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INTERPOSITIONS OF
P R O V I D E N C E.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRESERVATION OF LIFE.

AUGUSTINE.

POSIDONIUS, in his life of Augustine, relates, that the good man, going on one occasion to preach at a distant town, took with him a guide to direct him in the way. This man, by some unaccountable means, mistook the usual road, and fell into a bye-path. It afterwards proved, that in this way the preacher's life had been saved, as his enemies, aware of his journey, had placed themselves in the proper road with a design to kill him.

REV. THOMAS VINCENT.

The great plague in London, in the year 1665, gave occasion for the display of the piety and zeal of several of the ejected ministers, and of the providence of God in preserving them from the contagion, when prosecuting their ministerial

labours in the midst of it. The Rev. Thomas Vincent was at this period tutor of an academy at Islington, but determined to leave his situation, and devote himself to the spiritual instruction of the people in London, where many of the pulpits were deserted. His friends vainly endeavoured to dissuade him from the dangerous enterprise. He agreed, however, to follow the advice of his reverend brethren in and about the city. When they were assembled, he told them his resolution, and assured them that it had been the result of much serious thought. He had carefully examined the state of his own soul, and could look death in the face with comfort. He thought it absolutely necessary that the vast numbers of people then dying, should have some spiritual assistance, and that he could never again have such a prospect of ministerial usefulness as now presented itself. He added, that he had solemnly devoted himself to God and souls upon this occasion; and that, therefore, he hoped none of them would endeavour to weaken his hands in this work. Encouraged by the ministers, who prayed for his protection and success, he entered on his labours with fortitude and diligence. During all the time of the plague, he preached every sabbath in some of the parish churches. He chose the most moving and important subjects, and treated them in the most pathetic and searching manner. The awfulness of the judgment then before the eyes of all, gave great force to his addresses, and a very general inquiry was always made where he would preach the next sabbath. Many learned from him the

necessity of salvation, and the way to heaven through the blood of Christ. He visited all who sent for him, and it pleased God to take especial care of his life; for though in this year there died in London, of the plague, 68,596, including seven persons in the family in which he lived, he continued in perfect health all the time, and was a useful minister to a numerous congregation at Hoxton for upwards of twelve years afterwards. Thus were the promises in the ninety-first psalm fulfilled to this servant of God.

REV. HENRY BLACKETT.

At the time of the Irish massacre of the Protestants in 1641, there lived in the city of Dublin, a Protestant family, named Blackett, who had a Roman Catholic servant. She was fully aware of the awful work of murder about to commence; and, though apparently unconcerned about the safety of the family in general, had an ardent attachment to an infant child which she had for some time taken care of. When she put this child to bed one evening, she was overheard by some one of the family to weep with bitterness, and to say, "My dear Henry, I must sleep with thee no more." This being reported to the parents, excited an alarm. The girl was called and examined; and, at length, after much pressing, her affection for the child triumphed over superstition; she disclosed the fact of the massacre which was to take place at midnight, and thus afforded them an opportunity to escape, which they immediately embraced. They came to England; that child grew up, laboured for

many years in the county of Durham as an able minister of Jesus Christ, with great success, and some of his descendants are yet living to promote that holy cause in the world.

GREENLAND MISSIONARIES.

Soon after the Moravian brethren had commenced their zealous and disinterested labours in Greenland, a number of murderers, excited by the *angekoks*, or sorcerers, threatened to kill the missionaries, and entered their house for that purpose, at a time when all were absent, excepting one, named Matthew Stach. When they arrived, they found him engaged in the work of translation, in which he went on, without showing any marks of fear, though uncertain as to their intention. After they had sat awhile, their leader said, "We are come to hear good." "I am glad of it," replied the missionary, and silence being obtained, he sang, prayed, and then proceeded: "I will not say much to you of the Creator of all things—you know there is a Creator:"—to this they all assented, except one.—"You also know that you are a wicked people." "Yes!" was the unanimous reply. "Now, then," resumed the missionary, "I will tell you what is most necessary to know." He then proceeded to declare the incarnation and death of Jesus; spoke of his resurrection from the dead; and assured them, that he would be the final Judge of all men. He then solemnly appealed to the leader of the banditti, as to the account he would render of his murders and other crimes at the last day, and entreated him

immediately to accept the mercy offered him by the Lord Jesus. After he had done, a woman, whose brother they had murdered, spoke of the efficacy of the Saviour's atonement, told them she felt it, and exhorted them no longer to resist the truth. They heard all this with attention, walked for some time before the house with their hands folded, and towards evening retired, without offering either violence or insult.

DR. GILL.

In the year 1752, this eminent man had a memorable escape from death in his own study. One of his friends had mentioned to him a remark of Dr. Halley, the celebrated astronomer, that close study preserves a man's life, by keeping him out of harm's way; but one day, after he had just left his room to go to preach, a stack of chimneys was blown down, forced its way through the roof of the house, and broke his writing table, in the very spot where a few minutes before he had been sitting. The doctor very properly remarked afterwards to his friend, "A man may come to danger and harm in the closet as well as in the highway, if he be not protected by the special care of Divine Providence."

A TRAVELLING CHRISTIAN.

A pious man, some years ago, wished to visit France; but, on his way to the ship, he broke his leg, by which he was disappointed of his voyage. The ship was lost, and all on board perished. On hearing these facts, he was thankful for

his broken leg, and saw that what was a disappointment at the time, was sent by the God of love to preserve his life. Little trials, as in this case, are often sent to prevent greater ones.

MR. JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

This eminently pious man, who lived at Kidderminster in the last century, records in his diary a remarkable interposition of the providence of God, in preserving his family and property from devouring flames. One of his servants dreamed that a neighbour's house was on fire, and through the agitation which the dream occasioned, she made a little noise, which awoke Mrs. W. who was sleeping in a room below. On awaking, she found her room filled with smoke; and when Mr. Williams arose and examined the house, he found part of one of the lower rooms on fire; which, but for the singular manner in which they had been disturbed, would have speedily placed the whole family in danger; and, as the house was not that year insured, have deprived the good man of nearly all he possessed.

BISHOP BULL.

When this good minister was the clergyman of a parish, his lodgings were contiguous to a powder mill. After he had resided there several months, a gentleman and his lady paid him a visit, and having represented to him the danger in which he was placed, very kindly invited him to their house. Mr. Bull was, at length, prevailed on to accept their invitation; and a few days after, the mill and his apartments were

blown up, and that at the precise time when he would have been occupied in his study, had he remained at his former residence.

JOHN BUNYAN.

The celebrated author of the Pilgrim's Progress experienced several remarkable providential deliverances. Once he fell into the river Ouse; and at another time into an arm of the sea, and narrowly escaped being drowned. But the most singular instance of his preservation occurred when he was about seventeen years of age. At that time he was a soldier: at the siege of Leicester, in 1645, being drawn out to stand sentinel, another soldier in the same company desired to take his place: he consented, and his companion was shot in the head by a musket-ball, and killed.

REV. JOHN COOKE.

Few instances can be selected from the records of the providence of God, in which his care has been exercised in the days of thoughtless vanity over those whom he intends to bless with his favour, and to make useful in his church, more striking than the following events in the early life of this good man. When he was yet destitute of piety, he was left one sabbath afternoon in his master's house alone; and wanting amusement, he thought he would take a gun, and go into a neighbouring field of oats, to fire at a large number of rooks there collected. The birds hovered over his head, and so great was their clamour, that when he had pulled the trigger

of his gun, though he did not hear a report, he supposed that it had discharged its contents. He then rested it on the ground, and blew into the barrel to clear it, as he had seen his master often do, when he had discharged it. The instant he had removed his mouth from the barrel, the gun went off without injuring him.

On another occasion, when he was about fifteen, he got upon a cart loaded with wet manure, which suddenly fell backwards. The whole weight of the load fell upon him, and in a short time he must have been suffocated, had not two men, at a considerable distance, seen the cart with the boy upon it tip backwards. They ran to his relief, and happily succeeded in removing the pressure before he was smothered.

REV. MR. ABERNETHY.

It is related, in the preface to a volume of sermons delivered by this eminent man, that when young, he was diverting himself, with a servant who attended upon him, on the great bridge at Belfast, and that happening to cast his eye upon something at a distance, it attracted his attention. They instantly ran towards it, and the moment they were clear of the bridge, the arch on which they had been standing fell down. Had they stayed on it a few seconds longer, they must have lost their lives.

REV. J. WESLEY.

Mr. Wesley, father of the Rev. John Wesley, was roused from sleep by the cry of fire from the

street; but, little imagining that the fire was in his own house, he opened his bed-room door, and found the place full of smoke, and that the roof was already burned through. Directing his wife and two girls to rise and flee for their lives, he burst open the nursery-door, where the maid was sleeping with five children. She snatched up the youngest, and bade the others follow her: the three eldest did so; but John, who was then six years old, was not awakened, and in the alarm was forgotten. The rest of the family escaped—some through the windows, others by the garden door; and Mrs. Wesley, to use her own expression, “waded through the fire.” At this time John, who had not been remembered till that moment, was heard crying in the nursery. The father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed that they could not bear his weight; and being utterly in despair, he fell upon his knees in the hall, and, in agony, commended the soul of the child to God. John had been awakened by the light; and finding it impossible to escape by the door, climbed up a chest that stood near the window, and he was then seen from the yard. There was no time for procuring a ladder; but one man was hoisted on the shoulders of another, and thus he was taken out. A moment after the roof fell in. When the child was carried out to the house where his parents were, the father cried out, “Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children: let the house go, I am rich enough.” Mr. Wesley remembered this providential deliverance through

life with the deepest gratitude. Under one of the portraits, published during his life, is a representation of a house on fire, with the scriptural inquiry, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

REV. R. CECIL.

The late Rev. R. Cecil's father inherited a large tract of ground, on which were his dwelling-house, dye-house, and garden. During the early part of Mr. C.'s life, this piece of ground was the spot of his pastime in the interval of school-hours. His life was here endangered by several adventures. The two following are remarkable.

His father had in the ground several large tanks of water, one of which was sunk into the earth, and in winter was frequently covered with ice. A hole was made in the ice for the purpose of supplying the horses with water. At this hole Mr. C. was playing with a stick, till he suddenly plunged under the ice. The men had received particular orders over-night, to go to work in a part of the dye-house from which this piece of water was not visible, but, for reasons which could not be assigned, they went to work at an opposite part, where it was directly before their eyes. One of the men thought he saw a scarlet cloak appear at the hole broken in the ice, and resolved to go and see what it was: in attempting to take it out, he discovered it to be the scarlet coat of his young master, who was taken from the water apparently dead; but after long and tedious efforts, he was recovered.

About the same time, Mr. C. was caught by his coat in a mill-wheel, and must have been crushed in a few moments, had he not, with wonderful presence of mind, thrust his foot against the horse's face, by which the mill was stopped, and he was disentangled.

A 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 holding intercourse with the rebels; and on this suspicion, probably increased by the malice of his wicked comrades, he was tried by a court-martial, and condemned to die. The marquis hearing of the 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 defence on the trial, but the officers thought it so improbable, that they paid no attention to it. The marquis, in order to satisfy himself of the truth of his defence, observed, that if so, he must have

acquired some considerable aptness in this exercise. The poor man replied, that as to 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 God with such copiousness, fluency, and ardour, 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 favour, and placed him among his personal attendants, in the way to promotion.

A GENTLEMAN AT PORTSEA.

A gentleman, at Portsea, had tried many ways to turn his son-in-law from a dreadful career of vice, but in vain; for he became the more enraged against the venerable man, because he would not relieve him from the difficulties into which he had brought himself by his wickedness. He formed the dreadful resolution of shooting his father, and for that purpose he one day waylaid him on his return home. As the old gentleman stepped out of a boat, his son-in-law, standing on the beach, fired a loaded pistol at him. But the father, who could have no pleasure in his son, had a treasure in his Bible, which he generally carried about with him. His Bible being at this time in his breast-pocket, the ball that was designed for his *heart*, lodged in the *book*: and thus his life was saved; but his son-in-law was hanged.

A TRADESMAN.

A gentleman in an extensive line of business, in a distant part of the country, left his house with an intention of going to Bristol fair; but, when he had proceeded about half-way, he was taken ill, and detained several days. As the fair by this time was in a considerable degree over, he returned home. Some years after, the same gentleman, happening to be at a place where the assizes for the county were held, was induced to be present at the execution of a criminal. While he was mixed with the crowd, the criminal perceived him, and expressed a desire to speak with him. On the gentleman approaching him, he asked, "Do you recollect at such a time intending to be at Bristol fair?" "Yes, perfectly well." "It is well that you did not go, for I and several others, who knew that you had a considerable sum of money about you, had resolved to waylay and rob, and then murder you, to prevent detection."

CAMPBELL, THE SAILOR.

This man being at sea, felt, one evening when near the shore, a disposition to bathe. His companions would have dissuaded him from it, as they had recently seen several sharks; but being partly intoxicated, he would not listen to their persuasions. Nearly as soon as he was in the water, his companions saw an alligator directing its course towards him, and considered his escape from death totally impossible. They fired at the alligator, but in vain. Campbell

became aware of his danger, and immediately made for the shore. On approaching within a very short distance of some canes and shrubs that covered the bank, and while closely pursued by the alligator, a ferocious tiger sprung towards him, at the very instant he was about being devoured by his first enemy. At this awful moment he was preserved. The eager tiger overleaped him, fell into the grasp of the alligator, and, after a long struggle, was killed by him. Campbell was conveyed to his vessel, gratefully returned thanks to Providence which had preserved him, and from that period a marked change was observed in his character.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

When Dr. Clarke was a lad, he resided with his father, in Ireland, and on one occasion was most remarkably preserved from drowning. He was a fearless youth, and went on horseback to a fine river which poured itself into the sea. Going farther into the water than he at first intended, they were swamped, he became disengaged from the animal, and lost all consciousness. After some time had elapsed, he found himself, he knew not how, sitting in the water near the shore, to which place the tide must have conveyed him. The air acting again on his lungs produced considerable pain. He always considered that his life was, in a sense, then renewed. It made a deep impression on his mind; and, at the distance of sixty years from that time, he gave a full account of the affair, while preaching before the Royal Humane Society.

REV. PETER DU MOULIN.

During the awful massacre at Paris, by which so many Christians were removed from the present world, the celebrated Moulin crept into an oven, over the mouth of which a spider instantly wove its web ; so that when the enemies of the Christians inspected the premises, they passed by the oven, with the remark, that no one could have been there for some days. So easily can the blessed God devise means for the safety of his servants !

The memoirs of the late Rev. E. White, of Chester, by the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, of Stepney, relate a very similar anecdote of one of the ancestors of that pious and useful minister.

A HOTTENTOT.

In the year 1829, a Hottentot, in South Africa, went out on a hunting excursion, accompanied by several other natives. Arriving on an extensive plain, where there was abundance of game, they discovered a number of lions, also, which appeared to be disturbed by their approach. A prodigiously large male immediately separated himself from the troop, and began slowly to advance towards the party, the majority of whom were young, and altogether unaccustomed to rencontres of so formidable a nature ; the very appearance of the lion made them tremble. While the animal was yet at a distance, they all dismounted to prepare for firing ; and, according to the custom on such occasions, began tying their horses together by means of the bridles,

with the view of keeping the latter between them and the lion, to attract his attention, until they were able to take deliberate aim. His movements, however, were too swift for them. Before the horses were properly fastened to each other, the monster made a tremendous bound or two, and suddenly pounced upon the hind parts of one of them; which, in its fright, plunged forward, and knocked down the poor man who was holding the reins in his hand. His comrades instantly took flight, and ran off with all speed; and he, of course, rose as quickly as possible, in order to follow them. But no sooner had he regained his feet, than the lion, with a seeming consciousness of his superior might, stretched forth his paw, and striking him just behind the neck, immediately brought him to the ground again. He then rolled on his back, when the lion set his foot upon his breast, and lay down upon him. The poor man now became almost breathless, partly from fear, but principally from the intolerable pressure of his terrific load. He endeavoured to move a little to one side, in order to breathe; but feeling this, the lion seized his left arm, close to the elbow, and continued to amuse himself with the limb for some time, biting it in different places down to the hand, the thick part of which seemed to have been pierced entirely through. All this time the lion did not appear to be angry, but merely caught at his prey, like a cat sporting with a mouse that is not quite dead; so that there was not a single bone fractured, as would in all probability have been the case had the creature been

hungry or irritated. Whilst writhing in agony, gasping for breath, and expecting every moment to be torn limb from limb, the sufferer cried to his companions for assistance, but cried in vain. On raising his head a little, the beast opened his dreadful jaws to receive it, but providentially the hat slipped off, so that the points of the teeth only just grazed the surface of the skull. The lion now set his foot upon the arm from which the blood was freely flowing; his fearful paw was soon covered with it, and he again and again licked it clean! But this was not the worst; for the animal then steadily fixed his flaming eyes upon those of the man; smelt on one side, and then on the other, of his face; and, having tasted the blood, he appeared half inclined to devour his helpless victim. "At this critical moment," said the poor man, "I recollected having heard that there was a God in the heavens, who was able to deliver at the very last extremity; and I began to pray that he would save me, and not allow the lion to eat my flesh and drink my blood." Whilst thus engaged in calling upon God, the beast turned himself completely round. On perceiving this, the Hottentot made an effort to get from under him; but no sooner did the creature observe his movement than he took fast hold of his right thigh. This wound was dreadfully deep, and occasioned the sufferer most excruciating pain. He again sent up his cry to God for help; nor were his prayers in vain. The huge animal soon afterwards quietly relinquished his prey, though he had not been in the least interrupted. Having risen from his

seat, he walked majestically off, to the distance of thirty or forty paces, and then lay down in the grass, as if for the purpose of watching the man. The latter being happily relieved of his load, ventured to sit up, which circumstance immediately attracted the lion's attention; nevertheless it did not induce another attack, as the poor fellow naturally expected; but as if bereft of power, and unable to do any thing more, the lion again rose, took his departure, and was seen no more. The man seeing this, took up his gun, and hastened away to his terrified companions, who had given him up for dead. Being in a state of extreme exhaustion, from loss of blood, he was immediately set upon his horse, carried away, and by the use of suitable means, soon recovered.

A LADY AND GENTLEMAN IN AMERICA.

A few years ago, a gay lady in New England had occasion to go to a neighbouring town, where she had often been before. In the immediate vicinity was a stream which she had to go near, and which at this period was high. With a view of showing her courage to a young person whom she had taken with her as a companion, she went into the stream with her horse, and in a very little time was thrown into the water,—had already sunk once or twice to the bottom, and felt that she was within a few moments of an eternal world, without being prepared for so great a change.

It so happened, that a young man in another neighbouring town had felt a powerful impression

on his mind that morning, that he would visit the same place. He had no business to transact; but, being forcibly impressed with the importance of going thither, he invited a young man to accompany him. Arriving at the side of the stream just as the young ladies were about to cross it, they saw it was improbable that they could ford it; yet, as the ladies went, they determined to follow.

By the time the young lady was thrown from her horse, the others had nearly reached the opposite shore; but, perceiving her danger, one of them immediately followed her on his horse, and in the last moment of life, as it then appeared, she caught hold of the horse's leg; he thus secured her, and snatching hold of the other drowning young lady, she was saved also. After the use of proper remedies, they recovered; and the young gentlemen, believing that the design of their coming from home was now answered, returned back.

The impressions made on the mind of this young lady were permanent, and she was led to reflect on the sins she had committed against God, to pray for the pardon of her guilt, and to devote herself to the Divine service. She embraced the mercy of the Lord, believing in the Redeemer, who alone saves from the wrath to come.

In the same town with herself lived a young gentleman, who had often spent his hours in vain conversation with her. On her return home, he went to congratulate her on her escape, and to his surprise, found she attributed her deliverance

to the power of God, and urged him to seek that grace which they had both neglected. Her serious conversation was blest to his conversion, and he became a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

A YOUNG MAN.

