from childhood's
SAUNDERS MACIVOR.

The records of prevailing prayer are unnumbered. In every land and age where the true God has been known and worshiped, may be found the authentic memorials of the wonders he has wrought in answer to the prayers of his people. In trials, in persecutions, in afflictions, in temptations, in perils by land and by sea, his church have proved his faithfulness, and his power; and their Ebenezers, or "stones of help," stand thick along the world's highway, proclaiming, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" (1. um. vii. 12); and so giving strength to fainting arts, joy to sorrowing souls, and courage to those to, in every peril, cast their cares upon him who reth for them.

The late Hugh Miller, of Scotland, in his Memoir of William Forsyth, relates the following instance in which deliverance was granted in extremest peril, and prayer prevailed amid the fury of the storm: "Saunders MacIvor, the mate of the 'Elizabeth,' as a grave and somewhat hard-favored man, powerful in bone and muscle, even after he had considerably turned his sixtieth year, and much respected for his integrity and the depth of his religious feelings. Both the mate and his devout wife were special favorites with Mr. Porteous, of Kilmuir,—a minister of the same class as the Pedens, Renwicks, and Cargils, of a former age; and on one occasion when the sacrament was dispensed in his parish, and Saunders was absent on one of his continental
voyages, Mrs. MacIvor was an inmate of the manor parsonage. A tremendous storm burst out in night-time, and the poor woman lay awake, listening in utter terror to the fearful roarings of the wind, it howled in the chimneys, and shook the casements and the doors. At length, when she could lie still no longer, she arose, and crept along the passage to the door of the minister's chamber. 'Oh, Mr. Porteous,' she said, 'Mr. Porteous! do ye no hear that?—and poor Saunders on his way back frae Holland! Oh, rise, rise, and ask the strong help o' your Master.' The minister accordingly rose and entered into his closet. The 'Elizabeth', at this critical moment, was driving onwards through spray and darkness, along the northern shores of the Moray Frith. The fearful skerries of Shandwick, where so many gallant vessels have perished, were close at hand; and the increasing roll of the sea showed the gradual shallowing of the water. MacIvor and his old townsman, Robbert Hossack, stood together at the binnacle. An immense wave came rolling behind, and they had but barely time to clutch to the nearest hold, when it broke over them, half-mast high, sweeping spars, bulwarks, cordage, all before it, in its course. It passed, but the vessel rose not. Her deck remained buried in a sheet of foam, and she seemed settling down by the head. There was a frightful pause. First, however, the bowsprit and the butts of the windlass began to emerge; next the forecastle,—the vessel seemed as if shaking herself from the load; and then the whole deck appeared,
as she went tilting over the next wave. 'There are still more mercies in store for us' said MacIvor, addressing his companion; she floats still.' "Oh, Saunders, Saunders!" exclaimed Robert, 'there was surely some God's soul at work for us, or she would never have cowed yon.'"

Many a sailor besides Robert Hossack has felt that his deliverance was not by human might nor power, but by the arm of the Lord of hosts, and in answer to the prayer of some pious wife or mother, some "God's soul" who knew the value of a throne of grace.

"LORD JESUS, HELP!"

A lady in one of our large cities had been in the habit of attending religious meetings in the evening. When she had no one to accompany her she would go alone, although frequently admonished of her danger. On her return one evening from the place of worship, in crossing a public walk which lay in her way home, she was met by two ruffians, who stopped her, and presenting a pistol to her breast, demanded her watch and money. Although alone, as they supposed, there was One present in whom she trusted, that the wretches did not see, and at whose approach others like them once "went backward and fell to the ground." As she had no arm of flesh to protect her, she instantly fell upon her knees before them, and with uplifted hands cried out, "Now, Lord Jesus, help!" The affrighted assassins fled, leaving
the woman to go her way in peace, rejoicing God and rock of her salvation, who is a ref distress, a very present help in trouble.

Many instances could be cited where Christ in danger of personal violence, have found deliverance in simply waiting on the Lord in prayer; and other instances could be adduced where persons fighting for their property, have lost not only substance but their lives.

THAT POOR COUPLE.

"One day during the spring of 1879," wrote the Presbyterian, "a lady member of the church awoke in the morning with her thoughts dwelling upon a poor couple who lived in the outskirts of our city. Do what she would, these two were ever before her mind. While dressing after dressing; at breakfast and after breakfast; alone in thought, or in conversation with her husband, moving about the house, or seated at the table sewing; all the while the thought of these people would intrude itself. It was now a long since she had seen them, and she knew of no reason for her making an early call upon them. She might well have excused herself from so early a visit, for she was suffering from a cold which had carried her to her home for the greater part of two weeks. Besides, it was one of those blustering March days which made the opening days of April seem both to sick and well, and with an injunction
her husband 'not to go out of the house' that day, she might have had excuse enough to stay at home. But 'that poor couple' were staring her in the face wherever she went; and answering her unseen but felt call, she started out to see them. On reaching the house, the knock at the door was answered by the poor woman herself, who, on opening it, with expressions of gratitude, threw herself on the floor and poured out her thanks to God for sending a timely deliverer. A look at the room revealed the greatest poverty. A few hard crusts of bread were all they had to relieve hunger, a few bits of coal were just dying out in the fire-place, and a handful more was being husbanded for the needs of a coming cold night. Want, gaunt want was seen everywhere. The husband, breathing out his prayer to God, had started out to find relief. A neighbor was joining her prayers, according to promise, with the prayers of the needy, and the echo of the woman's uncomplaining crying and praying still lingered within the room when the deliverer entered.

"What a scene to behold! The needy one on her knees, thanking God, who had heard and answered her;—although down at the feet of a human helper, looking beyond all surroundings into the very face of God, and thanking him who hears the needy when they cry. The help was at hand, for faith had triumphed, and fire and food were quickly furnished. Who will say that prayer was not answered? There was not only prayer, but concerts of prayer. The husband, wife, and neighbor
combined to cry unto the Lord. The Lord heard the burdened mind, the uneasiness, and unrest of one of his own dear children, who, for the thanksgivings and benedictions which we poured out before noon."

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PAYING WATER-RATES.

In a social meeting in M——, when the faithfulness of God to answer prayer was mentioned, Mrs. C—— arose and told the following:

"Several years ago my husband owned a number of houses on a street in this place, which he rented. Then we were not required to pay in advance for the water we used, and as we were pressed by circumstances, we had been unable to pay until the bill had run up to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and we were notified that if it was not paid by the next Saturday, the water would be shut off from the houses on that street. We had several days in which to raise the money, and my husband tried in various ways, but in vain.

"Friday I was very much distressed about it, for I knew it would distress our tenants and do us much injury if the water was withdrawn. Mr. C—— had tried to borrow the money of different friends, but had not obtained a dollar.

"We took it to the Lord in prayer, and begged him to send us the money that day. In the evening a gentleman called to buy a house lot of Mr. C——.
EBENEZERS.

He said he wanted it _immediately_, and should commence work on it the next Monday. He must have the papers drawn _that night_, and though he could not pay all for it then, he wanted to pay _something_. He then took out his wallet and counted out and handed to my husband one hundred and twenty-five dollars, exactly the amount needed to pay the water tax. We had a season of praise and thanksgiving that night, and the next morning Mr. C— paid the bill.

"We expected to see men at work on the house lot the next Monday, but did not. Why that man changed his plans we never knew, but during the six years that have passed since then, no one has done anything to that lot, and last fall it was sold for a mortgage.

"A good many times since then, when I have been in a hard place, I have thought of that experience, and have taken courage; and have again proved the Lord to be a prayer-answering God, and a 'very present help in trouble.'"

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DELIVERANCE FROM THE TEMPEST.

On a large, clumsy, and ill-equipped ferry-boat, crossing the Firth of Forth from Newhaven to Bruntisland, were nearly two hundred human beings, proceeding to the great annual fair held at the last named place. Nearly the whole of those on board were evidently composed of what may be termed the odds and ends of the mobile, or floating portion of
society, comprising pedlars, hawkers, hucksters, ballad-singers, jugglers, booth-keepers, etc.; but there was one individual on board, who, though one among the passengers, was truly not of them—this was the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington. As soon as the motley assembly began to suspect that they had a member of the clerical order among them, with one consent, and as if by previous concert, they commenced a series of insults and annoyances towards him, which were indeed grievous to be borne. They rudely pushed one another against his person, they swore horribly at each other, and gave utterance to language of the most blasphemous description. And the good man bore all this with meekness and a forbearance worthy of one whose function it was to tell men of the grace and compassion of the Son of God. He was earnestly engaged in mental prayer on behalf of his persecutors, when the boat having nearly reached the middle of the Firth—which is here about eight and a half miles across—all of a sudden a terrible tempest arose. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew with a fury that struck terror into the hearts of all on board. The veteran boatman quailed under the imminent danger to which they were exposed, and warned the passengers to prepare for the worst, as in all probability they would not be able to keep the boat afloat for another quarter of an hour. And now what a change came over the aspect, the demeanor, and the language of these people! They now thronged around and pressed upon the good
man, as one who had power with God—that God whose honored servant, a few minutes before, they had grossly insulted, and whose eternal vengeance they had braved. It was really an impressive spectacle to see them, as if for life and death, striving who should get nearest to the pale but interesting-looking stranger. Many a hand was eagerly stretched toward Mr. Brown, for the purpose of laying hold of, or at least touching, some part of his clothes; as if mere contact with the person of a human being could shield another—and he an unpardoned sinner—from the righteous vengeance of a holy and sin-hating God. From every part of the boat, and from the lips of almost every person on board, ringing clear above the roaring of the wind and waves, were heard such utterances as, “Oh, sir, pray! Pray for us! Pray for me! I am a great sinner; but, good sir, pray for me!” And the good man did pray. Standing near the middle part of the boat, and partly sheltered from the force of the tempest by a phalanx of the most athletic portion of the passengers, and lifting up his face and hands to heaven, he prayed most fervently—prayed like one who has indeed power with God,

“And oft has proved the omnipotence of prayer.”

Many a tear was shed, many an obdurate heart was touched, and many a bosom heaved with a new and strange sensation, while that prayer was being offered up; and ere the good man had ceased his supplications, the sweet announcement made in the twenty-ninth verse of the Scottish metrical version of the
one hundred and seventh psalm, was realized even to the letter:

"The storm is changed into a calm
At His command and will;
So that the waves, which raged before,
Are quiet now and still."

He who "plants his footstep3 in the sea, and rides upon the storm," had said to the conflicting elements, "Peace, be still;" and there was a great calm. In a short space of time the boat reached the landing-place at Bruntisland, and the passengers were about to hasten to the spot where the fair was to be held. But clear, distinct, and in a tone sufficiently authoritative, the voice of the minister was heard calling upon them to stop and gather around him. It was the voice to which they had so eagerly listened amid the wild revelry of howling winds, surging waves, and deluging rain. It was the voice of the man of God who, in the hour of their sore peril, forgetting the gross insults they had offered him, had complied with their request to act the part of intercessor for them in the court of that omnipotent and omniscient Being, whom storms and tempests obey. It was the voice of one whom all present felt assured they should never forget, and nearly the whole of those who had been in the boat clustered around him. Taking his stand on a large log of timber, and looking earnestly at those whom he addressed, he commenced an appeal to their hearts and consciences, which proved to be a soul-awakening one to not a few of those who heard it. Most attentively and reverentially was the good man listened to by the
whole of his auditory. Many an embrowned cheek was that day bedewed with penitential tears; and the power of the Lord was present both to wound and to heal, both to bruise and to bind up. In after years Mr. John Brown was gratified and gladdened by many unquestionable attestations to the truth of the fact, that, on the memorable day of which we have spoken, in reward for the promptitude and faithfulness with which he did his Master's work, that Master had been pleased to give him many souls for his hire.

"WHAT WILL YE THAT I SHALL DO?"

There is much of vagueness in the prayers of many who seek blessings at the hand of God. The blind men near Jericho were at first vague petitioners: not vague in their manner of addressing Christ, for though sitting by the way-side to beg alms, they did not speak to Him as belonging merely to the crowd of passers by, or as one of the few rich yet tender-hearted personages, who would pause to consider their case; they recognized Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah, and said, "Have mercy upon us, O Lord, thou Son of David!" This prayer was not languid; its urgency defied the crowds, and commanded them to hold their peace; and the Saviour finds no fault with their views or with the spirit of their prayers. His objection is to the vagueness of their request, which was such a general petition as might have been addressed to any passing philanthropist, and which
did not bring their own special wants to light. "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" demanded Christ; and when they had definitely declared their needs, he bade them receive their sight.

Are not most of our supplications too vague, containing cries for general mercy, and recognizing neither our particular necessities, nor the power and readiness of grace divine? Does not the Lord say to us, "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" The following story, condensed from the Sunday Magazine, may instruct and admonish us in this respect:

Many years ago, the weekly carrier between Edinburgh and a certain Scottish town, had his cart overturned about a mile from a little village during a heavy snow-storm. Among the villagers who, after trying in vain to dissuade him from continuing his journey in such a wild night, had given him a convoy, was Paul Ingram, a godly Scotch weaver. They had scarcely parted from him, leaving him to pursue his journey, before his shouting summoned them to return, and they found that at a sharp turn of the drifted road he had strayed on to the moor, where his horses and cart were soon thrown into a hollow. They returned and set about extricating the horses, and putting some scattered packages under the cart wrappings; and then led the horses with their master back to the village; the carrier believing that it was impossible for him before daylight to replace the conveyance on the way. In the morning he was helped to start and pursue the remainder of his journey.
EBENEZERS.

When he returned the following week, he mentioned that all of his lading had been safe except a large web of linen, which was missing. Some of the villagers remembered that when they were busy replacing some of the stray packages under the canvas, Paul Ingram had said, "Here is a heavy web; it must be a valuable one." Paul himself admitted his having noticed the web, and somehow an insinuation was thrown out against the good man, and it was strange how soon the suspicion that he had taken the web, became general.

A few nights afterward he suggested to the neighbors that the locality of the accident might not have been sufficiently searched, and proposed that they should look for the lost linen. Next morning when they looked, they discovered the missing web under a whin-bush. It, however, could not have lain there since the night of the storm, for it was quite unsoiled and scarcely wet. The just inference was that somebody must have feloniously removed and then in terror restored it; but the conclusion that Paul Ingram was the culprit was a wicked invention. To his intense surprise and grief, he soon saw, in the averted or changed looks and the insulting words of many of the villagers, that he was charged with the theft, and the cowardly atonement for it; and his good name was under a cloud of infamy. He had "the answer of a good conscience," and the confidence of his most intimate fellow-Christians; still he endured such a severe and constant tribulation of nature as few actual malefactors can know. For a whole year this terrible
affliction lasted, and the wounds of his spirit were becoming more and more, rather than less and less, painful. Long afterward, at a "fellowship meeting," while speaking of the matter, he said:

"My praying was often in the night-watches, a long, continual wrestling, a bitter agonizing until the daylight; yet I merely cast myself, though with unutterable earnestness, upon the general mercy of the Divine Helper. At the close of that year's supplications, the Redeemer might have said, "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" for my praying had been vague as it was fervent, and I had not brought my burden to the throne of grace. I had not imitated the special manner of the Psalmist, who cried, "David and his afflictions all, Lord, do thou think upon;" nor had I implored the Lord to cause, by his command over all the operations of providence, my righteousness in the matter to come forth as the noonday light. I should have told what I needed, what I yearned for, and what he was able and willing to grant, since for these things does he mean to be entreated, and we can weary him by the specially minute, no more than by the importunate, character of our petitions; and the emphatic terms of his own irrevocable pledge, "Whatsoever ye shall ask," forbid us to be vague, and encourage us to be particular.

"One Saturday evening I took up the Bible to resume my reading of the Saviour's history, with the assurance that communion with Him, who himself endured the "contradiction of sinners," would tend to keep me from becoming faint and weary. I
became absorbed in the visit to Jericho, and suddenly, from his dealings with the blind men, a light flashed, showing me my duty. "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" seemed to be asked of me, directly and pointedly. At once I made known my peculiar wants, and cast the full detail of my sorrows as a burden on the Lord. My special petitions I urged again and again that night, for I was moved to be far more frankly and confidentially explicit than I can ever be to any human listener; and as I prayed, hope stole into my mind and became a soothing, almost exulting assurance that my good name was about to be vindicated."

The next morning, Paul Ingram repeated his special petitions, both in secret and at the family altar, and was preparing after church service to resume them, when he was summoned to the other end of the village by a dying man who was eager for an interview. This was an hostler, who confessed before the parish minister and other witnesses, and before Paul Ingram, that he alone had stolen, and afterwards restored, the web, and that he had committed a still greater wickedness in allowing the innocent man to bear the suffering of the guilty. He had not intended to make this act of reparation, but his conscience had that day started up as a tormentor, and led to the disclosure which completely re-established the weaver's spotless reputation.

All present at the meeting had often heard of the cruel suspicion which had so long tried the godly weaver, but they were now for the first time told of
the connection between this deliverance and the good
man's importunate and definite prayers. Might not
the lesson of definiteness which Paul Ingram learned
and never forgot, admonish us to cease the vagueness
of our petitions, and in every thing by prayer and
supplication, to let our requests be made known unto
God"

Thou with many burdens weary,
   Turn thee to thy Rest;
From earth's thorny desert dreary,
   Fly to Jesus' breast.
Tell thy tale of woe and sadness
   In his willing ear;—
He can turn thy grief to gladness,
   He thy cries will hear.
At his feet cast every burden,
   Offer each request;
He who gives the guilty pardon,
   Gives the weary rest.

A PRAYER FOR BREAD.

Washington Allston, who stood at the head of
American artists a half-century ago, was at one time
so reduced by poverty that he locked his studio, in
London, one day, threw himself on his knees, and
prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and wife.
While thus engaged, a knock was heard at the door,
which the artist hastened to open. A stranger
inquired for Mr. Allston, and was anxious to know
who was the fortunate purchaser of the painting of
the "Angel Uriel," which had won the prize at the
exhibition of the Royal Academy. He was told that
it was not sold. "Where is it to be found?" "In
this very room,” said Allston, producing a painting from a corner, and wiping off the dust. “It is for sale, but its value has not been adequately appreciated, and I would not part with it.” “What is its price?” “I have done fixing any nominal sum. I have always so far exceeded any offers, I leave it to you to name the price.” “Will four hundred pounds be an adequate recompense?” “It is more than I ever asked for it.” “Then the painting is mine,” said the stranger, who introduced himself as Marquis of Stafford, and from that time became one of Mr. Allston’s warmest friends and patrons.

A HUNDRED DOLLARS.

I have for a long time believed that one reason why Christians do not enjoy more of the presence of the Lord, and have a deeper and more enduring experience of his loving-kindness, is because they do not hand out to their fellow-pilgrims by the way, those rich things which the good Lord has so freely and so bountifully given to them. I have often wanted to tell some of my own experiences to others; but it seemed so like boasting, that I have withheld it, for fear that some one might suppose that I was thinking too much of myself. I would not glory, save in Jesus; but I must claim his promises, for I know that they are mine. What I am about to relate, is one of many answers to prayer, which it is every Christian’s privilege to enjoy, not because we are so good, but because we have the
best and kindest Father in the world, and he is more than willing to bestow good gifts on all who call upon him in humble faith. And I am glad that our dear Father has all power, and I am not afraid to ask anything I need, for I do know that he will grant every request, if he can be glorified thereby.

In the winter of 1863, we bought a home in Connecticut, and after paying all we could for the little farm and stock, we found ourselves one hundred and twenty dollars in debt. The man to whom we owed the money was not a Christian, but we supposed him to be a man of truth; and he told my husband that he would not hurry him for the money. But before we got fairly started, he sent a note that he must have his money by the first of January. It was the 16th of December when the note arrived: we had but twenty dollars, and my husband handed the letter to me, saying, "What shall we do?" I told him I did not know. Often had the Lord sent me help before this; but it did not occur to me that he was going to bring deliverance now.

My husband was but a child in the service of the Lord, having been converted only six months before; but he was a good child; and as he turned his loving eyes on me, and said, "I am going to ask the Lord for that money," I felt sure that it would come. We kneeled at the family altar, when evening came, and he asked for the money in these simple words:—

"Father, we need a hundred dollars. If it is thy will, please to send it to us; but if it is not thy will
to send it, and if the cattle must go out of the barnyard to pay the bill, help us to be good children, and bear it with patience." As near as I can recollect, this was the first prayer that my husband ever uttered when I felt sure that he had the right kind of faith. We both felt perfectly easy, and waited for the money, just as if we knew that it was coming.

Time passed on; the new year came, but as yet there was no money. On the Lord's-day morning, husband sat down to breakfast with the same confidence he had before expressed. Said he:

"L——, the money has not come."

"Still keep trusting," said I, although I must confess that my faith began to fail. My husband took the older children, and went to meeting.

Shortly after he left, a loud rap at the door called my attention; and on opening the door, I saw a man, whom I had never seen but once, to know him. He asked if Mr. P—— was at home. I told him no; he had gone to meeting. He said he was sorry, for he wanted very much to see him. I asked if there was any errand I could do. He said he hated to tell his errand on Sunday; but he could not leave home any other day; and that he wanted to let Mr. P—— have a hundred dollars. He said his mother gave him the money that morning, to put in the bank; but it came into his mind that Mr. P—— had lately bought, and might need the money; and said he did not know why, but he felt that he must bring it that day.
So be counted out the money, and left, apologizing for coming on the Lord's day. I took the money, thanked him, and went across the room, to put it in the drawer, when, on looking out of the window, I saw the very man to whom we owed the money, passing by. The man who brought it met him at our gate, the one going and the other coming. I think they did not know each other, and they lived sixteen miles apart. The man who brought the money knew nothing about our owing it to any one.

Mr. B—, the creditor of whom we bought the place, went by to the next neighbor's and waited till the sun went down, and the day was past, and then came in to get his money. We paid him, and he went his way.

My husband and I have always felt sure that the Lord sent that money; and we are not afraid to receive money sent from the Lord, on any day.

PRAYER AND DELIVERANCE.

The following instance of the Divine mercy is related by the missionary, Hans Egede Saabye, the grandson of the celebrated Hans Egede, who was the first missionary sent to Greenland:—"In the year 1849, a young married pair who had found grace in the Lord Jesus, came to Okak to get some provisions. On their way there they were met by a large white bear, which is the most fierce and dangerous animal of these regions. They were, as you may suppose, very much frightened, and the more so because the
EBENEZERS.

man carried no gun or other weapon to defend his own life and that of his wife. He therefore turned to his companion and said, 'We can do nothing to save ourselves from this danger but pray.' They then knelt down together on the snow, and begged God to protect them, offering their bodies, souls, and spirits to his divine will. While they were thus engaged, the bear came up to them, but, to their wonder and joy, he quietly passed them by. On their return from Okak, when they nearly reached the same place, they were alarmed at seeing the fierce creature coming up to them again. The terrified couple, having proved the value of prayer on the first occasion, again knelt down, and looked up to heaven for help. The bear came close up to them, and smelt all around them, but he did them no injury, and went away. And how could they help believing that He who delivered David out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, had heard their cry, and delivered them?"

THE QUAKER'S HOUSE.

A most remarkable case of providential preservation occurred at the siege of Copenhagen, under Lord Nelson. An officer in the fleet says: 'I was particularly impressed with an object I saw three or four days after the terrific bombardment of that place. For several nights before the surrender, the darkness was ushered in with a tremendous roar of guns and mortars, accompanied by the explosion of bomb-shells
and the whizzing of those destructive and burning engines of warfare, Congreve's rockets.

"The dreadful effects were soon visible in the brilliant lights through the city. The blazing houses of the rich, and the burning cottages of the poor, illuminated the heavens; and the wide-spreading flames, reflecting on the water, showed a forest of ships assembled round the city for its destruction.

"This work of conflagration went on for several nights; but the Danes at length surrendered; and on walking, some days after, among the ruins of the cottages of the poor, houses of the rich, manufactories, lofty steeples, and humble meeting-houses, I descried, amid this barren field of desolation, a solitary house unharmed—all around it a burnt mass, this alone untouched by the fire, a monument of mercy.

"'Whose house is that?' I asked. 'That,' said the interpreter, 'belongs to a Quaker. He would neither fight, nor leave his house, but remained in prayer with his family during the whole bombardment.'

"Surely, thought I, it is well with the righteous. God has been a shield to thee in battle, a wall of fire round about thee, a very present help in time of need."

THE INFIDEL'S PRAYER.

A colporteur, laboring in the southern part of Oregon, relates the following incident:—

Near Rogue River I found a sea-captain, a New-Englander, seventy-six years old. His vigor was broken by strong drink more than age. Several
years ago he left the sea, and settled there in a log cabin of his own building. He was a leader among infidel companions. For a year past he has been an invalid. A kind Christian lady had him removed to her house and cared for; and here I found him, evidently affected by the difference in the fruits of infidelity and the Christian religion. His reed was completely broken. He was anxious to know the way of salvation.

As he related the story of his own life, he proved that he had once believed in prayer, and that his infidelity was insincere; and thus he enabled me to plead with effect, God's willingness to answer prayer. He said:

"In my early life I was in a terrible north-east gale off the coast of New England. The snow and sleet were freezing on the rigging, and filling the air so that we could not see a hundred yards from the ship. The captain was sick, and could not be on deck; the mates were discouraged, and abandoned every hope of safety, unless we should chance to find it at the mercy of the waves. Only the captain and myself were familiar with the coast, and for me he sent, and said: 'T——, you know the coast better than any man on board. I want you to take the lead and examine the soundings, and see if you can find out where we are.' I did so, and went below, and said, 'Captain, we're drifting right on to the north spit of the South Shoal.' Said he, 'Is it possible that we are that close in? Then we are gone!'

"I went down below deck, where no shipmate
could hear me pray, and I besought God to cause the storm to cease, or to change the wind. When I went below, the gale was furious. When I came back, the wind had changed and was blowing fresh from the north-west. The blinding snow ceased, and the clouds broke. Five minutes more, and we would have been in the breakers."

He was soon persuaded that God would answer his prayers now. He found great comfort in the tracts I left him; and before departing from the neighborhood, I preached in the house where the hoary-headed man lay, and soon after he was received into the church. Thus the clouds of doubt were driven from his mind, and, in the triumph of faith, the Captain of salvation brought him into the haven of eternal rest. Another man of thirty years has professed Christ and joined the church as the result of that visit.

THE PRAYING SAILORS.

A ship once sprung a leak in mid-ocean, and there seemed no escape for the crew from a watery grave. The captain, with deep emotion, gathered his men around him, thirty-two in number, and briefly stated to them their condition. "Are you prepared for it?" he asked, feelingly.

Two men stepped forward. "Captain, we believe that we are prepared for death."

"Then," said he, "pray for me and your shipmates. I acknowledge that I am not prepared."

The two men knelt down with the company, and
earnestly prayed God to save them all for his dear Son's sake. There was no jeering, now, at their praying shipmates. No one to scoff at their religion. Every one felt that there was comfort and safety for them only in God. While they were thus praying, their signal of distress was seen, and a life-boat sent to their rescue. They felt as if God had sent an angel to their help, and their thanksgivings were as earnest as their prayers for assistance had been. A daily prayer-meeting was established among them, and before the port was reached, every one of the thirty-two was hopefully converted.

It is a blessing beyond every other earthly good to be associated in life with praying, Christian people. We do not know how many times the Lord wards off danger and trouble from us on this account, nor how many blessings come to us in answer to their prayers. Choose such company in preference to any other, if you would enjoy the blessings God bestows in this life, and be fitted at last for such companionship in the life beyond.

THE SNOW-BOUND WIDOW.

Nearly a century ago there lived a pious man named Christian Zirchsel, a mile north-east of Frederick, Maryland, which was then a straggling village. By his industry Zirchsel had supported his family in what was then considered a moderate competence. He had his patch of cleared ground and a plain, rude house. In the spring of the year he was taken
seriously ill, and after a few weeks of suffering, died, leaving a wife, and four children under twelve years of age. The poor widow, with her orphan children, managed by thrift and economy to procure the needed comforts of life during the summer, autumn, and early part of the winter. The country was sparsely settled; her nearest neighbor lived a mile away. Fuel was easily procured, for heavy forests were all around, and timber was of little value.

As the winter gradually wore on, her stock of provisions grew less and less, filling her mind with much anxiety. In the month of March, when her food was about exhausted, there came a heavy fall of snow, covering over and obliterating the few roads in the neighborhood. The snow also drifted heavily against her cabin, which had only one door. Against this door the snow settled so compactly, to the depth of five feet, that the family were unable to make their way out; they were prisoners.

The widow began to realize their situation; without more than sufficient provisions for one day, and shut in from all human help, what would become of them? There seemed no earthly probability that any traveler would come into such an out-of-the-way place through such snow. From the depth and compactness of the snow it might lie for several weeks. There was no hope of human help. The pious woman turned her thoughts to God. She told the eldest child to repeat the explanation of the first article of the Creed, in Luther's catechism: "I believe that God hath created me, and still preserves to me my
body and soul; that he daily provides me with all the necessities of life, guards me from danger, and preserves me from evil, wholly induced by paternal love and mercy."

The mother then took her German hymn book and sung Gerhardt's hymn:

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands."

Taking her Bible she read from the thirty-seventh Psalm: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." She then offered a fervent prayer that her heavenly Father would, according to his promise, protect and feed her helpless household.

The day passed, but no signs of help. The second day the prayers of the good woman became more fervent. A mere morsel had been left for a scanty breakfast, and now the children were crying for dinner. The prayers of the mother were earnest, and uttered aloud, that her Father in heaven would send some messenger with food to satisfy the hunger of her children. These prayers were at length interrupted by a pounding on the top of the door. In response to her inquiry a voice said, "Open the door." This was done with difficulty; but, partially open, she saw a man standing on the drift, holding in his hand the bridle rein of his horse. She said:

"You are a stranger, but you are a messenger from God to preserve these children from starvation."
The man said: "I paused for some time before knocking at your door. I overheard parts of your prayer; I learned its general import. I am a drover from Washington county. I sold a drove of cattle in Baltimore, and am on my way home. The road through the woods are so drifted that I lost my way. I saw the smoke from your chimney, and came here to ask what direction I am to take for your village. But first of all, as you seem to be in distress, what can I do for you?"

She informed him that for several days her children had been on short allowance, and had merely a crumb to-day; the last morsel was gone. It was impossible for her or her little ones to make their way through the snow to the nearest house, a mile off.

The stranger said he had passed a mill, probably a mile or two back; by following the track his horse had made he could reach it. He would bring her half a bag of flour.

When he returned, by the assistance of his horse treading down the snow, he contrived to open a path from the door. He also aided in getting additional fuel from the woods, then gave her about five dollars in money and said: "So late in the season, this heavy snow cannot last long. Your meal will keep you in bread for several weeks; by that time you can buy with this money more provisions."

The benevolent man then took his leave, riding through the unbroken snow in the direction of the village, where he found comfortable quarters for the night in the village inn.
The next day the sun shone with great warmth, and the snow melted rapidly. The widow Zirchel lived for many years, and never afterward knew what famine and want were. No skeptical caviling could ever make her doubt that the hand of the Almighty had interposed to save her and her children from starvation. Forever afterward she was a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer.

THE WIDOW’S SHOES.

A poor woman,—a widow with an invalid son,—a member of the church, could not attend church, or the neighborhood prayer-meetings, for the want of shoes. She asked the Lord for the shoes. That very day the village school-master called in to see her son. Meanwhile he noticed that the boy’s mother had very poor shoes. He said nothing, but felt impressed, and inwardly resolved to purchase her poor woman a pair of shoes forthwith. He accordingly hired a horse, rode two miles on horseback to a shoe-store, bought the shoes, and requested them sent to the widow’s cottage without delay. They proved a perfect fit; and that very night the verjoved woman hurried to the prayer-meeting to announce that in answer to prayer the Lord had sent her the shoes.

The young school-master, who, I suspect, was my informant himself, now a venerable, white-haired man, heard the poor woman’s testimony; and his pillow that night was wet with tears of gratitude
and joy because God had used him thus to bless the poor widow, and to answer her prayers.

I do not know that the foregoing needs any comment. The simple narrative itself conveys its own moral: that it is more blessed to give than to receive; that God uses means to answer the prayers of his saints; and that no matter which concerns us, is too trivial or too insignificant to pray about.

A PRAYER FOR FIFTY DOLLARS.

The winter of 1872 I spent in missionary work, carrying the glad tidings of the kingdom of God into new fields in the “regions beyond.” With my devoted wife I labored ardently for the salvation of men “from the wrath to come.” We were full of comfort to be thus engaged, though without pledge from man for support, or promised salary for preaching.

In spite of our rigid economy, I had contracted some debts for the necessaries of life. I have since learned to go without what the Lord does not provide the means to pay for at once. I needed the money to pay those debts, and felt impressed to pray for fifty dollars. I said to my wife:

“I am going to pray for fifty dollars.”

“Well,” said she, “I will join you;” and we bowed before God and told him our needs, and unitedly asked him for the fifty dollars; so that we might not bring ourselves or the truth we preached, into reproach by being unable to pay our debts.
EBENEZERS. 123

We were agreed in asking; and thus in claiming the promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. xviii. 19). We had the assurance that the money would come; but from whence we did not know, nor care, for we knew the silver and gold are the Lord's, as well as the "cattle upon a thousand hills;" and he could easily cause some one to give or send us the money.

We felt full of peace; for we knew it was for God's glory to answer that prayer. No one outside of the family knew we were praying for money. We did not go around among our friends and tell them we were praying for fifty dollars, in hopes that they would take it upon themselves to answer the prayer. We told none but the God whom we serve.

Some little time passed, and no money came; but we did not lose our faith or assurance. One morning at family prayer I was led out to pray that we might see the Lord's working in our behalf that day, and I arose from my knees with perfect confidence that our hearts would be made to rejoice in God that day.

When I came in to my dinner I asked my wife if any one had brought our mail from the post-office. She said:

"Yes, there are some papers on your table."

"What!" said I with surprise, "no letters?" I saw a peculiar expression on her countenance, and
I asked no more questions, but sat down to the dinner table and turned over my plate, and there saw a letter she had put beneath it; and as soon as I saw the handwriting I felt, "There is money in this;" though of all sources this was from the one least expected. I opened the letter and there was a draft for fifty dollars, a gift to aid in preaching the gospel. If I ever recognized the hand of God in any thing, I did in this; and if there was ever a time of devout thanksgiving to God and humbling of self before him, in my house, it was that day. Since then it has been easier to trust in him than before. He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." He has also said, through his apostle, "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Phil. iv. 6, 7. We understand something of this peace. Believe, obey, and trust.

A WONDERFUL PRAYER.

In the providence of God it was my privilege to participate in the school and mission labor among the freedmen of the South, when the bloody work of the civil war had ceased. Among the many striking characteristics of that singularly interesting people who had just emerged from a long and terrible bondage, I was especially impressed by the simplicity, primitiveness, and power of their faith in God, which
was indescribably inspiring. I often felt rebuked by their childish, positive confidence that their prayers would be answered in the largest and most literal sense.

A single instance may be mentioned. Near the close of December, 1865, after spending some months at Beaufort, South Carolina, I took my leave of that field of labor to return to New England. The day before leaving I held a farewell meeting with the colored people, which was very solemn and interesting, many of the emancipated ones pouring out their souls in prayer and praise, with an earnestness and pathos that was irresistible. When the meeting had concluded, and the farewells had been spoken, an old colored preacher approached me and said:

"White pastor, may I pray for you once more before you go?" I gladly assented to his request, and falling down on his knees he offered to God such a supplication as I have never listened to before nor since for directness, force of language, and marvelous power. Aware that I was to sail in a day or two for New York, he besought God to grant me a safe passage. Whether he had ever been on the seas I do not know, but so vivid and graphic a description of the perils of a sea voyage in midwinter, I had never heard or read. He concluded his prayer in these words:—

"Now, Lord, hold de ship in your big fist, and don't let her go to de bottom wid de white pastor on board her."

Two days later, the second of January, 1866, we
sailed from Charleston, South Carolina, in the steamer Washington Irving. In doubling Cape Hatteras, we encountered a fierce winter storm, with sleet and snow and extremely high winds. I had been lying in my berth suffering with seasickness until ten o’clock in the evening. I had for my companion in the state-room, an army surgeon, a man some sixty years of age. In the hold of the ship we had a regiment of soldiers returning to their homes. The officers and other gentry were playing cards and gambling in the saloon, but at about ten o’clock, as the storm increased, the ship’s crew became thoroughly alarmed, and this surgeon came striding into my state-room in great agitation of mind, wringing his hands, and saying, “Sir, we are all going to the bottom. Nothing can save us; I shall never see my home again,” and lamenting his sad fate. His distress aroused me from the stupor of my seasickness, and I asked, “What does the captain say?”

He replied, “The storm is terrible; we shall certainly go to pieces. Nothing can save us.” The ship was pitching and laboring very heavily. The thought came over my mind with startling power, as I looked out of the little round window and saw in the darkness of the night the waves, mountain high and white with foam, breaking directly over us, “Is it true that we are going to the bottom? Shall I never see my home again?” Just at that moment the words of the old black preacher’s prayer came as audibly to my soul and my ears, as when they were uttered in the little pole church at Beaufort:
"Now, Lord, hold de ship in your big fist, and don't let her go to de bottom wid de white pastor on board her."

Those words rang through my soul with a power and a distinctness I cannot describe; and there came to me such an assurance of safety as at once absolutely dispelled all my fears and anxieties. I said to the surgeon:

"Sir, you will go to the bottom sometime if you do not repent, but we shall not go to the bottom now; we shall enter New York."

He stared at me with amazement, when I repeated to him, "We shall not go to the bottom, sir, we shall enter safely into the harbor;" and though the storm raged fiercely on, and the alarm was great, I had not another fear, but lay calmly and quietly in my berth, as if it were all sunshine without. And so, safely, we came to harbor, covered with snow and ice, on one of the coldest days that had been known for many years.

Just behind us, a few hours later, was another steamer sailing about the same time, from the same port, which was stranded. The passengers were rescued some two days later from the wreck, nearly perished. I believe to this hour that the old black preacher's prayer brought us safely round the cape, and into New York. I am still of the conviction that there were not storms enough possible on the coast, or on all the seas of the world, to have sunk that ship with that old freedman's prayer undergirding it.
JOHN EASTER'S PRAYER.

In his "Memorials of Methodism in Virginia," Dr. W. W. Bennet relates the following incidents in the life of John Easter, one of the pioneer ministers who labored there nearly one hundred years ago. He is represented as being the most powerful exhortatory preacher of his day. His faith was transcendent, his appeals irresistible, his prayers like talking to God face to face. Perhaps no man has ever been more signally honored of God as an instrument in the conversion of souls. On one of his circuits eighteen hundred members were added to the church in a single year.

Many thrilling scenes under his preaching yet linger in the memory of the people in those counties where he principally labored. A most extraordinary display of his faith was witnessed in Brunswick. At Merritt's meeting-house a quarterly meeting was in progress, and so vast was the concourse of people from many miles around, that the services were conducted in a beautiful grove near the church. In the midst of the exercises, a heavy cloud arose, and swept rapidly towards the place of worship. From the skirts of the grove the rain could be seen coming on across the fields. The people were in consternation; no house could hold one third of the multitude, and they were about to scatter in all directions. Easter rose in the midst of the confusion,—"Brethren," cried he at the top of his voice, "be still while I call upon God to stay the clouds,
till his word can be preached to perishing sinners."