Some years ago, a young man, accustomed to attend Divine worship, and from a child well acquainted with the holy Scriptures, was solicited to join in an excursion on the Thames, on a sabbath day. Conscience remonstrated, but the love of pleasure, and the temptation of entertaining society, silenced the monitor. The day was agreed upon, the weather was unusually fine, and the party, about twelve in number, assembled on the bank to proceed to Richmond. Among the party was this young man. Just as he was stepping into the boat, the happy remembrance of the word of God spake powerfully, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." Conscience instantly replied, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" He could proceed no farther; he retired from the banks of the Thames, amidst the jeers and ridicule of the scornful. But what were his feelings when the sad tidings came, that as the party returned from their unhallowed amusement, in the neighbourhood of Putney, the boat ran foul of a barge laden with coals, which the party, being half-intoxicated, could not avoid. The screams of the females were heard on the shore, but, alas! to no effect! Seven of the party sunk to rise no more!

This youth, some time after, died of a consump-

tion: the evidences of repentance, and the hopes of eternal life, cheered his dying moments. He frequently adverted to this extraordinary preservation, and constantly remarked, that the word of God had delivered his soul from death, and his life from destruction.

SEVERAL CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

David Zeisberger was travelling with several Christian Indians, to form a missionary station. The whole company had nearly lost their lives by the carelessness of a traveller who slept in the same apartment with them, at a place where they stopped in the course of their journey. In this apartment were several barrels of gunpowder, some of which were open, and grains of the powder were scattered among the loose straw on the floor, which formed their bed. The host expostulated with the traveller on the danger of admitting a candle into the apartment; but on a promise to use the utmost caution, he at length yielded to his entreaties. The missionaries repeated their exhortations about the candle, till, overcome with fatigue, they lay down and fell asleep. Being overpowered with weariness, the traveller, before he had extinguished the light, fell asleep also. In the morning, Zeisberger called one of the brethren out of the house into the wood, took the candle from his pocket, and imparted to him what he feared it would too much shock his hospitable host to relate in his presence. "My brother," said he, "had we not had the eye of Him upon us, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, we should all have, this

night, been precipitated into eternity, and no one would have known how it happened. I slept soundly, being extremely fatigued; and was in my first sleep, when I felt as if some one roused me. I sat up, and saw the wick of the candle hanging down on one side, in a flame, and on the point of falling into the straw, which I was just in time to prevent. I could not fall asleep again; but lay awake, silently thanking the Lord for the extraordinary preservation we had experienced."

A PRAYING FAMILY.

A credible historian informs us, that, about one hundred and fifty years ago, there was an earthquake in Switzerland, which precipitated part of a mountain upon a village that stood beneath it, and crushed every house and inhabitant to atoms, except the corner of one cottage, where the master of the house, with his poor family, were together praying unto God.

REV. MR. KICHERER.

This name will remind the reader of the first missionary to the African Hottentots. During his early residence among them, he was visited by a man who had been sentenced at the Cape of Good Hope to death, but had effected his escape; and who, making great pretensions to religion, imposed on Mr. K. and induced him to receive him into his house. He slept in a room immediately adjoining that of the missionary, and rose during the night with the design of murdering him, and of making his escape, with

the property on the premises, to a distant place. At the moment he was proceeding to the bedside of this good man, Mr. K. was suddenly awoke in a fit of terror, and unconsciously cried out, as though aware of the design of this wicked man, who, in consequence, became alarmed, and fled.

MR. CHURCHILL.

This gentleman was a native of England, but resided about two miles from Vizagapatam, in India. One evening, as he was reclining on a sofa, reflecting on a severe loss he had recently sustained in the death of his wife, and watching the slumbers of his two little ones, who were near him on a bed, he was suddenly alarmed with the prospect of a terrible death, both for them and himself; but was suddenly delivered both from the danger and the fear. A tiger walked into the house, and entered the room; but instead of attacking its occupants, he beheld his own image in a large mirror; he rushed forwards, and broke it into a thousand pieces, and then immediately fled from the spot.

A SOLDIER.

Samuel Proctor was trained up in the use of religious ordinances, and in early life felt some religious impressions. He afterwards enlisted as a soldier in the first regiment of foot guards, and was made a grenadier. Notwithstanding this, the impressions made upon his mind continued; and the fear of the Lord, as a guardian angel, attended him through the changing scenes of life. There were a few in the regiment who met

for pious and devotional exercises : he cast in his lot among them ; and always carried a small Bible in one pocket, and his hymn-book in the other. He took part in the struggle on the plains of Waterloo, in the year 1815. In the evening of June 16, in the tremendous conflict on that day, his regiment was ordered to dislodge the French from a wood, of which they had taken possession, and from which they annoyed the allied army. While thus engaged, he was thrown a distance of four or five yards by a force on his hip, for which he could not account at the time ; but, when he came to examine his Bible, he saw, with overwhelming gratitude to the Preserver of his life, what it was that had thus driven him. A musket-ball had struck his hip where his Bible rested in his pocket, and penetrated nearly half through that sacred book. All who saw the ball, said that it would undoubtedly have killed him, had it not been for the Bible, which served as a shield. The Bible was kept as a sacred treasure, and laid up in his house, like the sword of Goliath in the tabernacle. " That Bible," said Proctor, " has twice saved me instrumentally—from darkness and condemnation ; and from the shot of the French at the battle of Waterloo. It was the first Bible I ever had of my own ; and I will keep it as long as I live."

A GENTLEMAN.

It is recorded of Mr. Dod, one of the Puritan ministers, that being one evening late in his study, his mind was strongly inclined, though he could assign no reason for it, to visit a gen-

tleman of his acquaintance, at a very unseasonable hour. Not knowing the design of Providence, he obeyed and went. When he came to the house, after knocking a few times at the door, the gentleman himself came, and inquired if he wanted him upon any particular business. Mr. Dod having answered in the negative, and signified that he could not rest till he had seen him, the gentleman replied, "O, Sir, you are sent of God at this very hour, for I was just now going to destroy myself!" and immediately pulled the halter out of his pocket, by which he had intended to commit the horrid deed, which was thus prevented.

A POOR WOMAN.

The Rev. Walter Sellon, having preached in a parish church, walked the next morning into the churchyard, to read the inscriptions on the tomb-stones. After long searching in vain for expressions worthy of a dying Christian, he read a testimony to the holy triumph of a departed believer, and an expression of grateful praise to the Lamb, through whose blood he had been saved from eternal death. While he was indulging in the pleasure which this discovery excited, he saw a woman passing by the churchyard, whom he called to him, and desired her to read the lines on the tomb-stone; but she told him they contained nothing suitable to her. He requested her to read them again, when she again answered, that she felt no interest in the blood of Jesus. Being under much concern for the woman, he asked her where she lived; and was told, about

three miles and a half distant. A few days after, he went to her house, and found her in the utmost distress, having a mother dying of old age, and two children ill of the small-pox, without any means of support. Mr. Sellon took occasion to impress their minds with a proper sense of the designs of God in all his dispensations towards his creatures. He then commended them to the mercy of God, in earnest prayer, gave them a few religious tracts, with some pecuniary assistance, and took an affectionate leave of them. About twelve months after, Mr. Sellon again visited the parish, where he preached as before; and, on the day following, went to the house of mourning to learn the condition of the poor woman, and her family. As he drew near the house, the woman saw him, and, with pleasure in her eyes, went to meet him. She then told him that, at the time he called her to read the inscription on the tomb-stone, she had been to ask help of her brother, who kept a draper's shop in that village; his refusal, with the consequences to her mother and children, had so affected her mind, that she was going to a neighbouring river to drown herself. She further told him that, after his late visit, God had taken one of her children, and restored the other to health; he had given her a hope of the pardon of her transgressions; and her mother had died triumphantly in Christ. Thus did God, by means of an apparently small incident, preserve a distracted woman from self-murder, rescue a family from the deepest distress, and translate them from darkness into his marvellous light.

A TEMPTED CHRISTIAN.

About the year 1808, a young lady, walking out late on a winter's evening, on the Kentish coast, was alarmed by overhearing a conversation of some Irish labourers, which proved she was in danger of being robbed, if not murdered. She resolved to return to the village she had just left, which she accomplished, though pursued by one of the men, from whom she was mercifully delivered.

Agitated and distressed, she determined to stay at the village for the night, and went to the house of a baronet in pursuit of a pious woman, who, in the absence of the family, always slept in it. She was surprised that, for a long time, her rap at the door was not answered; and still more to find, when entrance was permitted, all the doors she had to pass with her friend fastened; nor was her astonishment lessened, when she learned that the good woman was entirely without food, or firing. However, she stayed for the night, and, in the morning, went home.

Ten years rolled along, during which time the old woman treated her young friend with much kindness; the former had buried several of her family, and was about to leave the neighbourhood. Previous to this, she called on her friend, reminded her of the circumstances, which, indeed, she had never forgotten; and then, under a promise of secrecy during her life, divulged the following facts:—

For some time before the events first alluded to occurred, the poor old lady, though a pious

woman, had been the subject of many temptations. Melancholy and doubting, Satan at last prevailed on her to attempt to take away her life. And so nearly was this purpose accomplished, that, at the time this young lady sought admission to the house, she had locked up all its doors, and was passing down the yard to throw herself into the sea! She recognised the hand of God in this interposition to save her life, lived to his praise for twelve or fourteen years after this event, and at length died in the full hope of immortality, through the mediation of the Lord Jesus.

AN UNHAPPY FEMALE.

Some years ago, when Southwark was divided into districts by the visitors of the Auxiliary Bible Society, one district was found to contain such a depraved neighbourhood, that it was spoken of as "the Forlorn Hope;" and for some time no individual would engage to visit it. At length, three highly respectable females, advanced in life, offered their services, and undertook the hopeless task. They met with various receptions, but, in general, were more successful in engaging the attention of the forlorn and wretched inmates than they had expected. On entering one house of the vilest description, they found, in the first room into which they went, a young female, of pleasing appearance, mixing something in a cup, which she put into a closet when she saw them. They conversed with her, and asked if she would accept a Testament, which she gladly received. They found she was the daughter of a clergyman, but, vain of her personal attrac-

tions, she had been betrayed into the wretched course of life in which they found her. She eagerly listened to all they said, and requested them to repeat their visit. They did so; and finding her anxious to leave the paths of wickedness and woe, they procured her admission into an asylum, and the event proved that she was indeed desirous to return to the paths of virtue.

Reader! the mixture which was in the cup, when these females entered the house, on their visit of mercy, was *poison!* In a few short hours, in all human probability, she would have departed to everlasting misery. She afterwards filled a situation of comfort and respectability, and was enabled to look forward with hope to a blissful eternity.

A PRODIGAL.

A few years ago, a young gentleman, who had spent his fortune in riotous living, was reduced to poverty. For some time his friends supported him, but at length they all forsook him; when, wandering about as a vagabond, he determined to terminate his miserable life by drowning himself. Being in a strange place, he put lead into his pockets, and went to the side of a river for this horrid purpose. Waiting till it was dark, that he might accomplish his design unperceived, he observed, at a little distance, a light in a house, and felt disposed to go to it. On his arrival there, he heard persons singing psalms; he listened at the door while a chapter of the Bible was read, and a prayer offered up; he then

wished for admission, and knocked gently at the door, which was opened by one of the company, who inquired what he wanted. He signified his desire of being admitted, but was told that it was not customary to receive strangers into their meetings; however, if he behaved decently, he might come in. The passage of Scripture under consideration that evening, was Acts xvi. 28: "Do thyself no harm." After several persons had made their remarks upon the subject, they concluded, as usual, with prayer. This they had no sooner done, than the stranger asked them how they came to know his thoughts; for he had not mentioned his intention to any person on earth. This surprised the whole company, who declared they had neither seen nor heard of him till that evening. He then told them of his design of taking away his life, and how he had been prevented by seeing a light in their window. This remarkable providence affected his mind to such a degree, that, by the Divine blessing, it was made the means of his conversion; he became an eminent Christian, regained the favour of his friends, and lived in reputation and comfort.

AN AWFUL DRUNKARD.

The following facts, communicated by a friend from Berwick-on-Tweed, cannot but be interesting.

I, some time since, says the writer, visited, in behalf of a society for relieving the sick poor, a poor man, who was about seventy years of age,

in a declining state of health, but I had reason to believe he was a sincere Christian. After some very interesting conversation, I requested him to give me some account of his conversion. He said, that previous to the Lord's meeting with him, he was a notoriously wicked character, and, among many other vices, he was much addicted to drinking to excess. On a certain occasion, he had, what he termed, *broke out*, and had been in a state of intoxication for, I think he said, a fortnight. When the effects of the liquor left him, and he began to come to himself, his spirits sunk unusually low, and guilt and remorse preyed on his mind so much, that he was driven to despair, and felt himself so miserable, that he determined on the rash act of putting an end to his existence: he accordingly procured a rope to hang himself. At that time, his wife, who was a truly pious woman, was at Spafields chapel. A thought came into his mind, that he should like his wife to know his fate soon after he was dead: this induced him to go round the back of the chapel, to seek for a convenient place to commit the fatal deed, expecting that when the congregation came out he should be found dead, and that his wife would be informed. But, oh! the extent of sovereign grace! When passing the back of the chapel, with the rope in his pocket, the sound of the minister's voice caught his ear, and induced him to go and look in at the door. At that instant the minister was preaching, in a very animated manner, on the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse the guilty conscience, stated that the Saviour was able and willing to save the

vilest rebels, and then gave a most pressing invitation to the chief of sinners, saying,

“ Come and welcome, come and welcome,
All that feel your need of him.”

These and similar sentences so penetrated his heart, that they produced feelings which are easier conceived than described.

When the service was over, he went home, fell on his knees, and cried for mercy. His wife was, at first, astonished at the wonderful change; but, on inquiry, she found the Lord had answered her prayer in behalf of her husband.

JOSEPHUS, THE HISTORIAN.

In the beginning of the Jewish war, this eminent man commanded a body of troops in Galilee. When Vespasian, who was a general of the Roman army in the reign of Nero, had conquered that country, Josephus was at Jotapata. He and forty more Jews had concealed themselves in a subterraneous cavern, where they formed the desperate resolution of killing each other, rather than surrender themselves to the Romans. Josephus, having been governor of the place, and therefore entitled to priority in point of rank, it was at first proposed by the rest to yield it to him, as an honour, to become the first victim. He, however, contrived to divert their minds from this, by proposing to cast lots for the precedence; and, after thirty-nine had balloted, and killed one another, he, and the other who survived, agreed not to imbrue their hands in each other's blood, but to deliver themselves up to

the Romans. Upon this, Josephus surrendered himself up to Nicanor, who conducted him to Vespasian. In this extraordinary manner was the life of this eminent man spared, that he might write a history, which in many instances has confirmed and illustrated the sacred volume, and in other ways been useful in every subsequent age.

A POOR WOMAN IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

In the remarkably severe winter of 1708-9, a poor woman, near Yeovil, in Somersetshire, having been at Chard to sell her yarn, on her return home became so ill, that she was forced to take refuge in a small house by the way side; and, it being towards evening, she asked the people to let her sit by the fire during the night. This was denied. She left the house, and laid herself down under a hedge. It snowed very much, and in a little time she was almost covered. At last, one of her neighbours came by, who asked her how she could be so mad as to lie there to be starved. She said her sickness was so violent she could not possibly go further. He then took her up, and bade her try to walk as well as she could, adding, it was not very far she had to go. She followed him a little way, but unable to persevere, she left him, and laid herself down under the hedge again. She was soon covered with the snow, which was falling very thick. Thus she continued for nearly a week, her neighbours, meanwhile, making great inquiries after her; but no one could give any account except that one man, and he was silent, lest a suspicion

should fall upon him that he had made away with her.

In the mean time, a poor woman dreamed, or rather pretended to have dreamed (the man having probably suggested to her this expedient to save his conscience and his life) that she lay under a hedge in such a place. Her neighbours immediately went to the place with sticks, which they forced through the snow; at last one of them thought he heard a groan: upon which he thrust his stick down with more force, which made the woman cry out, "Oh, don't kill me!" She was taken out, to the astonishment of them all; and was found to have eaten great part of one of her garments for sustenance. She told them she had lain very warm, and had slept most part of the time. She was very cheerful, and soon walked. She had lain under the hedge at least seven days.

LOUIS CALDY.

The following epitaph is said to have been copied from a tomb, in the vicinity of Port Royal, Jamaica:—

"Here lieth the body of LOUIS CALDY, Esq. a native of Montpelier, in France, which country he left on account of the revocation. He was swallowed up by the earthquake which occurred at this place in 1692, but, by the great providence of God, was, by a second shock, flung into the sea, where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat, and lived forty years afterwards."

How wonderful are the judgments of God, and his ways "past finding out!"

A MINISTER'S SON.

A youth, sixteen years of age, the son of a respectable Christian minister, was bathing some years ago in the river Mersey. The tide was returning, and having ventured too far into the water for the purpose of swimming, he was carried down the current to the distance of three or four miles. All hope of reaching the shore vanished; and, at the moment he was about to give up the struggle, he was providentially perceived by the crew of a vessel bound from Liverpool to Dublin. When brought on board, every means was kindly used to restore exhausted nature: the youth recovered, and was carried to the port of the Irish capital. In the mean time, a person to whom he was known, and who had seen him go into the water, returning, and finding his clothes on the shore, but seeing nothing of his person, concluded he was drowned, and carried the afflictive intelligence to his parents. A reward was offered for the body, and suitable mourning was ordered.

On the arrival of the vessel at Dublin, the youth was humanely furnished, by the crew, with such articles of clothing as they could spare; and the captain gave him a piece of silver, and put him on shore. The singularity of his dress restrained him from making known his situation to those who, from respect to his father, would gladly have rendered him assistance. He therefore inquired for a vessel bound to Liverpool, and having providentially met with one, was received on board, and reached the place of his destination

on the very day of the following week that he was supposed to have been lost. No sooner did he get on shore than he hastened to his father's house. Nothing could have been more unexpected to the sorrowing parents than the appearance of their son. The mourning which they had ordered was, that evening, to be brought home, and worn on the following day. The children, at the sight of their brother, shrieked with fear: the surprise was too great for the delicate frame of his affectionate mother; before she could embrace her son, she fainted away; and the father, more collected and composed, wept tears of joy.

AN AFRICAN INFANT.

The seventy-first number of the periodical accounts of the Moravian Missions states, that on November 4, 1810, Johanna Julius, at the Cape of Good Hope, had a remarkable presentiment of danger to her child. She had laid the infant down to sleep, and went to work in her garden. On a sudden it came into her mind that her child was in danger, and that a serpent, called a puff-adder, was in the house; she hastened back, and, to her great fright, saw an immense puff-adder coiled up, and lying close to her child. She snatched up her infant, and the venomous creature was killed by some women who came to her assistance. It measured eight feet in length.

REV. G. WHITEFIELD.