Arrested by his voice and manner, they stood between hope and fear. He kneeled down and offered a fervent prayer that God would then stay the rain, that the preaching of his word might go on, and afterwards send refreshing showers. While he was praying, the angry cloud, as it swiftly rolled up to them, was seen to part asunder in the midst, pass on either side of them, and close again beyond, leaving a space several hundred yards in circumference perfectly dry. The next morning a copious rain fell again, and the fields that had been left dry were well watered.

The following marvelous account is fully authenticated:—He was holding a meeting in a forest; it was in the midday of his fame and power; hundreds and hundreds had gathered to hear the wonderful man. In the midst of his sermon, while all were hanging on his lips in breathless silence, suddenly a rushing sound as of a mighty wind smote the ears of the hearers. All eyes were instantly turned upward, but no storm had smitten the forest; not a wig, not a leaf stirred; still the awful sound swept over and around them. Instantly several hundred orses broke from their fastenings, and rushed wildly in all directions through the woods; hundreds of men and women fell flat upon their faces, stricken down by the mighty power of God. The cry of conviction that arose was appalling; even the holiest of Christians trembled in the presence of that mysterious sound. The work of conversion was as
instantaneous as the work of conviction, and many were the witnesses for Christ that arose in the midst of the awe-stricken multitude. The effects of this display of divine power were great indeed upon the people far and near. The work spread like fire in dry stubble, and hundreds were added to the church.

A MOTHER'S FAITH.

In a sketch of the life of Beate Paulus, the wife of a German minister who lived on the borders of the Black Forest, are several incidents which illustrate the power of living faith, and the providence of a prayer-hearing God.

Though destitute of wealth she much desired to educate her children, and five of her six boys were placed in school, while she struggled, and prayed, and toiled,—not only in the house, but out of doors,—to provide for their necessities.

"On one occasion," writes one of her children, "shortly before harvest, the fields stood thick with grain, and our mother had already calculated that their produce would suffice to meet all claims for the year. She was standing at the window casting the matter over in her mind, with great satisfaction, when her attention was suddenly caught by some heavy, black clouds with white borders, drifting at a great rate across the summer sky. 'It is a hail-storm!' she exclaimed in dismay, and quickly throwing up the window she leaned out. Her eyes rested upon a frightful mass of wild storm-cloud, covering the
western horizon, and approaching with rapid fury.

"'O God!' she cried, 'there comes an awful tem-
pest, and what is to become of my grain?' The
black masses rolled nearer and nearer, while the
ominous rushing movement that precedes a storm,
began to rock the sultry air, and the dreaded hail-
stones fell with violence. Half beside herself with
anxiety about those fields lying at the eastern end of
the valley, she now lifted her hands heavenward, and
wringing them in terror cried: 'Dear Father in
heaven, what art thou doing? Thou knowest I can-
not manage to pay for my boys at school, without
the produce of those fields! Oh! turn Thy hand,
and do not let the hail blast my hopes!' Scarcely,
however, had these words crossed her lips when she
started, for it seemed to her as if a voice had whis-
pered in her ear, 'Is my arm shortened that it cannot
help thee in other ways?' Abashed, she shrunk into
a quiet corner, and there entreated God to forgive
her want of faith. In the meantime the storm passed.
And now various neighbors hurried in, proclaiming
that the whole valley lay thickly covered with hail-
stones, down to the very edge of the parsonage fields,
but the latter had been quite spared. The storm had
reached their border and then suddenly taken another
direction into the next valley. Moreover, that the
whole village was in amazement, declaring that God
had wrought a miracle for the sake of our mother
whom he loved. She listened, silently adoring the
goodness of the Lord, and vowing that henceforth
her confidence should be only in him."
At another time she found herself unable to pay the expenses of the children's schooling, and the repeated demands for money were rendered more grievous by the reproaches of her husband, who charged her with attempting impossibilities, and told her that her self-will would involve them in disgrace. She, however, professed her unwavering confidence that the Lord would soon interpose for their relief; while his answer was: "We shall see; time will show."

In the midst of these trying circumstances, as her husband was one day sitting in his study absorbed in meditation, the postman brought three letters from different towns where the boys were at school, each declaring that unless the dues were promptly settled, the lads would be dismissed. The father read the letters with growing excitement, and spreading them out upon the table before his wife as she entered the room, exclaimed: "There, look at them, and pay our debts with your faith! I have no money, nor can I tell where to go for any."

"Seizing the papers, she rapidly glanced through them, with a very grave face, but then answered firmly, 'It is all right; the business shall be settled. For He who says, The silver and gold is mine, will find it an easy thing to provide these sums.' Saying which, she hastily left the room.

"Our father readily supposed she intended making her way to a certain rich friend who had helped us before. He was mistaken, for this time her steps turned in a different direction. We had in the
parsonage an upper loft, shut off by a trap-door from the lower one, and over this door it was that she now knelt down and began to deal with Him in whose strength she had undertaken the work of her children’s education. She spread before him those letters from the study table, and told him of her husband’s half-scoffing taunt. She also reminded him how her life had been redeemed from the very gates of death, for the children’s sake, and then declared that she could not believe that he meant to forsake her at this juncture; she was willing to be the second whom he might forsake, but she was determined not to be the first.

“In the meanwhile, her husband waited down stairs, and night came on, but she did not appear. Supper was ready, and yet she stayed in the loft. Then the eldest girl, her namesake Beaté, ran up to call her; but the answer was: ‘Take your supper without me, it is not time for me to eat.’ Late in the evening the little messenger was again despatched, but returned with the reply: ‘Go to bed; the time has not come for me to rest.’ A third time, at breakfast next morning, the girl called her mother. ‘Leave me alone,’ she said; ‘I do not need breakfast; when I am ready I shall come.’ Thus the hours sped on, and down stairs her husband and the children began to feel frightened, not daring, however, to disturb her any more. At last the door opened, and she entered, her face beaming with a wonderful light. The little daughter thought that something extraordinary must have happened; and running to her mother
with open arms, asked eagerly: 'What is it? Did an angel from heaven bring the money?' 'No, my child,' was the smiling answer, 'but now I am sure that it will come.' She had hardly spoken, when a maid in peasant costume entered, saying: 'The master of Linden inn sends to ask whether the Frau Pastorin can spare time to see him.' 'Ah! I know what he wants,' answered our mother. 'My best regards, and I will come at once.' Whereupon she started, and mine host, looking out of his window, saw her from afar, and came forward to welcome her with the words: 'O Madame, how glad I am you have come!' Then leading her into his back parlor, he said: 'I cannot tell how it is, but the whole of this last night I could not sleep for thinking of you. For some time I have had several hundred gulden lying in that chest, and all night long I was haunted by the thought that you needed this money, and that I ought to give it to you. If that be the case, there it is—take it; and do not trouble about repaying me. Should you be able to make it up again, well and good; if not, never mind.' On this my mother said: 'Yes, I do most certainly need it, my kind friend; for all last night I, too, was awake, crying to God for help. Yesterday there came three letters, telling us that all our boys would be dismissed unless the money for their board is cleared at once.'

"'Is it really so?' exclaimed the innkeeper, who was a noble-hearted and spiritual Christian man. 'How strange and wonderful! Now I am doubly glad I asked you to come.' Then opening the chest,
EBENEZERS.

He produced three weighty packets, and handed them to her with a prayer that God’s blessing might rest upon the gift. She accepted it with the simple words: ‘May God make good to you this service of Christian sympathy; for you have acted as the steward of One who has promised not even to leave the giving of a cup of cold water unrewarded.’

‘Husband and children were eagerly awaiting her at home, and those three dismal letters still lay open on the table, when the mother, who had quitted that study in such deep emotion the day before, stepped up to her husband radiant with joy. On each letter she laid a roll of money, and then cried: ‘Look, there it is! And now believe that faith in God is no empty madness.”

RESCUED FROM A WRECK.

In a communication to the New Bedford Standard, Nov. 24, 1877, C. J. K. Jones relates an account of a rescue at sea as follows:—

‘The story was told me in the study of my first parish at Orient, L. I., on Sunday, July 6, 1873, by Captain Robert Brown, who now lives in Brooklyn. Capt. B—— said that he was, at the time of the occurrence of the following incident, master of a bark bound from New York to Charleston. He left in the afternoon, on the day of his sailing from New York. In going out from Sandy Hook, he had a fresh breeze, and stood on the starboard tack until 3 a.m. next day, when he tacked ship and stood in
shore. After seeing that everything was made snug on deck, he went below for his customary morning devotions. He opened his Bible and read the first verse of the fifty-first Psalm. Before he could read the second verse his Bible flew shut, and something told him to go on deck at once! He jumped on deck and inquired of the mate if everything was going all right; who responded that it was. Then an impulse moved him to look to the windward, which he did by mounting the rail by the mizzen rigging. Far off, down at the very verge of the horizon, he thought he saw an object which did not take shape quite like the curling crest of a wave. Calling the mate's attention to it, who had not noticed it before, with their glasses they made it out to be some piece of a wreck.

"The ship was tacked as quickly as possible, and stood down towards the object. It finally proved to be the boat and crew of the brig Pandora, of New London, which had been sunk in a collision with an unknown schooner the night before. After the rescue was effected, an old sailor, who was saved, came aft and said to Capt. B——, that in the morning when they first made him, they felt sure from the course of the vessel that they should be saved; but when he tacked ship and stood toward the land, then they knew that he had not seen them. They instantly prayed that he might see them quickly, or they were lost. Their provisions were out; they had but little water, and the wind was freshening, with a heavy sea going. Hardly had they prayed when they saw the bark go about and stand down to them. By comparing time
it was ascertained that their prayer was offered about the time that Capt. B—— went below to his morning worship. It is certain that if Capt. B—— had not sighted them as he did, they would have been lost. Capt. B—— was afterward feted in New London.

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A DEFINITE PROMISE.

At a missionary meeting, Miss Haswell, the Burman missionary, told how she came to enter the gospel work. It was not because her father was a missionary; for the remembrance of the loneliness and deprivations she had experienced in childhood in Burmah, caused an aversion to that life. After her school education in America, she returned to her home in Moulmain, rather to be with and assist her mother, than to become a missionary. At the time of her return, cholera was raging. One of the native preachers died, and his daughter was very sick. She was abandoned by the native women, and Miss Haswell herself went to take care of her.

"Do you think I shall die?" asked the sick girl.

"I hope not," replied Miss Haswell; "but if that should be the will of God, are you afraid to die?"

"Oh, yes, I am afraid; it is all dark."

The responsibility of her position forced itself upon her, and she sought to direct the thoughts of the girl to the assurances of God's word.

"If I should make you a promise, a definite promise, would you not believe it?" said Miss Haswell.

"Yes, indeed, I would."
The great God, the true God, has made a definite promise, that he will forgive our sins, for the sake of his Son who died for us. Will you not believe him?

The poor girl at once believed, and quiet came into her soul, which deepened during the talks they had together. And when, the next day, the young girl died in her arms, peacefully trusting in Jesus, through her instructions, she knew the joys of the missionary's life, and found them sweeter and greater than its trials. From that time she devoted herself to the work of God in the mission-field.

This idea of resting upon a definite promise of God, is the true idea of faith. Faith is not a dreamy, indefinite ecstasy; it is believing what God has said. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

When Miss Haswell started her mission-school, she had many discouragements. At one time, before she received any regular support, when her food and money for herself and the ten girls she was trying to educate, were entirely gone, she called the girls together in the morning, told them the facts, reminded them that our heavenly Father hears and answers prayer, and resting on a definite promise, they there prayed together for daily bread, as only they can pray who are in actual want. In the afternoon a Burmese woman came, bringing fifty rupees—twenty-five dollars—as a gift. Her husband, who was a Christian, had died some time before, leaving directions that if a certain debt were ever paid the amount should be given to the teacher.
EBENEZERS.

Miss Haswell called the children together, and after repeating the story, they gave thanks to Him who was ever afterward, to those Burmese girls, the true hearer and answerer of prayer.

Let us learn the blessedness of resting upon the definite promises of God. They are many, and great, and precious, and they cover all our needs. Let us embrace them with all our hearts, and be followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

"Oh for a faith that will not shrink,
   Though pressed by many a foe!
   That will not tremble on the brink
   Of any earthly woe!

"A faith that shines more bright and clear,
   When tempests rage without;
   That, when in danger, knows no fear,
   In darkness, feels no doubt."

"SOMEBODY IS HUNGRY."

"I must tell you an experience I had," said Mrs. E——, "mine own and my father's friend" of many years, as I sat by her fireside on Saturday night, March 17, 1877, in one of the large villages of western Massachusetts. I was interested to hear the narration, which was substantially as follows:

"One morning, about the month of October, 1876, my husband sent up some fowls for dinner, and I was giving my girl directions how to prepare them, and thinking what a good dinner we would have, when all at once the impression came over my
mind, 'Somebody is hungry.' I dismissed the subject without much consideration; but it returned again and again, 'Somebody is hungry.' Too much occupied with my own household affairs, I mentally said, 'Well, if they are hungry, I can't attend to them. I have so much to do to-day, that I can't be bothered with them.'

"But the impression came still stronger and stronger; I was unable to busy myself about my work; and at length, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I sunk powerless in my chair, and said to my hired girl, 'Somebody is hungry.' 'What makes you think so?' she asked. 'I have felt so for an hour,' I answered; and the tears gushed from my eyes, and came trickling down my cheeks.

"At length dinner was ready, and as I took my seat with my husband and some friends, the impression came with renewed force, and I said: 'While we are going to eat these chickens, somebody is hungry.'

"'Why, how you talk!' said my husband, as he looked up, and saw my pale face, and the tears running down my cheeks. 'Who is it that is hungry?'

"'I don't know who it is, but somebody is hungry.'

"'If I knew who it was,' said he, 'I would give them all there is on the table.'

"Mentally I asked of the Lord that I might know the name of the person in need, and in a moment I was answered, and said: 'The name is given me;
EBENEZERS.

it is Mr. F—-'s,' mentioning the name of a young Englishman in comfortable circumstances, and whose wife had often called when driving, for me to go and ride with her. He was now out of employment, but we had no thought that they could be in want. My husband was astonished. They could not be in need; it would be an insult to go to them and offer assistance; but I said: 'I must go and see them; I must have a team, if it takes every horse we have; they are hungry.'

"I guess it is so, J——,' said my husband; you shall have a horse immediately; I never knew you mistaken about such a thing." Hastily finishing his meal, he started for his place of business, and ordered the hired man to come with a wagon, and take me down to Mr. F—-'s. As our horses had been traveling, the man got his own team, and came into the house. I got ready a quantity of meat, pies, and needful provisions, and started. I saw some cloth as I was going out, and thought I would take it, and then concluded I would leave it till the next time; but, as I was passing out, I felt inclined to turn back and get some bread; and as there was considerable in the house, I took an entire loaf. We started on our way. The driver was an unconverted man, but he had learned something of my errand, and inquired why I thought that Mr. F—-'s people were in need. I could give him no answer, only, that he might understand about it hereafter.

"We hurried to the place, and found the house empty and the door locked. I felt perplexed, and
knew not what it meant, but, turning to the window and finding it unfastened, I raised it, and saw a table standing under it, on which I deposited the provisions I had brought. After having put all the articles in at the window, as I was turning to go away, I met Mrs. F—— at the gate. She had seen what I was doing, and flung her arms about my neck, and said, ‘God sent you!’

‘My heart was too full for utterance, and I said: ‘I can’t talk now; neither can you; let me go.’ Just then her husband came up, and said to me: ‘Is God in this?’ I answered, ‘Yes;’ and left them, for my tears were yet flowing. I returned home, feeling that my errand was done, and that all burden was gone from my mind.

‘A few days after, Mrs. F—— came and talked the matter over. Her husband had been long out of work. All their store of provision was gone, and for three days they had nothing but corn meal and water in the house. That morning, they had nothing else on which to feed their children before they went to school; and after breakfast, they bowed, and prayed that God would give them day by day, daily bread for themselves and for their children. The husband took his gun and went down by the river side, partly to ease his mind of the distress and anxiety which he felt, and thinking perhaps he might be able to obtain some game; and the wife, bending over her broom as she swept her floor, and feeling the Lord was nigh to hear her prayers, begged that he would send it quick.’ She
told him that she was faint and hungry, and needed bread, and prayed: 'O God, send it quick, and if it is thy will, send me some white bread.'

"She also prayed the Lord to grant her husband a pair of shirts, as his clothes were getting badly worn, and she prayed further that God would send her work that day.

"It was about ten or eleven o'clock that she offered her prayer, and felt assured that the Lord would grant her request. Not long after, their landlord came to her, and asked her to go and do some washing or cleaning; and, though faint and hungry, she went, glad of an opportunity to do something towards paying their rent. She had finished this work, and was returning, when, to her surprise, she saw our market-wagon standing at her door; and, wondering why it was there, she hurried forward, and found that the Lord had answered her prayer. I had hoped to do my errand and get away unnoticed, but she came just in season to meet me, and presently her husband also came. The next day after I was there, a half-barrel of flour was left at their door. And though Mr. F——'s folks supposed that I had sent it, I told them I knew nothing of it; though whether the man who drove the wagon could say as much, is more than I can tell. Other friends were made acquainted with the straitened circumstances of the family, and their pressing wants were relieved; and they are rejoicing in the Lord, and trusting in him who is ready to provide, who hears prayer, and who is mighty to save."
This, in substance, was the story of my friend, which touched the hearts of not a few who heard it; and the next day after it was told me, having opportunity, I conversed with Mr. and Mrs. F——, who were so wonderfully relieved, and found the statement fully and accurately confirmed. No human being had the slightest knowledge of their distressed condition; but the Lord, who heareth prayer, was acquainted with all their wants, and proved himself a very present help in trouble and distress.

WERE THEY ANSWERED?

Not long ago, says a writer in The Watchman, an engineer brought his train to a stand at a little Massachusetts village where the passengers have five minutes for lunch. A lady came along the platform and said: "The conductor tells me the train at the junction in P——, leaves fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday night, that is the last train. I have a very sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance for the long, long journey into the country. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the engineer, "I wish I could tell you."

"Would it be possible for you to hurry a little?" said the anxious, tearful mother.

"No, madam, I have the time-table, and the rules say I must run by it."

She turned sorrowfully away, leaving the bronzed face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently
she returned and said, "Are you a Christian?"

"I trust I am," was the reply.

"Will you pray with me that the Lord may in some way delay the train at the junction?"

"Why, yes, I will pray with you, but I have not much faith."

Just then the conductor cried, "All aboard." The poor woman hurried back to her deformed and sick child, and away went the train climbing the grade.

"Somehow," says the engineer, "everything worked to a charm. As I prayed, I couldn't help letting my engine out just a little. We hardly stopped at the first station, people got on and off with wonderful alacrity, the conductor's lantern was in air in a half-minute, and then away again. Once over the summit it was dreadfully easy to give her a little more, and then a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot through the air like an arrow. Somehow I couldn't hold her, knowing I had the road, and so we dashed up to the junction six minutes ahead of time."

There stood the train, and the conductor with his lantern on his arm. "Well," said he, "will you tell me what I am waiting here for? Somehow I felt I must wait your coming to-night, but I don't know why."

"I guess," said the brother conductor, "it is for this woman, with her sick and deformed child, dreadfully anxious to get home this Saturday night." But the man on the engine and the grateful mother think they can tell why the train waited.
EBENEZERS.

Men can raise objections, and ask questions, and make out of this anything but divine help, manifesting itself in a natural way; but to the believer in God's word, it is a manifestation of that power promised every sincere believer. And how far off from these promises and this divine teaching concerning prayer, lives the average disciple! Indeed, he who has now the name Israel, will say that his experience in prayer and his proving its efficacy, is like drawing a few dollars from a bank now and then, when the deposit is a million. Does the Bible treat the question in a metaphorical way? or is Christian faith too weak to find the meaning underlying these apparently far-reaching promises? If there be a God, such as is revealed in nature, then prayer is the only reasonable thing for man; and the promises only faintly describe the possibilities in prayer.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A few days ago, there was a severe thunderstorm, which seemed to gather very heavily in the direction where my son lived; and I had a feeling that I must go and pray that he might be protected, and not be killed by the lightning.

The impression seemed to say: "There is no time to be lost." I obeyed, and went and knelt down, and prayed that the Lord would spare his life. I believe he heard my prayer. My son called on me afterwards, and, speaking of the shower, said:
EBENEZERS.

"The lightning came downwards, and struck the very hoe in my hands, and benumbed me." Said I, "Perhaps you would have been killed, if some one had not been praying for you."

Since then, he has been converted, and I trust that he will be saved in God's everlasting kingdom. I have felt it my duty to state this fact, as a proof of the providence of a prayer-hearing God.

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THE STOLEN SLEIGH.

The widow of a trusting disciple sends us the following instance illustrating God's faithfulness in hearing and answering prayer:—

About the year 1829, my husband, who died in January, 1854, lent his sleigh and harness to a man calling himself John Cotton, to go some twenty miles and be gone three days. Cotton was quite a stranger among us, having been in our place but six weeks. During that time he had boarded with my husband's brother, working for him a part of the time, and the rest of the time selling wooden clocks, of which he had bought a number. Three days passed but he did not return. The fourth went by and we began to think he had absconded. On inquiry, Mr. P—— found that the clocks had been purchased on credit, and all sold for watches or money; that Cotton owed sixty dollars towards his horse, and had borrowed of the brother with whom he boarded, horse-blanket, whip, and mittens. Now it seemed certain that he was a rogue, but what could be
done? Pursuit was useless after such a lapse of time.

My husband felt his loss severely, for we had little property then, and what we had was the product of hard labor. But he was a Christian, and I believe always made his business a subject of prayer.

About three weeks passed away. One evening, having been out longer than usual, he came in, and with his characteristic calmness, said:

"I shall not worry any more about my sleigh and harness, I think I shall get them again."

"Why do you think so?" said I. His answer was:

"I have been praying to God to arrest Cotton's conscience, so that he will be obliged to leave them where I can get them, and I believe he will do it."

From this time, which was Wednesday evening, he seemed at rest on the subject. The next Tuesday morning as he stepped into the post-office, a letter was handed him from Littleton, N. H. It was written by the keeper of a public house, and read thus:

"Mr. P——. Sir: Mr. John Cotton has left your sleigh and harness here, and you can have them by calling for them. Yours, etc., J—— N——."

He returned home with the letter, and started for L——; went there the same day, some forty miles; found sleigh and harness safe, with no incumbrance. The landlord informed him that a few nights before, at twelve o'clock, a man calling himself John Cotton came to his house, calling for horse-baiting and supper; would not stay till morning, but wished to leave the sleigh and harness for Mr. S—— P——, of Marshfield, Vt. He said he could not write himself;
and requested the landlord to write for him, saying he took them on a poor debt for Mr. P——, in one of the towns below! He started off at two o'clock at night on horseback, with an old pair of saddle-bags and a horse-blanket, on a saddle with one stirrup and no crupper, on one of the coldest nights of that or any other year. He took the road leading through the Notch in the mountains, left nothing for any of those whom he owed, and we have never since heard from him.

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THE WAITING TRAIN.

I have often wished to tell some of the dealings of God with me, but my natural shrinking from publicity has thus far kept me from it. But feeling pressed in spirit, I will begin by relating an incident that occurred in the latter part of November, 1864, while traveling with my aged father and two small girls.

We started from New Hampshire on Thursday morning, expecting to have ample time to get through to Indiana before Saturday night; but after we crossed the St. Lawrence river, the next day, I think, there was a smash-up on a freight-train, which hindered our train about two hours. I began to feel anxious, as I knew our limited means would not permit us to stop long on the way. After the cars had started again, I inquired of the conductor what time we should get to Toledo, fearing we should not reach there in time for the down train. He said it would be impossible to gain the time. Soon they changed conductors, and I made a similar inquiry, getting
about the same answer. Still I hoped, till we reached the Detroit river. Here I found that though they had put on all the steam they dared to, they were almost an hour behind time, so I should have to stay over till Sunday night.

After getting seated in the cars on the other side, I ventured to ask the conductor if we should get to Toledo in time for the down train. He readily said, "No, madam, impossible! If we put on all the steam we dare to, we shall be more than half an hour behind time. If we were on some trains we might hope they would wait, but on this, never! He is the most exact conductor you ever saw. He was never known to wait a second, say nothing about a minute, beyond the time." I then inquired if we could not stay at the depot. He said, "No; we should all freeze to death, for the fire is out till Sunday evening."

A gentleman sitting in front of us said he would show us a good hotel near by, as he was acquainted there. I thanked him, but sunk back on my seat. Covering my eyes with my hand, and raising my heart to God, I said, "O God, if thou art my Father, and I am thy child, put it into the heart of that conductor to wait till we get there."

Soon I became calm, and fell asleep, not realizing that God would answer my poor prayer; but when we reached Toledo, to the astonishment of us all, there stood the conductor, waiting to know the reason why he had to wait; when our conductor told him there was a lady with her crippled father and two
little daughters, who were going down on that train. Soon as all were out of the car, both conductors came to me with their lanterns, and gave their aid in helping my father to the other train, where they had reserved seats by keeping the door locked.

All was hurry and confusion to me, as I had my eye on father, fearing he might fall, it being very slippery, when the baggage-master said, "Your checks, madam!" I handed them to him, and rushed into the car; but before I got seated the car started, and I had no checks for my baggage. Again my heart cried out, "O Thou that hearest prayer, take care of my baggage!" believing He could do that as well as make the conductor wait. In a few moments the conductor came to me with a face radiant with smiles, saying:

"Madam, I waited a whole half-hour for you,—a thing I never did before since I was a conductor, so much as to wait one minute after my time." He said, "I know it was your father that I was waiting for, because there was nothing else on the train for which I could have waited."

I exclaimed in a half suppressed tone, "Praise the Lord!" I could not help it; it gushed out. Then he said:

"At the very moment all were on board, and I was ready to start, such a feeling came over me as I never had in my life before. I could not start. Something kept saying to me, 'You must wait, for here is something pending on that train you must wait for.' I waited, and here you are, all safe."
Again my heart said, "Praise the Lord!" and he started to leave me, when I said, "But there is one thing."

"What is it?" was his quick reply.

"I gave the baggage-master my checks, and have none in return."

"What were the numbers?"

I told him. "I have them," he said, handing them to me, "but your baggage will not be there till Monday morning. We had no time to put it on, we had waited so long."

This is one of the many reminiscences of my life, for which I have to praise God; and if it should strengthen one of the weak, trembling ones who hardly know which way to turn, to trust in God more fully, I shall be richly paid for writing it out.

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TELL JESUS.

A Christian woman who labors in the gospel says: "I wish to tell you one of the many times that God in a special manner has answered prayer. I had been sick a long time, unable to labor in any way, and my little stock of provision had become exhausted, and I had no bread for myself or my children, when my eye caught the words, 'Go and tell Jesus.'

"I immediately repaired to my room, and bowed before God, and in a simple, childlike manner, told Jesus.

"I arose feeling a calm peace in my soul, and felt I had only to stand still to see the salvation of our
God. That very afternoon a man who was never known to give to the poor, drove to my door and left a sack of flour, and once more I had the means to supply the needs of my family. Truly, God is good."

GUIDANCE IN SUPPLICATION.

There are persons who can apparently pray as well at one time as another, and for one thing as well as another. Of answers to prayer they know little, and of the secret help of the Holy Spirit, or the inward assurance that prayer is accepted before the throne, they know still less. There are others whose souls, tenderly sensitive to the guidings of the Spirit of God, not only know the inward assurance of the Spirit that helpeth our infirmities, but also know what it is to be forbidden to ask things which it is not the will of God to give, or which it is impossible for them to receive. Jer. vii. 16; xv. 1.

A lady in Connecticut was accustomed to pray daily for her husband, who was an officer in the army, imploring protection and blessing on him, amid the dangers to which he was exposed. One night, she retired to her closet, and offered her accustomed requests, but, said she, "My prayer all came back to me again, and I knew that he was dead." Hundreds of miles away, as she afterwards learned, that husband lay beneath a heap of his slain comrades, on the bloody field of Antietam; but it
was not her secret sympathy with him, that made her conscious of the fact, but her more intimate communion with the Holy Ghost, which revealed to her that on his behalf, prayer could avail no more.

By such inward intimations, persons have often been assured of the safety of absent friends, long after others have given them up for dead. Mrs. C——, a godly woman of our acquaintance, in Taunton, Mass., had a son who had been long absent at sea, and from whom, for ten years, no tidings had come. Others thought he was dead, but she said: "No, I shall see John again alive." So she prayed, and hoped, and waited.

One morning she felt she must go to Boston. She started, old as she was, notwithstanding the objections of her incredulous friends, came to the city, went to the house of a son who lived there, and on the threshold met the wandering John, the boy for whom she had prayed and looked so long.

Mrs. Tyler Thatcher, the widow of a Western missionary, writes from California an incident in her experience:—"One Sunday my husband had an appointment to preach ten miles distant. Taking an early breakfast, he went on his way, leaving me alone. Immediately I felt an irresistible impression that I must pray for our absent son, Melanchthon, a young man aged twenty years. Kneeling down by the sofa, seeming to be moved by the Spirit to yearning supplication in his behalf, forgetting all beside, for several hours I was so much absorbed in agonizing prayer for him, that I knew not whether I
was "in the body or out of the body." At length a
calm ensued; a feeling of assurance that all was
well with him. When I woke, as it were, I opened
my eyes, and said to myself, 'Can it be possible that
Melancthon will ever appear again as he used to be?
No! He is changed. It must be that he has become
altogether more spiritual. He is certainly changed!'

"From this hour, all anxiety on his behalf ceased.
More than a week elapsed before the appalling news
reached our ears, that Melancthon, that very day,
August 16, 1857, was killed by the Indians on the
Coast range, in California. Four arrows, which he
had extracted from his breast, were lying by his
side. All circumstantial evidence indicated, that
during these peculiar exercises of my mind, he was
struggling in the agonies of death, and that he
expired when the burden of my prayer ceased."

THE WINDS CONTROLLED.

In Dr. Adam Clarke's record of his life and early
ministry, he relates the following instance of the
power of prevailing prayer:

John Wesley, with some of his co-workers, had
been laboring in the Norman Islands, and had
appointed a day to be at Bristol. Taking passage
with Dr. Clarke, Dr. Coke, and Joseph Bradford, in
an English brig which had touched at Guernsey, on
its voyage from France, "they left Guernsey with a
fine, fair breeze, and every prospect of making a
quick passage. In a short time the wind died away,
and a contrary wind arose, and blew with great
force. Mr. Wesley was in the cabin, reading; and
hearing the bustle on deck, occasioned by putting
the vessel about, he put his head above deck and
inquired the cause. Being told that the wind was
contrary, and they were obliged to tack ship, he
said: "Let us go to prayer." At his request, Coke,
Clarke, and Bradford prayed. As they concluded,
Mr. Wesley broke out into fervent supplication,
which seemed, says Dr. Clarke, to be more the off-
spring of strong faith than mere desire. He said:
"Almighty and everlasting God, thou hast thy say
everywhere, and all things serve the purposes of
thy will; thou holdest the winds in thy fists, and
sittest upon the water-floods, and reignest a king
forever;—command these winds and these waves,
that they obey Thee, and take us speedily and
safely to the haven where we would be," etc. The
power of his petition was felt by all. He rose from
his knees, made no kind of remark, but took up his
book and continued his reading. Dr. Clarke went
on deck, and, to his surprise, found the vessel stand-
ing on her course, with a steady breeze, which did
not abate, but carried them at the rate of nine or
ten miles an hour, until they were safely anchored
at their desired port. Mr. Wesley made no remark
on the sudden change of the wind, "so fully," says
Dr. Clarke, "did he expect to be heard, that he
took it for granted he was heard. Such answers to
prayer he was in the habit of receiving, and there-
fore to him the occurrence was not strange."
EBENEZERS.  

He who hath "gathered the wind in his fists" (Prov. xxx. 4), and who rules the raging of the sea, bends low to hear his children cry, and deigns to hear their prayer. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness; and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

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DELIVERANCE FROM SHIPWRECK.

"A few days after we had left the island," writes Mr. Ellis, on his voyage from Madagascar, "we experienced a severe gale, and as high a sea as I remember ever to have witnessed. Two days after, January 21, 1857, I heard the cry, 'A wreck! a wreck!' and hastening to the poop, saw on the larboard bow a small flag or signal of blue cloth, distinct among the tops of the waves, and about two miles off. In a few minutes more I discerned a sort of raft with two figures, a white man and a man of color, sitting upon it up to the waist in the sea. The flag of The England had been hoisted—symbol of help and deliverance—to signal to the castaways that they were seen, and the ship's course was altered. Meanwhile one of the boats was lowered, and, manned by five stout, willing hands, was pushed off towards the raft. While the oars rattled with each stroke, and the light boat seemed to spring over the waves, with our tall, stout second officer, Mr. Peters, standing with the steer oar in the stern, every eye on board was stretched toward the same point: the sailors leaning over the forecastle and"
forrigging; the officers and passengers straining over the bulwark of the poop; ladies, with their children—all gazing with the most intense interest as our boat approached the raft. No one moved; not a word was uttered; even breathing seemed difficult; but when the first man, and then the second—stiff, benumbed, and swollen with the water—had been safely lifted into the boat, the pent-up feeling found utterance in the almost simultaneous exclamation, 'They are saved!' which was heard from stem to stern along the side of our ship. Some persons near me wept, others seemed ready to faint under the emotions of sympathy and joy. Our boat was soon alongside, and swollen, bruised, and bleeding, the men were helped over the ship's side into the cabin.

'Not wishing to add to the pressing crowd, I remained on deck. A few minutes afterwards I heard the captain call, 'Mr. Ellis! here is a Sandwich Islander; come and speak to him.' I went into the cabin, where the two men were sitting on the deck. The white man was the captain of a ship which had been upset in the violent gale two days before, when every one on board, twenty-two in number, except the two just rescued, had perished. The islander, a young man, was one of the crew; and having made no answer to the questions addressed to him by our humane captain, I had been called down. The man was sitting on the deck, his head bent down, and his long, black, and dripping hair hanging over his eyes and down his face. Looking at him I said,
Aroha, ehoaino, aroha—‘salutation, dear friend, affection.’ The man lifted up his head, swept with his hand his long black hair to one side of his forehead, and, looking earnestly at me, like one to whom consciousness was but just returning, and startled by the sound of his native language, returned the salutation. In answer to a few inquiries, he told me that he was a native of Oahu, the island on which I had at one time resided. He said he was up aloft, furling sail, when the ship suddenly went over, and all in an instant were plunged into the deep; he also said that there were other islanders on board, but they soon sunk.

The doctor of our ship then gave the men a little suitable refreshment, and they were wrapped in flannels, and put to bed. Captain Dundas took the raft, a very fragile affair, and brought it to England, intending to deposit it in the Crystal Palace.” Let those who look at it after this, identify it with a remarkable answer to prayer. “The next day,” continues Mr. Ellis, “I went down to the berth where the Sandwich Islander was lying, and found him very much revived. After conversing with him about the wreck, and the loss of all his shipmates, I said, ‘God has very mercifully preserved you. You must remember his goodness and pray to him.’ He said, ‘I did pray to him in the night when I was in the sea; I did pray to God in the morning when I saw the captain; I prayed that we might be saved. And God sent away death, and sent your ship, and we are here.’ I said, ‘I am glad you
prayed to God. You must be thankful to God, and
serve him, and love him. You must try to praise
God in your future life.' I then repeated the first
two lines of a hymn—among the first ever composed
in the language of the Sandwich Islands, when I was
a missionary in that country. The lines are these:

_Ile Aqua homolele_
_Ke Aqua no Kakou._

'A God of perfection' (or goodness) 'is our God.'

"The man’s countenance brightened as I repeated
these lines, and as soon as I had ceased he took up
the strain where I had left off, repeating the two
concluding lines and the remaining verses with evi-
dent satisfaction. I said, 'Where did you learn that
hymn?' He replied, 'In the school of the mission-
aries at Oahu.' That was the island on which I had
resided. I then said, 'I wrote that hymn many
years ago, when I lived in the Sandwich Islands.'
He looked at me with still greater astonishment, and
said, 'Who are you?' I said, 'I am Mika Eliki
(the native pronunciation of my name), and I was a
missionary at Oahu, with Mr. Bingham, Mr. Thur-
ston, and others.' He seemed surprised and pleased;
said he knew the missionaries that were now at the
islands; and that his brother was now a native
teacher at the Sandwich Islands, and his sister a
Christian.

"The ship from which these two men were saved
was the Henry Crappo, from Dartmouth, Massachu-
setts, a whaler, full, and homeward bound. Many
particulars of their peril were afterwards related to
us by the captain. While drifting on the raft they had been pursued by two sharks. One attempted to seize them, but by drawing up their legs from the water as well as they were able, and chopping at their assailant with a small hatchet found in the fragment of the boat of which their raft was constructed, they succeeded in driving him away. They had been two days and two nights in the sea, and the only refreshment they had had was a small lime or lemon which the captain found in his pocket, and cutting it in half divided with his companion, and a piece of pumpkin from their own ship, which floated past on the following day.” But from such danger as this the Lord was pleased to deliver them in answer to the prayer of the poor Sandwich Islander.

THE POISONED CHILD SAVED.

A mother of my acquaintance had a child taken alarmingly ill. She sent for the physician. The child was in convulsions. The doctor began at once vigorously to apply the customary remedies—cold water to the head, warm applications to the feet, chafing of the hands and limbs. All was in vain. The body lost nothing of its dreadful rigidity. Death seemed close at hand, and absolutely inevitable. At length he left the child, and sat down by the window, looking out. He seemed to the agonized mother to have abandoned her darling. For herself she could do nothing but pray. And even her prayer was but an inarticulate and unvoiced cry for help.
Suddenly the physician started from his seat. "Send and see if there be any jimson weed in the yard," he cried. His order was obeyed; the poisonous weed was found. The remedies were instantly changed. Enough of the seeds of this deadly weed were brought away by the medicine to have killed a man. The physician subsequently said, he thought that in that five minutes every kindred case he had ever known in a quarter-century's practice passed before his mind. Among them was the one case which suggested the real, but before hidden, cause of the protracted and dreadful convulsions. And the child was saved.

Now, is there anything inconsistent or unphilosophical in the belief that at that critical moment a loving God, answering the mother's helpless cry, flashed on the mind of the physician the thought that saved the child? Is it any objection to that faith to say, the age of miracles is past? If the mother may call in a second physician, to suggest the cause and the cure, may she not call on God? What the doctor can do for a fellow-practitioner, cannot the Great Physician do? Is the Almighty more hampered and hindered than his creatures, in his working?

In brief, it is not necessary to believe that God sets aside the laws of nature in answer to prayer; it is enough to believe that he may and does use them in a vastly higher sphere, with an infinite knowledge and power, and with results that run far beyond our power to produce, or even fully comprehend.
EBENEZERS. 163

A TRUE SHARK STORY.

It may not be generally known, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, that in that playful marine acrobat, the porpoise, the shark possesses an implacable enemy that will permit no intrusion on its feeding grounds. The writer first learned this fact from two old and experienced fishermen when out on a fishing excursion, one lovely August day, off Swan Beach, New Jersey. It came out in the course of a story, which is here given as it was told in the boat.