When this distinguished minister was once at Plymouth, four gentlemen came to the house of

one of his particular friends, kindly inquiring after him, and desiring to know where he lodged. Soon afterwards, Mr. Whitefield received a letter, informing him that the writer was a nephew of Mr. S—, an attorney at New York; that he had the pleasure of supping with Mr. Whitefield at his uncle's house, and desired his company to sup with him and a few friends at a tavern. Mr. Whitefield sent him word, that it was not customary for him to sup abroad at taverns; but he should be glad of the gentleman's company to eat a morsel with him at his lodging: he accordingly came and supped, but was observed frequently to look around him, and to be very absent. At last he took his leave, and returned to his companions in the tavern; and on being asked by them what he had done, he answered, that he had been used so civilly, that he had not the heart to touch him. Upon which another of the company, a lieutenant of a man-of-war, laid a wager of ten guineas that he would do his business for him. His companions, however, had the precaution to take away his sword. It was now about midnight, and Mr. Whitefield, having that day preached to a large congregation, and visited the French prisons, had gone to bed, when the landlady came and told him that a well-dressed gentleman desired to speak with him. Mr. Whitefield imagining it was somebody under conviction, desired him to be brought up. He came, and sat down by the bed-side, congratulated him upon the success of his ministry, and expressed much concern at being detained from hearing him. Soon after, he

broke out into the most abusive language, and, in a cruel and cowardly manner, beat him in his bed. The landlady and her daughter, hearing the noise, rushed into the room and laid hold of him; but he soon disengaged himself from them, and repeated his blows upon Mr. Whitefield, who, being apprehensive that he intended to shoot or stab him, underwent all the surprise of a sudden and violent death. Afterwards, a second came into the house, and cried out, from the bottom of the stairs, "Take courage, I am ready to help you!" But, by the repeated cry of "murder!" the alarm was now so great, that they both made off. "The next morning," says Mr. Whitefield, "I was to expound at a private house, and then to set out for Bideford. Some urged me to stay and prosecute; but, being better employed, I went on my intended journey, was greatly blessed in preaching the everlasting gospel, and, upon my return, was well paid for what I had suffered, curiosity having led perhaps two thousand more than ordinary to see and hear a man that had like to have been murdered in his bed. And I trust, in the five weeks that I waited for the convoy, hundreds were awakened and turned unto the Lord."

A GREEK FAMILY.

During the struggle of the Greeks to regain their liberty, a body of Turks were, in 1824, encamped in a part of Greece, and committed every kind of outrage upon the inhabitants. One of these barbarians, an officer, had pursued a Greek girl, who took refuge in the house of a

widow. The widow met him at the door, and mildly attempted to dissuade him from forcing his way in to seize the girl. Enraged, he drew his sabre; but when in the act of attempting to cut down the widow, it snapped in two pieces before it reached the victim. The wretch paused, yet drew a pistol, to accomplish his purpose, but it missed fire; and when in the act of drawing a second, he was forcibly dragged away by one of his companions, who exclaimed, "Let her alone. Do not you see that her time is not yet come?" Resolved, however, on taking some revenge, he carried off her infant child to the camp; but, as though Providence designed to frustrate all his designs on this occasion, whilst he was asleep, the child was carried back to the widow by one of his own men.

REV. BERNARD GILPIN.

When this zealous minister was on his way to London, to be tried before the popish party, he broke his leg by a fall, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The person in whose custody he was, took occasion from this circumstance to retort upon him an observation he used frequently to make, "That nothing happens to the people of God but what is intended for their good;" asking him, "whether he thought his broken leg was so." He answered meekly, "I make no question but it is." And so it proved; for before he was able to travel, queen Mary died. Being thus providentially preserved from probable death, he returned to Houghton through

crowds of people, who expressed the utmost joy, and blessed God for his deliverance.

REV. D. TYERMAN.

When a young man, and connected with others, who, like himself, regarded not the sabbath as the day of the Lord, Mr. T. had planned a Sunday party down the river Thames, to Gravesend. On the Friday night, when he lay down to rest, a transient misgiving whether it was right so to profane the sabbath of the Lord, gave him some uneasiness; but he overcame the monitory feeling, and fell asleep. On Saturday morning the thought again crossed his mind, but again he resisted it, and resolved to meet his companions. He was about to rise, but fell asleep again, and had a somewhat singular dream, which impressed his mind, so that he would not go. He was not superstitiously observant of dreams, but he regarded the admonition. The party went without him; and, on the following Tuesday morning, he was greatly surprised and affected to find, from a newspaper, that the identical boat in which he had intended to go, had upset with the party, and all on board had perished. He was struck with the interposition of Divine Providence in his favour; very properly regarded it as a call to devote himself to God; turned from sin to holiness, and afterwards became a useful minister of Jesus Christ.

REV. MR. RUGGLES.

This worthy man, who was an American minister, had a remarkable preservation from death.

While he was once preaching, a party of Indians came suddenly upon the congregation, scattered them, and carried him away into the forest. At night, he was left under the charge of two women, while the men went to rest; but his female keepers, as well as the dogs, falling asleep, he took the opportunity to make his escape. He had not gone far before he heard the alarm cry, and the crashing of the bushes behind warned him that the enemy were already in close pursuit of him. In his distress he crept, with little hope of safety, into a hollow tree, at whose foot there happened to be an opening, through which he could squeeze his body, and stand upright within. The Indians soon rushed by in full chase, without stopping to search his retreat; and, what is more extraordinary, their dogs had previously smelled about the root of the tree, and ran forward without barking, as though they had discovered nothing.

MORAVIAN BRETHREN.

During the rebellion in Ireland, in 1793, the rebels had long meditated an attack on the Moravian settlement, at Grace Hill, Wexford county. At length they put their threat into execution, and a large body of them marched to the town. When they arrived there, they saw no one in the streets nor in the houses. The brethren had long expected this attack, but true to their Christian profession, they would not have recourse to arms for their defence; they assembled in their chapel, and in solemn prayer besought Him in whom they trusted, to be their shield in the hour

of danger. The ruffian band, hitherto breathing nothing but destruction and slaughter, were astonished at this novel sight: where they expected armed hands, they saw them clasped in prayer; and the whole body of men bending before the Prince of Peace. They heard the prayer for protection; the request for mercy to be extended to their murderers; and the song of praise and confidence in the sure promise of the Lord. They beheld all in silence; they were unable to raise a hand against them; and, after having for a night and a day lingered about, they marched away, without having injured a single individual, or stolen a loaf of bread. This singular mark of the protection of Heaven induced the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to bring their goods, and ask for the protection of these Christians.

TWO SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

About the time when the gospel was beginning to make its way in Raiatea, a canoe, with four men in it, was upset at sea, and the men were thrown into the water, where, though nearly amphibious, they must have been drowned, the waves drifting them to and fro, unless speedily carried to shore, or taken up by some vessel. Two of the men having embraced Christianity, immediately cried out, "Let us pray to Jehovah; for he can save us." "Why did you not pray to him sooner?" replied their pagan comrades: "here we are in the water, and it is useless to pray now." The Christians, however, did cry mightily unto their God, while all four

were clinging for life to their broken canoe. In this situation, a shark suddenly rushed towards them, and seized one of the men. His companions held him as fast and as long as they could; but the monster prevailed, and hurried the unfortunate victim into the abyss, marking the track with his blood. He was one of the two who were idolaters. After some time, the tide bore the surviving three to the reef, when, just as they were cast upon it, a second shark snatched the other idolator with his jaws, and carried off his prey, shrieking in vain for assistance, which the two Christians, themselves struggling with the breakers, could not afford him. This circumstance very naturally made a great impression upon the minds of their countrymen, and powerfully recommended to them the "God that heareth prayer."

REV. VAVASOR POWELL.

This good man was one of those devoted ministers, who, in the seventeenth century, were grievously persecuted. In an account of the trials and mercies he experienced, he tells us, that two of the enemies of religion on one occasion severely beat him, one of whom, with a cudgel, greatly wounded him; but his life was preserved. At another time, four armed men waylaid him, intending to kill him, but were unexpectedly discovered by two strangers, who dispersed them. One of these persecutors that very day became, under Mr. Powell's preaching, convinced of his sin, and refrained ever after from persecution. At another period, a poor

man took an oath to kill him ; but, after several ineffectual attempts to accomplish his purpose, he went to hear Mr. P. deliver a sermon, in which the mercy of Christ as the Saviour of sinners was so powerfully exhibited, that his heart was melted ; he entreated Mr. P. to pray for him, and became his friend. On another occasion, Mr. P. was apprehended while preaching ; and on his way to the justice of peace, he so preached as to be the instrument of causing one of his greatest enemies to weep. When he arrived at the house of the magistrate, who was not at home, he preached even there, and the impression on the minds of his two daughters was such, that they became his intercessors, and he was released.

MR. AND MRS. TURNER.

In the year 1776, the first year of the marriage of these excellent persons, who resided at Trowbridge, they met with a very remarkable preservation from death. Through the carelessness of a boy, who assisted them in their business, their house was blown up with gunpowder. Just before the explosion, they had bolted their doors, extinguished their fires, and prepared for bed, and were about going into a room where their lives would have been in imminent danger, but were prevented by an unusual noise in the street.

A mob had been collected, and symptoms of rioting had appeared, on account of the high price of bread : under these circumstances, some of the inhabitants were conveying a disorderly woman to the house of correction, who made a great

noise with her shrieks, which thus excited their attention, and kept them below stairs. That moment the powder took fire; the panels fell from their wainscots; their candle was extinguished; the bars and bolts of their windows flew out, and made way for their instant escape into the street, to inquire into the occasion of the noise, not knowing it was their own house solely, but supposing the whole town to be blown up by the rioters. Thus remarkably were their lives preserved for great usefulness in the church of God.

MESSRS. TYERMAN AND BENNET.

When these gentlemen, employed as a deputation by the London Missionary Society, visited New Zealand, their vessel was surrounded by the natives of that coast, in their canoes, who immediately commenced their usual practice of dishonesty. An accident having occurred amidst the bustle thus created, and one of the chiefs having fallen into the water, these gentlemen were at once secured as prisoners, the most alarming gestures and language were employed, preparations were made for their death, and they expected every moment to be ushered into another world. Under these circumstances, a cry was heard, "A boat! a boat!" That boat was found to contain the principal chief of that part of the island, and a Wesleyan missionary of the neighbourhood. Their interference saved the lives of these gentlemen. It is remarkable, that this very chief had formerly been the terror of Europeans, and with the assistance of his party, had, fifteen years before, captured the ship *Boyd*, captain

Thompson, and slaughtered and devoured the whole ship's company of ninety persons, except a young woman and a cabin boy.

AN IRISHWOMAN.

A woman who resided, a few years ago, near Edenderry, in Ireland, owed her landlord fourteen pounds, and, being unable to pay the whole, she collected half that sum, which she brought him; but he refused to take less than the full amount, yet detained her in talk till the evening, when she returned. When she was within a mile of home, she overtook a soldier, who was much tired, and entreated her to let him ride with her in her car, to which she at length consented. When they came to her house, finding there was no town within two miles, he begged he might sit by the fire-side till the morning. She told him she durst not suffer it, as hers was a lone house, and there were none in it but herself and her little girl; but, at length, she agreed to give him the use of one of the beds. At midnight, two men, who had blackened their faces, broke into the house, and demanded her money. She said, "Then let me go into the next room, and fetch it." Going in, she said to the soldier, "You have requited me well for my kindness, by bringing your comrades to rob my house." He asked, "Where are they?" She replied, "In the next room." He rushed in to them; the men immediately ran away; he pursued them, and shot one of them dead, who proved to be her landlord!

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

The kindness of Divine Providence was frequently shown in a very striking manner to this eminent man. While a thoughtless youth, he had agreed to accompany a playfellow, on a sabbath-day, on board a man-of-war. He arrived however too late; the boat was upset, and his companion, with several others, was drowned.

At another time, having engaged in drinking with a part of the crew, while sailing in the river Gabon, he proposed that they should drink Geneva and rum alternately, from a large shell which supplied the place of a glass. He proposed the first toast, which was an imprecation on the man who should first leave off drinking. Maddened with the ardent spirits, he soon began to dance about the deck; and while thus diverting his companions, his hat blew overboard. By moonlight he saw the ship's boat, and imagined it was within reach, though it was perhaps twenty feet from him. He threw himself over the vessel, and in another moment would have plunged into the water, had not some one caught hold of his clothes, and pulled him back. This, he says, was an amazing escape, for he could not swim, even when sober; the tide ran very strong, his companions were too intoxicated to have saved him, and the rest of the ship's company were asleep. So near was he, to all appearance, of perishing in that dreadful condition, and sinking into eternity under the weight of his own curse.

One instance more we will refer to. After

his reformation, he was very remarkable for his punctuality. He would often sit with his watch in his hand, lest he should fail in keeping his next engagement. One day, while he was tide-surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came to his boat much later than usual, to the surprise of those who had observed his former punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to inspect a ship, but she blew up just before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

REV. T. RABAN.

During the life of this worthy man, who was a Christian minister for many years at Yardley Hastings, he was several times preserved from threatened death. On one occasion, being in an unfurnished building two stories high, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground upon an axe, the edge of which stood upright: it cut his hat, but not his head, and he suffered but little injury. At another time, a large piece of timber, on which he had set his foot, heaved up, and fell with him into a saw-pit, and an anvil of a hundred pounds weight connected with it fell upon him, but it only slightly bruised his leg. A still more remarkable preservation was afforded him. As he was assisting in raising a beam in a mill, the rope slipped, and the beam under which he stood fell with him the height of four stories, and yet he was saved. And, once more: he was driving a team with a load of hay down a narrow lane; when, attempting to pass on to the other

side of the waggon, he fell, and was thrown under one of the wheels ; but calling out to the horses, they instantly stopped.

But while God thus preserves the lives of his servants, that they may accomplish his designs, he often removes them in a way not expected, when those designs are accomplished. Mr. Raban was to learn by experience the truth of his friend Cowper's statement :

“ Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape ;
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.”

After preaching one Lord's-day, and walking home, his foot slipped over a pebble, and he broke his leg, which in a few weeks brought on his death.

A DUTCH WIDOW AND FAMILY.

In the year 1785, a widow woman and her family resided in the city of Diet, in a lonely situation. She had one son and two daughters, and was supported by some property which her husband had left her. One night, a person dressed in uniform, with a musket and broadsword, came to the house, and requested lodgings. “ I let no lodgings, friend,” said the widow ; “ and, besides, I have no spare bed, unless you sleep with my son, which I think very improper, on account of your being a perfect stranger to us all.” The soldier showed a discharge from Diesbach's regiment, which gave him an excellent character, and a passport from count Maillebois, governor of Breda. He was then hospitably entertained,

and withdrew to bed. Some hours afterwards, a knocking was heard at the door; and it was almost broken through by some robbers, when the soldier moved softly down stairs, and stopped at the hall-door, and the son, having seized a case of loaded pistols, joined him. Soon afterwards the door was forced in, and two ruffians entered, who were instantly shot. Two associates of the dead men, however, returned the fire, but without effect. The intrepid stranger now rushed forward, and killed one with his bayonet, and the other with his gun, thus preserving the lives of his kind friends. This veteran's name was Adrian de Griés; he was a native of Middleburgh, and was upwards of seventy years old at the time of this exploit.

A LITTLE CHILD.

In the neighbourhood of Bilston, some hundreds of people were assembled to witness the inhuman diversion of bull-baiting. After one bull had been baited, another was brought forward, a large and powerful animal, attended by a multitude of colliers, with part of a coal-pit rope noosed over his horns. The stake was driven several feet into the ground, and the barbarous sport commenced. Two, three, and even four dogs were set upon the bull at the same time: the yelping of the puppies, the shouting of the multitude, and the incessant attacks of the bull-dogs, wrought the animal to a rage bordering on madness; the death of many of the dogs at last produced a momentary pause, which was not suffered long to continue. A second rope was

then flung over the bull's horns, and the colliers dragged the bellowing animal to the extent of the cord fastened to the stake, and there held him so that he could not move. The puppies, not old enough to run at the bull, were brought and encouraged to bite his nose, and suck the blood that flowed from the poor lacerated animal. Desperate with suffering, the bull made a plunge to liberate himself, and pulled up the stake from the ground. The colliers and affrighted spectators flew before him in confusion. There was but one opening in the direction which the bull took, and that was scarcely wide enough for him to go through, a post being driven in the centre of the pass. Some persons were knocked down and run over by the bull; others fell, overcome with fear, while the enraged animal, dragging the stake, ran bellowing toward the opening. By the time the bull had nearly reached the opening, a little child, not more than four or five years old, was within a yard or two of the pass, and going in that direction. Every one gave up the child as lost, and it appeared impossible that any thing could save it from immediate destruction. But the infuriated bull, instead of hoisting the child into the air with its horns, as was expected, stopped short, walked a few paces slowly, suffered the child to pass in safety, and then bounded forward to escape his cruel tormentors.

The same Almighty Being, who gave strength to the bull, in a moment quelled his rage, and snatched a human being from destruction.

For what purpose this was done we do not

know, but from it we may learn, that as there is no power which God is not able to resist, so there is no danger from which he cannot preserve. While, then, humbly looking above for Divine assistance, we avoid the paths of cruelty and sin, and pray that we may not be led into "temptation," we may take courage when we remember how able our heavenly Father is to "deliver us from evil."

MARTIN LUTHER.

It is well known, that the reformation from popery was owing, in a great measure, to the zealous exertions of Martin Luther, who was brought up as a papist. It is said, that, when young, as he was walking in the fields with one of his most intimate friends, his companion was suddenly killed by lightning; and that Luther himself was so terrified, partly by this event, and partly by the dreadful noise of the thunder, that he formed the determination of withdrawing from the world, for distinction in which he had been previously preparing. In the monastery to which he went, he accidentally met with a Latin Bible, out of an acquaintance with which arose the love of the truth, that he afterwards so fully displayed.

AN ALPINE BABE.

A peasant, with his wife and three children, had taken up his summer quarters in a chalet, and was depasturing his flock on one of the rich Alps which overhang the Durance. The oldest boy was an idiot, about eight years of age; the

second was five years old, and dumb; and the youngest was an infant. It so happened, that the infant was left one morning in charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled to some distance from the chalet before they were missed. When the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but could discover no traces of the babe. The idiot boy seemed to be in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavour to collect what had become of the lost infant. The antics of the one and the fright of the other explained nothing. The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, while the idiot appeared to have acquired an unusual degree of mirth and expression. He danced about, laughed, and made gesticulations as if he were imitating the action of one who had caught up something of which he was fond, and hugged to his heart. This, however, was some slight comfort to the poor woman; for she imagined that some acquaintance had fallen in with the children, and had taken away the infant. But the day and night wore away, and no tidings came of the lost child. On the morrow, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at the sight of which the idiot renewed his antics, and the dumb boy clung to his father, with shrieks of anguish and affright. The horrible truth then burst upon their minds, that the miserable infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird of prey, and that the half-

witted elder brother was delighted at his riddance of an object of whom he was jealous.

On the morning on which the accident happened, an Alpine yager,

“ Whose joy was in the wilderness—to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain’s top,”

had been watching near an eagle’s seat, under the hope of shooting the bird upon her return to her nest. The yager, waiting in all the anxious perseverance of a true sportsman, beheld the eagle slowly winging her way toward the rock, behind which he was concealed. Imagine his horror, when, upon her nearer approach, he heard the cries and distinguished the figure of an infant in her fatal grasp. In an instant his resolution was formed—to fire at the bird at all hazards, the moment she should alight upon her nest, and rather to kill the child, than leave it to be torn to pieces by the horrid devourer. With a silent prayer, and a steady aim, the mountaineer poised his rifle. The ball went directly through the head or heart of the eagle, and in a minute afterward, the gallant hunter of the Alps had the unutterable delight of snatching the child from the nest, and bearing it away in triumph. It was dreadfully wounded by the eagle in one of its arms and sides, but not mortally; and, within twenty-four hours after it was first missed, he had the satisfaction of restoring it to its mother’s arms.

JOHN BACON, ESQ.

This eminent sculptor, who died in 1789, appears on more than one occasion to have been remarkably delivered from death. When he was about five years of age, he fell into the pit of a soap-boiler, and would have perished, had not a man, who had just entered the yard, observed the top of his head, and immediately drawn him out. At another time, he fell before a cart, one of the wheels of which went over his right hand; but even this it happily did not crush, as it fell between two projecting stones.

REV. GEORGE WISHART.

The name of this eminent man is well known in Scotland, where he acted a distinguished part in the reformation of religion, which rendered him a constant object of the hatred of the popish party. Cardinal Beaton frequently formed plans to take away his life. At one time, he procured a letter to be sent to him as from an intimate friend, the laird of Kinnier, in which he was requested to come to him without delay, as he had been seized with sudden illness. In the meantime, the cardinal had provided sixty men to waylay him, and deprive him of life.