The fishermen were serious and quiet men, watchful and ready; and I noticed that they not only used no profane expressions themselves, but appeared to be annoyed and distressed at the occasional strong expletives that escaped me under the exasperating excitement of losing a fine fish from the hook after hauling it to the surface. Somewhat surprised at demeanor I had not been accustomed to in “toilers of the sea,” I asked them at last if anything was the matter. They replied, very respectfully, that being religious men and members of the Methodist church, they felt pained by everything approaching the sin of profanity; and that if I would listen, they would tell me the story of their remarkable deliverance from death, which resulted in their conversion. It was as follows:

“Some ten years ago we were hard drinkers, swearers, wild surfmen and fishermen. We never entered a church, and cared neither for God nor devil.
On a fine Sunday morning in August, 1867, we started at daylight for this very reef of rocks. With plenty of bait, we looked for four or five hundred-weight of sea-bass, flounders, and blackfish. At first we pulled them up as fast as our lines touched bottom; then we had not a single bite. Surprised, we looked up and around, preparatory to changing our ground. To our astonishment the water was alive with sharks. We commenced pulling up our anchor, when a savage fish rushed to the bow of the boat and bit the rope in two. Then we hoisted sail, but the moment we put the steering oar into the water, several sharks began biting it into pieces. So we were compelled to take in sail, and drift. We were in the midst of a school of sharks two miles long and half a mile broad. They were of all sizes, from six feet long to twelve or fourteen. They swarmed around our boat, and dashed it one third full of water with their tails. We had to bail, one with his hat, and the other with the bait pail. Every moment some big fellow would put his nose almost on our gunwale, while his yellow tiger eye glared ferociously at our pale faces. One shark dashed at the boat and seized one of the side planks, and almost shook us out of our seats. Fortunately his teeth broke off, and away he went with a bleeding jaw. In a moment he was torn into pieces, and devoured. Then the school returned to us again.

We were in despair, and never expected to see shore again. We could not sail, we could not row, and were drifting out to sea. Finally, Charley said:
EBENEZERS.

‘Bill, we are in an awful muss. Let us see if God will help us.’ We knelt down, and I prayed for help, confessed our sins, and promised amendment and repentance. We had hardly finished before we saw a great school of porpoises. They hurled themselves out of water, jumping twenty feet at a bound. Soon we were in the midst of them. The sharks started out to sea, but the porpoises were too quick for them. They bit and tore the sharks fearfully. Sometimes three porpoises would have hold of one shark. Then they jumped out of the water and fell heavily on these tigers of the ocean. The fight continued for miles, and we were saved. We rowed safely to shore, and became professors of religion; gave up swearing, drinking, and all vices. We have respect for porpoises, and believe if they were not so plentiful, the New Jersey shore would swarm with sharks, and then good-by to fishing and bathing.’

THOMAS CHALKLEY’S DELIVERANCES.

Thomas Chalkley, a well-known minister among the Friends, was born in Southwark, England, in 1675, and, as he writes, was “descended of honest and religious parents, who were very careful of me, and brought me up in the fear of the Lord; and oftentimes counseled me to sobriety, and reproved me for wantonness; and that light spirit which is incident to youth, they were careful to nip in the bud; so that I have cause to bless God, through Christ, on behalf of my parents.”
About the twentieth year of his age he was pressed and carried on board of a vessel belonging to a man-of-war. In his journal he says: "I was put down into the hold in the dark, not having anything to lie upon but casks; and what made it worse to me, I was among the wicked, debauched men; and as we were shut up in darkness, so was their conversation dark and hellish. In the morning, for which I longed more than the watchmen, the lieutenant called us up on the deck and examined us, whether we were willing to serve the king? He called me to him, and asked me if I was willing to serve his majesty. I answered, that I was willing to serve him in my business, and according to my conscience, but as for fighting, Christ had forbidden it in his excellent sermon on the mount; and for that excellent reason I could not bear arms, or be instrumental to destroy or kill men. Then the lieutenant looked on me and on the people, and said, 'Gentlemen, what shall we do with this fellow? he swears he will not fight.' The commander of the vessel made answer, 'No, no; he will neither swear nor fight,' upon which they turned me upon shore. I was thankful that I was delivered out of their hands; and my tender parents were glad to see me again."

Having removed to America, and traveling much as a minister of the gospel, in 1707, he left Philadelphia on board a sloop bound for Barbadoes, to visit Friends in the West Indies, and some parts of Europe. In his journal he says: "After a few days' sailing down the Delaware, we put to sea, and in
about a month's time we came in sight of Barbadoes, when we met with a privateer, which chased and had liked to have taken us, but the good providence of God preserved us out of the hands of those enemies; forever blessed be his name! In this chase the seamen were uneasy, and belched out wicked oaths, and cursed the Quakers, wishing all their vessels might be taken by the enemy, because they did not carry guns with them; at which evil conduct I was grieved, and thus expostulated with them: 'Do you know the worth of a man's life? guns being made on purpose to destroy men's lives. Were this ship and cargo mine, so far as I know my heart, I do ingenuously declare, I would rather lose it all than that one of you should lose his life;' for I certainly knew they were unfit to die."

After visiting several islands, he left Antigua, on board a packet bound for Jamaica, and thence for England. He says: "On our way to Jamaica, we saw a small privateer that gave us chase, and it being calm, she rowed up to us. The master prepared his vessel to fight, hoisting up the mainsail and putting out our colors. In the interim some were bold and some were sorrowful. One came to me and asked what I thought of it; and the Quaker principle now. I told him I thought I was as willing to go to heaven as himself; to which he said nothing and turned away from me. Another asked me what I would do now. I told him I would pray that they might be made fit to die. In the midst of their noise and hurry, I begged in secret of the Almighty, in
the name and for the sake of his dear Son, that he would be pleased to cause a fresh gale of wind to spring up, that we might be delivered from the enemy without shedding blood, well knowing that few of them were fit to die. While I was thus concerned, the Lord answered my desire, for in a few moments the wind sprung up, and we soon left them out of sight, our vessel sailing extraordinarily well, and the next day we got to Jamaica."

After staying ten days in Jamaica, they sailed for England and, continues the journal, "We got readily through the windward passage; and several times after we left Jamaica, we were chased by ships, but they could not come up with us. One ship of twenty-eight guns gave us chase after a great storm, and was almost up with us before we could make sail. They being eager for their prey, sent their hands aloft to let their reefs out of the top-sails, in order to make more speed, and came running toward us, and gained much upon us. We feared to make sail by reason of the storm; and the sea running very high, and our masts being in danger, we were sometimes in doubt whether we should escape or not; but while we were in this consternation, down came the French ship's three topmasts at once, so we escaped and left her, and went rejoicing on our way that we were thus delivered. This was one of the great and remarkable deliverances among many I met with, by the good hand and providence of the Lord, my great and good Master, whom I hope to serve all my days.

"After having been at sea about six weeks, we
began to look out for land, and in two or three days we sounded, and found ground at about ninety fathoms; after which we saw two French privateers, who gave us chase, and pursued us vigorously; but sailing better than they, we ran them out of sight, and in about two hours after saw the land of Ireland. It being misty weather, with rain and wind, our master thought it best to lay by and forbear sailing, that coast being rocky and dangerous, by which means the two ships that gave us chase came up with us, and found us not in sailing order, and were within gunshot of us before we were aware of it. What to do now we could not tell, and they began to fire at us; but in this emergency and strait, our master resolved he would rather run the vessel on shore than they should have her, she being richly laden with indigo, silver, and gold, reckoned to the value of fifty thousand dollars. In this strait we must either fall into the hands of the French, who were our enemies, or run among the rocks; and we thought it best to fall into the hands of the Almighty, and trust to his providence; so toward the rocks we went, which had a terrible aspect. The native Irish seeing us, came down in great numbers, and ran on the rocks, and called to us, saying that if we came any nearer we should be dashed in pieces. Our master ordered the anchor to be let go, which brought the ship up before she struck; and with much ado, he put his boat out into the sea, and put in all the passengers in order to set them on shore, the waves running very high, so that it looked as if every wave
would have swallowed us up; and it was a great favor of Providence that we got to land in safety. The privateers not daring to come so near the shore, after firing at us went away, and our master carried the ship into the harbor of Kinsale, in Ireland. Thus, through many perils and dangers we were preserved, and got safely on the Irish shore, for which, and all the other mercies and favors of the Most High, my soul and spirit did give God glory and praise. In this voyage we were about seven weeks at sea.”

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DELIBERANCES IN EXTREMITIES.

“In the number of providential interpositions in answer to prayer,” says Le Clerc, “may be seen what happened on the coast of Holland in the year 1672. The Dutch expected an attack from their enemies by sea, and public prayers were ordered for their deliverance. It came to pass, that when their enemies waited only for the tide, in order to land, the tide was retarded, contrary to its usual course, for twelve hours, so their enemies were obliged to defer the attempt to another opportunity; which they never found, because a storm arose afterwards, and drove them from the coast.”

It is well known that many of the good men, who were driven from England to America by persecution, in the seventeenth century, had to endure great privations. In the spring of 1623, they planted more corn than ever before; but by the time they had done planting, their food was spent. They
EBENEZERS.

171
daily prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread;" and, in some way or other, the prayer was always answered. With a single boat and a net, they caught some fish, and, when these failed, they dug in the sand for shell-fish. In the month of June, their hopes of a harvest were nearly blasted by a drought, which withered up their corn, and made the grass look like hay. All expected to perish with hunger.

In their distress, the pilgrims set apart a day of humiliation and prayer, and continued their worship for eight or nine hours. God heard their prayers, and answered them in a way which excited universal admiration. Although the morning of that day was clear, and the weather very hot and dry during the whole forenoon, yet before night, it began to rain, and gentle showers continued to fall for many days, so that the ground became thoroughly soaked, and the drooping corn revived.

It is well known that in the year 1686, the Duke of Savoy was prevailed on by Louis XIV., to repel the Waldensian Christians from their native valleys. In 1689, eight or nine hundred of these persons, through great difficulties, returned. Dr. Calamy, in his "Life and Times," relates that Dr. Arnauld, their minister and leader, told him that when they had nearly reached their homes, pursued by a number of enemies, they were in great danger of dying from want of provisions. Such, however, was the kindness of God to them, that a sudden thaw removed, in one night, a mass of snow from the
fields, where they discovered a considerable quantity of wheat, standing in the earth, ready for the sickle, that had been covered with snow, and which now was unexpectedly exposed. On this grain they lived, until other sources supplied them with food.

God's hand still guides his trusting saints;
God's ear still hears their sad complaints;
His shadowing wings will us defend,
His arm uphold us to the end.
And in his steadfast promise we
Repose, from care and danger free.

RAISING FUNDS BY PRAYER.

In the life of Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick, is an anecdote which illustrates an almost forgotten method of obtaining funds to carry forward religious enterprises.

In giving some account of the early embarrassments of the theological seminary at Hamilton, New York, now the Madison University, the writer says: "The meetings of the Board, particularly in the early history of the seminary, often presented scenes of deep and moving interest. They were not so much seasons for the dry discussion of business, as of prayer, inasmuch as from their great extremity they were driven to ask counsel of God, and implore deliverance from embarrassment through his interposition. At one meeting of the Board, which probably occurred in 1826, most of the time was spent in prayer and strong crying to God for direction. The Board felt the need of a suitable
Edifice to accommodate the growing school, and besides, it was in a great measure destitute of funds to aid those whom they received as beneficiaries. At the meeting now referred to, the only vote passed, was one appointing a day of fasting and prayer, some weeks from that session. It was a dark hour, but just the darkness that precedes the cheerful light of day, for those prayers were taking effect. They disturbed the sleep of Mr. Nicholas Brown, of Providence, Rhode Island, and he dreamed nightly about Hamilton. And so he came to his pastor, Dr. Gano, and said, 'They are in trouble at Hamilton, I think; for I can't sleep nights; my dreams about them disturb me. Do you know their condition?' Upon being told that he was ignorant of their exact condition, Mr. Brown said, 'You must go and see;' and upon this Dr. Gano made the journey to Hamilton, at Mr. Brown's expense; and finding out their great distress, and reporting it to Mr. Brown, he at once sent them one thousand dollars, which relieved their perplexity."

Thus much for Hamilton. Would to God that those who have charge of some of the benevolent enterprises of the day, and whose importunate beggary often turns the gifts of the godly away from the causes which they so misrepresent, would adopt this plan of solicitation, and having first dealt out their own hoarded thousands to carry forward the work which they profess to love, would spread their actual wants before the Lord; and instead of depending upon the few small gifts which they may obtain
by exciting appeals to excitable people in some public gathering, would trust in Him who can disturb the slumbers of monarchs and rich men, and lay on their hearts such care for his cause and his work that they will find it a relief and a joy to give their thousands to promote the work of God and supply the needs of his people.

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PRAYER WITHOUT SUBMISSION.

Christians sometimes seem to forget that true prayer should always be in submission to the will of God.

Not many years since, an excellent deacon in Berkshire county, Mass., was taken sick, and seemed near to death. His brethren met for prayer in the place where they had so often met with him, and prayed for his recovery. The request was repeated with such importunity, that some who were present felt the persistence was somewhat untimely, as the sufferer was infirm with age, and ripe for his change. He recovered, but he was so shattered in mind and body that his living gave him more pain than his death would have done. He lived for some years in this condition, a helpless burden to his family.

Another case, even more impressive, occurred in a neighboring town. A boy, six years old, was taken sick. He was a bright child, and his parents had reason to cherish high hopes for his future. All that could be done to save the life of the child, was done, but in vain. He died. The body was
wrapped in raiment for the grave, and laid in a darkened room, but not alone. The stricken mother remained by the side of the helpless body. All night her sobs were heard, and her prayer was still the same: "Give me back my boy."

When morning broke on the night of grief, the mother was still watching the pale face, when she saw a tremor of a muscle, and soon the child was again alive, and in his mother's arms.

We do not know that this was death, but we know that the mother's prayer was heard, and that her child was restored from the verge of the grave; but, alas! he was bereft of speech and reason.

Years have passed. The mother has gone to her rest. The boy is in the school for idiots, in Boston.

When we are afflicted, it is our privilege to pray, "Let this cup pass from me;" but we should never fail to add, with equal fervor, "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine, be done."

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A WAGON LOAD OF FOOD.

A young minister and his wife were sent to their first charge in Vermont, about the year 1846. On the circuit were few members, and most of these were in poor circumstances. After a few months, the minister and his wife found themselves getting short of provisions. Finally, their last food had been cooked, and where to look for a new supply, was a serious question which demanded immediate attention.
The morning meal was eaten, not without anxious feelings; but this young servant of the Most High had laid his all upon the altar, and his wife also possessed much of the spirit of self-sacrifice; and they could not think the Saviour, who had said to those he had called and sent out to preach in his name: "Lo, I am with you alway," would desert them among strangers. After uniting in family prayer, he sought a sanctuary in an old barn, and there committed their case to God;—his wife met her Saviour in her closet, and poured out her heart before him there.

That morning, a young married farmer, a mile or two away, was going, with a number of hands, to his mowing-field. But, as he afterwards told the minister, he was obliged to stop short. He told his hired help to go on, but he must go back—he must go and carry provisions to the minister's house. He returned to the house, and telling his wife how he felt, asked her help in putting up the things he must carry. He harnessed his horse into his wagon, and then put up a bushel of potatoes, some meat, flour, sugar, butter, etc. He was not a professor of religion. The minister's wife told me there was a good wagon-load. He drove it to the house, and found that his gifts were most thankfully received. This account I received from the minister himself, —David Patten, who died in Chelsea, Mass., in December, 1875,—and subsequently from his wife. He commenced his labors in the region where I reside.
THE PRAYING SOLDIER.

During the rebellion in Ireland, a private soldier, in the army of Lord Cornwallis, was daily observed to be absent from his quarters, and from the company of his fellow-soldiers; he was therefore suspected of withdrawing himself to hold intercourse with the rebels; and on this suspicion, probably increased by the malice of his wicked comrades, he was tried by court-martial, and condemned to die.

The marquis, hearing of this case, wished to examine the minutes of the trial; and not being satisfied, sent for the man to converse with him. Upon being interrogated, the prisoner solemnly disavowed every treasonable practice or intention, declared his sincere attachment to his sovereign, and his readiness to live and die in his service. He affirmed that the real cause of his absence was, that he might obtain a place of retirement for the purpose of private prayer, for which his lordship knew that he had no opportunity among his profane comrades, who had become his enemies merely on account of his profession of religion. He said he had made this defense on the trial, but the officers thought it so improbable, that they paid no attention to it.

The marquis, in order to satisfy himself as to the truth of his defense, observed, that if so, he must have acquired some considerable aptness in this exercise. The poor man replied, that as to the ability he had nothing to boast of. The marquis then insisted on his kneeling down and praying aloud before him;
which he did, and poured forth his soul before his
God with such copiousness, fluency, and ardor, that
the marquis took him by the hand, and said he was
satisfied that no man could pray in that manner who
did not live in the habit of intercourse with his God.
He then not only revoked the sentence, but received
him into his peculiar favor, and placed him among
his personal attendants, in the way to promotion.

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER.

In the winter of 1855, in the state of Iowa, the
snow fell early in November to the depth of two
feet. The storm was such that neither man nor beast
could move against it. In a log cabin, six miles
from her nearest relative, lived a widow with five
children, ranging in age from one to eleven years.
The supply of food and fuel was but scant when the
snow began falling; and day after day, the small
stores melted away, until the fourth evening, the last
provisions were cooked for supper, and barely fuel
enough to last one day more.

That night, as was her custom, the little ones were
called around her knee to hear the Scripture lesson
read before commending them to the heavenly Father's
care. Then bowing in prayer, she pleaded as only
those in like condition could plead, that help from
God might be sent.

While wrestling with God in prayer, the Spirit
took the words of the Psalmist, and impressed them
on her heart: "I have been young and now am old,
yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

And again, these words came as if spoken audibly: "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Faith took God at his word, and with an assurance that help would come, she praised God who heareth prayer, and retired to rest without a care or fear for the morrow.

When again the morning broke, that mother arose, kindled her fire, and put on the kettle, as she had done on other days, before the food was all gone. Just as the sun arose, a man in a sleigh drove up to the house, and hastening in, he inquired how they were getting along. Her heart at first was too full for utterance, but in a short time he was told something of their destitution and of her cry to God for help.

He replied, "Last night about nine o'clock, wife and I were both impressed that you were in need. Spending almost a sleepless night, I hastened at early dawn, to come and inquire about the case." Then, returning to his sleigh, he carried into the house breadstuff, meat, and groceries; so that mother had abundance to prepare a breakfast for the little ones who had eaten the last bread the night before.

And as if to make the case above mentioned a special providence, without a doubt remaining, the individual who was thus impressed, and that at the very hour that mother was crying to God, was a stranger to the circumstances and surroundings of
this family. Indeed, he had never been in that house before, or ever had showed any interest in the person referred to; but he ever afterward proved a friend indeed.

Now, after years have rolled round, and these children are all married and settled in homes of their own, that mother's heart is still strengthened to bear hardships, and trust in God, by the recollections of that hour when faith in God was so tested, and yet was so triumphant.

Let skeptics ridicule the idea of a special providence, or lightly speak of prayer. One heart will ever believe God's ear, in mercy, is open to the cry of the feeblest of his children, when in distress the cry goes up, for help, to him.

The truth of this account is vouched for by the editor of the Christian Standard, it being written by the widow to whom it refers.

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**PRAYER AND TOBACCO RAISING.**

John Collingsworth was a member of the South Carolina conference. He is said to have been in some respects a remarkable man—pre-eminently a man of prayer. His faith, at times, seemed well nigh almighty. There is a story told of him which should not be allowed to sink into oblivion. On one occasion he was passing through Virginia, and seeing so much land given up to tobacco-growing, he became greatly stirred in spirit. In a sermon which he preached, after denouncing in unmeasured terms the
wickedness, he offered an earnest prayer to God, in which he besought him to convince the people of their great error in spending their time, means, and toil in the cultivation of so noxious a weed. He prayed the Lord to manifest his disapproval of their course by destroying the crops, then in a most flourishing state, if nothing else would convince them. During that same afternoon a violent hail-storm passed through that section of the country, blasting the prospects of the Virginians for a bountiful crop. The fields were literally torn up, and the tobacco utterly destroyed.

An old, ungodly planter, who had been a great sufferer, hearing of the Methodist preacher’s prayer, resolved to follow and chastise him for the evil done. Overtaking him, full of wrath he inquired, “Are you, sir, the Methodist preacher who prayed the Lord to destroy my crop of tobacco?” The preacher replied, “My name is Collingsworth; I preached yesterday in the neighborhood, and prayed the Lord to show his disapproval of raising tobacco.”

“Well, sir, you are just the man I am after. I am ruined for this season, and I have come to take my revenge on you, sir!” at the same time brandishing a frightful-looking wagon-whip, with which the whipping was to be done.

The minister commenced slowly to dismount, coolly addressing the planter as he did so: “Well, if I must be whipped for it, I suppose I must submit, but take care that, before you have done, I do not pray the Lord to overtake you with something worse than
overtook your crop." That thought had never entered
the planter's mind. Wishing to get as far away from
such a man's prayers as possible, he put spurs to his
horse, and galloped off with all possible speed.
Would that more such prayers might be offered in
these times for the destruction of the vile weed.

THE HUSHED TEMPEST.

The following circumstance is recorded by a min-
ister of our acquaintance, as a memorial of God's
care for the poor and needy who trust in him:—

It was about the year 1853, and near the middle
of a Canadian winter, we had a succession of snow-
falls, followed by high winds and severe cold. I
was getting ready to haul my winter's stock of wood,
for which I had to go two miles over a road running
north and south, entirely unprotected from the keen,
cold west winds that prevail the most of the time in
that part of Canada during the winter months.

The procuring of my winter's supply of wood was
no small task for me, for I had very little to do with,
and was unable to endure much fatigue, or bear the
severe cold. I had, however, succeeded in securing
the services of an excellent hand to chop, and help
me load, and had also engaged a horse of one neigh-
bor, and a horse and sled of another, and was ready
on Monday morning to commence my job. Monday
morning the roads were fair, the day promised well,
and my man was off at day-break to the woods to
have a load ready for me. There had been quite a
fall of snow during the night; not enough to do any harm if it only lay still, but should the wind rise, as it had after every snow-fall before, it would make it dreadful for me. Soon as possible I harnessed my team, and started. I had not gone a quarter of a mile before it became painfully evident that a repetition of our previous "blows" was impending. The sky was dark and stormy, the wind rose rapidly, and in every direction clouds of the newly-fallen snow were beginning to ride on the "wings of the wind," pouring over the fences, and filling the road full! My heart sunk within me. What could I do? At this rate, by next morning the roads would be impassable, and it was so cold! Besides, if I failed to go on now, it would be very difficult to get my borrowed team together again, and impossible to get my man again; and we could as well live without bread as without wood in a Canadian winter.

Every moment the wind increased. In deep distress, I looked upon the threatening elements, exclaiming over and over, "What shall I do?" I felt then that there was but one thing I could do, and that was just what poor, sinking Peter did; and with feelings, I imagine, something like his, I looked up to God, and cried out, "Oh, my God, this is more than I am able to bear. Lord, help me! The elements are subject to thee; thou holdest the winds in thy fist. If thou wilt speak the word, there will be a great calm. Oh, for Jesus' sake, and for the sake of my little helpless family, let this snow lie still and give me an opportunity of
accomplishing this necessary labor comfortably!" I do not think it was above fifteen minutes after I began to call upon the Lord before there was a visible change. The wind began to subside, the sky grew calm, and in less than half an hour all was still, and a more pleasant time for wood-hauling than I had that day, I never saw nor desire to see. Many others besides me enjoyed the benefit of that "sudden change" of weather, but to them it was only a "nice spell of weather," a "lucky thing;" while to me it was full of sweet and encouraging tokens of the "loving-kindness of the Lord." And now, after so many years, I feel impelled to give this imperfect narrative, to encourage others in the day of trouble to call upon the Lord; and also as a tribute of gratitude to Him who has never said "unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain."

SAMUEL HARRIS' LAWSUIT.

When Samuel Harris, of Virginia, began to preach, his soul was so absorbed in the work, that he neglected to attend to the duties of this life. Finding, upon a time, that it was absolutely necessary that he should provide more grain for his family than he had raised upon his own farm, he called upon a man who owed him a debt, and told him he would be glad to receive the money.

The man replied: "I have no money by me, and cannot oblige you."

Harris said: "I want the money to purchase wheat
for my family; and as you have raised a good crop of
wheat, I will take that of you instead of money, at a
current price."

The man answered: "I have other uses for my
wheat, and I cannot let you have it."

"How, then," said Harris, "do you intend to pay
me?"

"I never intend to pay you until you sue me,"
replied the debtor; "and therefore you may begin
your suit as soon as you please."

Mr. Harris left him, meditating. Said he to him-
self, "What shall I do? Must I leave preaching,
and attend to a vexatious lawsuit? Perhaps a thou-
sand souls may perish in the meantime, for want of
hearing of Jesus! No; I will not. Well, what will
you do for yourself? Why, this will I do; I will
sue him at the court of Heaven." Having resolved
what he would do, he turned aside into a wood, and
on his knees laid the matter before the Lord. Mr.
Harris felt such an evidence of divine favor,—he
felt, to use his own expressive language, that Jesus
would become bondsman for the man, and see that
he was paid if he went on preaching. Mr. Harris
rose from prayer, resolved to hold the man no
longer a debtor, since Jesus had assumed the pay-
ment. He therefore wrote a receipt in full of all
accounts against the man, and, dating it in the
woods, where he had prayed, signed it with his own
name. Going the next day by the man's house, on
his way to meeting, he gave the receipt to a servant,
directing him to give it to his master. On his
return from meeting, the man hailed him, and demanded what he meant by the receipt he had sent him in the morning.

Mr. Harris replied: "I mean just as I wrote."

"But you know, sir," answered the debtor, "I have never paid you."

"True," said Mr. Harris, "and I know you said that you never would unless I sued you. But, sir, I sued you at the court of Heaven, and Jesus entered bail for you, and has agreed to pay me; I have therefore given you a discharge."

"But I insist upon it," said the man, "matters shall not be left so."

"I am well satisfied," answered Harris. "Jesus will not fail me. I leave you to settle the account with him at another day. Farewell."

This operated so effectually on the man's conscience, that in a few days he discharged the debt.

If this method should be adopted, it might be found a much easier way of collecting debts, than to appeal to the glorious uncertainties of the law.

A FATHERLESS STUDENT.

A pious youth, studying with a view to the ministry, suddenly lost his father. All his resources were cut off. Unwilling to abandon his plans for the ministry, he presented his condition to the Lord, in fervent prayer, and besought the Lord to direct him. The impression came to his mind, "Apply to such a person," naming the person. He did not know this
EBENEZERS.

person only by name; but so strong was the impression, that he wrote that person, stating his circumstances and plans. That person wrote in reply, that he was much gratified to be able to help him, and would help him to any amount. Plainly this was the hand of Providence. His prayers were heard and answered. He is now, and has been for a number of years, a faithful and successful preacher of the gospel.

DEBTS PAID.

I desire to relate one of many incidents in my experience in answer to prayer. In September, 1871; my wife and myself were taken ill with fever, and brought near death's door. Our sickness lasted more than two months. We have a family of eight; and during our long illness, became involved in a debt of about one hundred and seventy-five dollars, for the support of the family, doctor's bill, and other expenses. On November 7, 1871, I wrote in my diary,—"I am resolved by the grace of God to live differently than I have, and will try to keep my body under, and overcome appetite; will try to show more love and patience at home and elsewhere, and endeavor to bear and hold up the cross of Christ before men, and to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil. The late sickness of myself and wife has involved me in debt about one hundred and seventy-five dollars. I have commenced to-day to ask the Lord to give me this sum between this and March 1, 1872, that I may be free from debt."
I continually brought the matter before the Lord in secret prayer. February 29th, I was absent from home, and told a friend I expected some money the next day; and though nearly the last day had expired, and no money had come, yet I still expected the Lord to send it.

I went home the first day of March; and before I got into the house, my youngest boy came running out, and said to me, "Some money for you at the express office!" On getting the money, I found it was one hundred and eighty dollars. I paid the debts, and heartily thanked the Lord for so signally answering my prayers. The money was left me by a deceased relative, and it came just in time.

THE WIDOW'S TREE.

Not many years ago a violent storm, with wind and thunder, spread devastation all through the valley of Yellow Creek, Georgia. For a mile in width, trees were uprooted, barns and fences were prostrated, and all the land was desolated.

Right in the center of the tornado stood a small cabin. Its sole occupants were an aged widow and her only son. The terrible wind struck a large tree in front of her humble dwelling, twisting and dashing it about. If it fell it would lay her home in ruins. Desolation, death itself, might follow. The storm howled and raged. The great trees fell in all directions. When it seemed her tree must also fall, and there was no remedy, she knelt in fervent
supplication to Him who gathereth the wind in his fists, that he would spare that tree. Her prayer was heard. A writer who soon after visited the spot and narrates this deliverance says: "The tree was spared, and strange as it may seem, it was the only one left within a considerable distance of the widow's cabin."

Do not tell me, O skeptic, that there is no presiding, ruling God in heaven, who hears the pleadings of his elect

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.

In ancient times, before an unbelieving world and a faithless church had voted God out of the creation which he made, and denied him all power or right to interfere with the affairs of daily life, his hand was acknowledged in the manifold judgments and deliverances which were wrought; and the visible instrumentalities, which produced those marked results, were acknowledged simply as agents appointed to work his righteous will. Thus beasts, birds, and insects; locusts, grasshoppers, canker-worms, and palmer-worms, were all recognized as under divine control, let loose for judgment upon the ungodliness and worldliness of a backslidden people, and removed in mercy whenever they turned in penitence and contrition to seek the Lord.

To this day the same devastating scourges sweep over the land. Fire and flame, flood and earthquake, plague and pestilence, swarms of noxious and destructive insects and creeping things, still execute
the curse of God against the sinful sons of men. But while his hand is stretched out, they will not hear; and while his rod falls upon them, they will not obey. And often those who profess to be his ministers,—instead of weeping between the porch and the altar, and praying that God would spare his people and save his heritage, and instead of teaching men to reverently acknowledge the hand that smites and chastens, and that binds up and heals,—busy themselves with denying divine providence, looking mainly at visible instrumentalities and natural laws, and leaving out of the account the working of that Almighty God who watches every sparrow, who numbers the hairs of our heads, and who controls the world, and all things that are therein.

Years ago, we were acquainted with a preacher of the gospel of the kingdom, George Needham, who, after years of service in feeble health, being somewhat disheartened by various obstacles which impeded his course, left New England for the far West, where he purchased a farm and sought in the sweat of his brow to earn his bread and support his family; laboring meanwhile in the gospel, as he had opportunity, till his death, which occurred several years later. The following letter from the son of this minister, a deacon in a Congregational church, now residing in Kansas, shows that God still hears prayer, still watches over his people, and controls all things on their behalf:—

"I once wrote you that I could give an instance of an answer to prayer, which fully satisfied me that
God does hear his children when they ask. I used to think that God did not turn aside for our trifling affairs; and even after I was a professed Christian, my faith was of the doubting kind. I have already destroyed four letters containing an account of this circumstance, for no other reason than that I am cowardly, nervous, and timid about making public mention of such things. Yet it weighs like lead on my conscience that I tell so little of my Father’s goodness to me. And now, when we are in a worse strait than ever, it comes home to my soul that my promise is unfulfilled; and so I will write the story again:

“Five years ago last fall, in 1866, those terrible plagues, the grasshoppers, came here and deposited their eggs. The next spring we sowed twenty acres of grain, the proceeds of which we designed should pay a note of about six hundred dollars, which fell due the next October. When the grain was six or eight inches high, the grasshopper eggs began to hatch, and in a few days, the blades of grain were black with young grasshoppers. Destruction seemed inevitable; and we knew if that grain was destroyed, we should be unable to pay the note when it came due.

“In this extremity I asked our heavenly Father to destroy those grasshoppers. This was just before retiring at night. The next morning, when I went to the field, there was a large flock of strange-looking birds, busily eating our persecutors. The birds passed rapidly over the field, those in the rear constantly flying over to the front, and in two or three
days there was hardly a grasshopper, worm, or bug, to be found on our farm. I do not know the name of the birds, never having seen any like them before, and but one or two since; neither could I hear of any other field where they had performed a similar service.

"Had the grain been threshed at the time the threshers promised, it would have just paid the note and the expense of threshing. As it was, we did very well with our crop. You are at liberty to do as you see fit with this account, and to use my name or not as you think will be most to the honor and glory of God. It has been a struggle with me to come to the last conclusion. I wish I could see you, and have your counsel and advice."

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AN ESCAPE BY PRAYER.

A Christian girl at service in Philadelphia lost her place by the removal of the family with whom she lived. In her vain search for work she spent all her means. Cold any weary, and sick at heart, she stood on the corner of the street, thinking what she should do, where she should go. Soon a girl whom she had known in a country town where they had both lived, came up and greeted her cordially. She told her of her troubles.

"I'm glad I met you," she answered, "for I have a good place and a comfortable room, and you can go home with me and stay all night, and I think to-morrow I can get you a place."
EBENEZERS.

The Christian girl accompanied her to an elegant mansion, and they passed through the brilliantly-lighted hall, up the broad stair-way, to a pleasant room. After she had been made comfortable, her friend excused herself and left her.

About half an hour afterward a young man entered the room, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. She soon realized that she was in a house of sin. She tried to explain the matter, telling him she had been entrapped. All her protestations seemed in vain. She was completely in his power, beyond the reach of human help. But just then, in her agony, she remembered Christ’s promise, “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,” so throwing herself upon her knees she began to call mightily on God to deliver her. The young man’s heart was touched.

“I believe your story now,” he said, “and for the sake of a praying mother, who is now at rest, I will release you, and see you safely out of this place.” She hurried on her things, and he escorted her to the door. She scarcely stopped to thank him, but bounded into the street, feeling so light and free that she ran several squares before she was conscious that she was running. She lifted up her eyes to heaven in gratitude, thanking God that, although every thing else was gone, virtue was left. And she could look up to the stars that begem the curtain of God’s inner tabernacle, with conscious innocence, and felt indeed rich.

She walked the streets till midnight; then, ques-
tioned by a police officer, told her story, and was taken to the station-house for shelter for the night. The next morning she providentially met an earnest Christian lady, whose sympathy was enlisted in her behalf, and who obtained employment for her. She proved to be an honorable, industrious, Christian servant, every way worthy of confidence.

If we could read the heavenly record, we would see linked with that benevolent lady's name, the name of this friendless, tempted girl; and in letters of living light the words of the Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, . . . ye have done it unto me." Matt. xxv.

But how many girls under similar temptations have fallen low and helplessly, because they had never learned to pray; and because no hands were reached out to them, but hands that drag down to the pit! What a privilege to stand on solid rock in Christ's stead, and reach out hands to those who are sinking amid the quicksands.

THE PRAYER IN THE WOODS.

A friend relates the following incident as received from the lips of a poor, afflicted, crippled orphan boy, whose own experience is a practical illustration of the words: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will gather me up." Ps. xxvii. 10, margin.

"Out of many instances of answered prayer I will tell the following one: In August, 1874, I wished to
go to Lowell, a distance of some thirty miles or more. I had no money, and did not know how to get there. I asked the station agent and the conductor, but each refused, saying it would not be consistent with their duty. Knowing of no human help, I left the depot and went into the woods some ways from the station, where I could be alone, and tell that Friend who is able to provide, and who is rich unto all that call upon him. I knelt down beside the stump of a tree and prayed, and told the Lord all about it, and asked him either to give me money, or provide some way that I could go where I desired. I felt that the Lord heard and answered me, and filled my soul with praise and joy. The language of my heart was, 'Bless the Lord.'

"As I turned and was going out of the woods, I heard a voice saying, 'Halloo.' As I had seen no one, and knew not that any human being was near, I was surprised at this greeting.

"'Halloo!' said the stranger, 'I never heard such a prayer in my life. Why did you go and pray?' I told him that I felt heavy, burdened, and I took the burden to the Lord. He said, 'I heard you pray—you want money, do you? The Lord has opened the way; here is five dollars. It is the best way to go to the Lord, and trust him to open the way. Go and use the money.'

"I thanked him, and I thanked the Lord, and went on my way rejoicing in him whose promise is, 'My God shall supply all your need,' and who himself had heard and answered my request. J. R."
There is certainly nothing remarkable in the fact that a Christian man, overhearing such a prayer, should minister to the needs of a fellow disciple; but what impulse led these two men to meet at just that time and place? Many a listener might have found in such a prayer a theme for mirth and scoffing; but in this instance the right man was in the right place, and the Lord's providence was manifest while his servant's want was supplied.

THE CARPENTER'S STORY.

Sitting at the breakfast table with Brother W——, at his home in a New Hampshire village, in July, 1879, he related a bit of his experience substantially as follows:

"In the year 1871 I bought this place, and gave my notes for $1,000, payable at the rate of $100 per year for ten years. In the spring of 1873, the man of whom I bought decided to move to the West, and desired to settle up and get the whole amount of his money. I was not obliged to pay him till the notes fell due, but as it would be a great accommodation to him to get the money, I engaged to pay it if possible.

"I accordingly sold a portion of the place for $400, disposed of some wood for $100, and then undertook to borrow the balance of the debt. I borrowed all I could get in the village, and still lacked $150. I went to about every man in the neighborhood that I thought had money, but I could not get a dollar
more. The time was getting short; the man wanted his money soon, and I did not know what to do about it.

"I went to the Lord in prayer, and asked him to show me the man who had the money to spare. Immediately, while my eyes were closed, I saw before me a man with whom I was well acquainted, but one whom I had no idea had any money to lend. I saw him with my mental vision just as clearly as I can see you sitting by my side.

"I thanked the Lord, and started off into the factory, went into the spinning room and found the man, and said to him:

"'Have you any money by you that you could let me have for a short time?'

"'How much do you want?' he inquired.

"'One hundred and fifty dollars.'

"'Yes, I can let you have a hundred and fifty dollars, or more if you like.'

"I borrowed $175 of him, paid the mortgage off in good time, and when, a few weeks later, I carried back $100 of the money, he refused to take any interest for it.

"The occurrence did me good, and strengthened my faith in the Lord who hears and answers prayer. I told the man that the Lord sent me to him to get the money."

Why should not such occurrences strengthen the faith of the Lord's trusting ones? True, such things may not be of every-day occurrence, for prayer and providence are not intended as substitutes for hard
work, economy, and common sense; but yet there are emergencies where, after all our powers are exerted, we need the wisdom of a mightier mind, the strength of a stronger hand. And then:

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer."

THE TURKISH CAPTIVE.

Among the many remarkable incidents recorded by Cotton Mather in his "History of New England," the following circumstances in the life of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, are worthy of remembrance.

There were many manifestations in Eliot's life of the gifts of foresight and prophecy. And as some persons of delicate constitution will forebode the changes of the weather, so Eliot often had strange forebodings of things that were to come. "I have been astonished," says Mather, "at some of his predictions, both of more personal, and of more general applications, and which were followed with exact accomplishments. If he said of any affair, 'I cannot bless it,' it was a worse omen than the most inauspicious pressages in the world. But sometimes, after he had been with God in prayer about a thing, I used to expect it to be successful, if he said,
EBENEZERS.

'I have set a mark upon it. It will do well."

"I shall never forget that when England and Holland were plunged into the unhappy war, which the more sensible Protestants everywhere had the most sorrowful apprehensions of, Eliot, being privately asked, in the height and heat of the war, what news we might look for next, answered, to the surprise of the inquirer, 'Our next news will be a peace between the two Protestant nations. God knows I have prayed for it every day; and I am verily persuaded we shall hear of it speedily.' And it came to pass accordingly.

"The numerous singular and surprising instances of answers to his prayers, were such that in our distresses we still repaired unto him, under that encouragement:—'He is a prophet, and he shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live.'

"I shall single out but one from the many that might be mentioned. There was a godly gentleman of Charlestown, one Mr. Foster, who went as senator, and was taken captive by Turkish enemies. Much prayer was employed, both publicly and privately, by the good people here, for the redemption of that gentleman; but we were at last informed that the bloody prince in whose dominion he was now a slave, was resolved that in his life-time no prisoner should be released; and so the distressed friends of this prisoner concluded every hope was lost.

"Well, upon this, Mr. Eliot, in one of his next prayers, before a very solemn congregation, very broadly begged, 'Heavenly Father, work for the
redemption of thy poor servant Foster; and if the prince which detains him will not, as they say, dismiss him as long as he himself lives, Lord, we pray thee to kill that cruel prince. Kill him, and glorify thyself upon him.' And now about the answer. The poor captive gentleman quickly returns to us, who had been mourning for him as a lost man, and brings us news that the prince that had hitherto held him had come to an untimely death, by which means he was now set at liberty."

A LESSON FOR HARD TIMES.

Some years ago, in a time of financial difficulty, a merchant in Philadelphia had a note of some six thousand dollars coming due, and the source on which he depended for the money failed him. He was in great distress of mind, and talked over the matter with his wife very despondently. She was a praying woman, and she said, "If there is any power in prayer, I will get that money for you."

He had little faith that a miracle would be wrought for his help, and it seemed as if anything short of that could not serve him. The time was very near, and no money had yet come. Sitting at his place of business, a man came in against whom he held a mortgage, which had yet two years to run. The man came in to ask if he was willing to take the money then, and allow him to take up the mortgage. Very thankfully he accepted the offer, and made the transfer. Still it was much short of the sum he
needed. Then the man said he had some money to invest, and asked if he had a good mortgage he would like to sell him. He had, and now the sum was considerably increased, though not yet enough to pay his note. As he walked towards his home, with spirits considerably lightened, he met another man against whom he held a mortgage which had yet three years to run. He, too, wished to pay it up now, and this made more than enough for his pressing needs.

This account was received from the merchant's own lips a few weeks ago, after a prayer-meeting service in which various answers to prayer were stated. He said he had frequently thought of writing it out for the encouragement of others, but had never done so.

Perhaps it may encourage other business men to look to the Lord for supplies when in similar straits. If such supplies do not come, it will be because he does not see it best.

SOMETHING GIVES WAY.

A Christian woman in a town in New York, desired to obtain a school-house for the purpose of starting a Sunday-school, but was positively refused by the skeptical trustee. Still she persevered, and entreated him again and again.

"I tell you, Aunt Polly; it is of no use. Once for all I say you cannot have the school-house for any such purpose."
"I think I am going to get it," said Aunt Polly.
"I should like to know how, if I do not give you the key."

"I think the Lord is going to unlock it."
"May be he will," said the infidel, "but I can tell you this, that he is not going to get the key from me."

"Well, I am going to pray over it, and I have found out from experience that when I keep on praying, something always gives way."

And the next time she came, the hard heart of the infidel gave way, and she received the key. More than this, when others opposed the school, he sustained her, and great good was done there for perishing souls.

There is nothing too hard for God; and if we only keep on praying, the bitterest opposers will be melted. God can bend and turn the hearts of men as easily as he can the water-courses which go winding through the valleys. Have we an enemy? Let us keep on praying until he is reconciled. Has religion an enemy in some fascinating leader of society, who is drawing our youth into every snare of worldly pleasure? Let us pray for that heart, that it may be turned to righteousness, and that God would throw a bar across its evil influence. We want to pray with the same faith of good Aunt Polly, and we shall soon learn by the same blessed experience, that if we keep on praying, "something always gives way." God may not answer us in just the way we have expected, but it will certainly be in a better way, because it is his way.
EBENEZERS.

WILLIAM BRAMWELL'S PRAYERS.

Mr. William Bramwell, who was born in Elswick, Lancashire, in 1759, and died at Leeds, Aug. 13, 1818, was widely known as a fervent-spirited, zealous, godly man, and was specially noted for his prayerfulness and spiritual discernment, his submission to divine guidance, and his acquaintance with the will of God.

It is related that one of his hearers once asked, "How is it that Mr. Bramwell always has something that is new to tell us when he preaches?"

"Why," said the person interrogated, "you see Brother Bramwell lives so near the gates of heaven that he hears a great many things that we don't get near enough to hear anything about."

A man who lived thus could not fail of heavenly help and blessing; and many are the instances on record where his prayers were most signalily answered.

A local preacher, Mr. Thomas Jackson, who was engaged in the manufacture of woolen cloth for a livelihood, relates the following incidents:—

"One Tuesday morning, as I was going to Leeds market, I called upon Mr. Bramwell at Birstal. Our trade was at that time in a state of great depression. I had many goods on hand in the cloth hall, and was not able during many weeks to dispose of a single piece. I related these circumstances to Mr. Bramwell. Feeling much for my situation, he said, 'Thomas, let us pray!' We knelt down together; and he prayed with such holy fervency, and such
expressions of confidence in God, as I shall not soon forget. He spoke in faith, as if it had been actually revealed to him that my help was at hand. I set off from his house, and pursued my journey to Leeds, endeavoring all the way to believe what the man of God had uttered in prayer. My faith gained strength by reflecting on the many gracious declarations which God has given in his word concerning his care for the bodies of his people, and his supply of their wants. I soon found him to be the God of providence, as well as of grace; for I had not been more than a quarter of an hour at my stand in the cloth hall, before a merchant, with whom I had never before traded, came up to me and purchased all the goods which I had on hand. This answer to prayer proved to me, at that period, a most seasonable relief, and has encouraged me ever since to confide in the provident goodness of my heavenly Father.

"I know several extraordinary instances of answers to Mr. Bramwell's prayers. Take the following: One day when he was at our house, a local preacher came in haste to request that he would instantly return with him and pray with a gentleman who was then extremely ill, and apparently in the article of death, yet altogether unprepared for such an awful change. I united my pressing solicitations with those of the messenger, to induce him to go; but, after all our reasoning and entreaties, we could not prevail. Seating himself in a thoughtful posture, he appeared for a short time to be in a state of mental abstraction. He then said, 'Let us pray!' and
kneeling down, he declared in all the confidence of faith, 'O Lord! we believe thou wilt save the gentleman about whom we have been talking.' The local preacher retired, and I own my surprise was great, when a few days afterwards I was told that the gentleman had very soon experienced the pardoning love of God, and had received a blessed assurance of favor divine."

Mr. Thomas Riley, who was a sergeant-major in the seventh dragoon guards, relates another instance of Mr. Bramwell's prevailing intercession as follows:—

"In the month of July, 1811, I was quartered in Sheffield; at which time our regiment was ordered for Spain, then the seat of a protracted and sanguinary war. My mind was painfully exercised with the thoughts of leaving my dear wife and four helpless children in a strange country, unprotected and unprovided for. Mr. Bramwell felt a very lively interest in our situation; and his sympathizing spirit seemed to drink into all the agonizing feelings of my tender wife upon the occasion. He supplicated the throne of grace day and night in our behalf. My wife and I spent the evening previous to our march, at a friend's house in company with Mr. Bramwell, who sat in a very pensive mood, and appeared to be engaged in a spiritual struggle all the time, until shortly after supper he suddenly pulled his hand out of his bosom, laid it on my knee, looked me in the face, and said, 'Brother Riley, mark what I am about to say; you are not to go to Spain. Remember, I tell you, you are not, for I have been wrestling with God on your behalf, and when my heavenly
Father condescends in mercy to bless me with power to lay hold on himself, I do not easily let him go; no, not until I am favored with an answer. Therefore, you may depend upon it, that the next time I hear from you, you will be settled in quarters.’

“This came to pass exactly as he said; for on our march the next day I was informed that the regiment was countermanded; and when we got to our quarters, at Chichester in Sussex, I wrote to him with a grateful heart, informing him that his prediction had received its accomplishment, as our regiment was not to go to Spain.

“The above is a simple statement of a fact which could still be attested by more than one witness, and is an additional proof of the active faith which he exercised in the promises of Jesus, who hath said, ‘All things are possible to him that believeth.’ ”

THE THREE ICEBERGS.

I once visited a Christian lady who has many times received convincing proof that God hears and answers prayer; and was much interested in hearing her relate the deliverances the Lord had wrought in her behalf, and the remarkable answers to prayer she had received from time to time.

She formerly resided in England; but her husband, hoping to improve the condition of his numerous family, came with some of the older children to this country, and after getting profitable employment, he sent for the mother and younger children. It seemed
a perilous undertaking for her to cross the ocean with several children. Naturally afraid of water, how could she venture, with little ones, to traverse the mighty deep, with no companion near on whom she could lean when sickness approached or danger threatened? But she knew in whom she believed, and she took her burden to the Lord in prayer. He heard her cry, and filled her heart with peace. She had no fear nor dread, but with perfect trust in Israel's God, she left her kindred and native land, bade farewell to all the associations of childhood,—to the dear Christian society with whom she had enjoyed sweet fellowship so long; to her aged pastor, who prayed earnestly that God would shield her from all harm and guide her safely over the rough sea,—and went on board the vessel as calmly and peacefully as she would have gone into her own room where she had slept securely for so many years.

Days passed. The shores of old England disappeared. Then her mind went forward to the land where her future home was to be,—a land of strangers, but her loved ones were there; and she could not be lonely if all her family were once more gathered about her. The old ship rode gallantly on the waves, and the voyage was passing very pleasantly, when one night she was awakened by a great tumult on deck. Cries of alarm mingled with shouts of the captain and crew. The passengers were running about and screaming in terror. All was confusion. This lady started from her berth, and was about to run on deck; but she stopped and looked around.
Her children were fast asleep,—what could she do? She said to herself, "God can take care of my children as well here as anywhere." So she knelt and committed them all into his care in earnest prayer, and then laid herself down and slept.

When she awoke, it was morning, bright and fair, and all was quiet. She arose, and after returning thanks, went on deck. As she stood by the side of the ship, looking out over the calm water, and meditating on the goodness and tender care of a loving Father, the captain came to her and said,

"Madam, were you not frightened last night? We had a very narrow escape."

"Did we? I heard a noise, and cries of alarm, but went to sleep again, and knew not the cause."

"Is it possible," said he, "that you went to sleep in that confusion?"

"Yes," she replied, "because I was in my Father's care;—but what was the trouble?"

Turning and pointing his finger over the water leeward, he said solemnly, "Look there!" She looked, and saw, towering upward like giants of evil, three huge icebergs!

He told her that when they were discovered, the vessel was between two of them, and the other was directly ahead, and all very near the ship. Destruction seemed inevitable. The stout hearts of the oldest sailors quailed. The captain thought their doom was sealed. Human skill and human strength seemed powerless now,—and yet they escaped.

What was it that so suddenly turned the iceberg
one way and the ship the other? What guided the vessel safely by, within a few inches of that mountain of ice?

Away down in the ship’s cabin, quiet and calm,—unseen and almost unknown,—was a child of God, who trusted in a Father’s protecting care. Who will say that the earnest prayer, uttered by that believing heart in time of peril, did not bring help from One who is mighty?

Prayer moves the arm that moves the universe! That arm can guide the ship when the helmsman’s skill is exercised in vain. God’s voice can still the storm when a poor child cries, “Lord, save, or I perish!” and he can roll back the sea, or stay the mighty rivers in their course, that his people may pass through dry-shod.

Oh! why do we fear to trust in a God who can help in every time of need? Little do we know how many humble, trusting hearts, hid away from the world, and claiming no honor or distinction among men, are bringing down blessings and mercies for suffering, fallen humanity, by fervent, effectual prayer!

Our friend learned another lesson of trust from that night’s experience, and went on her way rejoicing. She reached her journey’s end safely, and with a heart full of thankfulness could say with Isaiah, “Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation;” and with Solomon, “The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.”
TRUST IN GOD.

God of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me,
I have an Advocate with thee:
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

William Cowper, 17
EBENEZERS.

PRAYERS FOR HEALING.
"Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted: their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble; and he saveth them out of their distresses. He sent his word and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions." Ps. cvii. 17-20.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." James v. 15.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: . . . . . who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." Ps. ciii. 2-4.
EBENEZERS.

PRAYERS FOR HEALING.

DRESS—SWORDS.

During the civil war in America, writes Rev. C. A. Stork, in the Lutheran Observer, an officer in the army stopped at my house on his way to the front. Among other things, he showed me a new sword. I looked at it, admired its polish and setting, its graceful curve from hilt to point, its fine, flexible temper; but when I ran my finger along the edge, I found it was dull, almost without edge, and I said to him,—

"Why, your sword has no edge. How is this?"

"Oh! they never put an edge on that kind of sword," was his reply; "that is a dress-sword, and not intended to fight with."

I understood then that the swords of officers were only for show,—a badge of office, to be drawn on parade and flourished in giving commands. Of course, such swords did not need an edge. They would be only an inconvenience to their wearers, if too sharp.

That, thought I, is like the sword so many of us
carry. Every soldier in Christ's army has a sword—it is the power of prayer. But it is too often only a dress-sword. We should feel unfit for parade, unequipped for the march or the field without it; but we do not seriously expect to fight; so we have no edge to it. We pray morning and night in our closets; but they are smooth, languid generalities that we put up. We pray good, stout petitions in the social prayer-meeting; but often there is no edge to them. Some of us pray beautiful, fervent-sounding prayers in the pulpit; but we hardly expect that any enemy shall be slain by them. We should be almost surprised if they cut.

That is not the kind of prayer the apostle meant when he equipped his Christian warrior, and exhorted him to be "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." We want a prayer that has a cutting edge to it, fervent desire,—a prayer that has been forged and welded in the furnace of the heart's yearnings; that has been sharpened by faith, and is wielded by an importunate purpose. It may be very rough to look at, without polish, and with only a clumsy setting and hilt, "groanings which cannot be uttered;" but such a prayer cuts. There are some very humble privates in the King's army that carry such swords. They do not give them time to rust in the scabbard. They seldom carry them on parade; but they keep them sharp, and use them.

Perhaps one thing that keeps our swords dull is
the idea that prayer is too dignified to be used for small interests. It is good to pray for the salvation of a nation in peril; it is worth while to pray for a revival; but shall we importune God for a sick child, a little money difficulty, a troubled mind, the safe conduct of a journey? Sometimes we get our Christianity alloyed by a little paganism, and think that God must be called on only when a great occasion demands great powers.

But the man who does not use prayer fervently for common, daily needs, is not apt to pray prevailingly when the great need comes. In every church there are those who do believe that prayer was intended for every-day use. They pray for common things,—for things that do not create an enthusiasm in the throng. And they get answers that make us clasp our hands to our side, to find if we ourselves have such a weapon.

There was a poor crippled child in a family I visited, whom the doctors had given up as incurable. One day when I called I asked for the child. I was told it had gone out to walk.

"What, does it walk?" — "Oh, yes! very well."
"Since when?" — "Since Mr. Blank prayed for it."

This brought forth an explanation. A stranger, calling one day, had seen the child, inquired about it, and, pitying it, asked permission to pray for it. He had called regularly to make prayer for it for several weeks, in the mean time anointing it with oil, in literal pursuance of the directions given by the apostle. The child began to improve. Its
improvement continued steadily. It was a complete cure. Did not the prayer of that simple-hearted, pitiful, believing man, prevail?

At a union meeting of several churches in Baltimore, during the Week of Prayer, one of the pastors laid before the meeting the case of a Christian long afflicted with religious gloom, amounting almost to despair. Fervent prayer was made for him. Interested friends continued supplication. A few weeks after, the pastor announced that he had come out of his gloom; the long-borne burden had been rolled away. What had delivered him? Was it not the power of prayer?

There sat in one of our churches, in pews close by each other, two men who had long listened to the gospel unmoved: One was a moralist of irreproachable life; the other a man addicted to drink. Their pastor felt almost like giving them up. He was moved specially to pray for them. He whetted his sword and persisted in prayer. The answer came. First the moralist, who had always maintained that he was good enough as he was, confessed his folly. Soon he was serenely trusting in Christ, and wondering that he could ever have lived so long with his old morality. In a little time, the intemperate man was ready to give up his evil habits, and was received into the church. in their old seats, where they had so long sat unconvinced, they are seen every Sunday, rejoicing in God. Gray hairs are upon them, and, brought to Christ thus late in life, are they not a monument of persistent prayer?
EBENEZERS.

What we want, then, to give edge to our prayers, is a downright definiteness of purpose. At a ploughing match, one competitor's furrows were so clean-cut and straight, that the judges were curious to learn the secret of his skill. "I fixed my eye on one thing at the end," said he, "as I began my furrow, and never looked off, but drove right for that." We must have a fixed point, and drive for that. Peter had one definite thing in view when he prayed his prayer, "Lord, save me." The Syro-Phœnician woman wanted just one thing when she hung beseeching on the Saviour's track, till he turned with, "O woman! great is thy faith!" What do you need most of all? what do you want so that your heart is breaking for it? what do imagination and longing in your mind play about? what do your memory and hope go back to from every diversion? That is the thing that will give edge to your prayer. Every child of God may cherish some interest of Christ's broad work, lay hold of some soul, with longing that will not be denied.

But are not fervent prayers, prayers put up in faith, long persisted in, sometimes left unanswered? Yes; we see no answer. And so there is many a sword sharpened for battle, and wielded, too, that slays no one. God has his own ways of answering prayer; he chooses his own times. He gives or withholds, as, looking over the whole field, he sees to be good. Christ prayed a prayer three times in the garden of Gethsemane, and yet we are hardly certain that it was answered. But was Christ's
prayer for Peter of no avail? Paul thrice besought that his thorn might be removed; but it was not removed. Were Paul’s prayers for the churches fruitless? Many a grain of corn sown comes to nothing. But does the farmer therefore not sow in the spring? Many a bullet-shot in the battle hits no one. But would the captain advise a soldier to put up his musket because he hits only once out of fifty times?

It is not every one that can preach; but every one can pray. Few have great wealth to give; but all have prayers to offer. And a church is strong in proportion as there are multiplied in it men and women who pray *edged prayers*. Out with your sword, then, my brother, from its scabbard. See that its edge is true and keen, and lay on in the name of God.

“Pray, if thou canst, or canst not, speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus’ name.”

**POWER OF PRAYER.**

God hears and answers prayer. “More things,” as Tennyson so aptly expresses it, “are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.” Examples of answers to prayer, not only for spiritual, but also for physical, blessings, are numerous and most encouraging. Bishop Bowman, in a sermon published in the *Methodist*, has the following passages bearing on this subject:

Prayer is a question to be determined just like any
other question of fact; not as a question of science, but as a question of fact; and the history of the world is full of evidences that God does not only hear and answer prayer for spiritual, but physical, blessings. In the fall of 1858, while visiting Indiana, I was at an annual conference where Bishop Janes presided. We received a telegram that Bishop Simpson was dying. Said Bishop Janes, "Let us spend a few moments in earnest prayer for the recovery of Bishop Simpson." We kneeled to pray. William Taylor, the California street preacher and missionary, was called to pray, and such a prayer I have never heard since. The impression seized upon me irresistibly, Bishop Simpson will not die. I rose from my knees perfectly quiet. Said I, "Bishop Simpson will not die." "Why do you think so?" "Because I have had an irresistible impression made upon my mind during this prayer." Another said, "I have the same impression." We passed it along from bench to bench, until we found that a very large proportion of the conference had the same impression. I made a minute of the time of day, and when I next saw Simpson he was attending to his daily labor. I inquired of the bishop, "How did you recover from your sickness?" He replied, "I cannot tell." "What did your physician say?" "He said it was a miracle." I then said to the bishop, "Give me the time and circumstances under which the change occurred." He fixed upon the day; and the very hour, making allowance for the distance—a thousand miles away—that the preachers were engaged in prayer at this
conference, the physician left his room and said to his wife, "It is useless to do anything further; the bishop must die." In about an hour he returned and started back, inquiring, "What have you done?" "Nothing," was the reply. "He is recovering rapidly," said the physician; "a change has occurred in the disease within the last hour beyond anything I have ever seen; the crisis is past, and the bishop will recover." And he did.

Who shall tell me that God, who creates medicine to heal disease, and has given power and infinite variety to remedial influences, did not, by some secret power not made known to us, which perhaps never will be, touch the spring of life in Bishop Simpson's body? He does that through remedial agents again and again. The tendency of death is destroyed, and in many cases health is restored by simple remedies in the hands of physicians. Surely it is not unreasonable for us to suppose that the God who created all this power may have reserved a little that he can bring to bear occasionally under circumstances like these. Some years ago (and I have this incident from the mouth of a wicked man), a camp-meeting was held in Southern Indiana. It rained nearly all the time of the meeting. Father Haven, a man mighty in prayer, rose to preach. Just as he announced his text it thundered, and the congregation seemed to be restless and alarmed. The old hero instantly said, "Let us engage a moment in prayer." He prayed that God would allow the storm to pass by and not disturb them.
After having plead for a few moments he said, "Friends, keep your seats; it will not rain one drop here to-day." He commenced to preach, and it thundered again. He repeated his assurance, and thus it continued until the storm-cloud was almost over the encampment. It divided north and south, and passed about a quarter of a mile on either side of them, reunited again and passed on, and not one solitary drop of rain fell on that encampment. You may tell me that might have been; perhaps such a thing has occurred in the history of the world, but how did it happen that this man of God should have this positive assurance that God had heard and answered, and that the result would be as it was? The God who made the heavens and the earth surely can control the stormy tempest by some secret power that philosophy has not yet discovered. I ask the scientist, "How do tornadoes come over the land?" "By some secret power that we have not discovered," would be the reply. There may be a thousand other secret powers reserved in the universe, controlled by the Almighty, which could be brought to bear by law, just as much as in the other case. Do not tell me that God does not hear prayer. I stand here to-night as an evidence in my own character and history of the fact that God hears and answers prayer when it requires an influence and a power above the power of nature to bring about the result. In my conversion God heard my prayer, and a result was achieved that could not by any possibility have been achieved by any ordinary natural power—a power
that revolutionized my whole character, redeeming, regenerating, and making me a new man.

I remember well a week afterward, when my besetting sin came back upon me—my fiery temper, and when in the hour of my distress I went to God in earnest, fervent prayer, pleading for the victory in this direction, how, after an hour’s fearful struggle, I arose from my knees with as clear a consciousness that victory was mine, as that the bright sun shone on me that blessed day; and from that day to this I have had that victory. This was gained, not by the exercise of my will, which I had put forth a thousand times and failed; not by any philosophy or skill that might have been brought about by years of experience and habit, but by the simple power of God in answer to prayer. I could occupy hours in relating incidents similar to those I have given, where God has demonstrated in the physical, intellectual, and moral world, that he has reserved to himself the right and the power to answer prayer.

May I ask young men and women to cast away their infidelity and skepticism? May I ask them to come to this great Almighty Power that is able, ready, and willing to answer prayers just now? Are you looking for full redemption in the blood of the Lamb? Look up; it is for you. Are you looking for pardon of sin, precious soul? Look up to God. Claim the blessing just now. God hears and answers prayer. “The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” May God teach us how to pray!
"WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE?"

"I's come, missis, to say good-bye to you afore you go Norf. 'Spec' I'll neber see you again in dis yare world. The doctor has given me up; he says he can do no more for me," said N—— M——, a sick freedman, to me, one June morning, in my piazza. As he spoke, he panted for breath, and had every appearance of a person in the last stages of consumption.

"But Jesus, the great Physician of soul and body, has not given you up; he has never said that he can do no more for you," I cheerfully replied.

"I's jes waiting for him to call me home; I's ready to go; I feels submissive; I wants the Lord's will to be done."

"And so do I want the Lord's will to be done; but I believe that it is his will that you should live and labor. Your wife and six children need you. All your neighbors need you. What will they do in cold weather without you to repair their poor cabins? I need you to build another school-house. I believe the Lord will build you up, and then you will come here and build us up."

"It will be a miracle, missis; my cough tears me day and night; my appetite has lef' me; the night sweats worry me a heap. When I tries to walk, I stagger from pure weakness."

"That is true; but the Lord works greater miracles all the time, than it would be to cure you. Faith, too, is a miracle-worker. Did not Jesus say
to those he healed, 'Thy faith hath saved thee'? 'All things are possible to him that believeth.'"

On hearing this, I saw his face lighted up with hope. After giving the poor panting sufferer some refreshments, I read to him from the Word, of Hezekiah's recovery, in answer to prayer; then turning to the Gospels, read to him how Jesus healed the sick who came to him. Pausing a moment, he said to me, "I's got a new hope in my heart, missis."

I then read to him some pages from Dorothea Trudell, and he listened eagerly. Then, addressing him very directly, I said, "Wilt thou be made whole?" I assured him it was right that he should have a strong, positive will to recover, and tried to explain to him that there was no merit in lying passively down to die, in this world, where there is so much to be done, and so few to do it.

After praying with him, he left, saying, "I's got new light; I's got new joy in my heart. I's better a'ready. I'll pray the Lord to cure me, an' I hopes, ma'am, that he will." And I replied, "Only believe; according to thy faith, it shall be done unto thee. Never forget that Jesus now says to thee, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' and also, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'"

One month later, in Boston, I received a welcome letter from Miss K——, the excellent missionary who took charge of the Home in my absence, with this cheering news, "N—— M—— passes by every day to work at his trade in B——;" adding, "It is wonderful." And it was wonderful; for he had
done no work for five months, and his friends expected soon to see him totter into his grave. But then we have a Lord whose name is "Wonderful," and we may well look for wonderful things. This freedman has been at work ever since, and the last six months for me, in putting up a new schoolhouse.

And, better than all, he is a good man, a useful neighbor, and an exemplary Christian, whose religion is such a living, practical verity, that all take knowledge of him, that he has been with Jesus and learned of him. His example is a living epistle, known and read of all.

THE LUNATIC RESTORED.

The following account, published in the *Columbian Star*, was communicated by a friend, who received the information immediately from one of the brethren who attended the prayer-meeting.

The daughter of a very eminent Christian, and a deacon of the Baptist church at Birmingham, in England, married a respectable merchant of the city of Bristol, about one hundred miles distant; and at a subsequent period, such was the will of Providence, by one sudden and unexpected loss at sea, he was nearly ruined. This news gave such a shock to his amiable companion, that she was rendered altogether insane, and that to such a degree, that it was necessary to confine her, in order to prevent her from doing herself and others harm.
Her distressed situation was immediately communicated by a letter to her father, who, on receiving it, like one of old, "conferred not with flesh and blood," but presented the case before his heavenly Father, and in the evening gathered together in his house many of his brethren in the church for the purpose of pleading with God in her behalf. It was a season of solemn and united supplication to the Lord. He answered prayer; for a few days after, a letter was received by her father, informing him that, on such an hour, her reason returned, she sat up in her bed, her bands of confinement were removed, and she was, as it were, in an instant restored to her usual health. That evening and that hour of restoration, were the same evening and the same hour when many were gathered together, and prayer was made unto God for her.

THE LENGTHENED LIFE.

In the autumn of 1799, the late Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, met with an afflictive dispensation. His preaching and catechising excursions were frequent, and attended with great labor, and required a great deal of self-denial. The accommodations he met with, in some of the most remote and mountainous parts of the country, were very indifferent, the inhabitants being poor and very humble in their mode of living. Besides, some parts are very high and hilly, and in winter extremely cold. While traveling over Mount Migneint, in Carnarvonshire,
on a freezing night, one of his thumbs became frost-bitten. It was so severely affected, that he became very ill, and his life was in great danger. He was sick for a considerable time; and, to prevent mortification, it was deemed necessary to have it amputated.

This affliction was very trying both to his family and to his people. When he was considered to be in a dangerous state, a special prayer-meeting was called by his Christian friends at Bala. Fervent supplications were offered to God in his behalf. Several engaged on the occasion; and one person in particular was much noticed at the time, for the very urgent and importunate manner with which he prayed. Alluding to the fifteen years added to Hezekiah's life, he, with unusual fervency, entreated the Almighty to spare Mr. Charles' life at least fifteen years. He several times repeated the following words with such melting importunity, as greatly affected all present: "Fifteen years more, O Lord. We beseech thee to add fifteen years more to the life of thy servant. And wilt thou not, O our God, give fifteen years more for the sake of thy church and thy cause?"

Mr. Charles heard of this prayer, and it made a deep impression on his mind. He afterwards frequently mentioned it as a reason why he should make the best use of his time, saying, that his fifteen years would soon be completed. The last time he visited South Wales, he was asked when he should come again; his answer was, at least to
some, that his fifteen years were nearly up, and that he should probably never see them again. He mentioned this to several of his friends the last year of his life, and especially to his wife. And what is remarkable, his death occurred just at the termination of the fifteen years. And what was not less singular, it was during this time that he performed the most important acts of his life. The most valuable of his works were written, the complete, efficient establishment of the Sunday-schools was effected, and he was one means of originating the Bible Society during this time. He had also been instrumental in doing great good both to Ireland and Scotland during this period. What great and glorious results have proceeded from the fervent prayer of a poor, simple old Christian pilgrim at Bala, in Wales! "If any man be a worshiper of Him and doeth His will, him He heareth."

THE INDIAN MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"Pummehanuit, an Indian of note on Martha's Vineyard, and his wife, had buried their first five children successively, every one within ten days of its birth, notwithstanding all their use of powwows and of medicines to preserve them. They had a sixth child, a son, born about the year 1638, which was a few years before the English settled on the Vineyard. The mother was greatly perplexed with fear that she should lose this child like the former; and utterly despairing of any help from such means
as had been formerly tried with so little success, as soon as she was able, with a sorrowful heart, she took up her child and went out into the field, that she might weep out her sorrows. While she was musing on the insufficiency of all human help, she felt it powerfully suggested to her mind that there is one Almighty God who is to be prayed unto, that this God had created all the things that we see, and that the God who had given being to herself, and all other people, had given her child unto her, and was easily able to continue the life of her child.

Hereupon, this poor pagan woman resolved that she would seek unto this God for that mercy, and did accordingly... The issue was, that her child lived, and her faith in Him who thus answered her prayer was wonderfully strengthened, the consideration whereof caused her to dedicate this child unto the service of that God who had preserved his life; and she educated him, as far as might be, to become the servant of God.

Not long after this, the English came to settle on Martha's Vineyard; and the Indians who had been present at some of the English devotions, reported that they assembled together, and that the man who spoke among them often looked upwards. This woman, from this report, presently concluded that their assemblies were for prayers, and that their prayers were unto that very God whom she had addressed for the life of her child. She was confirmed in this when the gospel was not long after preached by Mr. Mayhew to the Indians; which
gospel she readily, cheerfully, and heartily embraced. And in the confession that she made publicly at her admission into the church, she gave a relation of the preparation of the knowledge of Christ, wherewith God had in his remarkable way favored her. Her child, whose name was Japhet, became afterwards an eminent minister of Christ. He was pastor of an Indian church, on Martha's Vineyard; he also took much pains to carry the gospel unto other Indians on the main land, and his labors were attended with much success."

This is by no means the only instance where persons in the gloom of heathenism, have been led to "seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us" (Acts xvii. 27); and who afterwards, in the light of Gospel revelation, have learned to love and praise the name of that "unknown God," whom they before had "ignorantly worshiped."

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HE MAKETH THE BLIND TO SEE.

The following account of the remarkable restoration of sight to a blind child, published in *The Watchman*, is translated by Dr. S. F. Smith from the account given by Mr. Thesmacher, long known as a beloved Baptist minister in Germany. His story is as follows:—

"In July last, in the town of Sage, I visited a family, both the heads of which are, I trust, converted persons. They had been for a time in great
trouble because all their children, if I mistake not, six in number, from one to eleven years of age, had long been terribly afflicted by a disease of the eyes. When I visited the family about eight weeks previously, the parents were almost insensible, the physician having told them decidedly, after a very careful examination, that both eyes of a daughter three years old, were irreparably gone; and if they would do a good thing for their child, they would send her to a blind asylum.

"At the request of the anxious parents, I joined them in earnest prayer, begging the Almighty Physician, if it was consistent with his will, to restore to this child the precious gift of sight, as he once healed the blind man in the way; notwithstanding the decided declaration of the physician that both eyes were gone. And the covenant-keeping God enabled this child, who had been totally blind for nearly nine months, to see again. On the day preceding my visit, she had walked out into the broad light of nature again for the first time. When she first saw a flower, she clapped her hands for joy, and then taking it in her hands, she kissed it again and again. The parents were so rejoiced when they witnessed her inexpressible happiness, and saw so manifestly that we have a prayer-hearing God, that the father said, 'Before, I could not bear my grief alone, when I saw the misery of my poor, blind little girl; and now I cannot bear my joy alone; I must and will tell it to others.' Eight weeks before, I had wept with the weeping parents, and
wrestled with God to restore the sight of their child; now I could heartily rejoice with them, and humbly thank God for so great a blessing. Oh, if we had more faith, how often should we behold the glory of God!"

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INSANITY REMOVED.

A young lady was called home by the illness of her widowed mother, who died before she could reach her. This alone was a terrible shock to the delicate daughter, who, having been reared in luxury, was ill-fitted for firm endurance of calamity. But when it became known that a relative, in whom she had placed confidence, had managed, in ways that need not be explained, to defraud her out of her inheritance, her mind gave way, and she became insane.

For years her distressed husband strove in every way to restore her reason, but she seemed rather to become worse, and showed signs of intentions to commit suicide; and her family and friends lived in a wretched state of apprehension. In spite of the most faithful watchfulness, she twice succeeded in securing the means for self-destruction, but something prevented her from accomplishing her design.

At last it occurred to a friend, to present this woman's case, in prayer-meeting, to the Lord, and earnest prayer was offered for her restoration.

No immediate result appeared; but the friends persevered. During the winter, a revival of religion
EBENEZERS.

occurred in the town where she dwelt, and, with much difficulty, the insane woman, who declared that she was utterly and finally forsaken by God, was prevailed upon to attend the meetings. They began immediately to have a good effect upon her. She could sleep better; she grew more cheerful, and in a short time her reason returned to her. A happier or more grateful woman than she now is, no mortal eyes ever beheld; and she affords one more instance of the Lord's willingness to hear and answer fervent prayer.

THE DIVINE HEALER.

A Christian woman, many years a teacher in the public schools of Boston, writing from a Southern orphan asylum, says: When I first opened a home for the destitute children here, I accepted the Divine Healer as our physician for both body and soul. When the children were sick, and most of them came to me, more or less diseased, I cried to the Lord for help, and he who "took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses," healed them. Oh, it is so good to trust in the Lord! How much better to rely on him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," than to put confidence in man, even in the most skilled physician. To confirm and strengthen the faith of the doubting, I send you the following account of the healing of one of our orphans:

Laura was one of a large orphan family, living on Port Royal Island, S. C. When her mother died,
she went to live with a colored woman who made her work very hard, "tote" wood and water, hoe cotton and corn, do all manner of drudgery, rise at daybreak, and live on scanty food. Laura suffered from want, exposure, and abuse. The freed-women of the plantation looked with pity into her eyes, and desired her to run away. But she replied, "Aunt Dora will run after me, and when she done cotch me, she'll stripe me well with the lash; she done told me so already."

One morning, however, when Laura went to the creek for crabs, a good aunty followed her, and throwing a shawl over the poor child's rags, said, "Now, Laura, put foot for Beaufort, fast as ever you can, and when you get there, inquire where Mrs. Mather lives: go straight to her; she has a good home for jes sich poor creeters as you be." Laura obeyed, hastened to Beaufort, seven miles distant, found my home, was made welcome, and her miserable rags exchanged for good, clean clothes. In the morning, I said, "Laura, did you sleep well last night?" She replied, "Oh, missis, my heart too full of joy to sleep. Me lay awake all night, thinking how happy me is in dis nice, clean bed, all to myself. Me never sleep in a bed before, missis."

Laura, then about thirteen years old, came to me with a hard cough, and a pain in her side. I put on flannels, gave her a generous diet, and hoped, that with rest and cheerful surroundings, she would soon rally as other children had, who came to me in a similar broken-down condition. Still the cough and
pain continued. I dosed her with various restoratives, such as flaxseed, and slippery elm, etc., but all were of no avail. She steadily grew worse. Every week I could see she declined. Her appetite failed; night sweats came on; and she was so weak that most of the time she lay in bed. The children, all of whom loved Laura, she was so patient and gentle, whispered one to another, "Laura is gwine to die; dere is dey in her eye."

One evening in midwinter, the poor child's short breath, fluttering pulse, and cold, clammy sweat, alarmed me, and I felt sure that unless the dear Lord interposed in her behalf, her time with us was very short. I lingered by her bed till near midnight, in prayer for her recovery. I could not give her up. Again in my own room I poured out my soul in prayer for the child, and then slept. About two o'clock, I suddenly awoke, and heard what seemed a voice saying to me, "Go to Laura; I can heal her now; the conditions are right; you are both calm and trustful."

I arose quickly, and hastened to her room, and said to her, "Laura, do you want to get well?" "Oh, yes, missis, me wants to get well." "Do you believe Jesus can cure you?" She replied, "I know he can, if he will." "Well, Laura," I said, "Jesus has just waked me out of a sound sleep, and told me to go and tell you that he will cure you now. Do you believe he will, Laura?" "Yes, missis, me do believe," she replied, earnestly. She then repeated this prayer, "O Jesus, do please to make me well;
let me live a long time, and be a good and useful woman."

The burden had rolled off my heart; I returned to my room and slept sweetly. In the morning, Tamar, Laura's attendant, met me at the door, exclaiming joyfully, "Oh, I've so glad! Laura is a heap better, missis. She woke up a long time before day and begged me to get her something to eat, she so hungry."

From that time Laura rapidly recovered. Her cough abated, her appetite was restored, her night sweats ceased, and in less than a month she was strong and well. During the three years since, she has been a good, useful girl, and an excellent nurse in sickness—sympathetic, devoted, and untiring. Verily, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up;" and, best of all, "If he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

"JESUS DID IT."

At one of Mr. Hammond's meetings, in California, Elkanah Beard, who was for many years a missionary, told the following story about a little girl in the city of Benares in Hindoostan. He said that he knew the father and mother of the child, and he knew every word of it to be true, and he believed that God answered the little girl's prayer. In that city lay a mother, sick. For months, he said, she had not left her bed, and all that she looked forward to was slow death. Her little daughter was eight years old. She
loved her mother and was almost broken-hearted. She took the New Testament and read the promises of answers to prayer. Going to her mother, she said:

"Mother, dear, can't Jesus make you well?"
"Yes, my child; but it is not his will."
"Mother, why not? Have you ever asked him to heal you?"
"Oh, no, my child; but—"
"Mother, you pray to God, I know."
"Yes, darling."
"What kind of prayers, mamma?"
"Oh, my child, I am in such agony I cannot talk to you of it; go and play."

She dropped her head sadly, and went out beneath a tree in her father's garden, for her father was a postal official in that large city, and had a home with beautiful surroundings. She sat there and thought and prayed. Suddenly she returned to the bedside of her mother, and kneeling, said:

"Mamma, I am going to try Jesus, anyhow. He says, 'Ask.' Yes, I am going to ask him. Now, mamma, pray with me. O Jesus, dear, good Jesus, I've no happy days now, since my mamma is sick these three months. She is so sick she can't talk to her little girl. O Jesus, she is so sick! O God, make my poor mamma to get well. O God, you can, you will. Mamma loves you, her little girl loves you."