The letter having been delivered by a boy, who also brought a horse to convey him on his journey, Wishart set out, but suddenly stopping by the way, avowed to the friends who had accompanied him, his strong conviction that God did not will that he should proceed; for that there was treachery in this business. They went

forward without him, and discovered the whole plot, by which means his life was preserved.

The covenanters, in the time of the civil wars, were exceedingly fond of singing psalms. When the great Montrose was taken prisoner, his chaplain, Wishart, the elegant historian of his deeds, shared the same fate with his patron, and was condemned to the same punishment. Being desired on the scaffold to name what psalm he wished to have sung, he selected the 119th, consisting of twenty-four parts. In this he was guided by God; for before two-thirds of the psalm was sung, a pardon arrived. Thus remarkably was his life preserved.

COMPANY OF CHRISTIANS.

During the 17th century, while the Rev. John Cotton was minister of Boston, in America, intelligence reached that town of the distress of the poor Christians at Sigatea, where a small church existed, the members of which were reduced to great extremity by persecution. Mr. Cotton immediately began to collect for them, and sent the sum of 700*l.* for their relief. It is remarkable, that this relief arrived the very day after they had divided their last portion of meal, without any other prospect but that of dying a lingering death; and immediately after their pastor, Mr. White, had preached to them from Psalm xxiii. 1, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

REV. JAMES GARIE.

This gentleman, with other ministers, attempted, in 1790, to disseminate the gospel in

some of the darkest parts of Ireland. After preaching several months at Sligo, with every appearance of success, a new place of worship was opened, which was attacked and seriously injured the day after. These attacks were repeated, till at length it was burned down. A dreadful outrage was committed on one of the principal friends of Mr. G. ; and he himself was in so much danger of violent death, that he was compelled to change his lodgings every night ; but he still continued at his post. One evening a man entered his room with a pistol, threatening to take away his life. Mr. Garie, holding up a small Bible, advanced towards him, and with a smiling countenance looked him full in the face. Struck with his mild and innocent appearance, the man immediately retired from him, and his life was preserved. Mr. Garie afterwards returned to Scotland, settled at Perth, and died in 1802.

JOHN KNOX.

This celebrated Scotch reformer had many surprising escapes from the malicious designs of his enemies. He was accustomed to sit at the head of the table in his own house, with his back to the window : on one particular evening, however, he would neither himself sit in his chair, nor allow any one else to do so. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window purposely to kill him ; it grazed the chair in which he usually sat, and made a hole in the foot of the candlestick.

REV. GILBERT RULE.

Mr. Rule was minister of Alnwick, in Northumberland, during a period of persecution. Being compelled to resign his charge, he went to Berwick, where, for the support of his family, he engaged in the medical profession. His enemies continuing their persecution, engaged some of the worst of men to waylay and murder him. A messenger was sent to him at midnight, to request him to visit a person in the country who was represented as very ill. The kind-hearted man expressed so much sympathy for the supposed sick person, and so readily prepared to go to his relief, that the messenger relented, and he could not forbear telling Mr. Rule the whole affair. Thus his life was spared, and God showed how easily he can bring to nought the counsel of the wicked.

TWO WOMEN.

The Rev. Thomas Wills, several years minister at St. Agnes, in Cornwall, and afterwards of Silver Street chapel, in London, and who died in 1802, once related from the pulpit the following fact:—

A young woman was strongly tempted to destroy herself; and so far did the temptation succeed, that she went to the river to put the dreadful plan into execution. While, however, she was adjusting her clothes, that they might not float, she felt her Bible, and took it out of her pocket to look into it for the last time. The passage, "My grace is sufficient for thee," 2 Cor.

xii. 9, attracted her attention, impressed her mind, and induced her to return home, praising God for having delivered her from temptation. The relation of this circumstance, remarkable as it was in itself, was still more so in its results. A man and his wife happened to be present, who were living in a state of constant enmity, and their habitation was a scene of confusion and discord. The wife one evening left her house to go to the river to drown herself, but as it was rather too light for the accomplishment of her purpose, she stepped for a little while into the place where Mr. Wills was preaching, and heard him relate the preceding anecdote. She heard with attention, and returned home quite an altered woman. Her husband looked at her with surprise; for her countenance, which before indicated great malevolence, seemed to manifest the meekness of the lamb. He asked her where she had been. She told him; when he further inquired, "Did you see me there?" She replied, "No." He added, "But I was, and, blessed be God, I found his grace sufficient for me also." The reality of the change which each of them now felt was evidenced in their future lives, which were such as became the gospel of Christ. May every reader seek the grace which is able to make him happy amidst the trials of life, and to prepare him for the joys of the world to come!

A SOUTH SEA YOUTH.

The Rev. W. Ellis, when describing the idolatry of the South Sea islanders, informs us, that when they offered human sacrifices to their idols,

a youth, educated in the school at Eimeo, very narrowly escaped with his life.

This interesting and intelligent young man, whose name was Aberahama, was marked out as a victim ; and when the priest's servants came to take him, he fled, but was pursued, shot at, and wounded. When he fell, he crawled among the bushes, and eluded the discovery of his pursuers, though they several times passed the place of his retreat, in search of him. When night came, he crept down to his friends, who dressed his wounds, and removed him to a place of safety. He lived to enjoy the blessings of the gospel, and to be the means of imparting them to others.

JOHN HOWARD, ESQ.

The late John Howard, Esq. the eminent philanthropist, always set a very high value on the sabbaths he spent in England ; and, during his absence on the continent, he deeply deplored his want of Christian privileges. That he might not increase the labour of his servants, nor prevent their attendance on Divine worship, he usually walked to the chapel, where he attended, at Bedford, though at a distance of nearly three miles from his residence. So regularly did he pursue this practice, that an idle and dissolute man, whom he had reprov'd for his sins, determined to avail himself of this opportunity to waylay and murder him. " But Divine Providence," says Mr. Palmer, " remarkably interposed to preserve so valuable a life, by inclining him that morning to go on horseback a different road," by which means his valuable life was prolonged.

A POOR WOMAN.

A poor woman, residing in a village in Bedfordshire, had occasion to go to another village, about three miles distant; and as she could not return before evening, it was agreed that her husband, who was a labouring man, should meet her as she returned home.

The night being extremely dark, she unfortunately missed her way, and her endeavours to find the path only led her so much the farther from it. Bewildered and alarmed, she wandered she knew not whither. In this distressing situation she walked about for some time, until completely fatigued and exhausted.

At this moment, it was strongly impressed upon her mind to sit down, and wait the return of morning, which she accordingly did; and on extending her feet, in order to obtain as much relief as possible for her weary limbs, they splashed in some water.

Ignorant of her real situation, and without one ray of light to direct her, her feelings may be more easily conceived than described: with the utmost anxiety she awaited the dawn of day, which discovered her perilous situation, on the bank of a deep river, the Ouse, into which another step would inevitably have plunged her.

Being a pious woman, it is scarcely necessary to add, that she first acknowledged, with unfeigned gratitude, the hand of her gracious Preserver, and then made the best of her way home to her anxious husband.

THE REV. T. CHARLES.

This excellent man, who was well known as a holy and useful minister in Wales, had once a remarkable escape from death. In one of his journeys to Liverpool, his saddle-bag was, by mistake, put into a boat different from that in which he intended to go, which made it necessary to change his boat, even after he had taken his seat. By this change, so contrary to his intentions, he was graciously preserved; for the boat in which he meant to sail was lost, and all its passengers were drowned.

SIR JAMES THORNHILL.

It is well known that this eminent artist painted the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's cathedral. After having finished one of the compartments, he gradually retired backwards, to see how it looked at a distance. Intent on the painting, he had approached to the very edge of the scaffolding, and was in the utmost danger of falling from it, when a person, perceiving his situation, and fearing to alarm him by calling out, snatched up a brush, and disfigured his painting. The artist sprang forward in great displeasure, but was soon impressed with gratitude, when he discovered the danger in which he had been placed, and saw that, by this way, his life had been preserved.

A MARTYR.

It is related, in the memoirs of the celebrated William Whiston, that a Protestant, in the days of Queen Mary, of the name of Barber, was sen-

tenced to be burned. He walked to Smithfield, was bound to the stake, the fagots were piled around him, and the executioner only waited the word of command to apply the torch. At this crisis, tidings came of the queen's death; the officers were compelled to stay proceedings till the pleasure of Elizabeth should be known; and thus the life of the good man was spared, to labour, with some of his descendants, successfully in the service of the Lord Jesus and his church.

A HUNTSMAN.

The Rev. James Hervey, in his *Meditations*, has related the following striking fact:—

Two persons, who had been hunting in company in the day, slept together the following night. One of them was renewing the pursuit in his dream; and having run the whole circle of the chase, came, at last, to the fall of the stag. Upon this, he cried out with determined ardour, "I'll kill him; I'll kill him!" and immediately felt for a knife, which he carried in his pocket. His companion happening to wake, and observing what passed, leaped from the bed. Being secure from danger, and the moon shining into the room, he stood to view the event; when, to his inexpressible surprise, the infatuated sportsman gave several deadly stabs in the very place, where, a moment before, the throat and the life of his friend lay. This I mention as a proof that nothing hinders us even from being assassins of others, or murderers of ourselves, amidst the

mad sallies of sleep, only the preventing care of our heavenly Father.

A CHILD.

The following was related by a Mr. Smith, who was engaged in the battle of Minden, 1758, and who saw the child as here described:—

When the allies invested the town, the besiegers erected their batteries at a small distance from a water-mill, which stood exposed in the direction in which they were to fire. On the day when the bombardment began, the family fled; but in their fright they left a child behind, about four years old, in a house which joined to the mill. When the battle was over, some of the English soldiers went to examine the premises. The upper part of the mill, which was of wood, and the lower part of the house, were very much damaged with a number of shot-holes; but their astonishment was great, when they found a child there, and much greater when they perceived that it had not been hurt. Its clothes were nearly all shot away; but the skin of the child had not been even grazed!

MRS. UNWIN.

The following fact, related by Cowper, the poet, is extracted from his life by Mr. Taylor:—

Mrs. Unwin, having kindled her fire where she dresses, (an office that she always performs for herself,) placed the candle on the hearth, and, kneeling, addressed herself to her devotions; a thought struck her while thus occupied, that the

candle, being short, might possibly catch her clothes; she pinched it out with the tongs, and set it on the table. In a few moments the chamber was so filled with smoke that her eyes watered, and it was hardly possible to see across it. Supposing that it proceeded from the chimney, she pushed the billets backward, and while she did so, casting her eye downward, perceived that her dress was on fire. In fact, before she extinguished the candle, the mischief that she apprehended had begun; and when she related the matter to me, she showed me her clothes, with a hole burned in them as large as this sheet of paper. It is not possible, perhaps, that so tragical a death could occur to a person actually engaged in prayer, for her escape seems almost a miracle. Her presence of mind, by which she was enabled, without calling for help, or waiting for it, to gather up her clothes, and plunge them, burning as they were, in water, seems as wonderful a part of the occurrence as any. The very report of fire, though distant, has rendered hundreds torpid and incapable of self-succour; how much more was such a disability to be expected when the fire had not seized a neighbour's house, or begun its devastations on our own, but was actually consuming the apparel that she wore, and seemed in possession of her person!

REV. J. W. FLETCHER.

When this eminently pious and useful man, well known as the devoted vicar of Madeley, was a young man, he lived very near the Rhine, where that river is broader than the Thames at

London bridge, and its current extremely rapid. He sometimes, presuming on his skill in swimming, ventured into it to bathe. On one occasion, he was drawn by the current into the mid-channel, where the water was rough, and where he was unable to swim against the tide. Far from home, and despairing of life, he at length swam into a fine smooth creek, and soon came into contact with the piles on which stood a building, which he afterwards found to be a powder-mill. The blow deprived him of his senses, and when he came to himself, he found he was in a calm safe place, perfectly well, and free from hurt. He was now five miles from home, and learned from a gentleman who had seen him pass under the mill, that he was immersed among the piles twenty minutes.

CHAPTER II.

BESTOWMENT OF TEMPORAL BLESSINGS— PRESERVATION FROM DANGER.

THE GREENLAND MISSIONARIES.

WHEN the Moravian missionaries first went, in the last century, to labour in Greenland, they were called to endure the most painful and distressing trials, both in reference to the indifference of the heathen, and the want of food. Famine, of the most afflictive kind, almost constantly threatened them. But in the darkest hours God always appeared, in some way or other, for their help. On one occasion, He disposed a Greenlander, a perfect stranger to them, to travel forty leagues to sell them some seals, the flesh of which, with oatmeal and train oil, was a delicacy to them compared with the old tallow candles on which they sometimes lived. At another time, when they had just returned from a toilsome excursion, in which they could obtain no food, a Greenlander brought them word that a Dutch ship was lying at some distance to the south, the captain of which had letters for them. On sending to the ship, they found a cask of provisions sent them by a kind friend at Amsterdam, with the proposal to send more if they needed. At another period, they were returning

home empty in their frail boat, when a contrary wind forced them on a desolate island, where they were compelled to remain all night. Here they shot an eagle, and thus obtained food, and also quills for writing. And on another trying occasion, when greatly reduced, a Greenlander left them a dead porpoise, taken out of its dam. Thus did God keep them alive for their future extensive usefulness.

A BRISTOL MERCHANT.

Mr. Colstone, an eminent merchant of Bristol, who lived a century ago, was remarkable for his liberality to the poor, and equally distinguished for his success in commerce. The providence of God seemed to smile, in a peculiar manner, on the concerns of one who made so good a use of his affluence. It has been said, that he never insured, nor ever lost a ship. Once, indeed, a vessel belonging to him, on her voyage home, struck on a rock, and immediately sprang a leak; by which so much water was admitted as to threaten speedy destruction. Means were instantly adopted to save the vessel, but all seemed ineffectual, as the water rose rapidly. In a short time, however, the leak stopped without any apparent cause, and the vessel reached Bristol in safety. On examining her bottom, a fish, said to be a dolphin, was found fast wedged in the fracture made by the rock when she struck; which had prevented any water from entering during the remainder of the voyage. As a memorial of this singular event, the figure of a dolphin is carved on the staves which are carried

in procession, on public occasions, by the children who are educated at the charity schools founded by Mr. Colstone.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

In the early part of his ministerial career, a circumstance occurred which he regarded as a particular interference of Divine Providence. Knowing that he could not always enjoy the benefit of the Polyglott Bible in the public library, he began earnestly to wish to have a copy of his own; but three pounds per quarter, and his food, which was the whole of his income as a preacher, could ill supply any sum for the purchase of books. Believing it to be the will of God that he should cultivate biblical knowledge, both on his own account, and on that of the people to whom he ministered, and that the knowledge of the Scriptures in their original languages was necessary for this purpose; and finding that he could not hope to have money sufficient for this purchase, he thought that God, in the course of his providence, would furnish him with this precious gift. He soon after received a letter, containing a bank note of 10*l.* from a person from whom he never expected any thing of the kind. He wrote to a friend in London, who procured him a copy of "Walton's Polyglott," the price of which was exactly 10*l.*

REV. T. CHARLES.

When this excellent man, who afterwards became a great blessing to the principality of Wales, was a student at Oxford, he was placed

in considerable pecuniary difficulties, being indebted to the college about twenty pounds, and all the expectations he had once indulged of help from his friends were cut off. Under these circumstances, he had resolved to leave college, and return to his native country, to obtain a livelihood. One morning, when he had been writing to his friends in Wales, stating his difficulties and his design, a friend called upon him, to whom he stated the facts of his case. His visitor answered, that he did not doubt that, by some means or other, he would be assisted; and wished him to free his mind from all anxiety relative to the matter. A few days afterwards, a gentleman sent for him, gave him the needful twenty pounds, and told him he should not want as long as he was at Oxford. This gentleman was as good as his word. By this means, Mr. Charles was introduced to a new circle of friends, and enabled to prepare for that extensive usefulness with which God was pleased to honour him.

A MINISTER'S FAMILY.

The Rev. John Newton relates, that many proofs had passed under his immediate notice of the faithfulness of God in answering the prayers of parents, who had left behind them young and helpless children. He especially mentions a friend of his, a laborious Christian minister, in the west of England, in whose family the Divine promise was fulfilled.

This devoted man, when dying, was advised to make his will; but he replied, "I have nothing to leave but my wife and children, and I leave

them to the care of my gracious God;" and soon after he died happily. No prospect appeared for the support of his family; but the Lord disposed a man, who had always despised his preaching, to feel for his destitute family; and, by his means, 1,600*l.* were raised for them; and the clergy of Exeter, who had never countenanced his ministry, gave his widow a house and garden for her life; so that she afterwards lived in greater ease and plenty than in the lifetime of her husband.

THOMAS MANN.

In the summer of 1808, an attempt was made to rob the house of Thomas Mann, a pious waterman in London, and here that Providence in which he so fully confided was strikingly displayed. It was Mann's custom to leave home at an early hour in the morning, to repair to the water-side, and get his boat ready for the labours of the day, after which he returned to breakfast. He was generally absent a considerable time. The persons concerned in the robbery chose this opportunity for effecting their purpose. After watching him leave his house as usual, they gained an entrance by forcing the lock: they first ransacked the whole premises in search of hidden treasure; but Mann never kept a large sum in his house: they next examined his clothes, taking even the silver badge from his jacket; afterwards they searched a box, probably expecting it to contain some bank notes, but they found nothing in it more valuable than notices of sermons, and reports of charitable

institutions. It happened, that on this morning Mann had been attacked by one of his severe head-aches: instead, therefore, of remaining absent his ordinary time, he merely walked to the river to see that his boat was safe, and without cleaning or preparing it for use, immediately returned home. The thieves were in the midst of their nefarious employment. On hearing the door open, one effected his escape; but the alarm being given, the other was speedily followed and taken, though not till after he had fired on his pursuers. On the trial, Mann bore a candid testimony, but with as lenient a bearing as possible, for which the prisoner, after conviction, expressed much gratitude. His sentence was transportation.

CAPTAIN STEPHENS.

Dr. Calamy, in his "Life and Times," tells us that he knew a captain of a ship, of the name of Stephens, who resided at Harwich, and was of good reputation, and who, with his crew, once experienced a very remarkable delivery from drowning, between Holland and England. The vessel sprang a leak, and the water poured in so abundantly, that all on board gave themselves up for lost. But on a sudden it stopped, and the water being pumped out of the vessel, they arrived safely on shore. On examination they discovered that the leak had been stopped by a fish, who had got so firmly wedged into it that they could scarcely get it out. The fish was preserved in spirits at the time the doctor wrote.

A PIOUS FAMILY.

Soon after the surrender of Copenhagen to the English, in the year 1807, detachments of soldiers were, for a time, stationed in the surrounding villages. It happened one day that three soldiers, belonging to a Highland regiment, were sent to forage among the neighbouring farm-houses. They went to several, but found them stripped and deserted. At length they came to a large garden, or orchard, full of apple trees, bending under the weight of fruit. They entered by a gate, and followed a path which brought them to a neat farm-house. Every thing without bespoke quietness and security; but as they entered by the front door, the mistress of the house and her children ran screaming out by the back. The interior of the house presented an appearance of order and comfort superior to what might be expected from people in that station, and from the habits of the country. A watch hung by the side of the fire-place, and a neat book-case, well filled, attracted the attention of the elder soldier. He took down a book: it was written in a language unknown to him, but the name of Jesus Christ was legible on every page. At this moment, the master of the house entered by the door through which his wife and children had just fled.

One of the soldiers, by threatening signs, demanded provisions: the man stood firm and undaunted, but shook his head. The soldier who held the book approached him, and pointing to the name of Jesus Christ, laid his hand upon his heart, and looked up to heaven. Instantly the

farmer grasped his hand, shook it vehemently, and then ran out of the room. He soon returned with his wife and children, laden with milk, eggs, bacon, etc. which were freely tendered; and when money was offered in return, it was at first refused. But as two of the soldiers were pious men, they, much to the chagrin of their companion, insisted upon paying for all they received. When taking leave, the pious soldiers intimated to the farmer that it would be well for him to secrete his watch: but, by the most significant signs, he gave them to understand that he feared no evil, for his trust was in God; and that though his neighbours, on the right hand and on the left, had fled from their habitations, and by foraging parties had lost what they could not remove, not a hair of his head had been injured, nor had he even lost an apple from his trees.