Suddenly she sprang to her feet, and clapping her hands, cried, "He will, mamma, he will, he will!"
That self-same time the lady, who had not moved her limbs for months, arose from her bed and went about her household duties, healed and praising God. Her husband met her at the door that day, and overwhelmed with the event, went down on his knees and prayed God to make him worthy of the blessing that had fallen on his house; while his little girl stood by him, her face radiant with holy joy, exclaiming, “Oh, papa, Jesus did it, Jesus did it!”

THE SISTER’S PRAYER.

In one of the mountainous towns in the northwestern part of Connecticut, there lived, some time since, an aged couple who had seen some eighty years of earthly pilgrimage, and who, in their declining days, enjoyed the care of a son and daughter, who resided with them at their home.

In process of time the son became sick, and drew nigh the gates of death. The doctor pronounced him incurable, saying that one lung was consumed, and that he could live but a short time.

The fear of her brother’s death, and the thoughts of being left alone to bear the responsibility of the aged parents’ care, burdened the sister’s heart exceedingly, and led her to cry mightily to the Lord to interpose for his recovery, and spare him still to them; and her importunate supplications ascended to God, until the answer came to her heart as a sacred whisper,—“I have heard thy cry, and have come down to deliver thee.”
Comforted by this sweet assurance, she rejoiced exceedingly, knowing that what our heavenly Father promises, he is abundantly able to perform; and that he will fulfill his word, though heaven and earth shall pass away. But her faith was destined to be tried, and on the very day after she had obtained the assurance of her brother's recovery, in came some one, saying, "The doctor says S—— can live but a little time." For an instant these words were like a dagger to the sister's heart, but she still held fast her confidence, and replied:—"If men can't cure him, the Lord can."

From that very moment, the brother began to amend. On the next day, when the physician came, he looked at him, commenced examining his symptoms, and exclaimed in astonishment:

"What have you been doing? You are evidently better, and I don't know but you will get up, after all."

His recovery was so rapid, that in two weeks' time he was out about his customary duties on the farm; and that in weather so damp and foggy that it would have kept some stronger men in-doors. But he was well; the prayer of faith was answered, and it had saved the sick.

The aged father has since been laid away in the grave, to await the dawning of the resurrection morning; the mother yet lives, and leans upon her son, as upon a stay and staff, in her declining years; the dear pilgrim sister still walks by faith, and still hopes, and prays, and waits for the day when she
shall behold the Son of man in glory, and exclaim: "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us; this is the Lord, we have waited for him; we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation."

THE LAME HEALED.

The Chicago Advance contains a statement from President Finney, of Oberlin college, concerning the healing of a sick woman, the wife of Rev. R. D. Miller, of Oberlin. Of it Mr. Finney says:—

"Mrs. Miller is the wife of a Congregational minister, and a lady of unquestionable veracity. However the fact of her healing is to be accounted for, her story is no doubt worthy of entire confidence, as we have known her for years as a lame, suffering invalid, and now see her in our midst in sound health. This instantaneous restoration will be accounted for by different persons in different ways. Mrs. Miller and those who were present regard the healing as supernatural, and a direct answer to prayer. The facts must speak for themselves. Why should not the sick be healed in answer to the prayer of faith? Unbelief can discredit them, but faith sees nothing incredible in such facts as are stated by Mrs. Miller. My object in this note is not, however, to express an opinion in regard to the power that healed her, but to certify her good character for intelligence and veracity, and also that of the signers of the accompanying certificates."

Mrs. Miller’s statement is accompanied by the
certificates of relatives and other well-known and reliable members of the First church at Oberlin, fully vouching for the correctness of the facts set forth, but our space will allow us to give only the simple abridged statement of Mrs. M——, as made in a letter to her pastor:—

"From my parents I inherited a constitution subject to a chronic form of rheumatism. In early life I was attacked with rheumatic weakness and pains, which affected my whole system. For nearly forty years I was subject to more or less suffering from this cause, sometimes unable to attend meeting for months at a time. For seven years, until the last three months, I have been unable to get about without the aid of crutch or staff, generally both. I have used many linaments and remedies, but with no permanently good result. I have been a Christian from early life, but last spring, in our revival, I received a spiritual refreshing from the Lord, which gave a new impulse to my faith. Since then my religion has been a new life to me.

"Last summer several of us Christian sisters were in the habit of spending short seasons of prayer together, that the Lord would send us a pastor. Some of our number had read the narrative of Dorothea Trudel, and had spoken to me on the subject of healing in answer to prayer. My faith had not then risen to this elevation. I had, in fact, accepted what I supposed to be the will of God, and made up my mind to be a lame and suffering invalid the rest of my life. I had long since ceased to use
remedies for the restoration of my health, and had not even thought of praying in regard to it, for I regarded it as the will of God that I should suffer in silent submission.

"Notwithstanding what had been said to me, I remained in this opinion and in this attitude until the 26th day of September, 1872, when several ladies met at our house, by appointment, for a prayer-meeting. I had been growing worse for some time, and was at that time unable to get out to attend a meeting. I was suffering much pain that afternoon; indeed I was hardly able to be out of my bed. Up to this time none of the sisters who had conversed with me about the subject of healing by faith, had been able to tell me anything from their own experience. That afternoon one lady was present who could speak to me from her own experience of being healed in answer to the prayer of faith. She related several striking instances in which her prayers had been answered in the removal of divers forms of disease to which she was subject. She also repeated a number of passages of Scripture, which clearly justified the expectation of being healed in answer to the prayer of faith. She also said that Jesus had shown her that he was just as ready to heal diseases now as he was when on earth; that such healing was expressly promised in Scripture, in answer to the prayer of faith, and that it was nowhere taken back. These facts, reasonings, and passages of Scripture, made a deep impression on my mind, and, for the first time, I found myself able
to believe that Jesus would heal me in answer to prayer. She asked me if I could join my faith with hers and ask for present healing. I told her I felt that I could. We then knelt, and called upon the Lord. She offered a mighty prayer to God, and I followed. While she was leading in prayer I felt a quickening in my whole being, whereupon my pain subsided, and when we rose from prayer I felt that a great change had come over me, that I was cured. I found that I could walk without my staff or crutch, or any assistance from any one. Since then my pains have never returned; I have more than my youthful vigor; I walk with more ease and rapidity than I ever did in my life, and I never felt so fresh and young as I now do, at the age of fifty-two.

"Now, the hundred and third Psalm is my psalm, and my youth is more than renewed, like the eagle's. I cannot express the constant joy of my heart for the wonderful healing of my soul and body. I feel as if I was every whit made whole."

"JESUS CURED ME."

Many years ago we became convinced by the word of God and by many confirmatory facts, that He who has power on earth to forgive sins, has also power to say to the sick of the palsy, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." The less is included in the greater; and if human skill can sometimes avail to remedy diseases while human authority is powerless to forgive sins, is it hard to believe that He who blots out
transgressions as a thick cloud, is able also to heal those bodily infirmities which are the tokens and results of transgression and sin?

The experiences that confirm this conclusion may be too precious to be displayed to the caviling gaze, and it is not desirable to divert the thoughts of persons to human instruments rather than to the living God. Were it known that the sick were healed in answer to the prayers of certain persons, presently sick people would rush to them for help, instead of going to the Lord himself. This is unnecessary. The Lord is a God at hand, and not a God afar off; and if we need anything, he is pleased to have us ask it for ourselves; and he can hear the poorest, weakest, feeblest saint, as readily as the strongest Christian on the earth.

Nevertheless, a record of cures, wrought in answer to prayer, is often useful in arresting attention, and turning the minds of men away from drugs that poison, and doctors that blunder and sometimes kill, to the great Physician who never lost a patient, and who now cures a great many cases, no doubt, which the doctors get the credit for. And we therefore hail with delight any authentic recitals of this kind, not because we have doubts or lack evidence, for evidence is scattered over every period of the history of the Church from the beginning, but simply as a means of turning attention to the subject, and encouraging others to trust in the Lord who has proved himself a faithful Creator so many, many times.

The Advance more than a year ago published an
EBENEZERS.

account of the physical recovery of Mrs. Miller, of Oberlin, in answer to prayer. That account was read in the family of a missionary pastor in Kansas, in which was a daughter of twelve years of age, seriously afflicted with chronic rheumatism. For three years she suffered until the leg was shrunken, stiff at the knee, shorter by some two inches than the other, and the hip-joint was being gradually drawn from its socket. The child read of Mrs. Miller's cure by prayer, and wondered why she could not also be cured by the same means. She repeated to her mother some of the promised answers to prayer, and asked: "Don't Jesus mean what he says, and isn't it just as true now as then?" The mother endeavored to divert her attention by representing the affliction as a blessing. The physician also called, and left another prescription, and encouraged the child to hope for benefit from it. The child could not, however, be diverted from the thought that Jesus could and would heal her. After the doctor's departure she said, "Mamma, I cannot have that plaster put on."

"Why, dear?"

"Because, mother, Jesus is going to cure me, and he must have all the glory. Dr. Blank doesn't believe in God; if we put the plaster on, he will say it was that which helped me; and it will be all Jesus." So earnest was she that her mother at length placed the package, just as she had received it, on a shelf, and said no more about it.

The little girl and her mother were alone that day,
the father being absent from home. When the house- 
hold duties were done she called her mother to her.

"Mother, will you pray now to Jesus to cure me? I have got the faith; I know he will, if you will ask him." The mother, overcome, yielded to her daughter's request, and commenced praying. She was blessed with unusual consciousness of the presence of God, and became insensible of all outward surroundings, pleading for the child. She remained in this state of intercession for more than an hour, when she was aroused by her daughter, who, with her hand on the mother's shoulder, was joyfully exclaiming,

"Mother, dear mother, wake up! Don't you see Jesus has cured me? Oh, I am well! I am all well!" and she danced about the room literally healed.

One week from that day, the girl was seen by the writer in The Advance, who says she was out sliding on the ice with her companions. From that day to this she has had no further trouble; the limb is full, round, and perfect, and there is no difference between it and the other.

To every question asked she replies, with the overflowing gratitude of a loving heart, "Jesus cured me!"

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THE BROTHER'S PRAYER.

A physician, who for many years practiced his profession in the state of California, was called once to see the child of Mr. Doak, of Calaveras county, living on the road between San Andreas and Stockton, and not far from the mining town of Campo Seco, or
Dry Camp. He says:—The patient was a little girl about ten years of age, bright and intelligent, and one of twins, the other being a boy, equally bright and well disposed. The primary symptoms had indicated inflammation of the stomach, which the attending physician had hopelessly combatted; and finally, when by metastasis it attacked the brain, with other unfavorable symptoms, he was inclined to abandon the case in despair.

It was at this juncture I was called in. The symptoms were exceedingly unfavorable, and my own opinion coincided with my professional brother's. However, we determined to go to work. A day and night of incessant watching, and the state of the patient caused us both to feel the case hopeless, and we only continued our attendance at the earnest solicitations of the child's mother. The anxious, care-worn, and restless sorrow of the little brother, his deep grief as he saw his sister given up to the power of the king of terrors, had attracted our attention. He would creep up to the bedside of his sister silently, with pale and tearful face, controlling his emotion with great effort, and then steal away again and weep bitterly. With a vague, indefinite idea of comforting the little fellow, I took him to my knee, and was about to utter some platitude, when the little fellow, looking me in the face, his own the very picture of grief, burst out with,—

"Oh, Doctor, must sister die?"
"Yes," I replied, "but"—

Before I could go farther he again interrupted me:
"Oh, Doctor, is there nothing, nothing that will save her? Can nobody, nobody save my sister?"

For an instant the teachings of a tender and pious mother flashed over my mind. They had been long neglected, were almost forgotten. California in those days was not well calculated to fasten more deeply on the mind home teachings. There were very few whose religious training survived the ordeal, and for a long time I had hardly thought of prayer. But the question brought out with the vividness of a flash of lightning, and as suddenly, all that had been obscured by my course of life; and hardly knowing what I did, I spoke to him of the power that might reside in prayer. I said God had promised to answer prayer. I dared not allow the skeptical doubt, that came to my own mind, meet the ear of that innocent boy, and told him, more as my mother had often told me than with any thought of impressing a serious subject on his mind, that the prayers of little boys even, God would hear. I left that night with some simple directions, more to satisfy the mother than from having the slightest hope of eventual recovery, promising to return next day.

In the morning, as I rode to the door, the little boy was playing round with a bright and cheerful countenance, and looked so happy that involuntarily I asked,—

"Is your sister better?"

"Oh, no, Doctor," he replied, "but she is going to get well."

"How do you know?" I asked.
"Because I prayed to God," said he, "and he told me she would."

"How did he tell you?"

The little fellow looked at me for an instant, and reverently placing his hand on the region of his heart, said,—

"He told me in my heart."

Going to the room where my patient was lying, I found no change whatever, but in spite of my own convictions, there had sprung up a hope within me. The medical gentleman with whom I was in consultation came into the room, and as he did, a thought of a very simple remedy I had seen used by an old negro woman, in a very dissimilar case, occurred to my mind. It became so persistently present that I mentioned it to my brother practitioner. He looked surprised, but merely remarked, "It can do no harm." I applied it. In two hours we both felt that the case was out of danger.

The second day after that, as we rode from the house, my friend asked me how I came to think of so simple a remedy.

"I think it was that boy’s prayer," I replied.

"Why, Doctor! you are not so superstitious as to connect that boy’s prayers with his sister’s recovery?" said he.

"Yes, I do," I replied; "for the life of me I cannot help thinking his prayers were more powerful than our remedies."

"Then why not just let him pray, and leave your remedy alone? It was a simple coincidence."
"I thought of that myself," I replied, "but this thought presented itself: God could give grain or even bread to feed us, but he has ordained the labor of the agriculturist as the means by which it is secured; and I have no doubt that he works nature through some sort of instrumental agencies.

Years have passed since then, and when disappointments of any kind have arisen in my path, I have thought of that child's prayer, and it has done good.

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A TRIPLE CURE.

God can not only cure sickness, but he can cure sin, and often both are cured at once. "Thy sins be forgiven thee," was but another way of saying "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk."

But sometimes we have need of chastening. We may see our sin, and know it, and hate it. We turn to God for healing and for peace. In the midst of prosperity, conscience may sleep, and wrong be indulged in; but affliction and trial bring us to know where we are, and to repent before the severity of every wrong. Our excuses and arguments subterfuges, which may have stifled our own consciences and stopped the mouths of faithful representatives, wither to nothing when the rod of God is laid upon our disobedient souls.

"I want to tell you a little story," writes a Christian friend, and it so aptly illustrates this point that I give it an insertion here:
"One day in October, 1869, our little Nettie was taken very sick with *cholera infantum*. As I have no doctor but the Lord, I have to use the weapon 'all prayer,' and trust the Lord to guide me in using means to help in sickness. Well, death threatened the little one hard; she had vomited three or four times an hour for twenty-four hours; I had used every means that I ever tried in such cases, and endeavored also to call upon the name of the Lord for help in time of need.

"I knew he would not suffer death to molest us unless we needed just such chastisement for our good, and to make us 'partakers of his holiness.'

"Though we were trying to follow the Lord, yet we were not free from the dominion of evil habits. I was addicted to the use of snuff, and my husband both smoked and chewed tobacco. We knew it was wrong, and had tried to break off, but it had seemed impossible to free ourselves from its grasp.

"Well, the little one grew worse, and became more unconscious, vomiting as often as once in ten minutes. At length I told the children to leave me alone with the dying babe; and I then promised the Lord to do all I could to instruct her in his fear, and prayed that if she could live and honor the Lord, that he might remove disease, and stay the hand of death which seemed to rest upon her.

"But while I thus laid the case before the Lord, all seemed dark in my own mind, until the thought struck me, 'If tobacco is laid aside, Nettie will live.' I lost no time, but called my husband, and told him
I believed the Lord was ready to rebuke the disease, if we were ready to give up the idol, tobacco.

"He came to the decision in a moment, and said, 'If she lives, I shall never use the vile weed again, and shall know the Lord has healed the child.'

"The vomiting stopped instantly, and she seemed to sleep calmly, for half an hour, when she awoke and called for water. My husband objected to giving her any, as nothing had remained on her stomach for the last twenty-four hours; but I told him if the Lord had taken her in hand, she would call for just what she needed. So we gave her the water, and she continued to grow better, and is now in perfect health. And though she may yet fall a victim to death, we believe in that case it will be for our spiritual good.

"We both think that the Lord took this way to save us from this sin; praise his holy name! I was very temperate about using snuff, hardly any one knew that I took it; but I believe it to be a sin, as really as drinking ardent spirits. If we suffer ourselves to be ensnared in small things, the enemy will take advantage of us in larger matters.

"I felt that duty would compel me to let this thing be known; and do not know who else to tell it to;—it is a great cross for me to write it; but if you can draw a few words from it to benefit some of the poor souls who are poisoning themselves with the vile trash, please do so.

E. P."

We trust that as this sickness was not unto death, but for the glory of God, so this publication of the
EBENEZERS. 253

story may prove a blessing to some one who is bound in the chains of this terrible appetite.

Doubtless it would astonish most people to learn that tobacco is probably doing a worse work for the race than alcohol. But there is ground for supposing that this may be true; and for the following reasons:

1. Tobacco helps kill the dram-drinkers; ninety-nine out of a hundred who use ardent spirits, being also first slaves to tobacco, while the strong drink alone has the credit of their ruin. 2. Tobacco is by far the widest curse, for it is not only used by nearly all the drunkards, but by tens of thousands of boys, girls, men, women, ministers, deacons, doctors of divinity, lawyers, and others, who think it injurious, or wicked, or disgraceful to drink ardent spirits. 3. Tobacco-using leads to the use of strong drink by a direct chain of effects. Tobacco soothes and depresses nervous action; alcohol stimulates and excites it. A man drinks for excitement, and smokes to calm him down. Hence, when he uses tobacco, he craves alcohol; and when he has had alcohol, he craves tobacco again. The two things fit into each other like the upper and nether millstone; and between the two, the man gets ground up!

The tyranny of this habit is terrible. Men accustomed to the use of tobacco are sick, moody, and miserable without it. The reduction of the tobacco ration furnished by the contractors in one of our penal institutions, lately, caused such a discontent that only the wisdom and prudence of judicious
officers averted a collision which might have cost scores of innocent men their lives, and consigned others to a murderer's shameful fate.

Ought Christians to waste their Lord's money in such fleshly lusts which war against the soul? Should they not, rather, cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God?

A CHILD'S FAITH.

Visiting one of the mission schools of Brooklyn, I was introduced to a remarkable child. He was brought into the school from the highways and hedges, and we have reason to hope that, young as he is, he has been taught of God. One day he was playing with powder, and putting his mouth at the match to blow it; it exploded, and the whole charge went into his face and eyes. For some time he was totally blind, and the physician gave but little hope of recovery. But the little sufferer was patient and calm, and even hopeful; sitting through the dark days meditating on what he had learned at the mission Sabbath-school, and repeating passages of Scripture and many a beautiful hymn.

One evening after the physician had spoken discouragingly, and his parents, as he perceived, were in deep distress, he was absorbed on his knees in a corner of the room in earnest prayer. His voice, though subdued almost to a whisper, was indicative of intense feeling. His parents inquired what he
had been praying so earnestly for. "Why," said he, "that Jesus Christ would open my eyes. The doctor says he can't, so I thought I would ask the Saviour to do it for me." Here was faith in its simplest form. It was the faith of a child; and his prayer was heard. He can now see. What Christian may not take a lesson from this childlike confidence?

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CHRIST THE PHYSICIAN.

Christ not only can, but will, cast out devils now, as in olden times. In my mother's family insanity is hereditary; but few of my ancestors have escaped "the curse," and they only through the mercy of Christ Jesus. My mother was one of the many victims. She had a great deal of ambition, pride, and jealousy lest she should not be "loved as she loved." It was her great delight to excel in fine houses, fine horses, fine clothes. Her hatred of a successful rival was extreme, yet she would have laid down her life for one she loved. I do not think she ever thought about what was in store for her. A change came—fortune vanished; not so pride and jealousy. They had mastered her too long, and now crushed the heart that had fostered them. There was no moan for the long wasted life only this: "What shall I live for now? I shall kill myself." "I will never be made an object of pity," was her constant cry. The bitter curse was upon her. Ten years ago I was called "a second edition of my mother," and was of a most melancholy habit of mind. I often heard
vague whispers tell that I, too, was doomed—"so like her mother, poor dear." Filled with terror at what seemed my inevitable fate, I went to my grandmother and begged her to go with me to a physician, that something might be done to save me. She listened patiently until I had made known all my fears. Her answer has been my salvation, not only from insanity, but from that thing more to be dreaded—sin.

"My daughter, have you never thought of the great Physician who purges our hearts of all unclean things;—the spirits of ungoverned temper, pride, jealousy, envy, hatred, and selfishness? My child, you, like your mother, are the victim of the evil spirits. Go to the Lord Jesus, tell him all you have told me, and he will certainly help you to cast out the devils yourself, while they are yet young in power; lest in the dark days that come to all flesh, they drag your soul down into the valley of despair."

I had never thought much about God, although I had prayed every night and morning, in a formal way, since I could first talk, sixteen years before. Now the old forms did no good. Long I remained on my knees in secret, almost in despair, lest God would not hear the prayer of one so wicked. My heart was full, yet I could only groan between my sobs, "Lord, have mercy on me a sinner." I felt comforted; a great burden seemed to have been lifted from my heart, as then on my knees I laid bare my heart, begging my Saviour to look down and heal me. My Father answered my prayer. From that
day a new life was in me. Ten years of life, with their joys and sorrows, have passed over my head; and I find myself a new woman, so changed by long suffering as to be unrecognizable as the proud, passionate girl of long ago. When trouble assailed me, I went direct to my God for help; and never has he withheld his grace. I can truly say I have no fear of insanity now. Do I not tremble for my children? Not at all. They have the same Jesus that helped me. I have taken great pains to show them the truth, at the same time resigning them to his care and love.

Hearing of persons who helplessly yield to such evils, I cannot help thinking: "O ye of little faith." Why could not such people know that He is all powerful, and ready to help those who ask his aid? who cry out above all things, "My Father, save my soul, and give me grace to bear whatever cross thou mayest see fit to lay on my shoulders, with patience, and love for thyself, who art so good and tender a Father to thy children. Left to myself, I become the abiding place of devils, but where thou art, Master, they cannot come."

THE SICK TEACHER RESTORED.

The following authentic account is extracted from a work entitled, "Branches Running Over the Wall;" written by Mr. R. E. Cranfield, and published by the London Sunday-School Union:

"About thirty years ago, a beloved friend and
fellow-laborer was taken alarmingly ill, and his situation being delicate, it was feared that he not be able to resist so violent an attack. He was a man most highly esteemed both by te and children; indeed, I never knew a man generally beloved. Kind and gentle in his de ment, superior in natural and acquired talent zealously devoted to the interests of the youn was formed both by nature and grace to be a te of the very first order. His sudden indispos spread a gloom over many hearts, and prayer made without ceasing unto God for him. Se friends agreed to engage in this exercise of morning at eleven o'clock, and the result was for with the greatest anxiety. The next Sat came, and this faithful servant of Christ, t human appearance, was fast approaching the of death; a few hours, it was thought, would nate his useful career.

"But, though cast down, his friends were n despair. A special prayer-meeting was appo to be held in the evening on his behalf, which attended by not less than between two and hundred persons; and never did Christians app be more united in purpose, more earnest in d and more interested in the one important obje which they were assembled, than were the frien that occasion. It was, in truth, a solemn se Every soul seemed dissolved in tenderness, every eye melted to tears; while the langu each heart appeared to be, 'I am distressed for
my brother Jonathan.' For my own part, I felt so overcome by the intense sympathy and earnestness displayed, that I was glad to retire from the meeting unobserved, that I might commune with my own heart, and be still. The next day was with me a day of much anxiety, but in the evening I was greatly relieved by the information that the disorder of my friend had taken a sudden and favorable change, at the very hour appointed for prayer; affording a striking illustration of the faithfulness of the promise, 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.' From that hour the sufferer began slowly to amend, until he was again restored to health, and to the duties from which he had for a season been laid aside.

"But the most extraordinary part of the story remains to be told. At the meeting referred to, an aged teacher, a man remarkable for the strength and simplicity of his faith, was called upon to pray. Whilst pleading with God on behalf of his friend, Hezekiah's sickness and recovery came forcibly to his mind, and he prayed that God would be pleased, as in the case of Israel's king, to add fifteen years to the valuable life of his afflicted brother. Time rolled on, carrying many who had engaged in this interesting service to the ocean of eternity, and with them the venerable man who had offered this singular prayer. He whose life had been given at his petition wept over his remains, crying, 'Alas, my brother!' and followed him to the opened tomb. Years again passed away, and the circumstance of the fifteen
years was forgotten by most, but not by him whom it particularly referred. He treasured it in his memory until old age, with its accompany infirmities, came stealing upon him. One day, w. remarking upon it to his family, he said, ‘T prayer has been signally answered, for this v week the fifteen years have expired.’ In the eving the worn-out pilgrim retired to his rest; oh, how sweet, how peaceful was that rest! It the rest that remaineth for the people of G. Before another morning dawned he had passed wh the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary at rest.”

ANN MATHER’S RESTORATION.

Ann Mather, a daughter of the celebrated Jos Benson, the Methodist commentator, was afflict with a lameness in both her feet for some years that she had no use of them, and was unable to t a step. She finally had not the slightest feeling them, could not bear the least weight upon th and had in no way been able to move them for n than a year. Before the birth of her third child, became so reduced, that her friends entertained m fears for her safety. She gave birth, however, a fine boy, and gradually recovered her strength, her lameness remained the same. Mr. Benson con tinued to present her case before the Lord in pray and endeavored to encourage her by reference to Divine promises, which are all yea and amen in Ch
Jesus. His mind was much comforted from a sermon preached by the Rev. Samuel Lear, from our Lord’s words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you;" and his faith was much increased in regard to the case of Mrs. Mather. The following extract from his journal will represent in how remarkable a way his prayer was answered.

"Oct. 4th. This evening the Lord has shown us an extraordinary instance of his love and power. My dear Ann, though safely delivered of a fine and healthy child, and restored in a great measure with respect to her appetite and digestion, yet remained without any use of either of her feet, and indeed without the least feeling of them, or ability to walk a step, or lay the least weight upon them, nor had she any use of them for upward of twelve months. I was very much afraid that the sinews would be contracted, and that she would lose the use of them forever. We prayed, however, incessantly, that this might not be the case; but that it would please the Lord, for the sake of her three little children, to restore her. This day a part of my family and some of my pious friends went to take tea at her house; Mr. Mather bringing her down in his arms, into the dining-room. After tea I spoke of the certainty of God’s hearing the prayer of his faithful people, and repeated many of his promises to that purpose. I also enlarged on Christ’s being the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and still both able and willing to give relief to his afflicted people; that though he had,
doubtless, done many of his miracles of healing chiefly to prove himself the Messiah, yet that he did not do them for that end only, but also to grant relief to human misery, out of his great compassion for suffering mankind; and that not a few of his other miracles of mercy he had wrought principally or only for this latter purpose, and that he was still full of compassion for the miserable. I then said, ‘Ann, before we go to prayer, we will sing the hymn which was full of consolation to your mother;' and I gave out the words of the first verse:

‘Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, Thou
Bearest them through life’s disparsed wave.’

‘After singing, we kneeled down to pray; and Ann took the child to give it the breast, that it might not disturb us with crying, while we were engaged in prayer. I prayed first, and then Mr. McDonald; all the company joining fervently in our supplications. We pleaded in prayer the Lord’s promises, and especially that he has said, that whatever two or three of his people should agree to ask, it should be done for them. Matt. xviii. 19. Immediately on our rising from our knees, Ann beckoned to the nurse to take the child, and then instantly rose up, and said, ‘I can walk, I feel I can;' and proceeded half over the room; when her husband, afraid lest she should fall, stepped to her, saying, ‘My dear Ann, what are you about?’ She put him off with her hands, saying, ‘I don’t need you; I can walk alone;' and then walked
three times over the floor; after which, going to a corner, she knelt down, and said, 'Oh, let us give God thanks!' We kneeled down, and gave thanks; Ann continuing on her knees all the time, at least twenty minutes. She then came to me, and with a flood of tears threw her arms about my neck, and then did the same, first to one of her sisters, and then to the other, and afterwards to Mrs. Dickenson; every one in the room shedding tears of gratitude and joy. She then desired her husband’s brother to come up stairs; and when he entered the room, she cried out, 'Adam, I can walk!' and to show him that she could, immediately walked over the floor and back again. It was, indeed, the most affecting scene I ever witnessed in my life. She afterward, without any help, walked up stairs into her lodging room, and with her husband, kneeling down, joined in prayer and praise.

"In conversation with her afterward, I learned from her the following particulars:—That when she was brought down into the dining-room, a little stool was placed under her feet, but which she felt no more than if her feet had been dead. While we were singing the hymn, she conceived faith that the Lord would heal her; began to feel the stool, and pushed it away; then set her feet on the floor and felt that. While we prayed, she felt a persuasion she could walk, and was half inclined to rise up with the child in her arms; but thinking to do that would be thought rash, she delayed till we had done praying; and then immediately rose up, and walked as above related."
EBENEZERS.

The persons who were present and witnessed this remarkable scene were all distinguished for intelligence and personal piety. Rev. James McDonald, who followed Mr. Benson in prayer, was afterward his biographer; and in making reference to this wonderful healing, says: "All believed that the power to walk, which she received in an instant, was communicated by an immediate act of Omnipotence." The account was also published in the London Methodist Magazine, from which the foregoing statement is extracted.

BRAMWELL'S PRAYERS FOR THE SICK.

The godly William Bramwell, so famed among the Methodists of olden time, had repeated proofs that the prayer of faith shall save the sick. An instance is related by Mr. John Clark, of Northampton, who, after years of intimate acquaintance with him, bears witness, that in holiness of life and conversation, he never saw his equal. Says Mr. Clark:—

"I was once attacked by a violent pleuritic fever, when all around me despaired of my life. Many of our kind friends visited me in my affliction; and almost unceasing supplication was offered up to God for my recovery. But all prayers appeared to be without effect till Mr. Bramwell came home out of the circuit. He immediately came to see me, and on entering the room, was quite astonished at beholding such a woful change in my appearance. He thought
I had all the marks of a speedy dissolution upon me; and giving me a look of the greatest sympathy, he raised my head a little higher by means of a pillow. He then went to the foot of the bed, and began to pray to God in my behalf. His faith seemed to gain ground as he proceeded. He continued his intercessions with the greatest fervency, and, in an agony, asked, in submission to the will of God, that I might be restored. The Lord heard and answered his servant's prayers. For I immediately experienced such sweet tranquility and melting of soul, as I am unable to describe. From that moment my recovery commenced, and I was soon strong enough to resume my ordinary occupations."

Mr. Thomas Rider, a local preacher of Thorngumbald, relates the following account:—

"In the year 1805, our daughter Abigail was so very ill of whooping-cough, that at times she appeared to lose her breath, and my wife often thought she was dead. Mr. Bramwell was in the Hull circuit; and when in that part of Holderness where we then lived, he slept in our house. At one of his visits, we told him how violently our little girl was afflicted. He asked several questions concerning her, and then said, 'Let us pray!' We knelt down, and the man of God prayed with peculiar fervor, and apparently in strong faith, that the Lord would bless the child, and speedily restore her. The Almighty, whose eyes are over the righteous, and whose ears are open to their prayers, heard and answered the prayer of his servant. Our daughter
began to recover from that hour, and never afterward had a severe attack."

In 1804, Mr. Bramwell preached at Hull, and while there, his biographer, James Sigston, to whose "Life of Bramwell" we are indebted for these anecdotes, relates the following instance of God's power:

"In the frost of 1804-5, Mr. Brayshaw, of Hull, had the misfortune to fall, and pitch upon his right elbow. Not finding much inconvenience at the time, he neglected to apply anything to it, until about the middle of February, when a mortification ensued. So rapid was its progress, that his medical attendants had determined to amputate his arm as soon as he should have sufficient strength to undergo the operation. They probed and laid it open to the bone; but so much was nature exhausted, that it was feared at every subsequent dressing he would die. An asthmatical cough, to which he had been long subject, then suddenly stopped; a convulsive hiccough came on; and all hopes of his recovery were lost. His family were called in; he took an affectionate leave of them; and gave them, as he thought, his last blessing.

"At this important crisis, Messrs. Griffith and Bramwell called to see him as they were going to the select band. Mrs. Brayshaw requested they would remember her husband at a throne of grace in the band meeting. And while they were engaged at the meeting in agonizing prayer for his recovery, Mr. Brayshaw began to cough; the hiccough left him, and his asthmatical cough returned; so that he
EBENEZERS.

...tered, to the great surprise of all around him. and called after the band meeting, and observed she was almost sure that Mr. Brayshaw would er, for there had been such an uncommonuring of the Spirit, accompanied by such faithrayer was made by those men of God for hisery, that she had no doubt concerning his respon. The event proved the correctness of herou; and it was generally thought to be a miraculcure in answer to prayer."

ong with these manifestations of Divine power answer to his prayers, Mr. Bramwell seemed times to possess a wonderful discernment of s, which was exhibited in the detection of tors, and the unmasking of hypocrites and vers whom he had never seen before.

day," said Mr. Stones, a traveling preacher, and I were going together to visit the sick, essed a public house, out of which came a man, as we got beyond the door. When we had ed a little farther, Mr. Bramwell groaned in d and said,

The Lord have mercy on that man! Do you who he is?'
replied, 'Yes, sir. Do you?'
So,' said he, 'but this I know, that he is a t infidel.'

Dear Mr. Bramwell!' said I, 'do not say so.' e replied, with increased emphasis, 'I am sure He is a perfect infidel!'
is remarkable that this very man, to my
certain knowledge, was then, and for aught I know to the contrary, is still, such a character for infidelity and profaneness as perhaps has not his equal in all Yorkshire, if in the united kingdom.”

THE PRAYING INDIANS.

Dr. Cotton Mather, in his Magnalia, or Ecclesiastical History of New England, relates the following incident:—

“Our Christian Indians are distinguished by the name of ‘praying Indians’; and when they have become Christians they have been favored by Heaven with notable successes of their praying.

“There lived at Martha’s Vineyard a godly Indian named William Lay, who was both a magistrate and a minister among his countrymen. This man was, in the year 1690, visited with a sore fit of sickness, which prevailed upon him so far that he lay speechless, in the last conflict with death, as his friends apprehended, for several days together. At length his wife, supposing his end very near, desired Japhet, the pastor of the Indian church, to pray with him; who, coming to the house, could scarce perceive any life now left in him. However, Japhet would not pray at this time without first singing a psalm; and particularly the eleven first verses of the eighty-eighth psalm.

“Now they had hardly sung two verses before the dying man began to revive, and stir up his eyes, and move his lips, and lift his hands; and then he began
EBENEZERS. 269

so sing with them, and quickly his voice was as high, if not higher, than any of theirs. Thus he continued singing, with his hands lifted up, until they had concluded; and then laying down his hands, he seemed again fallen into his dying posture.

"Japhet then goes to prayer, and soon after prayer was begun, the sick man began once more to revive; and, lifting up his hand, he got Japhet by the hand, and held him till prayer was ended; and then he immediately opened his mouth in the praises of God, whom he said, had heard prayer on his behalf, and graciously restored him from the mouth of the grave, that he might see his goodness in this world; and he believed would bestow life eternal on him in the world to come.

"The man recovered, and walked abroad; but about half a year after this, he fell into another sickness, whereof he died."

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THE DAUGHTER'S PRAYER.

The late Dr. Krummacher, chaplain to the King of Prussia, in referring to faith and prayer, writes as follows: "A little incident occurs to me which I can hardly withhold, on account of its simplicity and beauty. The mother of a little girl, only four years of age, had been for some time most seriously ill. The physician had given her up. When the little girl heard this, she went into an adjoining room, melted down, and said: 'Dear Lord Jesus, O make my mother well again.'
EBENEZERS.

"And after she had thus prayed, she said, as though in God's name, with as deep a voice as she could: 'Yes, my dear child, I will do it gladly!'

"This was the little girl's Amen. She rose up, joyfully ran to her mother's bed, and said, 'Mother, you will get well!'

"And she recovered, and is in health to this day. Is it, then, ever permitted for me to pray thus unconditionally respecting temporal concerns? No, thou must not venture to do so, because thou canst still ask and doubt. But shouldst thou ever be inclined by God's Spirit to pray thus, without doubt or scruple, in a filial temper, and with simplicity of heart, resting on the true foundation, and in genuine faith, then pray thus by all means! None dare censure thee; God will accept thee."

WISDOM IN PERPLEXITY.

In the spring of 1879 we removed our home from Boston to Chelsea, Mass., as we were exhausted with the cares and weariness of city life, and desired more retirement and quiet. My wife was worn out, and had been suffering from various ailments for many years; and the labor of moving and settling in the new home, with the confusion incident to repairing and fitting up the home, exhausted her strength, and she was taken violently ill. Day after day and week after week she suffered beneath the power of disease, while we watched anxiously by her side and sought in every way to alleviate her distress. All
our efforts seemed in vain, and the aspect of the case was most discouraging. Her appetite failed, and she was unable to retain the slightest nourishment upon her stomach. Every thing she ate nauseated her, and produced the most painful effects, so that at last it seemed as if she was destined to starve to death though surrounded by plenty.

One day she called me to her bedside, and referring to our removal, told me that she thought she must die. She could see no possible chance for her restoration. Her race seemed run. Our change of residence seemed to have been a great mistake, and he saw no possibility of recovery. It was a sad hour, and we knew not what to do. We did not ask the aid of kind and skillful physicians, but the disease seemed to be beyond their reach, and we knew not how to overcome its power. Troubled and distressed in my own mind, I turned from her bedside, and passing into the next room, bowed before the Lord; and repeating the promise, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally," I humbly asked of God, since I lacked wisdom, and knew not what to do or which way to turn, that he would grant me the wisdom I needed in that distressing hour.

In a moment, while upon my knees, there came to my mind the recollection of an incident which occurred in my boyhood, between thirty and forty years before. I was taken suddenly ill one summer, and for hours could retain nothing upon my stomach. All food was rejected, and even a spoonful of
clear, cold water, would cause instant and severe vomiting. After suffering in this way for some time, a lady in the neighborhood came to care for me in my sickness. She took a clean iron vessel, and placing some fine wheat flour in it, set it over the fire, stirring it and watching it carefully until it was scorched almost as brown as a chestnut. She then took a small quantity of this scorched flour, and made me some gruel, and gave me a tea-spoonful of it. It remained upon my stomach. She continued to administer it in small quantities, and I remember that when symptoms of vomiting occurred, she took a cold hen’s egg and laid it upon my throat, just above the breast bone, changing the egg as it grew warm, for another which was cold; and her skillful nursing soon brought me to my ordinary condition of health.

I do not know that I had thought of this circumstance for years, but all at once it came up before my mind. I immediately went to the stove, scorched some flour, put a little of it into some water, and gave a spoonful of it to my wife. Her stomach did not reject it, nor did it cause her distress. I continued to feed her with it hour after hour, and from that day, and under the influence of that simple remedy, she commenced to recover and was soon in a condition of comparative health.

There may have been nothing miraculous in this cure. The charred flour combined in itself antiseptic and nutritive qualities, and it was the most natural thing in the world that any sickness of the stomach
or bowels should be cured by it. But the question might be raised, why in all her sickness this remedy was not thought of before; or why, after the lapse of thirty or forty years, was that scene so suddenly brought to my mind? For my part I hold it as a fulfillment of the promise of Him who said, "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." His Spirit can bring all things to our remembrance. Happy are they who know how to carry their sorrows to this gracious Friend, and find in him a comforter in distress, a present help in every time of need.

THE SAVED HAND.

Some years ago, a minister of the gospel was preaching about the benefits and blessings that may be obtained by prayer. "I once knew a little boy," said he, "who had a very bad sore on his right hand. It got worse in spite of all that was done for it. At last it began to mortify, and the doctor said it would have to be taken off, in order to save his life. "The day was fixed for the operation. The little boy was a Christian. He had a little, retired, shady spot in a corner of his father's garden, where he used often to go and take his book, when he wanted to have a quiet time for reading. When he heard the doctor say that his hand must be cut off, he felt very sad; he did not want to lose his right hand. So he went to that quiet, shady spot in the garden, and
there kneeled down and prayed that God would make his hand better, and let it get well again without having to be cut off.

"The next day, when the doctor came to look at his hand, he was very much surprised to find it looking a great deal better. The next day it was better still; and the third day, he said he thought it was going to get well, and that it would not be necessary to have it taken off.

"The little boy grew up to be a man. He became a minister; and this," said the speaker, holding up his hand, "is the right hand that was saved by prayer from being cut off. And I hold up this hand before you as a proof of the blessings that may be obtained in answer to prayer."

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HEALING OF ELIZABETH SHAW.

Mr. John Pawson, a co-worker with the Wesleys, relates the following:—

I was stationed in the Lecs circuit, in the year 1775; we then preached at Staincross, at the house of Joseph Shaw, an Israelite indeed. His wife, who had long experienced the power of divine grace, gave me the following relation, the truth of which may be depended upon, for if ever there were an upright woman, she certainly was one, as many now living can testify.

One day in the middle of summer she was washing, and had hung part of the linen out to dry; but a heavy shower of rain coming on, she ran out
hastily to fetch in the clothes. Being in a sweat, and without her gown, she got exceeding wet; this occasioned a severe cold, which was followed by a most violent rheumatism throughout all her limbs.

She was confined to her bed for a long time, in excruciating pain day and night, and was so helpless as to be obliged to have a cord fixed to the bed's head, by taking hold of which she could ease herself a little. A medical gentleman from Wakefield attended her for some time, but she got no relief.

Growing weary of her long confinement, and worn out with the pain she endured, she said to her husband one day: "Joseph, I cannot bear to lie here any longer; do get the couch-chair and set it near the fire, and get some pillows and place them upon it, and then try if you can get me up, and lay me there; perhaps I may be able to get a little ease that way." Joseph, being a kind, affectionate husband, did as she requested, making everything as comfortable as he could; and when he had done all in his power to relieve her, he went out about his business, he being a farmer.

When her husband was gone, a variety of thoughts flowed in upon her mind, and she reasoned thus with herself: "Here I lie, a poor, helpless, miserable creature; and so I am likely to remain, for there is no help for me in man; all human means are ineffectual. But if our blessed Lord was now upon the earth, I would send Joseph to him, and let him know how bad I am; and how soon he would come and heal me! Or he would speak the word, and I
should be well in an instant! But has he not the same power, and the same tender pity and love for his poor, distressed creature, now he is in heaven, that he had while here upon earth? Surely he has, for he is unchangeably the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. If, then, I could believe, surely he would heal me, bad as I am! He has said, 'According to your faith, be it unto you;' and faith, too, is his own gift: I will, therefore, pray to him that he may give me power to believe.' She then broke out in earnest prayer, and found uncommon liberty, and access to the throne of grace. And at length she thought she could believe that our Lord would heal her; and was enabled to lay hold upon his truth and faithfulness, upon his infinite mercy and boundless love. She then endeavored to rise from her couch, and was enabled so to do. To her astonishment, she could stand upright, and found that she was perfectly well. Upon this, she thought, "But I will try whether the cure is perfectly wrought or not," and immediately got the brush and began to sweep the house. While thus employed, Joseph returned to inquire how she was. Having half opened the door, and seeing her sweeping the room, he was not a little surprised, and stopped short. She happened to look up, and perceiving his astonishment, said, "Yes, you may well look. Here I am, as well as ever I was in my life. I have prayed to our blessed Lord, and he has healed me, and I am perfectly well." And so she continued. It is easy to suppose that her heart was filled with gratitude to
great Deliverer; and her Christian friends, as well as all her family, cheerfully joined with her in most devoutly praising the Lord for his wonderful display of his tender pity, power, and love.

It is probable that some persons will deny the fact; and others will ascribe it to power of imagination. With regard to the fact, it can be well attested by persons of the greatest credit, now living, that there is no just ground to call it in question. And if she could exercise her imagination in such a manner as to be delivered from so painful and distressing a situation, it was happy for her. But it afforded her far more solid happiness, to believe that a compassionate God had mercifully interposed in her behalf, and in answer to prayer, had graciously healed her. If any person supposes himself possessed of ability to teach afflicted people the happy art of imagining themselves well, and that upon so doing, they really are well, I doubt not but he will get employment enough. But those who form their ideas of the infinitely blessed God from that revelation which he has made of himself to us in his Holy Word, will find no difficulty in ascribing this great deliverance to its real cause, viz., to the mighty power of God; and give the glory to him unto whom it is most justly due.

To see and acknowledge the hand of God in the way of his providence, is our duty; and will be attended with unspeakable delight, as we shall frequently behold his wisdom, power, and goodness wonderfully displayed; and as this will fill our souls
with gratitude, so it will constrain us to give unto him the honors due unto his holy name. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." Ps. cvii. 43.

YELLOW FEVER HEALED.

Dr. J. Leischild, in his volume of "Remarkable Facts," records the following circumstance, as related to him by the son of a Christian missionary:

"I well remember hearing my mother speak in touching terms of the narrow escapes my father had during our sojourn in Jamaica. Once we were nearly thrown, together with the horse and gig, over a steep precipice into the sea. My father endured five attacks of yellow fever, and on one occasion he suffered so much, that the medical attendants gave up all hopes of his recovery. For some time he lingered in a state of insensibility hardly to be described. My mother watched and wept, friends did the same; the faithful Christian negroes also wept as they saw life fast ebbing away. Death seemed just about to seize his prey. Prayer-meetings were held, and at last some hundreds of negroes were assembled, and earnestly beseeching Almighty God, with tears, to spare the life of their beloved missionary. Often had he stood up before judges in their defense. Often had he been cast into prison for protecting them from their tyrannical oppressors; and now, with a warmth of affection and intensity of feeling unknown amongst Christians in England, they cried mightily to God."
Hour after hour passed by; messengers were passing from the chapel to the mission-house to obtain tidings of the sick man. At length, when life seemed about to depart, the pious negroes agreed to unite *silently* in one heartfelt petition to Him in whose hand our breath is: and believing that 'man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,' they thus unitedly prayed. That multitude joined in one petition ascending from their inmost souls; and at that very hour the shadow of death fled at the rebuke of the Lord! A change took place, signs of health appeared, and he, for whose restoration so many suppliants prayed, was raised up from his bed of languishing; and that chapel and mission-house did indeed become filled with songs of joy, praise, and thanksgiving. 'He lives! he lives!' was the joyful exclamation that ran from one to another through that congregation, with an effect which I cannot describe, and which was greatly increased by the emotional nature of the unsophisticated negroes.

"This touching incident in the life of my father is, to my mind, a strong proof of the truth of our holy religion. Here was something of an altogether higher than human origin, in the commencement, progress, and issue. Can infidelity or atheism point to such effects or to such a result? It was the preaching of Jesus which led these poor, despised negroes to act as they did. Their missionary was to them the messenger of Christ and the bearer of glad tidings, and on that account they loved him. That love was from
heaven,—its emotions and effects were heavenly. The missionary’s love to Christ prompted him to do for the negroes what no human consideration would ever have accomplished. Missionary and people were there united with a love stronger than death.”

A CASE OF DROPSY HEALED.

“It is too evident,” says Mr. Pawson, “that deism exceedingly prevails in the present age, and that practical atheism is the natural fruit of it. Many there are who seem to take pleasure in reasoning God out of the world, and who would be glad to make mankind believe that he does not concern himself in the smallest degree, with the affairs of his creatures. For a serious Christian to acknowledge any extraordinary interposition of God in answer to prayer; or to believe anything which cannot be accounted for from natural causes, is, in this age of infidelity, accounted downright enthusiasm. But if this be deemed enthusiasm, to acknowledge God in all our ways, to see this kind and gracious hand in all his conduct towards us, whether with respect to our body or our soul, I most devoutly pray that the Lord may confirm and establish me in this sort of enthusiasm, so that I may live and die under the influence of it.

“In meeting the classes this quarter, a very serious and sensible man gave the following account, which several persons who met in the same class, bore witness to the truth of, from their own knowledge.
EBENEZERS.

I therefore desired him to write it down, as I conceived we ought to be of the same mind with the Psalmist, who repeatedly cries out, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

"The account which the person has given me, in his own hand, is as follows:

"On Thursday, the 11th of August, 1796, I felt a violent pain in my stomach; to remove which I tried several things in vain. On Sunday, the 14th, I began to swell; and on the 18th, I was satisfied that my complaint was a dropsy, from this circumstance, that if I pressed with my finger upon any part of my body, the impression remained for a considerable time. One of our friends advised me to use a milk diet, which I did, and continued to do. On Sunday, the 21st, a few of our friends spent some time in prayer with me. One of them said, "I found great liberty in prayer for you in my family; nevertheless, as we ought to make use of every lawful means for our recovery from sickness, I advise you to go to Dr. Hawes" in Spittle Square, to-morrow morning, who gives advice to poor people at eight o'clock."

"After our friends were gone, I found much nearness to God in private prayer, yet not without the buffettings of Satan, who suggested to my mind, "The dropsy is incurable, and it is downright enthusiasm to expect the Lord to work miracles." Yet from the consideration of the Lord's former mercies to me, together with the strong desire I felt to
believe that he would even grant me my request in this instance also, I continued in prayer, or rather in a sort of silent waiting upon the Lord. My mind was in a heavenly frame, and I had a clear view of the wonderful works of God, especially of his love manifested in the redemption of mankind.

"The next morning at eight o'clock, I went to Dr. Hawes', and found he was just gone to the country for three weeks. In returning home, I clearly saw that all human help was entirely cut off, and this blessed word, (a word which I hope I shall never forget,) came to my mind with wonderful power, and continued with me all the day, "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." I found power to believe that he would, and resolved to look to him alone for help. I observed at night that the swelling was much abated, and about Thursday it was entirely gone. Three or four days after, I caught a bad cold, so that I nearly lost my voice, but the Lord again mercifully healed me by applying these words to my mind, "Who healeth all thy diseases." I am now, through the mercy of God, quite well, and able to work for my daily bread: blessed be the name of the Lord for his abundant goodness.'

"Why should any Christian be ashamed to confess Christ before men? I can see no sufficient reason. Rather let us say with the Psalmist, to all our brethren, 'O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous works.' Ps. cv. 1, 2."
EBENEZERS. 283

A DAUGHTER HEALED.

About the month of March, 1881, the writer received a letter from an old acquaintance, a widow lady, who stated that her only daughter, an intelligent and estimable young woman, and a teacher in one of the public schools, was sick, nigh unto death; and earnestly entreated that prayer should be offered on her behalf. Her request was remembered, and a few days after another letter was received from which we make the following extracts:

"With grateful heart I will write that my daughter still lives, and though very weak, is now free from pain, and gaining every day a little. Though the process of recovery is slow, yet it is so wonderful that she can recover so fully as to be well, even if it require months, we feel we have great reason to praise the Lord. I do fully believe he heard and answered prayer in her behalf. The Saturday you received my note was the critical day. From ten in the morning until night, her recovery seemed very uncertain. She lay nearly or quite unconscious of what was passing around her. There was a constant giving out of the poor, overtasked heart; pulse rapid but faint, respiration was short; she had no strength to expectorate the dark, bloody mucous with which her throat was filling up, causing a loud and distressing gurgling in the air passages; her face was pale, lips drawn and white, and a cold sweat upon the surface; the blood settling in her finger-tips, which were blue above the middle joint; her
feet were cold and bluish,—the doctor saying the only chance was that stimulants might keep her from sinking, and if she could be kept alive twenty-four hours, she would get well. Do you not think my poor child has been as near the gates of death as she could go and be rescued? How I agonized in prayer for her! How I besought the Lord to remember me, and give me my child once more. Such a burden of woe as I had borne for four days and nights! I could neither eat nor sleep, and up to Friday afternoon I had been alone with her, and alone in the house.

About seven o'clock Saturday evening I went out of the room a few moments, and when I returned I looked at her and saw such a great change for the better. All the death look was gone from the face, and she looked so bright, and noticed me, that I felt at once that my prayers were heard, that she would live; and said so to Mrs. W——, who was then staying with me. My heart was relieved of its burden, and I could have faced the whole city and told with joy that God had saved my child.

When the doctor made his third visit that night, I told him at once that she would live, and he seemed greatly surprised at us both.

Her recovery is remarkably rapid, and the doctor seems, and indeed says he is, surprised at her improvement. Do you not think from what I have written, that she was literally dying? I do; and certainly think that she would have died before midnight. How utterly helpless I felt in my agony; but I knew
there was a great Physician whose power to heal was not limited by the lapse of centuries; and to him be the praise and the glory forever."

AN EVER PRESENT PHYSICIAN.

Sometime about the month of January, 1881, I called at the house of a Christian lady in the city of Lynn, Mass., and found her suffering most intensely from neuralgia in her face. The affliction had been of long continuance. Month after month she had hardly been free from pain, and life had become almost a burden. Physicians had been consulted, remedies had been used, but all without effecting the desired result. I made some suggestions regarding the matter, and came away regretting my inability to do something which might relieve her sufferings. I subsequently called again, and found her suffering from the same terrible malady.

Not many weeks after, as I was to preach in the North Congregational church in Lynn, I found time to make a Sunday morning call on my afflicted friend, and on inquiring as to her health, was surprised to hear her say that she was well, entirely relieved of her neuralgia.

"How were you cured?" said I.

"The Lord cured me," was the answer.

"Well, tell me about it," I said; but she replied that there was not much to tell, and proceeded to give, in substance, the following account.

She had suffered and suffered until she was almost
discouraged and worn out with pain. One day she heard that a Christian woman, Miss Jennie S——, was to give an account of her experience and healing, in the evening, in one of the churches of the city. Said she, "I told my husband to go and hear what she said, and remember every word, and come home and tell me. He went to the meeting and listened to her story, in which she related the account of her remarkable cure of a disease of the spine, from which she had suffered greatly, having been confined to her bed for months and years. After the meeting he came home and told the whole story as fully as he could remember it; and then I began to pray. It seemed to me as if I did nothing but pray day and night for three days; and after a while the pain in my face began to leave me, and I was well, and am well still."

We have seen our friend since, and have no reason to doubt the permanency of this cure. She is not a fanatic nor an enthusiast; so far as we know she neither sees visions nor dreams dreams, but she knows what the neuralgia is, and knows when she is free from it.

We are specially interested in this instance, because there is no manifestation of human instrumentality in the connection. There are many who believe that the Lord will hear the prayers of other persons, but have no faith that he will listen to them; so they do not go to God in their troubles, but rather go to some minister or eminent Christian, to get him to ask God to relieve the affliction. Hence we have noted
instances where the accounts of the healing of certain afflicted persons have seemed a little like an advertisement of the faith and power of some one who may seem to have been used as an instrument in accomplishing the result. In this case there was no human instrumentality. There was no calling on others for aid, and the mercy granted was simply in answer to the daily and nightly prayers and supplications of a poor, suffering child of God.

We do not desire to direct the attention of suffering ones to any human helpers. We have no inclination to tell them where persons may be found whose prayers God has been pleased to hear. We prefer to suppress the names of those who have thus been used and honored of the Lord, simply because we desire that the sick and suffering should cease from man and seek unto the Lord, in whom alone there is help. Does a suffering one ask, "Who can prevail with the Lord in prayer?" The answer is, "You yourself can do it." You are not to ascend into heaven or descend into the deep to bring Christ near to you. You need not go from one person to another to find men and women who have power with God. You have simply to go to Christ, the great High Priest, and pour out your hearts in earnest faith before him; and he will hear your cry. He is "not far from every one of us;" and is he not as near to you as to any one? If you have Christian friends who have faith in God, you can agree with them to ask in the name of Jesus; but if you are friendless and alone, you may still reach the ear of Him who
can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and was tempted in all points like as we are. Go, then, to the Saviour; cast your care on him, in sweet submission to his will, and all will be well.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

The Danville, Ky., Advocate says: "We heard a beautiful incident related a few days ago, which is illustrative of a child's faith, and is a strong confirmation of special providence. An interesting little daughter of Prof. C——, of this city, last summer, in eating a watermelon, got one of the seeds lodged in her windpipe.

"An effort was made to dislodge it, but proved ineffectual, and it was thought that the child would have to be taken to one of the large cities to have an operation performed by a skillful surgeon. To this she was decidedly opposed, and pleaded with her mamma to tell her if there was no other way of relief. Finally, in order to quiet her childish fears, her Christian mother told her to ask God to help her.

"The little one went into an adjoining room, and shortly thereafter came running to her mamma with her beautiful and intellectual face lighted up with joy, and the seed in her hand. In response to the eager inquiry of her mother, the little one said that she had asked God to help her, and while she was praying she was taken with a severe cough, in which she threw up the seed."
THE HEALING OF INNOCENTIUS.

Augustine relates, in his chapter "Concerning the miracles which were wrought in order that the world might believe in Christ, and which continue to be wrought, now that the world does believe," the remarkable healing of Innocentius, a devout believer, ex-advocate of the vice-prefecture at Carthage, in whose house Augustine and his brother, Allippius, were dwelling at that time.

Innocentius was afflicted with a painful malady, for which he had frequently submitted to a severe surgical operation; but after all that skill could do, his malady so far continued that there was no hope of his recovery unless he would once more submit to the knife. His sufferings on former occasions had been so terrible, that on hearing this, he became pale and prostrated with fear. At length, exhausted with suffering, and knowing that there was no way to escape, he called in his celebrated surgeon, named Alexandrinus, who, after examination, decided that the operation must be performed, as the only way of saving his life; and suggested that the medical advisers who had been dismissed should be recalled, and the operation performed in their presence.

The measure was deferred to the next day, and after their departure, says Augustine, "The lamentation of the whole household was like the cry raised or the dead." Innocentius was daily visited by several holy men, Saturninus, bishop of Uzala, Helosas, another presbyter, and the deacons of the
church at Carthage, "among whom," Augustine adds, "was Aurelius, the only surviving bishop, a man ever to be mentioned with the greatest regard and honor, with whom, in calling to mind the wonderful works of God, I have often conversed on this occurrence; and I have found that he retains the fullest recollection of what I now relate."

When these persons paid their usual visit in the evening, the sufferer, piteously weeping, besought them that they would kindly be present the next day, at what he called his decease rather than his sufferings; for, from the agony which he had endured on former occasions, he felt no doubt that he should die under the surgeon's hands. They did their best to comfort him, exhorting him to submission and trust in God. Augustine thus continues:

"We then went to prayer, and while kneeling and prostrating ourselves, as on other occasions, he also prostrated himself, as if some one had forcibly thrust him down, and began to pray, in what manner, with what earnestness, with what emotion, with what a flood of tears, with what agitation of his whole body, I might almost say with what suspension of his respiration, by his groans and sobs,—who shall attempt to describe? Whether the rest of the party were so little affected as to be able to pray, I know not; for my own part, I could not. This alone, inwardly and briefly, I said: 'Lord, what prayers of thine own children wilt thou ever grant, if thou grant not these?' For nothing more seemed possible, but that he should die praying."
"We arose, and after the benediction from the bishop, left him. But not until he had besought them to be with him in the morning, nor until they had exhorted him to calmness.

"The dreaded day arrived, and the servants of God attended as they had promised. The medical men make their appearance; all things required for such an operation are got ready, and amidst the terror and suspense of all present, the dreadful instruments are brought out. In the mean time, while those of the bystanders whose authority was the greatest, endeavor to support the courage of the patient by words of comfort, he is placed in a convenient posture for the operation, the dressings are opened, the seat of the disease is exposed, the surgeon inspects it, and tries to find the part to be operated upon. With his instrument in his hand, he first looks for it, then examines by the touch. In a word, he makes every possible trial, and finds the place perfectly healed! The gladness, the praise, the thanksgiving to a compassionate and all-powerful God, which with mingled joy and tears, now burst from the lips of all present, cannot be told by me. The scene may more easily be imagined than described."

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**MELANCTHON'S RESTORATION.**

Louis Seckendorf, who was born in 1626, in his "Commentary on a History of Lutheranism," published in 1692, gives an account of the miraculous healing of Melancthon, who fell ill while on a
journey, and was in a dying state when the Elector sent for Luther to come and comfort him. Seckendorf relates the circumstance in the words of Solomon Glasse, superintendent general of Gotha, a finished theologian of blessed memory, with whom Seckendorf studied in the school at Gotha in 1640.

"Luther arrived and found Philip about to expire. His eyes were set, his understanding was almost gone, his speech had failed, and also his hearing; his countenance had fallen, he knew no one, and he had ceased to take either solids or liquids. At this sight Luther was greatly alarmed, and turning to his fellow travelers said: 'Good Lord, how has the devil ruined this instrument for me!' Then turning away his face toward the window he called upon God most devoutly. 'At this point,' said Luther, 'God had to stop; for I threw him the sack before the door,* and I rubbed his ears † with all the promises of hearing prayer, which I knew how to repeat out of the Holy Scriptures; and I told him that he must hear me, or how should I ever trust his promises again.'"

Glasse proceeds: "After this, taking the hand of Philip, and well knowing his anxiety of heart and conscience, he said, 'Be of good courage, Philip, thou shalt not die. Although God does not lack reason

* To throw the sack before one's door, is an old German phrase sometimes used when a person, having difference with another, sums up all he has to say, as in a sack, and lays it before him, or throws it at his door, as much as to say, "There is your promise, and there is the whole story, and now I leave the responsibility with you."

† The Germans, sometimes, when promising to keep a thing in mind, say, "I will write it behind my ear;" and in promising to repeatedly and earnestly remind one of something, say, "I will rub his ears about it."
for slaying thee, yet he willeth not the death of a sinner, but that he turn and live. He taketh pleasure in life, not in death. Inasmuch as God has called and taken back to his favor the greatest of sinners, namely, Adam and Eve, how much less, Philip, will he cast thee off, or suffer thee to perish in thy sin or sorrow. Wherefore, give no place to the spirit of grief, nor become the slayer of thyself; but trust in the Lord who is able to kill and to make alive.’

‘While he is thus speaking, Philip begins, as it were, to revive and to breathe; and gradually recovering his strength, is at length restored to health.’*

According to other accounts, which afford additional particulars of this occurrence, Luther, on his arrival, burst into tears at beholding Melancthon so near his end. The dying man, arousing at Luther’s exclamations of agony, said, “O Luther! is this you? Why don’t you let me depart in peace?”

“We cannot spare you yet, Philip,” was the reformer’s answer; and then, falling upon his knees, he spent more than an hour pleading for the recovery of the sick man, until there came to his heart the assurance that his prayers were heard; and turning to Melancthon and taking his hand, who said, “Oh, Luther, why don’t you let me depart in peace?” Luther again replied, “No, no, Philip, we cannot spare you yet.”

He then ordered some soup, and when Melancthon refused to take it, saying, “Dear Luther, why will

you not let me go home?” he replied, “We cannot spare you yet, Philip;” and then, as the sick man refused the nourishment, said, in his cheery way, “Philip, take this soup, or I will excommunicate you.” The nourishment was taken, Melancthon began to revive, and lived to labor many years in the vineyard of the Lord.

Melancthon, afterwards writing to Burchard Mithobius, says, “I should have been a dead man, had I not been recalled from death itself by the coming of Luther.” And Luther wrote to John Lange: “Philip is very well after such an illness, for it was greater than I had supposed. I found him dead; but by a manifest miracle of God, he lives.” And writing to a friend resident in his family, and referring to his attendance at the Diet, he said, “Toil and labor have been lost, and money spent to no purpose; nevertheless, though I have succeeded in nothing else, yet have I fetched back Philip out of hell; and I intend to bring him, now rescued from the grave, home again with joy, if God will and with his grace. Amen!”

BAXTER ON HEALING.

Richard Baxter, in his “Saint’s Rest,” says, “Had we no other argument to prove the Scripture to be the word of God, but only the strange success of the prayers of the saints, while they trust upon and plead the promises with fervency, I think it might much confirm experienced men.
"I know man's atheism and infidelity will never want somewhat to say against the most eminent providences, though they were miracles themselves. That nature which is so ignorant of God, and at enmity with him, will not acknowledge him in his clear discoveries to the world, but will ascribe all to fortune or nature, or some such idol, which indeed is nothing. But when mercies are granted in the very time of prayer, and that when, to reason, there is no hope, and that without the use or help of any other means or creatures, yea, and perhaps many times over and over; is not this as plain as though God from heaven should say to us, 'I am fulfilling to thee the true word of my promise to Christ my Son'?

"How many times have I known the prayer of faith to save the sick, when all physicians have given them up as dead.* It has been my own case, more than once, or twice, or ten times. When means have all failed, and the highest art of reason has sentenced me hopeless, yet have I been relieved by the prevalency of fervent prayer... My flesh and my heart failed, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. And though he yet keep me under necessary weakness, and wholesome sickness, and certain expectation of further necessities and assaults, yet am I constrained by most convincing experiences to set up this stone of remembrance, and publicly, to the praise of the Almighty, to acknowledge that

*This paragraph was a portion of a sermon preached by Baxter before it was printed in the "Saint's Rest." To it Baxter, at this point, adds in a note a remarkable case of healing which he experienced while delivering the sermon. This note we reprint in the next paragraph.
certainly God is true to his promises, and that they are indeed his own infallible word.

"Among abundance of instances that I could give; my conscience commandeth me here to give you this one, as belonging to the very words here written. I had a tumor rise on one of the tonsils, or almonds, of my throat, round like a pea, and at first no bigger; and at last no bigger than a small button, and hard like a bone. The fear lest it should prove a cancer, troubled me more than the thing itself. I used, first, dissolving medicines; and after, lenient, for palliation, and all in vain, for about a quarter of a year. At last my conscience smote me for silencing so many former deliverances that I had had in answer of prayers. Merely in pride, lest I should be derided as making ostentation of God's special mercies to myself, as if I were a special favorite of heaven, I had made no public mention of them. I was that morning to preach just what is here written, and in obedience to my conscience I spoke these words which are now in this page, with some enlargements not here written. When I went to church, I had my tumor as before (for I frequently saw it in the glass, and felt it constantly). As soon as I had done preaching, I felt it was gone; and hastening to the glass, I saw that there was not the least vestigium or cicatrix, or mark wherever it had been; nor did I at all discern what became of it. I am sure I neither swallowed it nor spit it out; and it was unlikely to dissolve by any natural cause, that had been hard like a bone for a quarter of a year, notwithstanding
all dissolving gargarisms. I thought it fit to mention this, because it was done just as I spoke the words here written in this page."*

HEALING AMONG THE MORAVIANS.

It is related that after the Moravians settled Herrnhut, one of the married sisters became exceedingly ill. The physicians had given up all hope, and her husband was plunged in grief. Jean deWatteville, a man of childlike faith, visited her, and found her joyfully waiting her end; and having encouraged her in this frame of mind, took his leave.

It was at this time the practice of the younger brethren and sisters to go about singing hymns before the brethren's houses, with an instrumental accompaniment. Watteville desired them to sing some appropriate hymns under the window of this sick sister, at the same time praying in his heart to the Lord, that he would be pleased to restore her to health. He obtained a hope so full of sweetness and faith that he sung with confidence the lines ending:

"When at the last I pant for breath,
Name but the Cross, my hope in death;
Soon as I hear the blissful word,
My voice returns to praise the Lord."

To the astonishment of those who surrounded the bed of this dying sister, before the hymn closed, they saw her sit up and join, with a tone of animation, in singing the last line. She recovered, and lived thirty-five years afterwards.

* See note on page 295.
THE MIGHTY HEALER.

"And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were eased, and them that were possessed with devils. And the city was gathered at the door." Mark i. 32, 33.

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, thou, too, art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide:

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Tew
EBENEZERS.

PRAYERS FOR CONVERSION.
"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord." Ps. xl. 1-3.

"The prayer of faith shall save the sick, . . . and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James v. 15, 16.
EBENEZERS.

PRAYERS FOR CONVERSION.

THE FOURTH GENERATION.

Four generations before this present time, 1880, a Christian husband and wife agreed to spend one hour of the first Sunday of every month in special prayer for the conversion of their children, one after another, as they should arrive at a sufficient age; and also to plead for spiritual blessing upon their descendants to the remotest generation. These parents began to do this as soon as their first-born emerged from childhood, entering into a written covenant with each other, with the understanding that each child, when converted, and his or her companion, if married, should also sign and observe the same covenant. It is a good thing if you make a covenant, to have it in writing.

Eleven children came into this Christian home, under the sheltering wings of prayer, two of whom died in early childhood, and nine—seven sons and two daughters—lived to a mature age. Eight of these nine children, with their husbands and wives (for they were all married), ultimately united in (301)
the same covenant with their parents. The ninth died in early manhood, but not until he had given evidence that he, too, had become a child of God.

I would like to make a pilgrimage to see this covenant, where God and parents, husbands and wives, had united in covenant together. It would be like the spot where Moses saw the Lord in the burning bush—holy ground.

Six of the sons, having been hopefully converted, became honored officers in the church of Christ, and married eminently Christian wives. The daughters were also converted in early womanhood, married Christian husbands, and trained their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The whole family, sons and daughters, with their husbands and wives, were gathered, by the blessing of a covenant-keeping God, into one common fold. Thus God's mercies covered two generations.

But these covenant blessings did not cease with the second generation. Forty-two grandchildren lived to years of discretion in the line of these blessed generations. Of these, all but one, or possibly two, have been converted, and most of them have reared Christian families. Five of these grandchildren of the original covenant-makers, and one great-grandchild, became ministers of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Three of the grandchildren and one great-grandchild have been sent out to foreign lands as missionaries to the heathen.

The great-grandchildren of this covenanted family are very numerous, and a large number of them are
still young in years. They are so widely scattered that they cannot now be readily traced. The older portion of them hold very respectable, and some of them quite conspicuous and useful, positions in society. How many of this fourth generation are now Christians, cannot be ascertained at this time. But it is not known that a single adult descendant of the original covenanted parents has died without giving comforting evidence of true piety. The aged patriarch who gave me these facts with modest reluctance and deep emotion, is the last survivor of the eleven children of the original pair. What a river of blessing flowing out from a little spring in this Christian family!

I should like to read the record of the blessings that have come from this first covenant of Christian parents with God, when time is ended. There will be family reunions on the other side by and by. What a family reunion that will be! When the original covenancers shall gather together, generation following generation, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren, till the end of time; when these ministers of the Word, a half-dozen now in the field, shall bring their countless sheaves—great God, what a gathering that will be! That company, the voice of praise rising up from that family altar, the result of the earnestness and faith and persistence of those Christian parents, oh, what a fruitage that will be!

Need I stop to make the application? Enter into covenant with your God. If there is an unsaved
parent whose eye perchance may fall upon this page, I had almost said you were in covenant with the devil to transmit curses from generation to generation. Burn the covenant with the devil, and enter into covenant with God; write it down and live it out. "Know therefore that the Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments, to a thousand generations."

PRAYER AND THE WINDS.

The writer heard the late aged and venerable Rev. Dr. Cleaveland, of Boston, relate the following incident:

In a revival of religion in the church of which he was pastor, he was visited one morning by a member of his church, a widow, whose only son was a sailor.

With a voice trembling with emotion, she said, "Dr. Cleaveland, I have called to entreat you to join me in praying that the wind may change." He looked at her in silent amazement. "Yes," she exclaimed, earnestly, "my son has gone on board his vessel; they sail to-night unless the wind changes."

"Well, madam," replied the doctor, "I will pray that your son may be converted on this voyage; but to pray that God would alter the laws of his universe on his account, I fear is presumptuous."

"Doctor," she replied, "my heart tells me differ-
ently. God’s Spirit is here. Souls are being converted here. You have a meeting this evening, and if the wind would change, John would stay and go to it; and I believe if he went he would be converted. Now, if you cannot join me, I must pray alone, for he must stay.”

“I will pray for his conversion,” said the doctor.

On his way to the meeting he glanced at the weather-vane, and to his surprise the wind had changed, and it was blowing landward.

On entering his crowded vestry, he soon observed John, sitting upon the front seat. The young man seemed to drink in every word, rose to be prayed for, and attended the inquiry meeting.

When he sailed from port the mother’s prayers had been answered; he went a Christian.

The pastor had learned a lesson he never forgot. The Lord had said, “O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee, even as thou wilt.”

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND.

Away among the hills which skirt the beautiful Muskingum river, there lived, many years ago, in a lowly cabin, a man and his wife; both of them young in years—the man old in sin, the woman a babe in Christ.

To this pair a child was given to rear; and his mother early taught him to lisp the Saviour’s name in prayer, while his father, as early, taught and even forced him to use that sacred name with oaths and
blasphemies, and also sought in many other ways to harass and afflict his Christian wife. All this she felt most keenly, but grace was sufficient, and never did she by word or look betray impatience or annoyance, but ever treated him as if he had been a true man, instead of a vile creature in human shape.

When he came home drunk she nursed him as tenderly as if he had been sick; if he cursed her, she only answered with smiles and blessings, and his cruel taunts were met by submissive silence, or by soft and gentle words. Indeed, so patient and cheerful was she that her very meekness exasperated her husband, until it seemed his chief business to contrive ways to torment her. He gave her no rest, but strove to hunt her soul and make her life a weariness; and drive her from that Rock of refuge, that Tower of strength, where she so peacefully reposed.

There was, however, one place where she could go undisturbed. Behind their garden fence was a cluster of low bushes, where she often retired to pray, and always found a calm and safe retreat. Her husband would follow her everywhere else with curses and bitter taunts, but there he dared not venture. And this enraged him terribly, for he felt that this place had much to do with her calmness and good temper; for try as he would, he could neither arouse her anger nor disturb her peace.

Thus matters went on, till it seemed sometimes as if the trial was too much for flesh and blood to bear. But the God whom she worshiped and trusted was not unmindful of her cries, nor forgetful of her prayers;
and when he had, for his own wise purposes, suffered her to be buffeted and tried sufficiently by the messenger of Satan, he wrought deliverance for his trusting child.

One day, after imparting to the little boy another of his horrible lessons in profanity and sin, the miserable man, being fired by strong drink, and exasperated because he had failed to wring from his wife the slightest word of murmuring or reproach, determined to follow her to her hiding-place, and learn the secret of her seclusion there, and use it as a fresh weapon to afflict and grieve her soul.

Filled with this purpose, he crept stealthily out after her, and drew near the consecrated spot. There he heard the voice of his patient, loving wife, lifted in supplication to the God of heaven. A feeling of awe came over the guilty man, and he stood, as if chained in his tracks, and heard her pleading piteously with her heavenly Father, not for herself nor for her own deliverance, but for their boy, her poor, precious, helpless little one,—that his own father, his natural protector, should not be permitted to drag him to that perdition to which he himself seemed bound.

That prayer prevailed on high. The lion became as a lamb, and before he left that spot, heaven witnessed his solemn resolve to abstain forever from the intoxicating cup, and seek forgiveness for the many sins which he had committed.

That resolve was kept; and who can tell the joy of that patient, praying wife, when the man of blasphemy became a man of prayer, with a piety as
marked, and a zeal as earnest as his wickedness had been gross, and his blasphemy notorious. From such a scene of new-born joy we would not draw the curtain of silence. The joy in heaven over the returning sinner found its counterpart on earth in that home which sin had darkened, but which grace made glad.

Some twenty years later, while visiting in that part of Ohio, the writer was permitted to share the hospitalities of that Christian family, and hear them tell of the wonders of that grace which saves the lost.

The story of the husband's intemperance and his subsequent conversion, was already familiar to me and from his own lips I listened to the recital of the particulars which I have here related.

God's blessing had been upon that home. The parents still held fast their steadfastness in Christ, and their large family of children, one after another, had given their hearts to Jesus, till all but one, the youngest, had been gathered into the fold of the dear Shepherd, and I have since heard that he had confessed the Saviour as his Lord.

The cabin was still there, and although beside it had arisen a more comfortable dwelling, yet in their daily devotions the family were accustomed to gather into the old cabin where so many of them had sought and found the Saviour, each member taking a part in the sacred service of the Lord; and I was informed that all the children who had confessed the Saviour were in the habit of leading in prayer alternately with their parents.
I place this truthful account on record, that God's children may see what sorrows sometimes come upon those who are unequally yoked with unbelievers, scoffers, and lovers of strong drink; and to warn them of the conflicts which such may expect. And I trust that those who may have been thus ensnared and led into such alliances, will learn that they must not weakly yield their ground, but rather, by a meek, consistent, and steadfast devotion to the Master's service, seek to save themselves and their families from the bonds of sin and death; assured that God still heareth prayer, that he is strong to deliver, and that he is mighty to save.

THE RESCUED SON.

It must have been some time about the year 1857, that a band of outlaws were assembled in the wilds of Wisconsin, devising deeds of wickedness and violence, to be executed by hands which were strong for evil, and feet which were swift to shed blood.

Among that ill-met company, was Jesse P——, a youth of less than twenty years, whose godly mother had taught his lips to lisp the words of praise and prayer, but whose profane and impious father had as early instructed him to blaspheme that God whose name he had hardly learned to know.

That mother's prayers had prevailed on her husband's behalf, and years before she had seen him shed his tears of penitence at mercy's altar, and had rejoiced over him as heaven rejoices over the sinner
that repenteth. But this first-born son, starting in life surrounded by such antagonistic influences, inheriting his father's determined and headstrong disposition, and possessed of all the corruptions of a fallen nature and a carnal heart, had, in spite of his mother's prayers, and the supplications of the repentant husband, grown up wild, reckless, turbulent and impatient of restraint, and had left his quiet home in Ohio to become a wanderer in the far off West.

Young as he was in years, he was old in iniquity, and had become deeply entangled in the meshes of Satan's nets. But though he had been guilty of almost every other crime, his hands had hitherto been held back from the shedding of innocent blood, and the guilt of murder was not yet charged against him. But at this meeting of the gang, a murder was planned, and this young man, this child of prayers and tears, was selected to execute the dreadful purpose. And so hardened was he in sin, that he accepted the terrible commission with eagerness, and made haste to perfect the preparations for carrying out the bloody plot.

But while these purposes and plans of crime were being discussed in that dense forest by this outlawed tribe, purposes of mercy and love were also being matured. High in heaven, a loving God looked down upon the wayward sinner; and far away, in the quiet retirement of a lowly Christian home, a loving mother yearned over her wandering, first-born son. Day by day had that mother's prayers gone up for the absent boy, but at this particular time her heart
was stirred to its depths by forebodings of coming evil which awaited her much-loved child.