“The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.”

REV. JOHN MORTIMER.

He was an eminently pious and zealous minister, who lived in the seventeenth century, and frequently preached in some of the deserted churches in London, during the prevalence of the plague. After this he removed to Exeter, where he was so greatly reduced in his circumstances, as to be compelled to leave home on account of his being in debt. As he was walking along the road, he met a man driving some sheep, whom he endeavoured to avoid. But the man came up to him, and put a paper into his hand, which contained a sum of money. He immediately returned

to his wife, who had been greatly dejected, and gave her the paper. On opening it, they found nothing written but these words—"To preach Providence." The whole family, as might easily be supposed, were greatly affected on receiving such a seasonable supply in so remarkable a manner.

A MISSIONARY FAMILY.

In the year 1820, the Rev. S. Broadbent, a Christian missionary, was travelling in the interior of the Cape of Good Hope: having before them a week's journey, and but little provisions, he and his fellow-travellers endeavoured to purchase some, but could only obtain a crippled goat. God, however, who fed the prophet Elijah by ravens, was their friend. Mr. B. gives the following account:—

On the second day of our journey, whilst resting in a sandy plain, with a very scanty stock of provisions, I walked with my gun among some bushes, where I heard the voice of turtle-doves, but returned to the wagon without any. Before this time, the last piece of our goat was eaten, and we were very reluctantly obliged to break into a small sack of rice, which we were taking for our use at the mission station. This was a kind of food to which the Hottentots had not been accustomed, and they did not like it, as we had nothing to give them with it. This increased our anxiety, having yet to travel five days before we expected to be able to procure a fresh supply of provisions. Sometimes we saw one or more of the timid and swift spring-boks; but they always escaped us. When the time arrived for us to

proceed, our cattle-watcher came with only part of the oxen; several of them having strayed so far, during the preceding night, that he had not found them. Those which he brought he left in our charge, and returned in search of the remainder. He came back in the afternoon with all except one, which was missing. He brought with him two ostrich eggs, which he had found while following the lost cattle, and said that the nest contained a great many more. We were glad at this discovery, knowing ostrich eggs, when fresh, to be wholesome food. With a hammer, we broke one end of those which he had brought, but were somewhat disappointed at finding in each egg a living bird. I felt a curiosity to see the nest; and as we knew that the ox which was yet missing was in that direction, I went, accompanied by two Hottentots, wading two or three miles through deep sand before we arrived at the place. On approaching the nest, we saw the female ostrich, sitting upon it; and though she had been disturbed before by the Hottentot, she remained till we were very near, and then ran off at the report of two guns which were fired. The ground was sandy for several miles round, and covered with thinly-scattered bushes. There lay a great number of loose ostrich feathers about the nest, which appeared to have come off the female while sitting, and she had the naked appearance which domestic fowls have at such times. The eggs were forty-two in number, including the two which had been taken away before; and were arranged with great apparent exactness. Sixteen were close together

in the middle of the nest; and on these the ostrich was sitting when we arrived: they were as many as she could cover. The remaining twenty-six were placed very uniformly in a circle, about three or four feet from those in the middle. The eggs which were in the circle we found to be quite fresh, at which I expressed my surprise. The Hottentots informed me, that these had been provided by the ostrich, against the hatching of those in the middle, when she would break them, one after another, and give to her young ones for food; and that by the time they were all disposed of in this manner, the young ostriches would be able to go abroad with their mother, and provide for themselves such things as the desert afforded.

The fact which I have just stated, relative to the preservation of a quantity of eggs for the subsistence of the young ones, immediately after they are hatched, is as fine an instance of animal instinct, and as striking an illustration of a superintending Providence, as perhaps the whole circle of natural history affords. During the time that we continued beside the nest, which must have been nearly an hour, while the Hottentots kindled a fire, and boiled some of the eggs, the ostrich remained at a short distance, looking towards us; and there we left her. The eggs weighed three pounds each, and measured seventeen inches in circumference. We took the greatest part of the fresh ones. Thus our wants were supplied for the whole of the journey over the Karoo. For a meal we broke an egg into a bowl, and, after beating it well, mixed it with

a small quantity of flour, pepper, and salt, and then fried it in a pan. It made an excellent substitute for bread to our coffee and tea: and we had a few eggs to spare when we arrived at our station."

Let the pious reader of the above interesting account, especially if surrounded with providential trials, take encouragement, and put his trust in that God who hath said of the righteous man, "He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure." Isa. xxxiii. 16.

AN OLD PERSON.

The Rev. Dr. Bedell relates, that while Bishop Chase, of Ohio, was at the house of a Mr. Beck, in Philadelphia, he received a package from Dr. Ward, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, making inquiries relating to certain property in America, of which some old person in his diocese was the heir. The letter had gone to Ohio, followed him to Washington, then to Philadelphia, and found him at Mr. Beck's: when he read it to Mr. B., the latter was in amazement, and said, "Bishop Chase, I am the *only* man in the world who can give you information. I have the deeds in my possession, and have had them forty-three years, not knowing what to do with them, or where any heirs were to be found." How wonderful, that the application should have been made to Bishop Chase, and he not in Ohio, but a guest in the house of the only man who possessed any information on the subject!

A FAMILY AT ROCHELLE.

During the siege of the Protestant city of Rochelle, under Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu, the inhabitants endured great miseries before they yielded to an honourable capitulation, the terms of which were, however, far from being kept by their enemies. One of the many touching incidents of the siege is recorded by Merivault. "He gives the names of the parties chiefly concerned," says Smedley; "and the narrative is marked by an air of truth, which renders its authenticity undoubted. During the height of calamity among the Rochellois, some charitable individuals, who had previously formed secret magazines, relieved their starving brethren without blazoning their good deed. The relict of a merchant, named Prosni, who was left with the charge of four orphan children, had liberally distributed her stores, while any thing remained, among her less fortunate neighbours; and whenever she was reproached with profusion and want of foresight by a rich sister-in-law of less benevolent temper, she was in the habit of replying, 'The Lord will provide for us.' At length, when her stock of food was utterly exhausted, and she was spurned with taunts from the door of her relative, she returned home destitute, broken-hearted, and prepared to die, together with her children. But it seemed as if the mercies once displayed at Zarephath were again to be manifested; and that there was still a barrel and a cruse in reserve for the widow, who, humbly confident in the bounty of Heaven, had shared her last morsel with the

suppliant in affliction. Her little ones met her at the threshold with cries of joy. During her short absence, a stranger, visiting the house, had deposited in it a sack of flour; and the single bushel which it contained was so husbanded as to preserve their lives till the close of the siege. Their unknown benefactor was never revealed; but the pious mother was able to reply to her unbelieving kinswoman, 'The Lord hath provided for us.'"

THE DISTRESSED EMIGRANTS.

In the seventeenth century, some pious people resolved to leave their native land, and remove to America, which at that period was no better than a wilderness. Among other hardships they there endured, they were sometimes in such straits for bread, that the very crumbs of their former tables would have been dainties to them. Necessity drove the women and children to the sea-side to look for a ship which they expected to bring them provisions, but no ship for many weeks appeared; however, they saw in the sand vast quantities of shell-fish, since called clams, a sort of muscle. Hunger impelled them to taste, and at length they fed almost wholly on them; and, to their own astonishment, were as cheerful and healthy as they had been in England with plenty of the best provisions. A worthy man, one day after they had all dined on clams, without bread, returned God thanks, for causing them to "suck of the abundance of the seas, and of the treasures hid in the sand;" a passage in Deuteronomy, a part of the blessing wherewith

Moses blessed the tribe of Zebulun, before his death,—a passage till then unobserved by the company, but which ever after endeared the writings of Moses to them.

REV. MR. THOMPSON.

A venerable clergyman in the west of England, of the name of Thompson, had annually for many years made it his custom to distribute the overplus of his farm among the poor of his parish, after having supplied the wants of his own household.

One year, however, he was compelled to depart from this plan. His benevolence had led him to engage to give thirty pounds towards the erection of a chapel, in a town whose inhabitants needed more church room. He was compelled, instead of giving his corn to the poor, to sell as much of it as would raise the sum promised. He regretted the circumstance, but it was unavoidable.

Having thus procured the money, he left his home to be the bearer of his own benefaction. On the road he overtook a young lady, mounted on a single horse like himself, whom he accosted with frankness and kindness. They travelled together over a down, and found they were going to the same place. His conversation and manner won much on the respect of the young lady, who listened with attention to his serious and holy conversation. She learned his name, and his residence, and, when they were about to part, was invited by the old clergyman to call upon him at his friend's house in the town.

In the course of the evening, the young lady related with great pleasure, at her friend's where she was on a visit, the very gratifying journey she had travelled, with a clergyman of the name of Thompson.

"Thompson!" exclaimed the lady of the house, "I wish it was Mr. Thompson for whom we have for many years been inquiring in vain. I have money, tied up in a bag by my late husband, due to a person of that name, who desired to leave it till called for. But I suppose he is dead, and his executor, whoever he be, knows nothing of it." It was proposed that the old clergyman should be asked if this were any relation of his. He was sent for, came, and it soon appeared, that the Mr. Thompson, to whom the money was so long due, was his own brother, who had been dead several years, and to whose effects he was executor and residuary legatee.

The money was paid him; he fell on his knees, blessed God, who had thus interposed on behalf of his poor people, hastened to his friend to tell him the joyful news, and as he entered his house exclaimed, "Praise God: tell it in Gath, publish it in Askelon, that our God is a faithful God."

FOX THE MARTYROLOGIST.

About the end of the reign of Henry VIII., or the commencement of that of Edward VI., Fox, who wrote a history of the martyrs, removed to London. The rage of persecution was then abated, but having no employment, his scanty means were soon exhausted. His biographer relates a singular incident which befel him at this time.

“As master Fox one day sat in Paul’s church,* spent with long fasting, his countenance thin, and eyes hollow, after the ghastful manner of dying men, every one shunning a spectacle of so much horror, there came to him one whom he never remembered to have seen before, who sitting by him, and saluting him with much familiarity, thrust an untold sum of money into his hand, bidding him be of good cheer; adding, that he knew not how great were the misfortunes which oppressed him, but suspected it was no light calamity. He should, therefore, accept in good part, from his countryman, that small gift which courtesy enforced him to offer; he should go and make much of himself, and take all occasions to prolong his life; saying, that within a few days new hopes were at hand, and a more certain condition of livelihood. Fox never could learn to whom he was indebted for this relief, though he earnestly endeavoured to ascertain. Some believed that the bearer was sent by persons who were anxious for the welfare of Fox. However that might be, in a few days he was invited to reside with the duchess of Richmond, to become tutor to the grandsons of the duke of Norfolk.”

* The body of St. Paul’s church at that period, and long after, was the daily resort of great numbers of people, especially of those who had business to transact, or were in search of employment. Crowds of idlers of every description were also seen there, and the buzz of conversation, according to the descriptions given by contemporary writers, seems to have been very great. “He is as well known as the middle walk in Paul’s,” was a common proverb.

REV. D. ANDERSON.

This worthy man, formerly minister at Walton-upon-Thames, being the subject of persecution in England, in the year 1662, and apprehensive of the ascendancy of popery, removed to Middleburgh, in Zealand. The little money he took with him was soon expended, and he was reduced with his family to very great want, which his modesty would not allow him to make known. In this perplexity, after he had been at prayer one morning with his family, his children asked for some bread for their breakfast; but he having none, nor money to buy any, they all burst into tears. While they were thus sorrowing together, the door bell was rung; Mrs. Anderson went to the door, where she was met by a man who presented a small parcel, saying it had been sent by a gentleman, and that some provision would be sent in shortly. When they opened the paper, they found it to contain forty pieces of gold. Soon afterwards a countryman arrived, with a horse-load of whatever could contribute to their comfort. These supplies were continued at intervals to his dying day, without his knowing where they came from. It afterwards appeared, that these kindnesses were shown by a pious merchant at Middleburgh; who observing a grave English minister frequently walk the streets with a dejected countenance, inquired privately into his circumstances, and sent him the gold by his apprentice, and the provision 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 ;” at the same time expressly charging them to conceal his name.

REV. HENRY ERSKINE.

This valued minister, who laboured in Northumberland in the seventeenth century, was often with his family reduced to very great straits, but had to record a number of remarkable interpositions of the providence of God in his favour. One time, “ the barrel of meal and cruse of oil ” were so entirely spent, that, when they had supped one night, there remained neither provision nor money in the house. In the morning, the young children cried for their breakfast, and their father endeavoured to divert them, and, at the same time, to encourage himself and his wife to depend upon that bounty which provides for the young ravens when they cry for food. While he was thus engaged, a countryman knocked hard at the door, and called for some one to help him off with his load. Being asked whence he came, and what was his errand, he said that he came from lady Reburn, with some provisions for Mr. Erskine. They told him he must be mistaken, and that it was more likely to be for another person of a similar name in the town ; but he insisted upon it he was right, and cried, “ Come, help me off with my load, or else I will throw it down at the door.” They then took the sack, and upon opening it, found it filled with butcher’s meat and meal ; which gave them no small encouragement to depend upon their bountiful Benefactor in future difficulties.

A PIOUS TRADESMAN AT GRAVESEND.

A few years ago a pious man at Gravesend had retired to rest late on the Saturday night, having first secured the doors and windows of his house and shop. Weary, however, as he was with the labours of the week, he found it impossible to sleep; and having tossed about in his bed for an hour or two without rest, he resolved to rise and spend an hour in the perusal of his Bible, as preparatory to the engagements of the sabbath. He went down stairs with the Bible under his arm, and advancing towards one of the outer doors, he found several men who had broken into the house, and who, but for this singular interruption, would probably, in a very short period, have deprived him of the whole of his property.

Perhaps few readers will peruse this account without being reminded of a somewhat similar interposition of the providence of God, recorded in the book of Esther; where the king of Persia, being unable to sleep, called for the records of his empire to be read to him, and was thus led to the knowledge of facts that, in the end, prevented the massacre of all the Jews in his empire, which had been decreed to take place. While Jehovah generally "giveth his beloved sleep," he sometimes withholds it, that his mercy may be conspicuously displayed. Let our waking hours be often devoted to the displays of the Divine benevolence and power in the government of the world.

REV. RICHARD CECIL.

From many circumstances connected with the life of this excellent man, in which the gracious care of Jehovah was manifested towards him, we select the following, which he used to mention with much pious feeling.

On one occasion, when he had to travel on horseback from London to Lewes, to serve his churches, instead of leaving town early in the morning, he was detained till noon; in consequence of which he did not arrive on East Grinstead common till after dark. On this common he met a man on horseback, who appeared to be intoxicated, and ready to fall from his horse at every step. Mr. C. called to him, and warned him of his danger, which the man disregarding, with his usual benevolence, he rode up to him in order to prevent his falling, when the man immediately seized the reins of his horse. Mr. C. perceiving he was in bad hands, endeavoured to break away; on which the man threatened to knock him down if he repeated the attempt. Three other men on horseback immediately rode up, placing Mr. C. in the midst of them. On perceiving his danger, it struck him, "Here is an occasion for faith!" and that gracious direction also occurred to him, "Call upon me in the time of trouble: I will deliver thee," Psa. l. 15. He secretly lifted up his heart to God, entreating the deliverance which he alone could effect. One of the men, who seemed to be the captain of the gang, asked him who he was, and whither he was going. Mr. C. here recurred to a principle,

to which his mind was habituated, that "nothing needs a lie;" he therefore told them very frankly his name, and whither he was going: the leader said, "Sir, I know you, and have heard you preach at Lewes: let the gentleman's horse go: we wish you good night." Mr. C. had about him sixteen pounds, which he had been to town to receive, and which, at that time, was to him a large sum.

REV. THOMAS SCOTT.

In the memoir of this eminent commentator, it is stated, that at one time of his life he was called to struggle with many difficulties, but received at the same time many unexpected helps. "I had," says he, "frequent attacks of sickness; and after one long and dangerous illness, which had occasioned heavy additional expenses, my wife, who was seldom disposed to distrust Providence, lamented to see the increase of our debts, as the medical charges amounted to above ten pounds. It was my turn on this occasion to be the stronger in faith, and I answered confidently, 'Now observe, if the Lord do not in some way send us an additional supply to meet this expense, which it is not in our power to avoid.' I had at the time no idea of the source whence the additional supply was to be derived; but, in the afternoon of the same day, when I was visiting my people, Mr. Higgins, jun. called at my house, and left a paper, which he said, when I had filled up the blanks, would entitle me to ten pounds from a sum of money left for the relief of poor clergymen. This I never

received at any other time, nor can I recollect the source from which it came."

CAPTAIN HARRIS.

Captain Harris was taken prisoner in the last war with France, and carried to Dunkirk. During his imprisonment, he was observed to be much depressed in mind, and, in general, very pensive and thoughtful. When an order came from the French government to remove the prisoners to Versailles, (a distance of more than 200 miles up the country,) his anxiety and perplexity seemed to be much increased. Being of a very reserved disposition, he kept his troubles to himself. They therefore preyed upon his spirits. But a morning or two before they marched to Versailles, a Frenchman came into the prison, and made the following remarkable declaration:—"There is some person in this prison in great distress of mind for want of money. Who it is I know not; but the moment I see him I shall know him, for his person and circumstances were so impressed on my mind in a dream last night, that I cannot be mistaken." The moment the Frenchman saw Captain H. he said, "That is the man!" He immediately asked him if he was not distressed for want of money, and before he could receive an answer, offered to lend him forty pounds. Captain H. was struck with amazement, that a stranger and an enemy should, in a strange land, make such an offer to a man in his circumstances. He then informed his benefactor that he had been very unsuccessful, and had encountered many difficulties in his last voyage; that

he had been taken with his ship and cargo, and had lain in that prison for some time; that he had expected remittances from England, but had been disappointed; that all his money was expended except fourpence, and that he had expected to die on the road for want. The Frenchman then pressed him hard to take forty pounds, but he would only accept three guineas, supposing that sum would supply his wants till he received remittances from England. Captain H. had feared the Lord from the time he was seven years of age; but nevertheless was now in distress. After the Lord had tried him, however, he thus arose for his help, and sent a stranger and an enemy to have compassion on him, and that at the very moment when his soul was fainting within him; thus affording a ratification of the Divine promises, and encouraging his trust in God.

A GENTLEMAN AT EXETER.

The late Rev. S. Kilpin, of Exeter, had witnessed the awful consequences produced in the church of Christ, and in families, from those who professed to be the disciples of Jesus, forming marriages contrary to the command, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers," — "only in the Lord," etc. As he never shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, this subject was presented to his congregation. The next day, a gentleman, whose name or residence he never knew, called to thank him for the discourse, adding, that his state of mind when he entered Exeter was most distressing, as he was on the

very point of complying with a dreadful temptation, which would have embittered his future life. He had been a disciple of Christ, was anxious to consecrate his life to the service of his adorable Master, and had sought a helpmeet to strengthen his hands in serving God. A lady, whom he deemed pious, had accepted his addresses; but when every customary arrangement was made, she had dishonourably discarded him. His mind was so exceedingly wounded and disgusted, that he had determined to choose a wife who made no profession of religion, and had fixed on another object for his addresses, with every prospect of success, although he had not as yet mentioned his intention to her. He added, "But the providence of God led me, an entire stranger in this city, to your meeting-house. You may suppose, that your subject arrested my attention. You appeared to be acquainted with every feeling of my soul. I saw my danger, and perceived the temptation, and the certain ruin of my peace if the dreadful snare had not been broken. You, sir, under God, have been my deliverer. By the next sabbath I should have been bound in honour to an enemy of that Jesus whom I adore; for although she is moral and externally correct, yet she knows the Saviour only in name. I could not leave the city in peace until I had sought to make this communication." They unitedly addressed Him who can deliver, and does deliver his people. Thus, while part of his congregation thought it an unfit subject for the pulpit, at least one person received it as a message from God, by whom it was no doubt sent.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

This distinguished prince, who died in the year 900, was of a most amiable disposition, and, we would hope, of genuine piety. During his retreat at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after his defeat by the Danes, a beggar came to his little castle, and requested alms. His queen informed Alfred that they had but one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone in search of food, though with little hope of success. The king replied, "Give the poor Christian one half of the loaf. He that could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make the half loaf suffice for more than our necessity." The poor man was accordingly relieved, and Alfred's people shortly after returned with a store of fresh provisions.

REV. MR. NOSWORTHY.

The Rev. Mr. Nosworthy, who died in the seventeenth century, was an amiable and excellent man, but, during the persecution of the times, was imprisoned at Winchester, where he was cruelly treated. After his release, he was occasionally reduced to great straits. Once, when he and his family had breakfasted, they had nothing left for another meal, and his wife asked, "What shall I do for my poor children?" He persuaded her to take a walk with him, and seeing a little bird, he said, "Take notice how that bird sits and chirps, though it knows not from whence it shall have a dinner. Therefore, be of good cheer,

and do not distrust the providence of God ; for are we not better than many sparrows ?” Matt. vi. 26. They returned, and before dinner-time they had plenty of provisions brought them. Thus was the promise fulfilled, “ They who trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing.”

TWO AMERICAN FEMALES.

A young lady, in America, was requested to assist two poor women, who were said to be in great distress. She went, and found two maiden females, advanced in life, dwelling in a small cellar. One was afflicted with a slow consumption ; and the other was obliged to spend her whole time in waiting upon her : so that neither of them could earn any thing, and their distress was very great. The young visitor found them in want of all things, but confidence in God, and hope in his mercy : and, as a follower of Him who went about doing good, she took effectual means to provide for the wants of these afflicted sisters.

In one of her visits to this abode of misery, she learned that the poor women had once themselves had the pleasure of relieving the poor. Once *they* were rich—once *they* had visited the destitute, fed the hungry, and supported the sick ; but, in the war between that country and Great Britain, they lost their father—were deprived of their property in the general disorder of the times ; and, when young ladies, were obliged, with their mother, to keep a boarding-house for their maintenance. Some of their boarders were soldiers ; and one of them, a young man from

Connecticut, never having received his soldier's pay, was unable to discharge the bill for his board. When thus poor, he was taken ill; and, for five or six weeks, these ladies waited upon him with all the kindness which a mother or sister could have done. "They cast their bread upon the waters."—But who was this soldier? And who was the young lady, who went on this errand of mercy to the cellar? The soldier having fought his country's battle, laid aside his armour, and slept in Jesus. A son of the soldier was married to the young lady. Yes, it was the good pleasure of God, that the wife of the son of the sick soldier should comfort those who comforted him. The aged females were long assisted by the soldier's son. After many days, the bread which they cast upon the waters was returned to them. They had pity upon the poor; and the Lord was pleased, according to his gracious promise, to repay them with interest.

REV. OLIVER HEYWOOD.

This good man, who was one of the ministers ejected in 1662, after the loss of his regular income as a minister, was reduced to great straits, so that his children were sometimes wanting food. On one of these occasions, he called a servant, who adhered to the family in its adversity, and said, "Martha, take a basket, and go to Halifax, call upon Mr. N. a shopkeeper, and request him to lend me five shillings. If he is kind enough to do it, buy such things as you know we most want. The Lord give you good speed; and, in the mean time, we will offer up our requests to

Him who feedeth the young ravens when they cry." Martha then went, but approaching the house her courage failed her, and she passed the door again and again, without going in to tell her errand. Mr. N. at length called her to him, and asked her if she was not Mr. Heywood's servant. On her replying in the affirmative, he said, "I am glad to see you, as some friends have given me five guineas for your master, and I was just thinking how I could send them." She now burst into tears, told her errand, and received the money, with a request that, should the family be again placed in similar circumstances, she would come to him again. She procured the needful provisions, and returned home; the children eagerly examined the basket, while their father heard the servant's narrative, and gratefully said, "The Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious; his word is true from the beginning; they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

On one occasion, while the spirit of persecution was so hot against him, that he was compelled for a time to leave his family, he set off one winter's morning on horseback, without a farthing in his pocket, like Abraham, not knowing whither he went. Having by prayer committed himself to the care of Providence, he resolved to let his horse go which way he would. In the evening the horse turned towards a farmhouse a little out of the road, when Mr. H. solicited, of the woman who came to the door, shelter, a little hay for his horse, and permission for himself to sit for the night by the

fire-side. He was invited to enter, and some provision was placed before him. He expressed his concern at the trouble taken on his account, as he had no money, but was assured of a hearty welcome. In the course of conversation, he had occasion to mention that he had a family near Halifax; the good man of the house inquired after some persons there with whom he was acquainted, and, at length, asked if he knew a Mr. Oliver Heywood, who, on some account or other, had been forbidden to preach. The stranger replied there was much said about that man; some spoke well, and others ill of him; but for his own part, he could say very little in his favour. "I believe," said the farmer, "he belongs to that sect which is every where spoken against; but pray, what makes you form such an indifferent opinion of him?" Mr. H. replied, that he knew something of him, but as he did not wish to propagate an ill report of any one, he would prefer talking on some other subject. After keeping the farmer and his wife some time in suspense, he at length told them, that he was the poor outcast of whom they had made so many kind inquiries. All was then surprise and thankfulness, that Divine Providence had brought him under their roof. A small congregation of Christians was immediately gathered, to whom he preached; and some kind donations were given him to help him on his way. This interview introduced Mr. Heywood to a new circle of friends, to whom he afterwards preached with great success.

REV. THOMAS BRADBURY.

The Rev. Thomas Bradbury was remarkable for punctuality in the time he devoted to family worship. One evening, when the bell had rung, the servants went up to prayer, and forgot to shut the area door next the street. Some men observed the door open, and one of them entered the house, to rob it. Creeping up stairs, he heard the old gentleman praying that God would preserve his house from thieves. The man was thunderstruck, and unable to persist in his design. He returned and told the circumstance to his companions, who abused him on account of his timidity; but he was so affected that, some time after, he related the circumstance to Mr. Bradbury, and became an attendant on his ministry.

REV. G. WHITEFIELD.

While the Rev. G. Whitefield was preaching on one occasion at Plymouth, he lodged with Mr. Kinsman, a minister of the town. After breakfast on Monday, he said to his friend, "Come, let us visit some of your poor people. It is not enough that we labour in the pulpit; we must endeavour to be useful out of it." On entering the dwellings of the afflicted poor, he administered to their temporal as well as spiritual wants. Mr. K. knowing the low state of his finances, was surprised at his liberality, and suggested that he thought he had been too bountiful. Mr. W. with some degree of smartness, replied: "It is not enough, young man, to pray, and put on a serious face; true religion, and

undefiled, is this—to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to supply their wants. My stock, it is true, is nearly exhausted ; but God, whom I serve, and whose saints we have assisted, will, I doubt not, soon give me a supply.” His hopes were not disappointed. A stranger called on him in the evening, who addressed him thus : “ With great pleasure I have heard you preach ; you are on a journey, as well as myself, and travelling is expensive. Do me the honour to accept this,” at the same time presenting him with five guineas. Returning to the family, Mr. Whitefield, smiling, held out the money in his hand, saying : “ There, young man, God has speedily repaid what I bestowed. Let this in future teach you not to withhold what it is in the power of your hand to give. The gentleman to whom I was called is a perfect stranger to me ; his only business was to give me the sum you see.” It is remarkable, that this gentleman, though rich, was notorious for a penurious disposition : but Elijah was fed by ravens.

REV. HANSARD KNOLLYS.

This worthy man was among the Christian ministers, who, in the seventeenth century, were the subjects of persecution. He was prosecuted in the high commission court, and fled to America ; from whence, after a time, he returned. Having lived for some time in obscurity in London, he had but sixpence left, and no prospect of being able to provide for the support of his family. In these circumstances he prayed, encouraged

his wife to remember the past goodness of God, and to reflect on the promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" paid his lodging, and then went out, not knowing where the providence of God would lead him to seek the means of subsistence. He had walked but a few steps, when he was met by a woman, who told him that some Christian friends had prepared a residence for him and his family, and had sent him money and other comforts. They were impressed with this manifestation of Divine goodness to them, and his wife exclaimed, "Oh! dear husband, how sweet it is to live by faith, and trust God's faithful word! Let us rely upon him whilst we live, and trust him in all straits."

REV. E. JONES.

The late Rev. E. Jones, of Trevathin, in South Wales, being on a visit to some friends, when his finances were very low, had a sum of money given him to purchase some malt; but on his way home, passing through a village, and visiting several distressed families, he gave away all his money. On reaching home, he told his wife, who possessed a kindred spirit with himself, what he had done. She commended his conduct, and then showed him the precise quantity of malt which his money would have purchased, which a neighbouring farmer had just sent them.

A RUINED TRADESMAN.

In early life, James — was an apprentice to a tailor in London, and at the expiration of his term was enabled to commence business on his

own account. After a season of prosperity, he became reduced in his circumstances, and notwithstanding the help of friends, his temporal affairs were ruined. But by this time he had felt the necessity of religion, and by the grace of God was enabled to find Christ as his Saviour, and to cast all his care on him who is "a strong refuge in the day of trouble."

After many serious trials, which followed him from place to place, he settled, with his infant family, in a retired and romantic spot in the Isle of Wight, truly and beautifully described in the tract of "THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER." Here, alas! his troubles were as great as ever, and he was reduced to his last five shillings, without the most distant prospect of any future provision. But man's extremity is God's opportunity. In a most distressing state of mind, he was providentially directed to an adjoining parish, when the minister preached from Revelation vii. 14—17. In his discourse he particularly dwelt upon the joy and blessedness of those who had come out of much tribulation, and also the love of God in its infliction. The necessity of a firm dependence upon Christ, amidst afflicting dispensations, was much insisted on; and the benefits resulting from such a lively faith were shown.

The effect produced in the heart of poor James was most delightful. On the following morning, he called upon the minister, to whom, after communicating the state of his distressed circumstances, he related the consolation he experienced. The conversation turned on the power of faith, as applied to the relief of man's spiritual and

temporal necessities, when the minister pointed out the Scriptures as delightful to the Christian in affliction.

He was further assured, that if he supplicated aid in sincere dependence upon God, he would most certainly help him, as he is never at a loss for means to relieve the wants of his people. Having sought the kingdom of God and his righteousness in the first place, we may rest assured that every good thing will be added unto us. Has he not said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee?" and will God belie his word? He will not. He never yet said unto the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye me in vain."

Such were the thoughts passing in the breast of poor James at this period of the conversation, which had been attended by the Divine blessing; for, on leaving the minister, he declared his full and firm conviction, grounded on the power of God in Christ, that the Lord would provide for his necessities. The sequel proved that his reliance was not delusive; for, a few days after this interview, a gentleman and his family, who had known him in the days of his prosperity, were led by Providence to make the tour of the island; and, on passing through the little village in which he resided, were so struck with the beauty of the place, that, contrary to their original intention, they determined to remain a few days. During one of their rambles, they accidentally made some inquiry relative to a foot-path at the cottage of this poor man, who, much to their astonishment, instantly recognised them. The trials of his past life were adverted to, and his then

distressed state; when Mrs. A., as a means of procuring a temporary subsistence, suggested to his wife a mode of preparing sea-weed, and of arranging it on pasteboard in the form of flowers, and other ornamental devices.

This friendly advice was regarded; and in a few months, with the assistance of her husband, who collected the weed, she was enabled to prepare such a quantity, as when sold to the visitors, produced the extraordinary sum of fifty pounds; whereby their necessities were supplied, and they were placed in comfortable circumstances.

A FAMILY IN PRUSSIA.

The following simple and affecting narrative is related by Dr. Krummacher, of Elberfeld, in Prussia, in his valuable work entitled, "ELIJAH, THE TISHBITE:"—

Who else was it but the God of Elijah, who, only a short time ago, in our neighbourhood, so kindly delivered a poor man out of his distress; not, indeed, by a raven, but by a poor singing bird? You are acquainted with the circumstance. The man was sitting, early in the morning, at his house-door; his eyes were red with weeping, and his heart cried to Heaven, for he was expecting an officer to come and distrain him for a small debt. And whilst sitting thus, with his heavy heart, a little bird flew through the street, fluttering up and down, as if in distress, until, at length, quick as an arrow, it flew over the good man's head into his cottage, and perched itself within an empty cupboard. The good man, who little imagined

who had sent him the bird, closed the door, caught the bird, and placed it in a cage, where it immediately began to sing very sweetly, and it seemed to the man as if it were the tune of a favourite hymn, "Fear thou not when darkness reigns;" and as he listened to it, he found it soothe and comfort his mind. Suddenly some one knocked at the door. "Ah, it is the officer!" thought the man, and was sore afraid. But, no, it was the servant of a respectable lady, who said that the neighbours had seen a bird fly into his house, and she wished to know if he had caught it. "Oh, yes," answered the man, "and here it is;" and the bird was carried away. A few minutes after, the servant came again. "You have done my mistress a great service," said she; "she sets a high value upon the bird, which had escaped from her. She is much obliged to you, and requests you to accept this trifle, with her thanks." The poor man received it thankfully, and it proved to be neither more nor less than the sum he owed! And when the officer came, he said, "Here is the amount of the debt; now leave me in peace, for God has sent it me."

CHAPTER III.

THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS.

REV. HENRY TANNER.

IN the year 1743, the Rev. George Whitefield had resolved to go to America, and had engaged his passage in a ship that was to sail from Portsmouth; but as the captain afterwards refused to take him, "for fear of his spoiling the sailors," he was obliged to go to Plymouth. While staying there, he frequently preached, and an attempt having recently been made to murder him in his bed, much attention was excited, and many thousands flocked to hear him. While he was one day preaching, Mr. Tanner, who was at work as a ship-builder, at a distance, heard his voice, and resolved, with five or six of his companions, to go and drive him from the place where he stood; and for this purpose they filled their pockets with stones. When, however, Mr. T. drew near, and heard Mr. Whitefield earnestly inviting sinners to Christ, he was filled with astonishment, his resolution failed him, and he went home with his mind deeply impressed. On the following evening, he again attended, and heard Mr. Whitefield on the sin of those who crucified the Redeemer. After he had expatiated on their guilt, he appeared to look intently on

Mr. Tanner, as he exclaimed with energy, "Thou art the man!" These words powerfully affected Mr. T.; he felt his iniquities to be awfully great, and in the agony of his soul he cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." The preacher then proceeded to proclaim the free and abundant grace of Jesus, which He commanded to be preached among the very people who had murdered him; on hearing which, Mr. T. was encouraged to hope for mercy, and he surrendered himself to Christ. This sermon was made eminently useful to many other persons.

TWO AMERICAN FARMERS.

In a small country town, in Massachusetts, there lived two wealthy farmers, whose lands adjoined each other. On some account or other, they became involved in a law-suit, which both lessened their money, and promoted a spirit of rancour towards each other. After a time, one of these men was convinced of the sinfulness of his past conduct, when, yielding to the influence of the gospel, he became desirous of reconciliation and friendship with his neighbour. With a trembling heart, he rapped at the door of the man he had offended, which he had not before entered for six years. Not suspecting who it was, his neighbour invited him in. He went in, took his seat, acknowledged that he had in the affair been much to blame, and entreated forgiveness. The other was much astonished, but maintained his high ground. "I always knew you were to blame, and I never shall forgive you," with much more to the same purpose, was

the reply given to him. He again confessed his wrong, asked the pardon of his neighbour, expressed a hope that the Divine Being would forgive him; and added, "We have been actuated by a wrong spirit; and we shall be afraid to meet each other at the bar of God, where we must soon appear." The other became a little softened, and they parted.

The family, when left to themselves, were filled with astonishment. But the mystery was solved when they learned that their neighbour had become a follower of Christ. "What!" said the farmer, "is S— become a Christian? Why should he come and ask my forgiveness? If religion will humble such a man, it is surely a great thing. He said, 'We shall be afraid to meet each other at the bar of God.'" Such reflections as these, with a consciousness of his own ill conduct, occasioned him great distress for several days. At length, he could smother his feelings no longer—he took his hat, and went to see his once hated neighbour. As he entered the door, he received a cordial welcome; they took each other by the hand, and burst into tears. He said, "You came to ask my forgiveness the other day, but I find I have been a thousand times worse than you." They retired and prayed together. They became members of the same church, and lived many years in uninterrupted harmony. Such are the triumphs of Christianity, compared with which,

"The laurels that a Cesar reaps are weeds."

A TERRIFIED PERSECUTOR.

The means employed, by the blessing of God, to make sinners acquainted with their sinfulness and danger, and to lead them to implore his mercy, are various. To some he speaks in the thunders of his law; others are attracted by the soothing sound of his gospel; while the elements of nature itself have sometimes been the means of exciting attention and deep feeling. The excellent Isaac Ambrose, in his "Treatise on Angels," gives an account of a profane persecutor, who was brought to seek the mercy of God in a remarkable manner. He was out on a journey, with his pious wife, when they were overtaken with a storm of thunder and lightning. He was seized with great terror, and his wife inquired into its cause. "Why," asked he, "are not *you* afraid?" She replied, "No, not at all; for I know it is the voice of my heavenly Father; and shall a child be afraid of a kind father's voice?" The man began to reflect, that Christians must have within them a divine principle, of which the world is ignorant, or they could not enjoy such calmness when the rest of the world were filled with horror. He went to Mr. Bolton, an eminent minister, to whom he had been opposed, acknowledged and lamented his sins, and furnished good evidence of a change of heart.

SERGEANT FORBES.

Many years ago, in a regiment of soldiers stationed at Edinburgh, there was a sergent named Forbes, a very abandoned man, who got

in debt for liquor wherever he could. His wife washed for the regiment, and thus obtained a little money. She was a pious woman, but all her attempts to reclaim him were long unsuccessful. During one of Mr. Whitefield's visits to that city, she offered her husband a sum of money if he would for once go and hear him. This was a strong inducement, and he engaged to go. The sermon was in a field, as no building could have contained the audience. The sergeant was rather early, and placed himself in the middle of the field, that he might file off when Mr. Whitefield ascended the pulpit; as he only wished to be able to say that he had seen him. The crowd, however, increased; and when Mr. Whitefield appeared, they pressed forward, and he found it impossible to get away. The prayer produced some impression on his mind, but the sermon most deeply convinced him of his sinfulness and danger. He became an altered man, and proved the reality of his conversion, by living for many years with the strictest economy, in order to liquidate the claims of every one of his creditors.

A FISH-WOMAN.

The late Rev. John Patison, of Edinburgh, having occasion to preach on a sabbath-day in Dundee, had, previously to leaving his home, laid aside, and ordered to be packed up with some other necessary articles, a certain notebook, which contained a sermon, on which he had bestowed considerable pains, and which he hoped might not be unacceptable to the congregation of Christians, who then enjoyed

the stated labours of the late excellent Mr. M'Ewen. On his arrival in Dundee, however, which was not till Saturday evening, his notebook was missing, nor had any other been substituted in its place. He was, therefore, obliged to make choice of a new subject, and hastily to arrange his thoughts upon it, in the best manner he could; and, after all his pains, and all his prayers, was not a little apprehensive that such defective preparation would not only affect the respectability of his appearance in the pulpit, but in some measure mar the success of his work. "Not by might," however, "nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." It happened, in his adorable providence, on the afternoon of that sabbath, that a poor fish-woman, notorious for clamour and profanity, stumbled into the meeting, and felt the sermon, particularly the application of it, come home with such life and peculiar energy to her soul, as instantly to produce the most happy effect on the dispositions of her heart, and the tenor of her conduct. On Monday she attended, with her fish-basket, at market as usual,—but, oh, how changed! Instead of her former noise and profanity, she was quiet and calm as a lamb; instead of asking from her customers double or triple the value of her fish, she spoke to them with discretion, and told them the lowest price at once. Surprised at this new behaviour of the woman, some who were present, judging she might be indisposed, began to inquire after her health: one of them in particular said to her,—“Dear Margaret, what is the matter with you? you are not at all as you used to be.” “No,”

replied Margaret, "and I hope never shall. It pleased God to lead me yesterday to Mr. M'Ewen's meeting-house, where I heard words I shall never forget, and found something come over me the like of which I never knew before." This woman lived to give the most satisfactory evidence of the soundness of her conversion, by a walk and conversation becoming the gospel.