So burdened was her soul by these premonitions of trouble, that she could neither eat nor sleep, and could barely perform the duties pertaining to her household; but spent the day in agonizing prayer for her precious son, being helped therein by his once dissolute but now repentant father, whose early instructions in sin had led to such fearful results.

The young man started on his dreadful errand; but as he hastened to add crime to crime, "a covenant-keeping God, whose eyes are over the righteous, and whose ears are open to their prayers, pitied the lost sinner, and gave heed to the pleadings of the saint; and while she "was yet speaking" the Holy Spirit, which inspired the mother's prayer, was doing its work in the heart of the erring child, convincing him of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come.

A strange feeling stole over the lost wanderer, as he went forth upon his dreadful errand;—he felt that his mother was praying for him; memory carried him back to childhood days; he recalled the lessons of piety and virtue learned beside her knee; while, in awful contrast, his fearful crimes rolled in upon his view, and the horrors of blood-guiltiness stared him in the face.

So strong were his convictions of sin that he was unable to proceed. A mightier officer than any minister of the civil law had arrested him, not by legal process nor by human authority, but in the name of the King of kings and Lord of lords. He
halted in his course. Turning his horse, he left his comrades forever, and started immediately for his Ohio home, and rested not till, in the humble cottage of his parents on the borders of the Muskingum, he told the story of his crimes and wanderings in his mother's ear, and mingled his prayers with hers for pardon and salvation; and found peace and joy in believing on that Saviour whose name in early life he had been so diligently taught both to reverence and blaspheme.

Strange as this story may seem to those who have never marked the mysteries of divine providence and the wonders of saving grace, there are multitudes of God's dear children who will see in it the workings of the same guiding hand which has led their feet in all the paths of life. Such persons do not need to explore the realms of fiction to find themes for grateful thought;—the facts of their own experience awaken all their souls to reverence and to love.

This tale is no fancy sketch. The persons, names, and places are known to the writer, and the scene is as fresh in her memory now as when she sat in that quiet cottage, among those dear ones, kindred both in flesh and in spirit, and heard the story of "The Reclaimed Husband," and as a sequel to it, this account of "The Rescued Son."

Let other mothers learn to pray and never faint; for they, too, may yet prevail before the throne, of Him who heareth prayer, and see their loved ones saved in peace at last.
BOTHERED BY MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

In an article in the Christian Weekly, J. Hyatt Smith records a circumstance which occurred during the revival of 1857, as follows:

One morning, in my Bible reading, a passage of Scripture struck me with a peculiar force, and I thought, "This is the text for to-night," and noting down the book, chapter, and verse, I put the memorandum in my pocket.

At seven in the evening, as usual, I was in my study adjoining the lecture-room. Between forty and fifty inquirers met me, and I spent the hour in soul talk, while the meeting for prayer was going on. At eight I took my place at the desk, and, while the people were singing, I found my text.

I was confounded. There was nothing in the chosen scripture that I should desire it. A root out of dry ground. I bowed in silent prayer, asking for light. Again I looked at the text. Empty! I wondered what could have been the morning vision, that I should ever have chosen those words. Meanwhile, the singers had reached the last verse of the hymn, and in a minute more I must be preaching to the five hundred people before me.

Giving up the morning selection, I opened the book anywhere, and instantly my eye fell upon a verse which seemed to say, "Lo, here am I; send me." The singing ceased, and I arose, announcing the new-found text, my soul silently saying, "Lord, help!" The Helper was at my side, and I never
had greater liberty than during that sacred hour. My theme was prayer, and in my discourse I was led to dwell with especial earnestness upon the power of a mother's prayer.

At the close of the exhortation, I asked all in the house who desired the prayers of God's people, to rise, and men and women stood up in all parts of the room. Among the number a man arose far back by the wall, and called out with great earnestness, "Look here! Some of you pray for me! My mother's prayers are bothering me!" Then, without an instant's pause, he pushed his way through the crowd, out into the street. No one knew from whence he came, who he was, or where he had gone. We prayed earnestly for all, remembering the man whose mother's prayers were bothering him.

Some nights after this strange incident, a man named James Prior related his experience before the church.

He was the only son of his mother, and she was a Christian, a member of a church in another city. Though not dissipated, and industrious, his life had been that of a rough, bold, God-defying man. He was an infidel. As near as I can recall his words, this was his statement:—

"I had not darkened a church door for twelve years. One night I was coming down Washington street, and as I got opposite the church door, the people were singing, and something said to me, 'Prior, go in!' I replied, 'I won't do it!' and
started again down street. Again, after a few steps, I stopped, and something said, 'Prior, you dare not go in!' I spoke right out, and said, 'I am not afraid of Hyatt Smith, or old Washington street church, either.' Now, don't laugh at me, friends; I know it will sound strange to you, but it is God's truth. I made another start for an engagement down street, when my feet turned me right round, and walked me down the steps into this room. The minister talked about a mother's prayers. At the close of the sermon I couldn't stand it. I found myself standing up with the others, and may be you remember a man's saying, 'Some of you pray for me; my mother's prayers are bothering me.' That was me. And here I am, by the grace of God. The next day, as I was at work at my trade, I just set down my paint-pail, and went up into a room built for a safe, and, shutting the door, dropped down on my knees on the cement floor, and prayed that God would take my sins away. While I was praying, all of a sudden I was so happy that I laughed and cried for joy. I can't tell you how I felt. I sung, I didn't know any hymns, yet I did sing anything that I had in my mind. I love Jesus."

Now, there is a beautiful, wonderful fact connected with this man's conversion. That very moment—as we learned afterward—when this man was struggling before the church door, and I was in the conflict with my chosen text, and shut up to take another scripture, which led me to preach on prayer, a little company of mothers had met in Rochester,
sixty-eight miles away, to pray over their children; and among them was Prior's mother. He knew nothing of this meeting. At the moment he was forced to cry out, "Pray for me; my mother's prayers are bothering me," Mrs. Prior, with a mother's faith, was praying for her son.

If any mother who has a son out of Christ shall read these lines, let me say to her, Have faith. Remember Mrs. Prior. Believe in the power of a mother's prayers. Put this book aside; go into your closet, and again pray for your boy. God hears prayer.

A PRAYING MOTHER AND THE PIRATE.

Some few years since an East Indian trader was attacked, while cruising in the Indian ocean, by a piratical schooner; and the attack being sudden and unlooked for, the merchantman fell an easy prey into the hands of the pirates. The captain and several of the crew were slain during the conflict, and the rest being gagged and heavily ironed, were laid in the pirates' boats for removal to their own vessel; and then the murderous gang proceeded to the ship's cabin, intending there to complete the work of destruction, and see of what treasures they could possess themselves.

As they descended the companion way, they heard a soft voice evidently engaged in supplication; and the chief, directing his followers to halt at the entrance, went noiselessly forward to ascertain whence
the voice proceeded. Bending low to avoid observ-
ance, he peeped into a door that stood ajar, and
there knelt a fair young woman, with a beautiful boy
at her side, one arm clasped caressingly around the
child, and the other raised in earnest supplication.
"Oh, God of all mercy," said the beseeching voice,
as the face of tearful agony met the pirate's view,
'save the life of my child, if such be thy holy will;
but rather let him perish now by the assassin's knife,
than fall a living prey into such hands, to be trained
up to a life of sin and infamy. Let him die now, if
such be thy decree; but oh, let him not live to dis-
onor thee and perish at last eternally!" The voice
c eased, choked with tears of agony; and there stood
the pirate, transfixed to the spot by the tumult of
is own emotions. In imagination he was again a
child; his own pious mother's prayers and instruc-
tions, for long years forgotten, rose before him, and
God's Spirit sent such an arrow of conviction to his
heart, that instead of carrying out his murderous
agains, he sunk upon his knees, and cried out for
mercy. After assuring the lady that no harm should
be done her, he hastened to the deck, unbound the
aptive crew, and restoring them to their ship, re-
turned with his men to their own.
Shortly afterward he surrendered himself to the
british East Indian government; but so great was
he remorse he suffered for his past crimes, that
before his trial came on, he was attacked with fever,
wat in a few days proved fatal. Before his death he
ade a full confession of the crimes of his past life,
manifesting the deepest penitence in view of his guilt, and he expired, humbly trusting in Jesus for mercy and acceptance with him. Thus were his pious mother's prayers answered at last, and her erring child saved, as we may trust, even at the eleventh hour. What a heritage for good are the prayers of a Christian mother.

MOTHERS' PRAYERS.

Thirty-nine years a lady had prayed for her daughter without receiving any answer. At length she came to die. Her death was the means used for her daughter's conversion. She became a most eminent Christian, much used of the Lord in the turning of sinners to Christ.

One hundred American students who were converted, met together to speak of their conversion. Ninety of them traced their blessings to the answers to their mothers' prayers.

At another meeting in England, nearly one hundred who had been blessed of God, said they had praying parents to pray for their children. The majority of the requests for prayers for unconverted friends begin, "A mother asks prayer."

A pious mother in Western New York was in earnest, secret supplication for a son who had been seeking for purity of heart for a long time, but was now giving way to despair. All at once a vision of Christ, honoring Peter's "little faith," passed before her. She hastened to her son's room, read him the
story of the sinking and yet saved disciple, and urged him to come to Christ with his "little faith." It was enough; the son trusted, and, as sinking Peter did, felt "immediately" the warm embrace of the Saviour of sinners.

Many a one has learned the blessing of having a praying mother. We trace every blessing to God's fathomless grace; still he is pleased to use means, and he says, "For all these things I will be inquired of."

God formed the mother's heart, with all its wealth of deep, unselfish, life-long love; and it is through this love that multitudes of wayward ones have been won to know the only deeper, purer, and more enduring love that man may taste, "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

THE SCOFFER CONVERTED.

A writer in the Christian Witness, speaking of the conversion of certain infidels, says:—"One is so remarkable that we cannot forbear relating it. A young man, engaged in a public establishment, and in the employ of a pious individual, whose former efforts to introduce his baneful doctrines into the establishment were a source of great annoyance to his employer, embraced every opportunity to expose to visitors his utter contempt of all the sacred things of the gospel. His bold blasphemies, and his scornful sneers, were alike shocking to decency and religion. A vile print which weekly disseminated its
moral poison through our community, he contrived as frequently as possible to bring under the notice of the visitors to the establishment, though his employer as vigilanty sought to destroy it, whenever introduced there. Withal, he was given to occasional fits of intemperance, in which his treatment of his family rendered him a terror, where he ought to have been a comfort and support. His great usefulness in the establishment, alone reconciled his employer to the utterance of his wicked principles, and his vicious conduct.

"To manifest his contempt for the ordinances of religion and his open defiance of the God of the Bible, he laid a wager with his profane companions, that he would attend a Methodist prayer-meeting in his neighborhood, and go forward to be prayed for. He went—and his hardihood carried him through the accomplishment of his wicked purpose. But perhaps his conscience was not as much at ease as his decorum indicated; perhaps the rude impertinence of his blasphemy startled even his own proud heart, and awakened his attention to the things he was endeavoring to ridicule; perhaps his character and purposes were known to 'the sons of God,' so that they adapted their supplications to the dreadful enormity of his sins. Whatever may have been the immediate influence by which he was moved, certain it is that the Spirit of God strove with him, and subdued the stubborn rebellion of his heart. Conscience arose in its insulted and outraged majesty; and like Esau, when he had lost his birthright, he lifted up a great and bitter
cry. He went forth from the house of prayer with his spirit bowed within him, and his very frame sympathizing in its strong commotion. He had found peace in believing. The influence of his change wrought upon her with whose happiness his principles had hardly less to do than with his own; and they both entered on probation as candidates for full communion in the denomination by whose pious instrumentality the husband was first called to the knowledge of the truth.

A HUSBAND SAVED.

Many years ago a Christian girl of sixteen, ignorant and inexperienced, was led to unite in marriage with an ungodly man. "Such shall have trouble," for the disregard of God's precepts regarding marriage plunges many a soul into a sea of calamities. Her case was no exception. Her husband opposed her assembling for worship in the house of prayer; and for several years she yielded to his will and absented herself from church in the vain hope of pleasing and pacifying an unreasonable man.

At length, finding that her husband grew no better but rather worse, she concluded to brave his displeasure and obey the call of her heavenly Father, whose Spirit she still cherished within her crushed and saddened heart. She began to join in the throng of worshipers who gathered week by week from hill and dale in our little church, and oh, how inexpressibly refreshing were the precious gospel truths, the
sweet hymns of praise, and the earnest prayers, to her hungry, thirsty soul!

The rage of her husband was hard to bear, but sustained by the grace of God, she patiently and persistently walked in this way for several years.

In the meantime her husband, as if to afflict her still more severely, turned into the drunkard’s path, and one winter forbade her attending a series of meetings which was commenced. She however persisted in going, until in a fit of rage he told her one day that if she went that night he would burn her clothes while she was gone, and break her head when she came home.

She went, but so overwhelmed was her heart by these persecutions, that she confided her troubles to two or three Christian friends, not enjoining secrecy, and they in turn told two or three more, including the pastor, who that evening publicly requested prayers for “the man who opposed his wife in going to church.”

It was a time of special interest. The house was filled, and though only a few persons knew for what person prayers were desired, yet a solemn stillness rested on the assembly, and such a burden of soul was felt by the faithful ones, that many earnest petitions went up to the throne of grace on his behalf.

Shortly after this season of special prayer this man began to treat his wife with still greater severity, trying to turn her out of doors and away from her helpless little ones.

One day, as she was combing her hair, his cruelty
EBENEZERS.

reached such a pitch that she could endure no more, and laying aside her comb she fell on her knees before the astonished man, and poured out such a torrent of prayer for his salvation as completely silenced him. During the remainder of the day he went about the house as quiet as a lamb. That night, to her surprise and joy, he said, "Oh, Mary, what a wicked man I am! How dreadfully I have treated you. Can you forgive me? If you can forgive I know God can."

"I can forgive you with all my heart," was the sincere reply. After this he attended the meetings, and was converted to God. He now leads a consistent Christian life, attends church with his family, and in prayer and social meetings, openly and humbly confesses Jesus Christ.

Let the troubled be encouraged to pray on, "For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"

"WHO WERE THEY PRAYING FOR?"

For ten long years Mrs. H—prayed for her infidel husband. She knew that the Lord heard, and that he was "faithful who had promised," but as yet the answer did not come. The thoughts of her kind, indulgent companion seemed as far from hers, as when, in the joy of her new-found hope, she had told him how "God so loved," and asked him to join her in a life of loving service. Yet the Lord was leading her gently that she might know and do his will.
One evening at the church prayer-meeting, her heart was more than usually burdened, and near the close of the service, she rose timidly and said: "For many years, dear friends, I have longed to ask you to help me pray. It is not customary with us for ladies to speak in the meeting, and I have feared to be intrusive, but I can forbear no longer. Will you pray for my husband?"

Every heart was touched. A good brother immediately led in prayer, then another and another took up the petition. Mr. H— was well-known and much loved in the community, and they poured out their hearts before the Lord, pleading as one pleads for a friend. Last of all a colored brother led in prayer, and in humble confidence seemed to enter into the very presence of the Lord.

Just after Mrs. H— had made her request, her husband, as was his custom, came to the church to accompany her home. Finding that the service had not yet closed, he entered, unobserved, and took a seat near the door.

"Tell me, wife," he said, as they were leaving the vestibule, "who was the gentleman they were praying for just now?"

"He is the husband of one of the sisters of the church," replied Mrs. H—.

"Wife," he said again, as they ascended the steps at home, "who was it they were praying for?"

"The husband of one of the sisters, Charles."

"Well, wife," he replied, "that man will certainly be converted: I never heard such prayers before."
Again, as they were preparing for the night, he remarked, "Those were wonderful prayers, wife. Can you tell me the gentleman's name?"

"He was the husband of one of the ladies present," replied Mrs. H——, and then she retired to her closet for prayer and praise.

At midnight she heard her husband's voice again. "Wife, wife, God heard those prayers; I cannot sleep, wife. Will you pray for me? Can the Lord show mercy to me, wife?"

There was joy in the presence of angels that night. When the faithful pastor called the next morning, he found Mr. H—— "praising and blessing God."

Blessed words of Jesus, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

### POWER FROM ON HIGH.

Dr. Miner, of Oshkosh, Wis., in an address delivered in Boston, related the following experience: "When a young man, in 1850, I was preaching in Lebanon, Conn. Lebanon was an old town, thickly populated in the days of the Revolution. It was the first of July, between haying and harvest, when no one expected a revival. The Spirit of God came, and the work commenced. I preached a sermon to a crowded house; had never asked for a demonstration of feeling, but then asked them to rise for prayer, and a large number of young people
arose. Great feeling was manifested. I appointed an inquiry meeting. In one section of that town was a band of infidels and spiritualists—very wicked men. They heard the notice, and sent word that they were going to attend, and put questions to the young minister, and break up the revival. I was greatly troubled, and laid the matter before God; then went to two or three men of faith and prayer, and asked them to the meeting.

"When Wednesday night came the lecture-room was filled—a large number present being interested for their souls. The infidel band came and appropriated a part of the house. I made known the contents of the letter; then read the account of the Pentecostal miracle, and said, 'The Spirit of God is able to thwart these men.' I then prayed, and such power came upon the meeting that the brethren near me fell from their seats to the floor, apparently lifeless. When I was through, one of them was able to cry, 'O Lord, take the cup of trembling out of the hands of thy saints, and put it into the hands of thine enemies.' That moment those men cried as if touched with hot iron. They writhed in agony. The man who offered the prayer went to the leader of the infidel band, a wicked man, a bully, and who seemed like some wild animal, and said, 'Get down on your knees.' He dropped on his knees instantly. Three days and nights he went without eating and sleeping, saying, 'I am going to hell and I ought to go.' He was converted and became a preacher. His father was converted and became a preacher.
ack of all, lies the fact that the mother had been praying for them twenty years, when they in their wickedness had prevented her from going to the house of God. A great revival followed. And that experience, that baptism of the Spirit, has been worth more to me in my life and work than all else.”

CONVERTED BY A MOTHER’S PRAYERS.

One lovely Sunday morning, eight young law students were strolling along the bank of one of the tributaries of the Potomac river. They were going to a secluded spot in a grove, to murder the precious hours by playing “whist” and drinking wine. Each of them was the son of a praying mother. As they were sauntering along and amusing each other with idle jests, the court house bell—used for calling the people to the house of worship—commenced to ring. Although fully two miles away, it sounded in the ears of those thoughtless youths as plainly as if it were upon the other shore of that narrow creek. Suddenly one of them stopped, and told him who writes this narrative, that he would go no farther, but that he would return to town and go to church. Then the writer shouted to the other six, who were a short distance ahead:

“Boys, boys, come back here; George is getting religious. Come, we must assist him. We must baptize him by immersion in the water.” Speedily we all surrounded George, and told him that only by going with us could he save himself from a cold
bath. To which, in a calm, soft, but earnest tone of voice, he replied:

"I know very well that you have the physical ability to put me into the stream, and hold me there, even, till I am drowned, and if you choose you can do so without my showing any resistance; but before you do, I have a few words to say.

"You all know that I am nearly two hundred miles from home; but you do not know that my mother is a helpless, bedridden invalid. I can not remember ever having seen her out of her bed; and I never did see her out of her room. I am the youngest of the family. When my father concluded to send me here—he having been a life-long, personal friend of our preceptor, who charges nothing for my tuition—he could scarcely prevail upon mother to permit my leaving her. At length, after many prayers upon the subject, she consented; and the necessary preparations for my departure from home were speedily completed.

"My mother never spoke to me upon the matter till the morning on which I left for the East. Then, after I had eaten breakfast, she sent for me and asked if I had every thing ready and properly packed. I told her that all was completed, and that I would be off as soon as the stage came for me. Kneeling beside her bed, at her request, with her loving hands upon my head, she prayed for me. Many and many a night since, I have dreamed the whole scene over. It is the happiest recollection in my memory. I believe that to the day of my death
I will be able to repeat every word of that prayer. When she ceased praying, she spoke to me thus:

"My precious son, you know not—indeed you can never know—the agony of a mother's heart when parting forever from her last born, to her still a babe. When you go forth from beneath the home of your nativity, to pursue the study of the profession of your choice, and of your dear father's choosing, as well, you will for the last time this side the grave look upon the face of her who loves you as no other mortal does or can. Your father is not able to pay your expenses for making visits home during the two years of your course of studies. I cannot possibly live so long as that. The sands in the hourglass of my feeble existence have nearly run out.

"In that distant and strange place to which you are going, there will be no loving mother to whom you can apply for counsel when assailed by temptations. You must, therefore, while a boy, learn to say "No" when urged to do wrong. I cannot be with you, but I will daily commit you to the care of God, who is everywhere present, beholding your evil acts as well as your good deeds. Every Sunday morning, from ten to eleven o'clock, I will spend the hour in prayer for you. Wherever you may be during this blessed hour, when you hear the church-bell ringing for the assembling of God's people, let your thoughts carry you to this chamber of death, where your dying mother will be agonizing for you in prayer. Commit to memory the eighth, ninth, and tenth verses of the first chapter of Proverbs."
Kiss me farewell. Now, the last words you will ever hear from my lips are, in the language of Solomon, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

When George had finished, he and we were all weeping. Involuntarily we opened the ring which we had formed around him. He had stood up for the right against heavy odds, and each of us admired him for doing that which none of us had the courage to undertake—break away from wicked companions and go to church. He led off, without a word, and silently we all followed. Without either one knowing that any other had done so too, each of us managed to throw his cards and flask into the creek, so that by the time we reached the church every pocket was emptied of its former contents. Never again did any one of that little company play any games on the Sabbath. Six of the number have gone to their long homes, each a Christian. Only two of us are yet living—George, an able lawyer in Iowa, and the writer of this incident. Both of us have been church-members for many years.

HOW TO PRAY.

Prayer is asking God for what we want. But all asking is not prayer, in the true sense of the word; for true prayer is asking for those things that are agreeable to the Divine will, and that will be for our good. All so-called prayer on other than these conditions is, therefore, but sounding brass or a
tinkling cymbal. Earnestness in asking, is an essential element in real supplication. Also perseverance—our asking must be continuous. There must be a sense of dependence; for our extremity is God's opportunity. Expectancy is an essential element in all effectual praying. An illustration of the efficacy of this kind of prayer is seen in the following instance:

An eminent preacher felt it to be his duty to visit a certain locality and proclaim the gospel, without any overture from any living mortal in the place, or anywhere else. And such were his convictions of duty, that he could not escape from the conclusion that he had a call of God to go to this place and hold religious meetings, and talk to the people concerning Christ, and about their own salvation. So he arranged to leave his home and visit the place, which was, in itself, not very inviting. On his arrival he became the guest of a lady, who was a stranger to him, and made her house his home for the time being.

He began his labors under many discouragements, and with many misgivings as to his success in doing much, if any, good. But after a day or so, he learned the fact that his hostess was engaged in prayer every night for his success in laboring among the perishing in that community, and that she had been pleading with God for months for the outpouring of his Holy Spirit upon the place; and that she had earnestly prayed that God would send some one among them to preach the gospel. And in a few days
it was apparent that her asking—importantly, perseveringly, dependently, and expectantly—was not in vain; for as she had already been assured of Divine interposition, in that God had sent one of his servants to preach the gospel among them, so there was the further answer of her petitions, in that there followed a general religious awakening in the community; and where there was not even any organization of Christians, a self-sustaining church was soon established, and many rose up to call this faithful handmaid of the Lord, "blessed."

And this is but one among thousands of such answers to the right kind of praying.

RAIN AND RELIGION.

"I remember," says Mrs. J. M. Sadd, "the day we started on horseback to attend a meeting of the presbytery, on Apple Creek, sixty miles distant. At twilight we came to the end of the road. We stopped to think what next. Not a house had been in sight for hours. Giving the horses uncontrolled bridles, we began to sing,

"Our little barque, on dangerous seas,"

After waiting a little time, the horses took the same direction, and soon came to a creek. Following this brought us to a mill and large farm house. Here we took shelter for the night. Mr. Sadd went with a young man to care for the horses, and inquired what care he had taken of his soul. He replied, 'I am in distress about that, and no one to tell me what
to do.' Oh, how Mr. S— loved to point young men to Christ! At bed time permission was given to read the Bible and pray. The miller was present, who said: 'I do not believe in religion; and my mill has been idle for weeks, but if you will pray for rain, and get it, I promise to believe with all my heart.'

'Mr. Sadd made no reply. Kneeling, he prayed for the family and neighborhood, and then began to plead for rain, saying: 'The destiny of a soul is to be decided to-night by the giving or withholding of rain.' On rising, all retired for the night. Before morning we were awakened by heavy thunder and rain. The miller was not at breakfast, but was grinding at the mill. As we passed, he came out and bowed himself to the earth. Mr. Sadd appointed a meeting there, two weeks from the next Sabbath. No room was found large enough, and they met in an orchard. After the sermon, an opportunity was given for any who would come to Jesus. Almost the entire congregation came forward, the miller among the number. In a few weeks a church was formed, which is to-day a living, working church. A Sunday-school was also organized, and at the close of thirty years it had never been suspended.'

EFFECTUAL PRAYERS.

'I believe in answers to prayers,' says Dr. Tal- mage. 'My grandmother was a Christian woman. One night her children wanted to go to a party. She said, 'You can go, but I will pray for you.'
They went, but did not have a good time. My Uncle Thomas was on his knees in his chamber before God, and after a while the farm hands came in from the barn, and said something was the matter with David, who was my father. He was praying, 'God have mercy on my soul.' A young woman he thought much of, Catherine Van Ness—my future mother—was soon after visited by him, and he told her of his interest in the subject of religion. She was converted, and the result was that at the next communion service at the Somerville church, two hundred and seventy persons became members. My mother, when her little children were growing up around her, united with five mothers in a prayer-meeting, and all the children were converted. I was the last one of the family that was brought to Christ. My mother had a strong desire that her sons might be ministers, and she prayed till four of them became preachers of the gospel. I would be a wretched infidel if I did not believe in prayer."

A STRANGE PRAYER AND ANSWER.

About sixteen or seventeen years ago, I was laboring in a small church in one of the counties of West Florida, when the blessed God poured out his Spirit, and gloriously revived his work. I think I have never seen a purer or more thorough work of God in my life. But few in the neighborhood remained unmoved and unblessed. It was a very thinly-settled section of the country. The little
church consisted, I think, of fourteen members, when the meetings commenced, and increased to thirty in six days.

Among the converts was a Miss M—— H——. She was there from Georgia on a visit; was about eighteen years of age,—handsome, sensible, and sprightly; the soul of fun, and the life of every circle. While Christians were rejoicing, and sinners crying for mercy, she continued unmoved. I became greatly concerned for her. At length I found myself preparing every sermon with reference to her case. In every song and in every prayer she was uppermost in my mind. About the third or fourth day, suddenly I saw a change. Seriousness had taken the place of levity. An arrow from the quiver of the Almighty had pierced her heart. She wept, and trembled, and came forward at every opportunity to request the prayers of God's people.

Before the close of the meeting, she was brought to view the cross, and there lost her burden—to trust in Christ, who loved her and gave himself for her. She freely and joyfully gave up the world to follow the Saviour; was baptized in the name of the Holy Three, and truly went on her way rejoicing. She was a bright, happy Christian, and bade fair to be useful. But how mysterious are the ways of Providence! How true it is that we are led in a way we know not!

While offering the last prayer, the Spirit's presence was powerfully felt, helping our infirmities. I prayed with unusual fervency for the little church;
for the older members, and for the young converts, that they might be burning and shining lights; that the church might be like a city set on a hill. While thus engaged in prayer, I thought of Miss H——. I thought of her natural vivacity; that she was soon to return home, and be withdrawn from the spiritual influences by which she was then surrounded. I was deeply impressed with the dangers by which she would be encompassed; and, without intending it, or even before having thought of such a thing, I was impressed to pray that if there was one of the young converts who was in danger of being ensnared by the world, that God would in mercy take such a lamb to his bosom, where Satan, and the world, and the flesh, would tempt no more.

Miss H—— returned home shortly after, and was unwell when she reached home. Her disease proved to be typhoid fever. She lingered two or three months, rejoicing constantly in God her Saviour, and died at last, singing. Yes, when she could speak no longer, she continued murmuring one of the songs of Zion, till the last moment of her life. May our last end be like hers.

YOU DON'T PRAY.

A Christian brother, who had fallen into darkness and discouragement, was staying at the same house with Dr. Finney over night. He was lamenting his condition, and Dr. Finney, after listening to his narrative, turned to him, with his peculiar, earnest
look, and, with a voice that sent a thrill through his whole soul, said: "You don't pray! that is what's the matter with you. Pray—pray four times as much as ever you did in your life, and you will come out."

He immediately went down to the parlor, and taking the Bible, he made a serious business of it, stirring up his soul to seek God as did Daniel, and thus he spent the night. It was not in vain. As the morning dawned, he felt the light of the Sun of Righteousness shine upon his soul. His captivity was broken; and ever since, he has felt that the greatest difficulty in the way of men's being emancipated from their bondage, is that they "don't pray." "Pray without ceasing." "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."

"HOW DO YOU PRAY NOW?"

"How do you pray now, Grandpa?" said a little four-year-old boy in Forestville, Ct., as he stood looking up into the face of his grandpa, who stood with his overcoat on, just ready to start for the cars and return to his home some forty miles away in Westfield, Mass. He had come down the night before to see his son, arriving wet and weary; and failing to find him at home, he had waited till morning, and was now preparing to depart without seeing him; and having overslept, and being in some haste to reach the cars in season, family worship had been omitted.
The little boy had been at grandpa’s house the previous summer, and had often listened while the good man prayed; and now, missing the accustomed devotions, he inquired, “How do you pray now, Grandpa?”

The man’s heart was touched by the childish question.

“I’ll let you see how I pray,” he replied; and falling on his knees, he poured out his heart to God, imploring blessings upon the grandson, and upon his father and mother,—praying that the whole household might be blessed and saved; and then hastening to the railway station, he returned to his home.

By and by the little boy’s father came home, and the child ran to him and said, ‘Grandpa was here, and he prayed for you, and me, and Mamma,—and, Papa, can’t you pray?”

The father was not a praying man, though a child of many prayers; and the question of his boy pierced him to his very heart. Very soon he was found among those who were seeking the knowledge of the Lord and the salvation of their souls.

In a few days the grandfather received a letter from his son who wrote, “I am the happiest man alive;” and proceeded to tell how he had sought and found the Saviour. And with it came another letter from another son, who had been away from home and from whom nothing had been heard for years, and who reported his whereabouts, and closed his letter as never before, with, “God bless you.”

The old pilgrim’s heart and eyes were full. For
twenty-five years he had prayed every day for his boy that he might come to the knowledge of the truth, and sometimes had almost feared that his prayers had been in vain; but now the answer had come, and so wonderfully, by the ministry of a little child, and with no human skill and power; and when they had devoutly given thanks to God, the old man's little daughter of thirteen spoke and said,

"And a little child shall lead them."

Let the children of the Most High be encouraged to pray in faith, to pray without ceasing; to pray and never faint. The day of blessing will come ere you are aware, and a faithful Creator will not forget his creature's cries.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Many of our readers will remember the fearful accident at Carr's Point, when a broken rail hurled a passing train of railway carriages down a terrible precipice, killing many by the concussion, while others were consumed in the burning sleeping-car.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald, in a letter dated, New York, April 20, 1868, relates the following incident concerning this sad event, which serves to illustrate the leadings of the Holy Spirit, without which "we know not what we should pray for as we ought," and the mercy of that gracious providence which delivers us from unknown dangers and directs our feet in paths of safety and of blessing:

"A remarkable conversion was related yesterday
from the pulpit of the Sixth Avenue Baptist church in Brooklyn, which is worthy of being noted. A lady residing in Buffalo was about to visit her relatives in Brooklyn. She had been the special object of prayer on the part of a female friend, who called upon her a few hours before her departure, and stating she felt unusually depressed at parting from her, requested her to join in prayer. This she cheerfully assented to. Shortly after, her husband came home from his place of business to escort her to the train, and he also stated that he felt a foreboding of danger; and being a religious man, knelt and prayed God's protection over his wife during her travels.

"She embarked on the train, much impressed by the earnestness of the prayers of her lady friend and of her husband, and was soon convinced that the time had come for her to give her heart to the Saviour. Her mind was much troubled,—she became violently agitated, and not wishing to show her agitation to a lady sitting beside her, arose and went into the car ahead of the one in which she had a sleeping-berth engaged. She had hardly seated herself—had hardly more than stepped over the coupling—ere the car which she had left was precipitated to the base of that rocky precipice at Carr's Point. Her lady friend was killed. The car into which she had entered was the one from which the coupling broke, and she was saved.

"She was one of the most indefatigable of the ministering angels who solaced the dying with words
of heavenly cheer, and was almost ubiquitous in her efforts to save the wounded. She arrived in Brooklyn on Saturday afternoon, and is filled with gratitude to that God who shows his providences to all of us in his own mysterious way. She will say to her husband, on her return to her home, as Ruth said to Naomi, 'Thy God shall be my God.'

The Lord God is a sun and a shield; and all events are subservient to his gracious will, and all things work together for his people's good. By outward events as marked as the earthquake and the storm, and by inward impulses, secret as the viewless winds, he helps and guides and saves his trusting ones. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." How blessed it is to hear from him those inner whisperings of that still small voice, which reveal to us our danger, and direct us in the ways of peace; and how comforting in the midst of the atheistic babble of a godless world, to recognize the constant presence of an overruling God, and the goodness of Him who hears and answers prayer.

THE BLACKSMITH'S PRAYER.

There are persons who seem to look upon prayer as an end, rather than as a means to obtain an end. Hence they criticise the prayers men offer, and busy themselves with the style, the words, and the tones that persons use in their devotions, with no reference to the real point of importance: namely, the results that follow, and the answers that are obtained. But
what do these beautiful prayers amount to? Who cares how prettily a man asks for bread when hungry, or for water when thirsty, if he never gets what he asks for?

Of course it is well for people to speak good English, and pray in natural tones; and it is a great pity to have persons fall into such strange, uncouth ways of talking to the Lord, as would cause men to think them crazy if they came to ask a favor of a friend in the same style or tone. But great as these faults may be, they are comparatively small; for there is no blemish so bad in God's sight as the blemish of an evil, unbelieving heart; and the poorest prayers that men offer are the prayers that never have an answer from the Lord. Let us beware how we offer to the Lord rhetoric instead of righteousness, and fine words instead of fervent love and living faith.

The question that tests the worth of each man's prayers is this, "Does God answer them?" "Does the man get anything in return?" It is not, "How can he speak to man?" but, "Can he gain the ear of God?" "Does he have audience with Deity?" "Does his cry move heaven and earth?" "Does he prevail before the throne?" "Does he find answers to his petitions?" If so, then how small are the criticisms of men, when passed upon prayers inspired by the Holy Ghost on earth, and accepted before God and Christ in heaven! The man who can lodge his prayer on heaven's altar need not be discouraged if rhetoricians condemn it, so long as
the Omniscient One approves it and grants him his request.

A story related by Mr. Finney, will illustrate the power of the mighty prayer of faith, even when every human aid seems withheld, and nothing remains but the burning, throbbing heart, breathing out its longings, and pouring out its groans and tears before the Lord.

In a certain town there had been no revival for many years; the church was nearly run out, the youth were all unconverted, and desolation reigned unbroken. There lived in a retired part of the town, an aged man, a black-smith by trade, and of so stammering a tongue that it was painful to hear him speak. On one Friday, as he was at work in his shop, alone, his mind became greatly exercised about the state of the church, and of the impenitent. His agony became so great, that he was induced to lay aside his work, lock the shop door, and spend the afternoon in prayer.

He prevailed, and on the Lord's day, called on the minister and desired him to appoint a conference meeting. After some hesitation the minister consented, observing, however, that he feared but few would attend. He appointed it the same evening, at a large, private house.

The people gathered from far and near, doubtless to the surprise of the unbelieving and faint-hearted. A solemn sense of the presence of God seemed to oppress the assembly, and feelings too deep for speech were welling up in many hearts. All was silent for
a time, until one sinner broke out in tears, and said, if any one could pray, he begged him to pray for him. Another followed, and still another, until it was found that persons from every quarter of the town were under deep conviction. And what was remarkable, was, that they all dated their conviction at the hour when the old man was praying in his shop. A powerful revival followed. Thus this old stammering man prevailed, and as a prince had power with God.

And thus may we prevail if we will tarry by the cross and gather near the throne. There is a God; and if the time spent in pleasing, and amusing, and disputing with, men, was spent in urgent, fervent supplication before the Lord, we should see such a wave of blessing roll over these moral wastes, as would make earth smile, and heaven rejoice, and Satan tremble at the conquering power of Jesus Christ.

How many churches are to-day arid and parched, as was the realm of Ahab, when “it rained not or the earth by the space of three years and six months;” but let the lone Elijahs lift to God the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man, which availeth much, and the heavens shall give rain, and the earth bring forth its fruits once more.

One fact is worth a thousand arguments; and a thousand facts, certified by inspired Scriptures and by living witnesses, testify that God heareth and answereth believing prayer. And experience and observation bear constant witness that the real vic-
EBENEZERS.

345
tories and triumphs of the church of God are born, not of boast and shout, of tumult and self-laudeation, but of self-abasement, poverty of spirit, humble faith, lowliness and contrition of heart, tears of penitential gratitude, and inarticulate groanings before the Lord Most High, whose strength is made perfect in our weakness, when that weakness is known, and felt, and confessed before the throne of grace.

THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS OF PRAYER.

In the town of W——, in Western Massachusetts, during a season of especial religious interest, a prominent and influential man, and one widely known throughout the commonwealth, arose in a meeting to confess himself a lost sinner, and express his desire to enjoy the blessings of the great salvation. Though he was accustomed to address large numbers of his fellow-citizens, yet his words now were few and broken; he was no longer the eloquent orator, he was the penitent publican, the little child.

When he had finished and sat down, his wife arose and said,—"For thirty-eight years I have prayed for my husband every day; morning and night. And I never have doubted that I should see my husband converted, from the day I began to pray till to-night. And I bless God that he is converted."

What a revelation was there of the power of persevering prayer, of earnest and unshaken faith. Oh that this recital might stimulate other hearts, and
cause other wives, and husbands, also, to lay hold upon the divine promises, and pray, and wait, and hope, and trust, until God shall hear and help and save! "For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or what knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" 1 Cor. vii. 16.

A WANDERER SAVED.

There was a Swede in Chicago,—says D. L. Moody,—who couldn’t speak a word of English, who brought an interpreter to our meeting with him. I don’t know how he was ever converted; but he got converted; and how to set that man to work, I didn’t know. So I thought awhile, and said, “I know what you can do. You can go up to the corner of Madison street, and give out handbills to people, inviting them to come to the hall.” He was one of those men that had a happy face, worth an ordinary sermon to look at. He was all the time smiling. Each man that came along he gave a handbill to, inviting him to come to Farwell Hall. Some of the men would curse him. But blessings and curses were all the same to him, for he could not speak a word of English. There he stood, all the time smiling, through rain and shine. No storm stopped him. He took his stand there every day, and did what he could.

Now, just see how God has blessed that Swede. One night there was a man came up and took a handbill, read it, and said to his companion, “Let’s
go in." They went in, and the Spirit of God met him, and he was converted. I have got his history now. Let me tell it to you. See how wonderful it was.

Away off in the mountains of Scotland, over twenty years ago, there was a drinking man who had one son and two daughters. He lost one situation after another on account of drink. Finally he said to his wife,—"I will take Johnnie," (the only boy, seven years of age,) "I will take Johnnie, and go to America, and get away from my old associates. Then I will send for you and the daughters."