AN AMERICAN INFIDEL.

The Rev. William Tennant, formerly a very eminent minister of the gospel in New England, once took much pains to prepare a sermon, to convince a celebrated infidel of the truth of Christianity. But, in attempting to deliver this laboured discourse, he was so confused, as to be compelled to stop, and close the service by prayer. This unexpected failure, in one who had so often astonished the unbeliever with the force of his eloquence, led the infidel to reflect that Mr. T. had been, at other times, aided by a Divine power. This reflection proved the means of his conversion. Thus God accomplished by silence what his servant wished to effect by persuasive preaching. Mr. Tennant used afterwards to say, his dumb sermon was one of the most profitable sermons that he had ever delivered.

A YOUNG LADY.

A student for the Christian ministry was brought, in the course of providence, into the company of a young lady who was just recovering from a dangerous illness. She was still very weak, but liked, as most persons do when recovering, to tell

how much she had suffered, and how remarkable was the preservation of her life.

Among other things, she said, "At one time, I sent for my aged parents, and my beloved brothers and sisters; and took, as I thought, my last farewell of them. Both the physicians had given me up, and my friends expected to see me no more."

As she finished this sentence, the student said to her, "We seldom meet with a person who has been so near to death as you have been. Pray tell me what were your feelings when you were on the verge of eternity?"

"I was happy," she replied.

"And will you please to tell me what were your prospects?"

"I hoped to go to heaven, of course."

"Had you no doubts, no fears, no suspicions?"

"None."

"Perhaps almost all hope to go to heaven. But, I fear," said the young man, "there are very few who have a good foundation for their hope. Pray on what was your hope founded?"

"Founded!" she replied: "why, I had never injured any person; and I had endeavoured to do all the good in my power. Was not this sufficient?"

"It is a delightful reflection," said the student, "that you have never injured any person; and it is still more delightful to think that you have done all the good in your power. But even this is a poor foundation for a sinner to rest upon. Was this the foundation of your hope?"

She seemed quite astonished at this question, and eagerly inquired, "Was not this sufficient?"

The student did not give her a direct answer, but observed, "I am very thankful that you did not then die."

"What! do you think I should not have gone to heaven?"

"I am sure you could not in the way you have mentioned. Do you not perceive that, according to your plan, you were going to heaven without Christ? This is what no sinner has done since Adam fell, and what no sinner will be able to do while the world stands. Be very thankful that you did not go out of life resting on this delusive foundation. Jesus says, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me.'"

God was pleased to carry home these words to her soul. Light broke in upon her mind. From that day, a decided change took place in the young lady's views; and corresponding holiness, love, zeal, and usefulness adorned her future life.

A DISSOLUTE SON.

A pious man and woman had an only son, named Thomas, who, to the grief of his parents, began to be dissolute. Mr. Rees, a worthy minister, went to lodge at the house, and the father and mother, with many tears, informed him of the ungodliness of their son. The following morning, before family prayer, Mr. Rees took the young man by the hand, and spoke very seriously and affectionately to him respecting his salvation. In family worship, he prayed earnestly for him; and amongst other expressions,

used the following, "O Lord, say to *this Thomas*, Be not faithless, but believing." The words entered his heart; a permanent change was effected; he soon became a church member, and was an ornament to his Christian profession till death.

LUKE SHORT.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the venerable John Flavel, whose excellent practical writings are known to many of our readers, was settled at Dartmouth, where his labours were greatly blessed.

Mr. Flavel's manner was remarkably affectionate and serious, often exciting very powerful emotions in his hearers. On one occasion, he preached from these words:—"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maranatha." The discourse was unusually solemn, particularly the explanation of the words *anathema, maranatha*,—"cursed with a curse, cursed of God, with a bitter and grievous curse." At the conclusion of the service, when Mr. Flavel arose to pronounce the benediction, he paused, and said, "How shall I bless this whole assembly, when every person in it, who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ, is anathema, maranatha?" The solemnity of this address deeply affected the audience, and one gentleman, a person of rank, was so overcome by his feelings, that he fell senseless to the floor.

In the congregation was a lad named Luke Short, then about fifteen years old, and a native of Dartmouth. Shortly after the event just narrated, he entered into the seafaring line, and

sailed to America, where he passed the rest of his life.

Mr. Short's life was lengthened much beyond the usual term. When a hundred years old, he had sufficient strength to work on his farm, and his mental faculties were very little impaired. Hitherto he had lived in carelessness and sin; he was now a "sinner a hundred years old," and apparently ready to "die accursed." But one day, as he sat in his field, he busied himself in reflecting on his past life. Recurring to the events of his youth, his memory fixed upon Mr. Flavel's discourse above alluded to, a considerable part of which he was able to recollect. The affectionate earnestness of the preacher's manner, the important truths which he delivered, and the effects produced on the congregation, were brought fresh to his mind. The blessing of God accompanied his meditations: he felt that he had not "loved the Lord Jesus Christ;" he feared the dreadful "anathema;" conviction was followed by repentance, and at length this aged sinner obtained peace through the blood of atonement, and was "found in the way of righteousness." He joined the congregational church in Middleborough, and to the day of his death, which took place in his 116th year, gave pleasing evidence of piety.

In this case, eighty-five years passed away after the seed was sown, before it sprang up and brought forth fruit. Let the ministers of Christ be encouraged; "in due season they shall reap, if they faint not."

A THOUGHTLESS MOTHER.

A poor wretched female, religiously educated, but afterwards abandoned to sin, misery, and want, was struck with horror at hearing her own child repeat, as soon as she could well speak, some of the profane language which she had learned of herself. She trembled at the thought, that she was not only going to hell herself, but leading her child thither. She instantly resolved, that with the first sixpence she could procure, she would purchase Dr. Watts's Divine Songs, of which she had some recollection, to teach her infant daughter. She did so ; and, on opening the book, her eye caught the following striking verse :—

“ Just as the tree cut down that fell
To north, or southward, there it lies ;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.”

She read on ; the event was blessed to her conversion, and she lived and died an honourable professor of religion.

REV. JOHN THORPE.

When the Rev. G. Whitefield and J. Wesley commenced their zealous and successful labours, there was a very prevalent disposition to oppose and misrepresent them. Many of the public-houses became places where their doctrines and zeal were talked of and ridiculed. Mr. Thorpe, and several other young men in Yorkshire, undertook at one of these parties to mimic the preaching of these good men. The proposition met

with applause; one after another stood on a table to perform his part, and it devolved on Mr. T. to close this very irreverent scene. Much elated, and confident of success, he exclaimed, as he ascended the table, "I shall beat you all." Who would have supposed that the mercy of God was now about to be extended to this transgressor of his law! The Bible was handed to him; and, by the guidance of unerring Providence, it opened at Luke xiii. 3. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The moment he read the text his mind was impressed in a most extraordinary manner; he saw clearly the nature and importance of the subject; and, as he afterwards said, if he ever preached with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, it was at that time. His address produced a feeling of depression in his auditors; and, when he had finished, he instantly retired to weep over his sins: he associated with the people of God; and died a useful minister of the New Testament, at Masborough, in 1776.

AN AMERICAN LADY.

The Rev. Dr. Mason, of New York, was, some years since, requested to visit a lady in dying circumstances, who, together with her husband, openly avowed infidel principles, though they attended on his ministry. On approaching her bedside, he asked her if she felt herself a sinner, and perceived the need of a Saviour. She frankly told him, she did not; and that she wholly disbelieved the doctrine of a Mediator. "Then," said the doctor, "I have no consolation for you;

not one word of comfort. There is not a single passage in the Bible that warrants me to speak peace to any one who rejects the Mediator provided for lost sinners. You must abide the consequences of your infidelity." Saying that, he was on the point of leaving the room, when some one said, "Well, but doctor, if you cannot speak consolation to her, you can pray for her." To this he assented, and kneeling down by the bedside, prayed for her as a guilty sinner, just sinking into hell; and then arising from his knees, he left the house. A day or two after, he received a letter from the lady herself, earnestly desiring that he would come and see her without delay. He immediately obeyed the summons; but what was his amazement, when, on entering the room, she held out her hand to him, and said, with a benignant smile, "It is all true; all that you said on Sunday is true. I have seen myself the wretched sinner which you described me to be in prayer. I have seen Christ that all-sufficient Saviour you said he was; and God has mercifully snatched me from the abyss of infidelity in which I was sunk, and placed me on the Rock of ages. There I am secure; there I shall remain. I know in whom I have believed!" All this was like a dream to him; but she proceeded, and displayed as accurate a knowledge of the way of salvation revealed in the gospel, and as firm a reliance on it, as if she had been a disciple of Christ for many years. Yet there was nothing like boasting or presumption—all was humility, resignation, and confidence. She charged her husband to educate their daughter

in the fear of God; and, above all, to keep from her those novels and books of infidel sentimentality, by which she had been nearly brought to ruin. On the evening of the same day, she expired, in fulness of joy and peace in believing.

MR. DICKSON.

John Dickson was a farmer in the parish of Ratho, near Edinburgh, and was for a long time negligent and irreligious. It pleased God to take away his wife, and it became necessary for him to have a nurse in the house, who happily was a pious woman. When his infant daughter was about twenty months old, she was in the room with her father and several of his profane companions. Most unexpectedly the child repeated, in its infantine tones, "Oh the grace of God!" an exclamation she had often heard from her nurse. The attention of the father was thus excited, the Holy Spirit led him to deep and serious reflections, and thus was his conversion to God effected.

A DEIST.

Francis Junius the younger was a considerable scholar, but by no means prejudiced in favour of the Scriptures, as appears by his own account, which is as follows:—My father, who was frequently reading the New Testament, and had long observed with grief the progress I had made in infidelity, had put that book in my way in his library, in order to attract my attention, if it might please God to bless his design, though

without giving me the least intimation of it. Here, therefore, I unwittingly opened the New Testament, thus providentially laid before me. At the very first view, as I was deeply engaged in other thoughts, that grand chapter of the evangelist and apostle presented itself to me, "In the beginning was the Word," etc. I read part of the chapter, and was so affected, that I instantly became struck with the Divinity of the argument, and the majesty and authority of the composition, as infinitely surpassing the highest flights of human eloquence. My body shuddered; my mind was all in amazement; and I was so agitated the whole day, that I scarce knew who I was. "Thou didst remember me, O Lord, my God, according to thy boundless mercy, and didst bring back the lost sheep to thy flock." From that day God wrought so mightily in me by the power of his Spirit, that I began to have less relish for all other studies and pursuits, and bent myself with greater ardour and attention to every thing which had a relation to God.

REV. CORNELIUS WINTER.

This worthy man, who was a very useful minister of the last century, had, when young, often heard with much pleasure the celebrated Whitefield preach, without deriving any benefit from his ministry. But one night, while playing at cards with some of his fellow-servants, the thought presented itself to his mind, that he might that evening hear his favourite preacher. He broke off from play in the midst of the game,

which much enraged his companions, who suspected where he was going. He tells us that it was a night much to be remembered. He had reason to hope the scales of ignorance were then removed from his eyes, a sense of his misery was excited, and an earnest inquiry was made by him after the way of salvation. It is scarcely necessary to say, that he never after this time played at cards.

A RETURNED SAILOR AND A LANDLORD.

When the late Rev. Charles Buck was once preaching in Silver Street chapel, a sailor, passing along, seeing an entrance which seemed to lead to a place of worship, thought within himself, "I am shortly going to sea, I shall perhaps never have another opportunity; I'll go in." During the sermon, something so deeply impressed his mind, that he determined to inquire the name of the preacher, which he never forgot. He went to sea, and all his impressions wore away; but after he returned he was ill, and was visited by some pious gentlemen, who found him very ignorant. He acknowledged his neglect of divine things, but said there was a religion that he liked, and that was what he once heard a Mr. Buck preach, at Silver Street chapel. They continued their visits, and at length witnessed his happy death. One of his last expressions was, "I now take my cable, and fix it on my anchor, Jesus, and go through the storm." But what makes this circumstance more interesting, is, that the landlord of the house, where this sailor was lodging, was himself brought to a state

of repentance, by listening at the door to hear what was going on between him and his pious visitors.

THE BLACK TRUMPETER.

On one occasion, during Whitefield's residence in America, a black trumpeter, belonging to an English regiment, resolved to interrupt him during a discourse which he was expected to deliver in the open air. At the hour appointed for the sermon, he repaired to the field where it was to be preached, carrying his trumpet with him on purpose to blow it with all his might about the middle of the sermon. He took his stand in front of the minister, and at no great distance. The concourse that attended became very great, and those who were towards the extremity of the crowd pressed forward, in order to hear more distinctly, which caused such a pressure at the place where the trumpeter stood, that he found it impossible to raise up the arm which held the trumpet at the time he intended to blow it. He attempted to extricate himself from the crowd, but found this equally impossible, so that he was kept within hearing of the gospel as securely as if he had been chained to the spot. In a short time, his attention was arrested, and he became so powerfully affected by what the preacher presented to his mind, that he was seized with an agony of despair, and was carried to a house in the neighbourhood. When the service was over, he was visited by Mr. Whitefield, who tendered some seasonable counsels; and the poor trumpeter from that time became an altered man.

MR. RICHARD CONDER.

The following interesting facts were related to the late Rev. Dr. Conder, of London, by an old gentleman, who remembered when a boy to have heard them from the great-grandfather of that gentleman:—

I used, said he, when young, to accompany my father to Royston market, which Mr. Conder also frequented. The custom of the worthy men in those days was, when they had done their marketing, to meet together and take needful refreshment in a private room, where, without interruption, they might talk freely about the things of God—how they had heard on the sabbath day, and how they had gone on the week past, etc. I was admitted to sit in a corner of the room. One day, when I was there, the conversation turned upon the question, “By what means God first visited their souls, and began a work of grace upon them?” It was your great grandfather’s turn to speak, and his account struck me so, that I never forgot it. He told the company as follows:—“When I was a young man, I was greatly addicted to foot-ball playing; and, as the custom was in our parish, and many others also, the young men, as soon as church was over, took a foot-ball and went to play. Our minister often remonstrated against our breaking the sabbath, which, however, had but little effect; only my conscience checked me at times, and I would sometimes steal away and hide myself from my companions. But being dexterous at the game, they would find me out, and get me among them.

This would bring on me more guilt and horror of conscience. Thus I went on sinning and repenting a long time, but had no resolution to break off from the practice, till, one sabbath morning, our minister acquainted his hearers that he was very sorry to tell them, that by order of the king (James I.) and his council, he must read them the following paper, or relinquish his living. This was the Book of Sports, forbidding the ministers or churchwardens, or any others, to molest or discourage the youth, in what were called their manly sports and recreations on the Lord's day, etc. While our minister was reading it, I was seized with a chill and horror not to be described. Now, thought I, iniquity is established by a law, and sinners are hardened in their sinful ways! What sore judgments are to be expected upon so wicked and guilty a nation! What shall I do? Whither shall I flee? How shall I escape the wrath to come?—And thus God convinced me that it was high time to be in earnest about salvation. And from that time, I never had the least inclination to take a foot-ball in hand, or to join my vain companions any more: so that I date my conversion from that time, and adore the grace of God in making that to be an ordinance for my salvation, which the devil and wicked governors laid as a trap for my destruction.”

This, continued the narrator, I heard him tell; and I hope with some serious benefit to my own soul. Thus the Lord taketh the wise in their own craftiness. He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of it he restrains.

TWO THIEVES.

About thirty-five years ago, an eminently pious curate was accustomed, on account of the village in which he resided being at a great distance from the church, to preach on the sabbath evening in his own house. On his return from his stated parochial duties, one sabbath afternoon, he was warned by one of his neighbours to keep a strict look-out against two suspicious characters then lurking in the village, as there was some reason to apprehend that they intended that night to rob his house. They contrived, however, by some means, to get within his premises while the people were assembling in considerable numbers for worship, and concealed themselves in a retired part of the house; but not being far from the room where the worthy man was preaching, they could distinctly hear his voice. The sword of the Spirit pierced their hearts, they were not only convinced of the wickedness of their meditated burglary, but of the awful criminality of sin as committed against God, and left their dark retreat under the most pungent sense of guilt. From this time, an effectual change was wrought in their minds and conduct, and the pious clergyman, after several years, could bear testimony that, by their unblamable lives, they adorned the gospel of Christ.

A WIDOW'S SON.

A minister from England being some years since at Edinburgh, was accosted very civilly by a young man in the street, with an apology for

the liberty he was taking :—“ I think, sir,” said he, “ I have heard you at Spafields chapel.” “ You probably may, sir ; for I have sometimes ministered there.” “ Do you remember,” said he, “ a note put up by an afflicted widow, begging the prayers of the congregation for the conversion of an ungodly son ?” “ I do very well remember such a circumstance.” “ Sir,” said he, “ I am the very person ; and, wonderful to tell, the prayer was effectual. Going on a frolic with some other abandoned young men, one Sunday, through the Spafields, and passing by the chapel, I was struck with its appearance, and hearing it was a methodist chapel, we agreed to mingle with the crowd, and stop for a few minutes to laugh and mock at the preacher and the people. We had only just entered the chapel, when you, sir, read the note, requesting the prayers of the congregation for an afflicted widow’s son. I heard it with a sensation I cannot express. I was struck to the heart ; and, though I had no idea that I was the very individual meant, I felt that it expressed the bitterness of a widow’s heart, who had a child as wicked as I knew myself to be. My mind was instantly solemnized. I could not laugh ; my attention was rivetted on the preacher. I heard his prayer and sermon with an impression very different from that which had carried me into the chapel. From that moment, the truths of the gospel penetrated my heart ; I joined the congregation ; cried to God in Christ for mercy, and found peace in believing ; became my mother’s comfort, as I had long been her heavy cross, and through grace

have ever since continued in the good ways of the Lord. An opening having lately been made for an advantageous settlement in my own country, I came hither with my excellent mother, and for some time past have endeavoured to dry up the widow's tears, which I had so often caused to flow; and to be the comfort and support of her old age, as I had been the torment and affliction of her former days. We live together in the enjoyment of every mercy, happy and thankful; and every day I acknowledge the kind hand of the Lord, that led me to the Spafields chapel."

A DEISTICAL LAWYER.

The Rev. G. Whitefield, in his diary, under date of Nov. 9, 1740, gives the following account of the conversion of Mr. Brockden, recorder of deeds, a man eminent in his profession, but for many years a notorious deist:—"In his younger days, he told me, he had some religious impressions, but going into business, the cares of the world so choked the good seed, that he not only forgot his God in some degree, but at length began to doubt of, and to dispute his very being. In this state he continued many years, and has been very zealous to propagate his deistical, I could almost say atheistical principles, among moral men; but he told me he never endeavoured to make proselytes of vicious, debauched people. When I came to Philadelphia, this time twelvemonth, he told me he had not so much as a curiosity to hear me. But a brother deist, his choicest friend, pressed him to come and hear me. To satisfy his curiosity, he at length com-

plied with the request. I preached at the Court House Stairs, upon the conference which the Lord had with Nicodemus. I had not spoken much, before the Lord struck his heart. 'For,' said he, 'I saw your doctrine tended to make people good.' His family knew not that he had been to hear me. After he came home, his wife, who had been at sermon, came in also, and wished heartily that he had heard me. He said nothing. After this, another of his family came in, repeating the same wish; and, if I mistake not, after that another; till, at last, being unable to refrain any longer, with tears in his eyes, 'Why,' said he, 'I have been hearing him;' and then expressed his approbation. Ever since he has followed on to know the Lord; and I verily believe Jesus Christ has made himself manifest to his soul. Though upwards of three-score years old, he is now, I believe, born again of God. He is as a little child, and often, as he told me, receives such communications from God, when he retires into the woods, that he thinks he could die a martyr for the truth."