The poor, foolish mother gave her consent. She thought change of circumstances, and the beginning of new ways would change her husband. Well, he got to New York. When he first got there, he went into a saloon to get a drink, and then he soon became drunk; and that little boy was left on the streets of New York, and taken up by the police, and sent to one of the institutions out of town, and from there he was sent to Massachusetts. A farmer there took him to his home. He stayed there until he was eleven years old, and then he ran away to sea, and sailed around the globe. Finally, he came to Chicago, a poor, wretched wanderer. Then he was a sailor on our lakes. He was on shore, and happened to be walking up the street, when the Swede handed him that bill. As I said before, he read it, went to the meeting, and was converted; and the first thing that came into his head after he was converted was: "I wonder if
my mother is alive? During all these nineteen years I have wandered over this world and never thought of my mother.” Now the Lord had blessed him, his heart went out to his mother. He sat down and wrote to different places in Scotland, but he got no answer. One day he was reading the eighty-fourth Psalm, and he came to these words: “No good thing will” the Lord “withhold from them that walk uprightly.” He closed his Bible, got down on his knees, and said to God: “I have been trying to walk uprightly; and thou hast promised that no good thing wilt thou withhold from them that walk uprightly. Thou knowest where she is, and I pray thee to tell me.”

He arose, and the word came to him that he was to write to them in Massachusetts, his old home, and ask them if they had ever heard from his mother in Scotland. He did so, and he got a letter that had been waiting for him there for seven years. He sat down at once, and wrote to that mother. Oh, if you could have been in my office when that man came in! He was a lake captain. He came in with tears streaming down his face, and said, “Mr. Moody, my mother is alive.” He showed me a letter. It was written by one of the daughters. The mother was so full of joy that she couldn’t write the letter herself. The letter said, “For nineteen years mother has kept praying for you.” It was a long time; but now her prayers were answered; her cup of joy was full. And it wasn’t long before he earned money enough to send to Scotland and bring that mother
and two daughters to Chicago. They got there on Saturday night, and on the Sunday night of the great fire in Chicago, he was on the lake. When Chicago was burning they were in Farwell Hall. They came and introduced themselves to me. When he came on shore, he tried to find them; and when he did find them, what a joyful meeting that was!

They are members of the same church that I am a member of. Oh, thank God, these Associations have not been a failure! If only that one man had been saved, what a glorious result! He is now one of the best speakers. He comes in when he can, and prays God that he may be blessed in winning souls. When he went out with his crew, he prayed God that every man might be converted, and that his vessel might become a floating chapel; and before that trip was over, every man had found the Saviour.

THE BEDSIDE PRAYER.

God's children are encouraged to "sow beside all waters," and in the morning to sow the seed, and in the evening, withhold not the hand, not knowing whether this or that shall prosper. And, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves." But with the multiplied admonitions to constant diligence, and the oft-repeated assurances of an abundant reward, how slow we are to take hold of the work, and prayerfully and unremittingly sow the seed. The children of God should know no idle
life; and if they fail to respond to the direct and never-ceasing cry of the Master to "go work in my vineyard," they fail to "apprehend that" for which they were "apprehended by Christ Jesus;" and in the harvest they will carry gleanings into the garner, where they should carry in full sheaves. To illustrate God's faithfulness to those who sow in tears, I desire to relate one incident in the life of one who, for more than forty years, was a faithful minister of Christ, and who, in 1856, fell asleep in Christ, but whose "works do follow" him.

In the fall of 1867 I was traveling in the state of Ohio for a mercantile house in the West. In the village of M—— I entered a store, and as usual presented my card to the proprietor. He took it, and for some moments seemed lost in deep thought, but finally, looking at me very searchingly, he asked, "Are you a relative of Elder John Sears, who, many years ago, preached in Ithaca, N. Y.?" I replied that I was his son; and then he eagerly grasped my hand, according me an unusually hearty greeting, and expressed his delight at meeting the son of one whose memory he so fondly cherished.

He invited me to his pleasant home, and in the presence of his wife related to me the following: When a wild boy of about fourteen, his father's family lived in Ithaca; and during some revival meetings held at the place, a large number of ministers being present, his father had engaged to entertain some of them, and it so happened that my father was one of his guests. Having but limited accommodations, it
was decided that my father was to sleep with this son. Going to bed quite early, he was awakened later in the evening by my father's coming up the stairs and walking across the bare floor; yet feigning sleep, he lay very still, not wishing my father to know he was awake.

After removing some of his outer garments, he heard him kneel down by the bedside, and in a low voice pour forth such a prayer as he had never before heard in his life. Especially did he plead for the youthful sleeper before him, that he might be brought into the fold of Christ. "That prayer," said the merchant, with tears in his eyes, "followed me for five long years, and was so indelibly stamped upon my heart that I could not forget it; and often, when I was about to do wrong, it checked me, and I seemed to feel that God's eye was right upon me; and at length it was instrumental in bringing me to the Saviour. And now you know why I revere your dear Father's memory."

No words of mine can express the gratitude that welled up in my heart while listening to this simple testimony to the faithfulness of God in thus verifying his word that the "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;" and to the diligence of one who had for years ceased from his labors. Upon inquiry, I found the man to be a deacon, and one of the pillars in the church; and a living, useful, consistent Christian.

A short time ago it was my privilege, together with five sisters, to visit the sleeping-place of that
dear father, and our mother who lies by his side, in
a quiet country graveyard upon the hanks of a beau-
tiful river; and who can describe the joy of the assur-
ance that the precious dust was in the keeping of
One who shall “raise him up at the last day,” and
with the multitudes who have been faithful in a few
things, shall make him ruler over many things, and
call him to enter into the full joy of the Lord.

PRAYER AND THE DANCING-SCHOOL.

During the first year of my ministry at N——C——,
Mass., says a writer in The Advance, we had a pre-
cious revival which was manifestly God’s work from
beginning. The weekly prayer-meeting, during the
fall, was attended usually by five or six women and
one man, who always brought a lamp—the only light
we had. This good deacon seldom made remarks,
but always offered prayer and led in singing; but
there were only three tunes he could start—“Dun-
deer,” “Boylston,” and “Old Hundred.” It was under-
stood that women should keep silence in meeting.

Before the holidays, a dancing-school was started,
which met twice a week and drew in nearly all the
young people and some church-members. It was
called a great success. No effort to check it seemed
to have the least effect.

For forty years a female prayer-meeting had been
sustained, and just here was about all the vitality the
church had. Those six or eight mothers in Israel,
who now composed the circle, met week after week,
in united, importunate prayer, that this hindrance to Christian work might be removed. It was the great burden upon their hearts while together, and in their closets, that God would save these young people. The prospect grew darker, but they still prayed on.

One evening at a public ball, when the excitement was at its height, one of the most graceful and popular dancers declined to take any further part in the exercises, and retired to a quiet part of the room and took a seat by herself, alone. Soon another, who was also a leader among the ladies, joined her. After a few playful remarks, one said, “I would rather be in a prayer-meeting than in this ball-room!” The other replied, “I should enjoy a Bible better than that violin.” It was there and then that they mutually promised to enter a Bible class, and to begin a life of secret prayer. They were the wife and sister of the dancing master, but they soon found that they could not prayerfully study the Bible and at the same time attend dancing-school. They gave up the latter, saying that it had lost all fascination for them, and used their influence to bring others to the prayer-meeting. The school was soon given up entirely, and the hall used for prayer-meetings, and filled to overflowing.

The dancing master himself and his first assistant were converted, and took a very active part in all religious gatherings. More than a dozen young people followed their example. Most of them are now church-members and Sunday-school teachers, earnest workers for Christ.
But it is to the means used to produce this result that I would call especial attention. The ladies who were first awakened had almost never attended prayer-meeting or public worship on the Sabbath, neither had any Christian spoken a word to them upon religious subjects. The dancing master and his assistant were well known as irreligious and profane men, who only mocked at things sacred. They said, in telling their religious experience, that it was nothing which they had seen or heard that first awakened them, but a terrible feeling of unrest and conscious guilt whenever they were alone; and that all efforts to drive off these impressions, only brought them back with still greater power when left to themselves again. One of them remarked that the night before he yielded to Christ seemed endless and undurable; but about daybreak a change came over his feelings, and soon he was rejoicing in the love which had saved him as a brand from the burning. *All that night* earnest Christians had been *praying for him*. I have never, since that time, doubted the power of intercessory prayer.

**PARENTS’ PRAYERS.**

Two years after our settlement in Deerfield, says Dr. Kedzie, my father died. His children then were all under sixteen years of age. For my mother to take his place, as the religious instructor of the family, was a great trial; but her husband’s faith was in her, and she would not stand in the way of answers
to her husband’s prayers. Her timidity could not do this in the presence of the hired men; so she detained the children after breakfast and called them in before tea, and had family worship in the absence of the hired men. So mother went on for a year. Then a “four days’ meeting” was held at Ypsilanti. Mother took my oldest brother to the meeting, and the confident expectation of the family was that he was to be converted. The case was stated that a widow had brought her eldest son forty miles to be converted. Prayer was offered in his and her behalf. When they returned we did not ask James if he was a Christian; but we knew the question would be answered when the time came for family worship. After tea, mother brought out the family Bible, and asked James to take his father’s place in conducting the family worship, which he promptly did. We younger boys preserved our gravity till the close, when we scudded to the barn and screamed with delight, chiefly from sympathy with our mother.

Other “four days’ meetings” were held at Monroe and elsewhere, and to these, one after another, the children went, with the same expectation on the part of the family, and with the same result. And our mother was spared in life till she found answer to her own and husband’s prayers, and to see her five sons and two daughters members of evangelical churches; three of the sons sustaining official relations, one as a ruling elder in a Presbyterian church, one as a pastor in a Congregational church, and one as a class leader in a Methodist church.
Here is illustration of the commonest office and the largest work of prayer. Little provision is made to justify prayer to the skeptic, by frequent, startling, visible, and undeniable issue of prayer in answers, which, in silencing the skeptic, would foster fanaticism in our weak nature. Instead, in millions of hearts it keeps alive the sense of spiritual things lying back of sense. In prayer, those hearts seek right adjustment to those spiritual forces, and so it serves vaster interests than skeptics can comprehend.

THE PRAYING MOTHER AND THE BALL.

A pious aged woman had one son; she used every means in her power to train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; he was a child of many prayers. The youth grew up, but was of a gay, dissipated turn; she still followed him with her entreaties, faithfully warned him of his awful situation as a sinner before God, and told him what his end would be, dying in that state. One day he went to his mother, and said, "Mother, let me have my best clothes; I am going to a ball to-night." She expostulated with him, and urged him not to go, by every argument in her power; but he answered, "Mother, let me have my clothes; I will go, and it is useless to say anything about it." She brought his clothes; he put them on, and was going out, when she stopped him, and said, "My child, do not go." He said he would; she then said to him, "My son, while you are dancing with your gay companions in the ball-
room, I shall be out in that wilderness, praying to the Lord to convert your soul.”

He went; the ball commenced; but instead of the usual gayety, an unaccountable gloom pervaded the whole assembly. One said, “We never had such a dull time in our lives;” another, “I wish we had not come; we have no life; we cannot get along;” a third, “I cannot think what is the matter.” The young man instantly burst into tears, and said, “I know what is the matter. My poor old mother is now praying in yonder wilderness for her ungodly son.” He took his hat and said, “I will never be found in such a place as this again,” and left the company. To be short, the Lord converted his soul. Mr. Irish, his pastor, baptized him. He was soon after taken ill, and died very happy. “Praying breath is never spent in vain.”

HOW A BOY CAME BACK.

D. L. Moody tells of a boy who left his home in Indiana for Chicago. He was not there long before he was led astray. A neighbor from his father’s town, happening to visit Chicago, saw that boy on the street one night, drunk.

When that neighbor went home, at first he thought he wouldn’t say anything about it to the boy’s father, but afterward he thought it was his duty to tell him. So in a crowd in the street of their little town, he just took the father aside and told him what he had seen in Chicago. It was a terrible blow.
When the children had been put to bed that night he said to his wife: "Wife, I have bad news. I have heard from Chicago to-day." The mother dropped her work in an instant, and said: "Tell me what it is." "Well, our son has been seen on the streets of Chicago, drunk." Neither of them slept that night, but they took their burden to Christ, and about daylight the mother said: "I don’t know how, I don’t know when or where, but God has given me faith to believe that our son will be saved, and will never come to a drunkard’s grave."

One week after that, that boy had left Chicago. He couldn’t tell why. An unseen power seemed to lead him to his mother’s home, and the first thing he said on coming over the threshold was: "Mother, I have come home to ask you to pray for me;" and soon after he went back to Chicago a bright and shining light.

If you have a burden like this, fathers, mothers, bring it to him and cast it on him; and he, the great Physician, will heal your broken hearts.

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A NIGHT OF PRAYER.

A religious paper in Boston furnishes the following remarkable incident:—A minister’s wife in the public congregation, requested twelve leading men of the place to meet her at the parsonage on a certain evening. Her husband had no faith that they would come; but at the time appointed, he saw them coming to his house. He and his boy were in the cook-
EBENEZERS.

room, where they knelt in silent prayer, while she received them in the parlor. After a short interview they returned to their homes. The husband looked into the parlor, and saw his wife on her knees, and at the proper time retired for the night. He came down at midnight and found her still praying; and again at four in the morning, and she was still wrestling in prayer.

She then spoke to her husband, and asked him to bring a light, as she wished to see on what passage in the Bible her finger was placed. They read, "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." She had continued all night in prayer for these men. Within three weeks, nine of the twelve were converted.

"Call unto Me, and I will answer thee."

ELDER KNAPP'S FIFTY-SIXES.

There are men whom we call eccentric, and whose sayings and doings no sensible person would wish or dare to imitate, and yet whose acts and words are so used of the Lord that those who are schooled in the wisdom of God would hesitate to rebuke them.

The following illustrative instance is related in The Watchman, by Dr. J. Banvard, who was pastor of the church in Salem, Mass., where Jacob Knapp labored in a time of revival, and where the incident occurred:

"One evening he prayed that the 'Holy Ghost
might come down on the congregation like a shower of fifty-sixes.' It was regarded at the time as not only a singular prayer, but in very bad taste. Some opposers were so excited by it, that they had a picture engraved and printed in one of the papers, representing the elder in the act of prayer, and the prayer as being answered. I remember it well. The elder was in the pulpit with hands raised, and in the act of devotion; the pews before him were filled with a crowded audience, and the air over their heads was full of half-hundred weights falling in every conceivable position,—side-wise, some right side up, and others wrong side down. It looked like a hail-storm of fifty-sixes, pelting the people below. Of course it was the development of scoffing malevolence, to ridicule and oppose the work going on. Some of the friends regretted the expression, and thought it could do no good. But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways ours. See the issue.

"There was in the congregation an old, hardened, semi-infidel sea-captain, whom I had repeatedly talked with religiously, but who always brought up with the doctrine of election and the hardening of Pharaoh's heart. I could make no impression upon him. Old Adam was too strong for young Melanthon. He heard that objectionable prayer. It took hold of him. He could not shake it off. He then had a position in the Custom-house. When he went down to the office next morning, such was his state of feeling that he could not attend to business. 'I
thought,' said he, when he related his experience to the church, 'what a miserable condition I should be in if the Holy Ghost should come upon me like a fifty-sixer.' He paced the wharf in spiritual agony until he was compelled by his feelings to go home and tell his wife. He went to the inquiry meeting, and came forward for prayers. Bro. Knapp talked with and prayed for him, and in a few days he obtained peace in Jesus. He united with the church, and maintained a Christian walk till he died. It was a striking instance of the sovereignty of God, who sends truth and salvation by whomsoever he will; who makes the weakness of his people, as well as the wrath of his enemies, to praise him."

A MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

About the year 1831 there was in the senior class at Williams college, a young man not quite twenty years of age, named Nathan Benjamin. He was the son of a widow, his father having died when he was only two years old, and it was only in obedience to the earnest wishes of that mother, that he had unwillingly yielded to enter upon a collegiate course.

At the time of which we speak, a mighty awakening occurred in Williamstown, embracing in its influence many both in the college and in the town. But while many were seeking Jesus and rejoicing in his pardoning love, Nathan was indifferent and unmoved.

But though he strove to forget God, God did not forget him. His pious father had left him in the care
of the "Father of the fatherless," and his godly mother still lived to pray and labor for his salvation—and none but a godly mother can know the unutterable yearnings of her heart for the conversion of her much-loved boy. Her feelings were so intense that not only in the day-time, but in the silence and the darkness of the night, she poured her sighs and prayers and tears before the mercy-seat for his salvation; and she also laid his case before a number of her sisters in Christ, and besought them to join with her at an appointed hour, in united and earnest prayer for Nathan.

They prayed. The promise of Him who said, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven," was fulfilled, and while they were yet speaking the answer came; the careless trifler was suddenly prostrated under an overwhelming consciousness of his guilt, and found no peace nor rest from the storm that raged within until he had cast his soul's sure anchor safe "within the veil," and rested in Jesus Christ alone, as his refuge and trust.

So sudden was the change in Nathan, that even those who had been praying the Lord to grant them this very thing, could hardly be convinced that what they saw was real, or that the Lord had indeed so soon answered their united and importunate prayers.

But it was so. The orphan boy had found his heavenly Father, and was made a child of God, an
EBENEZERS.

heir of glory, a chosen vessel to bear the Saviour's name to the Gentiles who were afar off. His life was given to God. In America, in Greece, in Armenia, in Smyrna, and finally in Constantinople under the direction of "The American Board," by tongue, and pen, and press, he bore witness for his Lord.

On the twenty-seventh day of January, 1855, in a mission-house at Constantinople, the weary pilgrim reached the bound of life and laid his burden down. His last conscious hours were beguiled by sacred song and filled with words of praise and prayer. Looking backward upon the tossings of the troubled past, and forward to the glory yet to be revealed, he exclaimed, "All beyond is perfect peace";—and so he "fell asleep." His work was done. He had fought a good fight, and finished his course, and now there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give him in that day; and not to him only, "but unto all them also that love His appearing."

He rests in peace. Kindly hands bore him forth to his burial, and a mourning multitude followed him to his grave. But though they committed his body to the ground "in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ," yet his works do follow him; his influence still lives; "he being dead yet speaketh," and thousands of the inhabitants of those distant and benighted lands may yet read the precious words of grace and truth which have been prepared for them.
through the instrumentality of that wild and thoughtless college boy, for whose salvation a widowed mother and her Christian friends poured out their prayers and tears before the Lord, so many years before.

THE INFIDEL PHYSICIAN.

In a certain country town lived an infidel physician. He had made himself master of the works of Thomas Paine, Voltaire, and others of those men whose highest glory has been to ridicule God's truth. He felt himself able to silence any follower of Jesus, and to refute any argument drawn from the Bible. In the same town there was a small body of true Christians, meeting week after week in a prayer-meeting; and they were what the world called poor, weak, unlearned, and unwise men. Into this little circle of world-despised but God-loving and loved disciples, this infidel often came for no other purpose than to rejoice at the embarrassed silence they were forced to keep during his apparently triumphant arguments against the truth and vitality of Christianity, and its claims upon the hearts and consciences of men.

They endured this for a while, but on each occasion one of the weakest of these weak disciples would get down on his knees, and pray, not only for the help of God against arguments they could not answer, but also for the conversion of the physician himself.
EBENEZERS. 365

Shortly after, this physician, meeting a friend upon the street, informed him that he was changed; his arguments all gone,—all answered! And he explained the wonderful change by saying, that in the prayers of that poor, weak man there was something his mind could not answer; their feeble replies he was able to ridicule and overturn, but the warmth of that sincere heart overturned the strength of years!

The Psalmist said, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies; that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."

CONVICTED AT A BALL.

When I was about eighteen years of age, said a blind preacher, there was a dancing party in Middleboro', Massachusetts, which I was solicited to attend, and act, as usual, in the capacity of musician. I was fond of such scenes of amusement then, and I readily assented to the request. I had a pious mother, and she earnestly remonstrated against my going. But at length, when all her expostulations and entreaties failed in changing my purpose, she said,—"Well, my son, I shall not forbid your going; but remember, that all the time you spend in that gay company, I shall spend in praying for you at home."

I went to the ball, but I was like the stricken deer, carrying an arrow in his side. I began to play; but my convictions sunk deeper and deeper, and I felt miserable indeed. I thought I would have given-
the world to be rid of that mother's prayers. At one time I felt so wretched and so overwhelmed with my feelings, that I ceased playing and dropped my musical instrument from my hand. There was another young person there who refused to dance; and, as I learned, her refusal was owing to feelings similar to my own, and perhaps they arose from a similar cause.

My mother's prayers were not lost. That was the last ball I ever attended, except one, where I was invited to play again, but went and prayed and preached instead, till the place of dancing was converted into a Bochim, a place of weeping. The convictions of that wretched night never wholly left me, till they left me at the feet of Christ; and several of my young companions in sin, ere long were led to believe and obey the gospel also.

THE LOST PRAYER-BOOK.

A worthy minister of the gospel, some time ago, was pastor of a flourishing church. He was a useful preacher, but he gradually became less acceptable to his hearers, and his congregation very much decreased. This was solely attributed to the minister; and matters continuing to get worse and worse, some of his hearers resolved to speak to him on the subject. A deputation was accordingly appointed to wait upon him for that purpose. They did so; and when the good man had heard their complaints, he replied, "I am quite sensible of all you say, for I
feel it to be true; and the reason is, that I have lost my prayer-book.” They looked quite astonished at hearing this, but he proceeded: “Once my preaching was acceptable, and many were edified by it; and numbers were added to the church, which was then in a prosperous state. But we were then a praying people. There were many who joined together in fervent prayer that my preaching might be blessed for the conversion of sinners, and for building up the saints in their most holy faith. It was this, that, by the blessing of God, made us prosper. But as prayer began to be restrained, my preaching became less acceptable, the church declined, and things became as they now are. But let us have recourse to the same means, and the same effects may be expected to follow.”

They took the hint. Social prayer was again offered, and punctually attended. Exertions were made to induce those who were without to attend the preaching of the word. And the result was, that the minister became as useful as he had been before, and in a short time the church was in as flourishing a state as ever.

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**BILLY BRAY’S MOUNTAIN.**

All over Cornwall, England, the name of Billy Bray is a household word. A wicked, drunken Cornish miner, he was brought, through deep convictions, to know the Lord; and then his life was the life of a ransomed soul, aflame with love and zeal and
power. He preached, he prayed, and he praised the Lord. "Bless the Lord, I can sing," he would say. "My heavenly Father likes to hear me sing. I can't sing so sweetly as some, but my Father likes to hear me sing as well as those who can sing better than I can. My Father likes to hear the crow as well as the nightingale, for he made them both."

Billy was one day walking over a hill near which he lived, when the Lord said to him,—for so he spoke of the impression,—"I will give thee all the souls that dwell upon this mountain."

"Thank'e, Father," he replied reverently, and at once fell on his knees and prayed for the people, and for wisdom, that he might win them. As a miner, he had some time every day at his disposal, the work of those who go under ground not extending over eight hours. These spare hours he devoted to the people who had thus been given to him. He visited them constantly, reading and talking and praying, until every one was brought to Jesus and savingly converted. The promise was fulfilled—the Lord had given him every soul that dwelt upon that hill.

With great joy he told the Lord of what had been done, and as it was "a wisht little mountain with on'y three housen 'pon en," he prayed for a larger field of labor. He rose from prayer satisfied with the assurance that there would be work enough upon his "mountain." It came in a way Billy had not expected—first with an intimation that they were building a Church school-house on the hill, then that they had begun to build the vicarage there.
At once Billy began to pray for the new comers, and with great expectations came to church to hear the new "passon." He left the service with as much disappointment; by no means concealing his opinion that "they had a Pusey preachin' there, and he reckoned he should have more trouble with the new passon than with all the whole lot on 'em beside."

He went home to pray for these souls, above all, praying that he might be permitted to go and speak to the clergyman. He prayed for some weeks, but no answer came—no direction that he should call and see him. He was so accustomed to look for this Divine guidance in everything, that he would do nothing without it, ever keeping his mind open for such impressions. Though it was his prayer day and night, the permission was withheld. He had soon after to leave that neighborhood, and removed some miles away without seeing this one unconverted soul on his "mountain." But day and night, at work and at home, he besought the Lord for this one soul.

Meanwhile the clergyman continued to preach as he had done. He taught them that there was no salvation for anybody out of the National Church, except by some unrevealed and uncovenanted mercy,—that the Sacraments alone were able to save, and besides these nothing was needful. Certainly the most advanced of the High Church school at that time in those parts, he was looked upon as the last man to be influenced by such a one as Billy Bray.

By zeal and devotion to his parish he succeeded in making many of his people strongly attached to him,
and not a few held his notions as firmly as himself.

So the weeks and months passed, Billy pleading still for this one soul; and though he was several miles away, pleading that he might go and speak to him. At length Billy's prayers were answered, and that in the Lord's own way.

Among the clergyman's hearers there was one to whom he was especially attached. A zealous Churchman and a regular communicant, strict and ritualistic, he was a man after the minister's own heart. He was taken suddenly ill, and very soon was evidently sinking in rapid consumption; and in the prospect of death, he longed for a more distinct and assured hope. Others had been able to sing of sins forgiven, of titles clear. Others had told triumphantly of victory over death, and exulted as being more than conquerors through him that loved them. In much distress, the sick man sent for a Christian of the place to pray with him; and very soon he saw himself to be a poor, helpless sinner, without hope or plea;—then saw in Jesus Christ the one true Saviour of all, and coming penitently to the cross, he found pardon and peace through the blood of Jesus. His peace brightened into joy; so rapturous were his feelings that he rose from his bed and walked about the room, praising God.

While he was in this state the clergyman called. He was astonished to find this proper and quiet Churchman shouting, "Glory!" and with a face beaming as if heaven shone upon him. He looked on in amazement and grief.
EBENEZERS.

"Oh, sir!" the man cried, "I know that you love me, and I love you. You don't know this peace and joy; I'm sure you don't, or you would have told me about it. Oh, sir, pray the Lord to give it to you! Don't be angry with me. The Lord bless and convert your soul."

The minister left him, bewildered. Here one of the best and most hopeful of his flock had been led astray by these "wretched Dissenters." And yet he could not help feeling, and was candid enough to acknowledge, that—call it enthusiasm or excitement, or anything else—it was a blessed thing that could lift a man out of the shadow and gloom of death, and make him cry with such assurance: "The time of my departure is at hand. . . . . . Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

It made him miserable. Was it all a mistake? Was there a mighty power and life to which he himself was a stranger? Did he know what it meant to be converted—being justified by faith, to have peace with God? did he himself understand these things?

His wife suggested that he should visit a godly clergyman who lived in an adjoining parish. But the visit only troubled him the more. "If you had been converted yourself, you would have rejoiced in the man's salvation, and would have praised God with him," said this plain-spoken friend; and added, as a parting consolation, "You'll never do any good in your parish until you are converted yourself."

He returned more cast down than ever. The approach of the Sabbath filled him with dread. What
could he tell the people if he himself were not converted?

The Sunday came. The bell was tolling for the service. Trembling from head to foot he entered the church, and managed as best he could to get through the prayers. He could not dismiss the people without a sermon, yet he had nothing for them. He announced his text: "What think ye of Christ?" As soon as he opened his mouth the glory of the Lord shone upon him. Christ as the only foundation, Christ as the only salvation, Christ as the all in all, was revealed to him. His soul was at once as full of joy as it had been of mourning; and he preached with such fervor and earnestness, a present salvation by simple faith, that a Cornish miner who was a local preacher, sprang to his feet, and with uplifted arms exclaimed, "The parson is converted! the parson is converted! Hallelujah!" In a moment his voice was lost in the shout that burst from the lips of hundreds; and there arose a general cry for mercy, and that day many of the people were savagely converted—the beginning of a work that spread on every side.

Now it was quite late one cold, winter's night, as Billy was pleading with God, that the answer came—he might go and speak to the parson. So, as he said, "I put up my clothes agen and hitched in the dunkkey, and comed singin' all along the road."

The next morning early, the good clergyman heard some man arrive, whose first salutation was, "Bless the Lord!" Presently the man came through the
hall, repeating quietly his favorite phrase. He opened the door of the breakfast room to see who his strange visitor could be, and there stood the little man with twinkling eyes and beaming face, praising the Lord. Half suspecting who it was, he asked him,—

“What is your name?”

“I be Billy Bray, sir. Be you the passon?” he asked in reply. The vicar told him he was.

“Converted be’ ye, sir?” and an eager look drove the question home.

“Yes, thank God, I am,” said the clergyman.

In a moment Billy was filled with a delight that knew no bounds. Throwing his arms around the vicar, he lifted him up and carried him round the room, shouting, “Glory, glory, the passon’s converted! Glory be to God!”

The clergyman thought that submission was his only safety, and rode around the room in this fashion, until Billy should set him down again.

But now the vicar’s wife came in.

“Be the missis converted?” cried Billy.

“Yes, thank God,” was the gentle answer.

“Oh, I be so happy I can hardly live!” said Billy.

His new friends persuaded him to sit down and get some breakfast. Then he told them how the Lord had given him all the souls upon the hill; and how he had prayed for months for them—prayed that he might come and speak to them; and now the answer was given—they were both the Lord’s.

But suddenly Billy checked himself. “All the
souls 'pon the mountain," he said to himself. Perhaps some had been overlooked. "Be'ant there some maids in the house, mum?" he asked.

"Yes, Billy, there are three."

"Be they converted, too, for they do live 'pon my mountain?"

"Yes, the good Lord has led us all to himself," said the lady gratefully.

Then all together knelt and gave thanks to God for his wonderful goodness.

The answer to Billy's prayers has issued in the mighty preaching and fruitful ministry of this converted clergyman, the well-known William Haslam, from whose own lips this story of his conversion has been heard.

THE PRAYING WIFE.

A poor woman, the wife of a day laborer, at Berwick, St. John, in Wiltshire, being called by the grace of God, her husband became a bitter persecutor, and, because his wife would not relinquish the service of God, he frequently turned her out of doors in the night, and during the winter season. The wife, being "a prudent woman," did not expose this cruelty to her neighbors, but, on the contrary, to avoid their observation, she went into the adjacent fields, and betook herself to prayer. Greatly distressed, but not in despair, her only encouragement was, that with God all things are possible; she therefore resolved to set apart one hour every day to pray.
for the conversion of her persecuting husband. This she was enabled to do without missing one day for a whole year. Seeing no change in her husband, she formed a second resolution to persevere six months longer, which she did up to the last day, when she retired at about twelve o'clock as usual, and, as she thought, for the last time. Fearing that her wishes, in this instance, might be contrary to the will of God, she resolved to call no more upon him; her desire not being granted, her expectation appeared to be cut off. That same day her husband returned from his labor in a state of deep dejection, and instead of sitting down as usual to his dinner, he proceeded directly to his chamber. His wife followed, and heard, to her grateful astonishment, that he who used to mock, had returned to pray.

He came down stairs, but refused to eat, and returned again to his labor until the evening. When he came home, his wife affectionately asked him, "What is the matter?"

"Matter enough," said he; "I am a lost sinner. About twelve o'clock this morning," continued he, "I was at my work, and a passage of Scripture was deeply impressed upon my mind, which I cannot get rid of, and I am sure I am lost."

His wife encouraged him to pray, but he replied, "Oh, wife, it is of no use! there is no forgiveness for me." Smitten with remorse at the recollection of his former conduct, he said to her, "Will you forgive me?" She replied, "Oh, yes." "Will you pray for me?" "Oh, yes, that I will." "Will you
prayed for me now?" "That I will, with all my heart." They instantly fell on their knees, and wept, and made supplication. His tears of penitence mingled with her tears of gratitude and joy. He became very decidedly pious, and afterwards greatly exerted himself to make his neighbors acquainted with the way of salvation by Christ Jesus.

May this account encourage some troubled and persecuted wife to pray and labor on in patient hope, seeking to save those with whom her lot has been cast. "For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"

THE SEA-CAPTAIN’S PRAYER.

Captain Mitchell K—— was from early life accustomed to the sea. He commanded a merchant's ship that sailed from Philadelphia. After his marriage he went to sea, and one day committed to writing, while in a highly devotional frame of mind, a prayer for the temporal and eternal happiness of his beloved wife and unborn babe. This prayer, nearly filling a sheet of paper, was deposited, with other writings, at the bottom of an old chest. The captain died before the completion of the voyage, in the year 1757, and his instruments, papers, etc., were returned to his wife. Finding they were generally what she could not understand, she locked up the chest for her babe, who proved to be a son, at some future period. At eighteen this son entered the army, and in 1775 marched for Boston.
gave the reins to his lusts, and for many years yielded to almost every temptation to sin. At length he was called to the death-bed of his mother, who gave him the key of his father's chest, which, however, he did not open, lest he should meet with something of a religious kind that should reprove his sins, and harass his feelings. At length, in 1814, when in his fifty-sixth year, he determined to examine its whole contents. When he reached the bottom, he discovered a paper neatly folded, and indorsed,—"The prayer of Mitchell K——, for blessings on his wife and child. August 23, 1757." He read it. The scene, the time, the place, the circumstances under which it was written and put there, all rushed upon his mind and overwhelmed him; for often had his widowed mother led him to the beach, and pointed to him the direction on the horizon, where she had traced the last glimpse of flowing canvas that bore his father from her, never to return. He threw the contents back into the chest, folded up the prayer and put it in the case with his father's quadrant, locked up the chest, and determined never again to unlock it.

But his father's prayer still haunted his imagination, and he could not forget it. At length his distress became extreme, and the woman with whom he sinfully cohabited, entreated to know its cause. He looked on her with wildness, and replied, "I cannot tell you." This only increased her solicitude. He entreated her to withdraw; as she left the room, she cast an anxious and expressive look upon him,
and he instantly called her back. He then, with all
the feelings which an awakened, guilty conscience
could endure, told her the cause of his agonies,—his
father’s prayer found in the old chest. She thought
him deranged; his neighbors were called in to
comfort him, but in vain. The prayer had inflicted
a wound which the great Physician of souls only
could heal. From that period he became an altered
man. He married this woman, whom he had form-
erly seduced, united himself to the church of Christ,
manumitted his slaves, and lived and died a humble,
exemplary Christian.

High before the heavenly throne,
Rise the prayers that Christians pray;
Christ receives them every one,
None are empty turned away:
Jesus lives, though men may die,—
Lives to make their wants his care,—
Lives to listen to their cry,—
Lives to hear and answer prayer.

FATHER NASH’S PRAYERS.

G. Finney,” Mr. F— tells of a certain Father
Nash, whose “gift of prayer was wonderful, and his
faith almost miraculous.” He was accustomed to
keep a “praying list,” as he called it, of the names of
persons whom he made subjects of prayer every day,
and sometimes many times a day.

In one place where Mr. Finney was conducting
revival services there lived a man by the name of
D—, a most profane and ungodly person. He
kept a low tavern in a corner of the village, and his bar-room was a place of blasphemy, and the resort of all the opposers of the revival. Absenting himself from the meetings, he was ignorant of the great truths of religion, despised the whole Christian enterprise, and took every opportunity to wound, by his terrible blasphemy, the feelings of those who feared God.

We quote Mr. Finney's narrative as follows:

"Father Nash heard us speak of this Mr. D— as 'a hard case,' and immediately put his name upon his praying list. He remained a day or two and went on his way, having in view another field of labor.

"Not many days afterward, as we were holding an evening meeting with a very crowded house, who should come in but this notorious D——? His entrance created a considerable movement in the congregation. People feared that he had come in to make a disturbance. The fear and abhorrence of him had become very general among Christians, I believe; so that when he came in, some of the people got up and retired. I knew his countenance, and kept my eye upon him. I very soon became satisfied that he had not come in to oppose, and that he was in great anguish of mind. He sat and writhed upon his seat, and was very uneasy. He soon arose, and tremulously asked me if he might say a few words. I told him that he might. He then proceeded to make one of the most heart-broken confessions that I almost ever heard. His confession seemed to cover the whole ground of his treatment of God, of Christians, of the revival and of everything good."
“This thoroughly broke up the fallow ground in many hearts. It was the most powerful means that could have been used, just then, to give an impetus to the work. D—- soon came out and professed a hope, abolished all the revelry and profanity of his bar-room, and from that time, as long as I staid there, and I know not how much longer, a prayer-meeting was held in his bar-room nearly every night.”

While laboring in another place, Father Nash and Mr. Finney were entertained at the house of a Mr. S—-. We quote again from the “Memoirs:”

“About three quarters of a mile from Mr. S—-’s, lived a Mr. M——, who was a strong Universalist, and for a considerable time, kept away from our meetings. One morning, Father Nash rose up, as his custom was, at a very early hour; and went back to a grove, some fifty rods, perhaps, from the road, to have a season of prayer alone. It was before sunrise, and Brother Nash, as usual, became very much engaged in prayer. It was one of those clear mornings, on which it is possible to hear sounds a great distance. Mr. M—— had risen, and was out of doors at that early hour of the morning, and heard the voice of prayer. He listened, and could distinctly hear Father Nash’s voice. He knew it was prayer, he afterwards said, though he could not distinguish much that was said. That voice of prayer lodged an arrow in his heart. He said it brought a sense of the reality of religion over him, such as he never had experienced before. The arrow was fastened. He found no relief till he found it in believing in Jesus.”
Mr. D. L. Moody relates the following:—

"Only a few years ago in the city of Philadelphia there was a mother that had two sons. They were just going as fast as they could to ruin. They were breaking her heart, and she went into a little prayer-meeting and got up and presented them for prayer. They had been on a drunken spree, or had just got started in that way, and she knew their end would be a drunkard's grave; and she went among these Christians and said, 'Won't you just cry to God for my two boys?'

"The next morning those boys had made an appointment to meet each other on the corner of Market and Thirteenth streets;—though not that they knew anything about our meeting;—and while one of them was there at the corner, waiting for his brother to come, he followed the people who were flooding into the depot building, and the Spirit of the Lord met him, and he was wounded and found his way to Christ. After his brother came he found the place too crowded to enter, so he, too, went curiously into another meeting and found Christ, and went home happy; and when he got home he told his mother what the Lord had done for him, and the second son came with the same tidings. I heard one of them get up to tell his experience in the young converts' meeting, and he had no sooner told the story than the other got up and said: 'I am that brother, and there is not a happier home in Philadelphia than ours.'"
WHY LONGER WAIT?

Poor, trembling lamb! Ah, who outside the fold
Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art?
Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold
Creeping and gnawing to thy inmost heart;
Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,
Thou knowest not what—perchance may never know—
Shall find thee where in darkness thou art kneeling,
And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow
Of love and faith; and change to warmth and light
The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night?

For miracles like this who bids thee wait?
Behold, “the Spirit and the Bride say, Come;”
The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
And in his love would lead thee gently home.
Why shouldst thou wait? Long centuries ago,
Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for thee.
Thou art his own. Wouldst thou his beauty know,
Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not see?
Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive,
“More blest are they who see not, yet believe.”

Still dost thou wait for feeling? Dost thou say,
“Fain would I love and trust, but hope is dead;
I have no faith, and without faith who may
Rest in the blessing which is only shed
Upon the faithful? I must stand and wait.”
Not so. The Shepherd does not ask of thee
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in him;
And this he meant in saying, “Come to me.”
In light or darkness seek to do his will,
And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

Heritage of Peace.