REV. DR. VANDERKEMP.

The conversion of Dr. Vanderkemp was preceded by a very remarkable interposition of the providence of God, in the preservation of his life. He was sailing on the river near Dort, in company with his wife and daughter, when a violent storm arose, and a water-spout broke on the boat, by which it was instantly upset. Mrs. and Miss Vanderkemp were immediately drowned; and the survivor, clinging to the boat, was

carried down the stream nearly a mile ; no one daring, in so dreadful a storm, to venture from the shore to his assistance. A vessel then lying in the port of Dort was, by the violence of the storm, driven from her moorings, and floated towards the part of the river in which he was, just ready to perish ; and the sailors took him from the wreck. Thus remarkably was a life preserved, which was afterwards to be employed for the advantage of mankind, and for the propagation of that faith which he had laboured to destroy. The sudden loss of his earthly comforts, and his long struggle against a painful death, softened his hard heart, shook the infidel principles he had hitherto cherished, and ended in the consecration of his life to the cause of God.

A WOMAN AT WARBOROUGH.

When Dr. Edmund Staunton, a minister of the seventeenth century, who had twice in early life been remarkably saved from death, was once preaching at Warborough, near Oxford, a man in the congregation was so much impressed with his prayer before sermon, that he ran home to his house, which was very near, and told his wife to make herself ready and come to church, for there was a man in the pulpit who prayed like an angel, and in a way that he never heard before. The woman hastened with her husband to the house of God, the sermon proved the means of her conversion, and she became an eminent Christian.

A CONSTABLE.

In the seventeenth century, Mr. Vennor, being

a constable at Warwick, was called on, with others, one Lord's day, to break up a religious assembly, and take the attendants into custody. They went with their prisoners to the court-house, to wait for the magistrates, but, from some cause or other, they did not come; and each constable, therefore, agreed to take a prisoner home with him to dine. Through the blessing of God on the conversation of his prisoner that day, Mr. Vennor was brought to the acknowledgment of the truth of the gospel.

A YORKSHIREMAN.

A man in Yorkshire once saw a book, entitled, "Vindiciæ Pietatis,"* at a sale; he coveted the book, and stole it; but, on taking it home and reading it, it proved the means of his conversion to God. He then took it back to its owner, acknowledged his crime in stealing it, but blessed God, who had overruled it for the salvation of his soul.

AN AGED COUPLE.

The late Rev. T. N. Toller, of Kettering, was once preaching on the peculiar blessedness of Christian connexions, from a text in 1 Pet. iii. on the occasion of the recent marriage of a member of his congregation. The sermon was made the means of conversion to an aged couple, strangers in the town, who had been led by accident to Mr. Toller's chapel. It appeared that the hearts of both were very deeply impressed, so that after they had retired to rest, it prevented their sleeping; yet the one was quite unconscious of what

* We presume by R. Alleine.—Ed.

was passing in the other's mind, till at length they made a mutual communication of the state of feeling which had held them awake ; on which, as by a common impulse, they arose, and for the first time in their lives, united in heartfelt supplication to Him who heareth prayer.

COLONEL GARDINER.

In the month of May, 1706, colonel Gardiner was wonderfully preserved in the battle of Ramillies, in the Netherlands, where the duke of Marlborough gained a victory over the French. In this memorable engagement, ensign Gardiner, then in the nineteenth year of his age, received a shot in his mouth from a musket-ball, which, without beating out any of his teeth, or touching the fore part of his tongue, went through his neck, and came out at the back. He felt no pain, but dropped soon after, and lay all night on the spot where he had been wounded, among his dying companions ; and in time was restored.

This signal interposition of Divine Providence in his behalf, was, however, not enough to restrain him from the commission of gross sins ; but, thirteen years after, a circumstance occurred which issued in his conversion to God. Some have thought it was a dream ; but he judged himself to have been as much awake, during the whole time, as he ever was in his life ; and, says an intimate friend, “ he mentioned it to me several times, as what undoubtedly passed, not only in his imagination, but before his eyes.”

While contemplating the commission of a gross sin, he took up Watson's “ Heaven taken by

Storm," to pass away the time; and while thus engaged, he thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall on the book he was reading, which he at first imagined might happen by some accident in the candle. But lifting up his eyes, he apprehended, to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory; and was impressed, as if a voice, or something like a voice, had come to him to this effect, for he was not confident as to the very words: "O sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?" He sunk down in his chair, and continued, he knew not exactly how long, insensible. From that hour he felt himself a guilty creature, and believing on Him whom his sins had pierced, obtained pardon and peace.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT.

A young man, who had graduated at one of the first colleges in America, and was celebrated for his literary attainments, particularly his knowledge of mathematics, settled in a village where a faithful minister of the gospel was stationed. It was not long before the clergyman met with him in one of his evening walks, and after some conversation, as they were about to part, addressed him as follows:—"I have heard you are celebrated for your mathematical skill; I have a problem which I wish you to solve." "What is it?" eagerly inquired the young man. The clergyman answered, with a solemn tone of voice,

“What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” The youth returned home, and endeavoured to shake off the impression fastened on him by the problem proposed to him, but in vain. In the giddy round of pleasure, in his business, and in his studies, the question still forcibly returned to him, “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” It finally resulted in his conversion, and he became an able advocate and preacher of that gospel which he once rejected.

A CAMBRIDGE SCHOLAR.

John Bunyan being once expected to preach in Cambridgeshire, on a week-day, a great concourse of people assembled to hear him; when a young man, a student in the university, decidedly opposed to scriptural piety, passing by, inquired why there was so large a crowd; and being told that a tinker was about to preach, he determined to hear him, with a view of turning whatever he might say into ridicule. Leaving his horse in the care of a boy, he went to hear him, when such was the impression produced on his mind, by the plain statements of the preacher, that he became from that period a penitent, embraced every opportunity of hearing Bunyan, and finally became himself an eminent minister of the gospel.

A STROLLING FIDDLER.

John Skinner, of Houndscroft, in Gloucestershire, was a strolling fiddler, going from fair to

fair, and supplying music to any party that would hire him. Having determined to interrupt that great and successful minister of Christ, Mr. Whitefield, he obtained a standing on a ladder raised to a window near the pulpit; he remained a quiet, if not an attentive hearer, till the text was named, when he intended to begin his annoying exercise on the violin. It pleased God, however, while he was putting his instrument in tune, to convey the word spoken with irresistible power to his soul; his attention was diverted from his original purpose, he heard the whole sermon, and became altogether a new man.

A YOUNG MAN AT NORWICH.

Many years ago, a young man, of the city of Norwich, about eighteen years of age, was walking one morning with several companions, who had agreed on that day to take their pleasure. The first object that attracted attention was an old woman, who pretended to tell fortunes. They immediately employed her to tell theirs, and that they might qualify her for the undertaking, first made her thoroughly intoxicated. The young man, of whom mention was first made, was informed, among other things, that he would live to a very old age, and see his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren growing up around him. Though he had assisted in intoxicating the old woman, he had credulity enough to be struck with those parts of the prediction which related to himself. "And so," said he, when alone, "I am to see children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren! At this age, I

must be a burden to the young people. What shall I do? There is no way for an old man to render himself more agreeable to youth, than by sitting and telling them pleasant and profitable stories. I will then," thought he, "during my youth, endeavour to store my mind with all kinds of knowledge. I will see and hear, and note down every thing that is rare and wonderful, that I may sit, when incapable of other employments, and entertain my descendants. Thus shall my company be rendered pleasant, and I shall be respected, rather than neglected, in old age. Let me see, what can I acquire first? Oh! here is the famous methodist preacher, Whitefield; he is to preach, they say, to-night—I will go and hear him."

From these strange motives the young man declared he went to hear Mr. Whitefield. He preached that evening from St. Matthew iii. 7: "But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" "Mr. Whitefield," said the young man, "described the Sadducees' character; this did not touch me, I thought myself as good a Christian as any man in England. From this he went to that of the Pharisees. He described their exterior decency, but observed, that the poison of the viper rankled in their hearts. This rather shook me. At length, in the course of his sermon, he abruptly broke off; paused for a few moments; then burst into a flood of tears; lifted up his hands and eyes, and exclaimed, 'Oh, my hearers! the

wrath's to come! the wrath's to come!' These words sunk into my heart, like lead in the waters; I wept, and, when the sermon was ended, retired alone. For days and weeks I could think of little else. Those awful words would follow me wherever I went, 'The wrath's to come! the wrath's to come!'" The issue was, that the young man soon after made a public profession of religion, in a little time became an eminent preacher, and he himself related these circumstances to the late Rev. Andrew Fuller, of Kettering.

A FARMER'S BOY.

The Rev. John Clayton, in a speech on a public occasion, mentioned the following circumstance:—Some time ago, on a winter's night, when the snow was falling heavily, a poor woman, with five children, reached a village in Essex, just as a farmer's lad was shutting up a barn; she begged him to ask his master's leave for them to pass the night in the barn. The lad did so; and the master, who was a kind, feeling man, ordered him to take a bundle of straw, and make them a comfortable bed. The poor woman felt grateful, and asked the lad if he would like to hear a song. He hoped it would be something amusing, and replied, "Yes;" upon which she and her children sung one of Dr. Watts's hymns. The lad felt interested: she asked him if he had ever prayed to God, and thanked him for the mercies he enjoyed; and said that she was going to pray with her children, and he might stay if he pleased. The lad stayed while she offered up

her thanksgivings for the favours God had given her, and begged a blessing upon him. He then went away, but could not sleep: what he had heard remained on his mind; and, after passing a sleepless night, he resolved on going again to the barn, to talk with the woman, but she was gone, and he saw her no more; but from that day he became a different person.

A LANDLORD.

A gentleman of very considerable fortune, but a stranger to personal and family religion, took one evening a solitary walk through part of his grounds. He happened to approach a mean hut, where a poor man resided with a numerous family. Hearing a voice pretty loud and long-continued, curiosity prompted him to listen. It was the poor man at prayer with his family; and as soon as the gentleman could distinguish his words, he found him giving thanks with great earnestness to God for the goodness of his providence, in giving them food to eat and raiment to put on, and in supplying them with every thing which contributed to their real comfort. He was struck with astonishment, and said to himself, "Does this poor man, who has nothing but the meanest fare, and that obtained by hard labour, give thanks to God for his goodness to himself and family; and I, who enjoy ease and honour, and every thing that is pleasant and desirable, have hardly ever bent my knee, or made any acknowledgment to my Maker and Preserver!" This providential occurrence was happily the means of bringing him under the influence of

that scriptural religion which is alike necessary for the happiness of all classes of society.

A PERSECUTOR.

Dr. Cox, at the anniversary of the Baptist Home Missionary Society, in 1827, stated, that a few years ago, in a village, a female of guilty notoriety having read a religious tract, was induced to turn from her evil ways, and, through the instruction of one of their missionaries to acknowledge her guilt, and to reform. For that act of repentance she brought down the malignant enmity of her friends, even of her own family, who did not desist from their persecution until they had brought her to a state of dangerous, and, as it ultimately proved, of fatal illness. On her death-bed, she entreated one of her persecuting brothers, who came to see her die, once to attend the preacher whom she heard in the village; and as a dying request is seldom refused, even by the most callous, he went to the house of God with the bitterest feelings, both against the preacher and his subject. But mark the result; He, whose "ways are not as our ways," touched his heart, turned him from his wickedness, changed the whole current of his feelings, and made him a decided convert to Christianity. He was then, Dr. C. believed, a faithful itinerant labourer in the field of his former enmity.

A FOREMAN.

A young man, who was employed in a large manufactory, was frequently made the butt of

ridicule by his companions, because he would not join in their drinking parties and Sunday frolics. Among these persons, the foreman was most prominent. One day as the youthful Christian was at prayer, he was overheard by this foreman, who found that he was himself the subject of his supplications. He was presenting to God the darkness and infidelity of his heart, and earnestly imploring for him the blessings of repentance and faith. The foreman, who had never known anything of the true nature of prayer before, was deeply impressed with what he heard, and wondered at the eloquence and fervour with which his own unhappy case had been pleaded before God. "I never," said he to himself, "thus prayed to God for myself." The next day he entreated the instructions of the young man, and earnestly begged his prayers for him. They knelt down together, cried to the God of all grace, and found acceptance with him. From that day, they were bosom friends, went together to the house of God, and frequently united in their prayers and thanksgivings. Their conversation adorned their profession, and the mocker became a confessor of the grace which he had so often abused and turned into ridicule.

A SOLDIER AND HIS WIFE.

Several years ago, a man and his wife resided in the town of Frome, in Somersetshire. They were both at that period enemies to religion, and lived very ungodly lives. In the course of time, the husband enlisted into the army. During his absence from home, his wife was induced to

attend upon the ministry of the gospel in the town where she resided. It was instrumental in her saving conversion to God. She immediately felt concerned for her wicked husband who was far from home. About this time, she received a letter from him, dated at Ramsgate, informing her that he was about to return. She dreaded the thought of meeting him again, lest he should persecute her on account of her religion. While he was at Ramsgate, however, it had pleased God also to impress the heart of this soldier with the truths of the gospel. He at once became solicitous for the soul of his wife, whom he supposed to be still as he left her, a persecutor of righteousness; and he dreaded the prospect of her opposition. He arrived at Frome in the evening of the day. As he drew near his cottage, he heard the sound of singing and prayer, and found that some pious persons were there assembled, holding a prayer-meeting. And judge, O Christian reader, what an affecting and happy interview this pious pair enjoyed, when he opened his cottage door, and she beheld her husband enter, and they fell and wept upon each other's necks as Christians, as "new creatures," as friends of God, as "heirs together of the grace of life!"

A PERSECUTOR'S SON.

As Mr. Doolittle, whose name ranks high among the ministers of Christ in the seventeenth century, was once preaching, the rain descended in torrents. A young man, whose father had been a violent persecutor of many of the followers of Jesus, and who had exacted a promise

of him that he would never enter a meeting-house, happened to be passing the place during the shower, and, for the sake of shelter, stepped in. Just at this period Mr. Doolittle, in his usual energetic manner, three times asked the question, "Will you have Christ?" and appeared to the young man, to fix his eye upon him, as though he personally addressed him; and under this impression he replied, "Yes." It pleased God so to impress this circumstance upon his mind, that he became an eminently pious and useful man.

A FAMILY IN AMERICA.

A gentleman residing in the western part of the state of New York, a few years since, had sent two of his daughters to Litchfield, to be educated. While they were there, God was pleased to bless the place with a revival of religion. The news of it reached the ears of their father. He was much troubled for his daughters, "apprehensive," to use his own words, "lest their minds should be affected, and they be frightened into religion."

Alive, as he thought, to their happiness, and determined to allay their fears, and quiet their distresses, he sent a friend to Litchfield, with positive orders to bring them immediately home, that they might not be lost to all happiness and hope, and consigned to gloom and despondency.

The messenger departed on this errand. But they had already chosen Christ for their portion, and had resolved that, whatever others might do, they would serve the Lord. They looked at both

sides of the great question : they looked at the world and the pleasures of the world, and they thought of God and the glories of immortality ; and, with an eye full fixed upon heaven, they determined to live for eternity. They saw their chief happiness to consist in loving and serving the Lord. They discovered that

“ Religion never was design'd
To make their pleasures less ; ”

that it commends and approves every rational enjoyment which the world can afford, and adds others of a higher and more exalted nature, which the world cannot give, and which it cannot take away.

They returned to their father's not overwhelmed, as he expected, with gloom and despondency, but with hearts glowing with gratitude to God, and countenances beaming with serenity and hope. Indeed, they rejoiced in the Saviour.

They told their father what the Lord had done for their souls, that they were pilgrims here, that they were keeping in view the bright fields of promise as they traversed this desert of sin, and were looking for that city which hath foundations.

Soon after their return home, they were anxious to establish family worship. They affectionately requested their father to commence that duty. He replied, that he saw no use in it. He had lived very well more than fifty years without prayer, and he could not be burdened with it now. They then asked permission to pray with

the family themselves. Not thinking they would have confidence to do it, he assented to the proposition.

The duties of the day being ended, and the hour for retiring to rest having arrived, the sisters drew forward the stand, placed on it the Bible ; one read a chapter—they both kneeled—the other engaged in prayer. The father stood, and while the humble fervent prayer of his daughter was ascending to heaven, his knees began to tremble ; he also kneeled, and then became prostrate on the floor. God heard their prayer, and directed their father's weeping eyes, which had never shed tears of penitence before, to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

Happy family ! a believing father, and believing children ! whose God is the Lord !

A DRUNKEN INNKEEPER.

An eminent clergyman of the last century, on taking possession of his living, preached in so remarkably faithful and affectionate a manner, as to excite much attention in the neighbourhood, which caused the church to be crowded, and great good was done. One man, however, an innkeeper, who was awfully addicted to drunkenness and blasphemy, swore that he would never visit the church. But some time after this, learning that the singing was particularly good, and being fond of vocal music, he went to the service with a view of hearing the singing, but declared that he would not hear a word of the sermon.

When the singing was closed, during the prayer

before sermon, he placed his fingers in his ears to keep out the sound. The minister, however, had not proceeded far in his sermon before a very large fly alighted on his face, and sharply stung it; and taking away his finger from his ear, to drive it away, at that instant the clergyman repeated the sacred command, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." His attention was arrested, and he determined to listen to a few sentences; by-and-by his finger was drawn from the other ear, he humbly attended to the message of the preacher, became acquainted with the way of salvation, and was inclined by the Holy Spirit to believe in Jesus. From that day he became a new man, and at last died rejoicing in hope, and blessing God that he had employed one of the meanest of his creatures to open his ears to hear, and his heart to receive the gospel, and thus to lead him to himself.

A PERSECUTOR.

The ardent zeal of Mr. Bradbury, formerly an eminent minister in London, exposed him to the hatred of the papists, who employed a person to take away his life. To make himself fully acquainted with Bradbury's person, the man frequently attended where he preached, and placed himself in the front of the gallery, with his eyes fixed on the preacher. It was scarcely possible, in such circumstances, wholly to avoid listening to what was said. Mr. B.'s forcible manner of presenting Divine truths to his hearers attracted the man's attention, convinced his understanding, and became the means of

changing his heart. He came to the preacher with trembling and confusion, told his affecting tale, gave evidence of his conversion, was admitted to the fellowship of the church, and remained to the hour of his death an ornament to the gospel which he professed.

LADY HUNTINGDON'S GARDENER.

Lady Huntingdon once spoke to a workman who was repairing a garden-wall, and pressed him to thoughtfulness on the state of his soul. Some years afterwards, she was speaking to another man on the same subject, and said, "Thomas, I fear you never pray, nor look to Jesus Christ for salvation." "Your ladyship is mistaken," answered the man; "I heard what passed between you and James at such a time, and the word you designed for him took effect on me." "How did you hear it?" "I heard it on the other side of the garden, through a hole in the wall, and shall never forget the impression I received."

A YOUNG WELSHMAN.

Vavasor Powell, an eminent minister of the seventeenth century, being appointed to preach on a certain day, in a meadow, near Treozaron, Cardiganshire, a number of idle persons, enemies to religion, agreed to meet at the same time and place, to play at foot-ball, and thereby create a disturbance. Among them was a young man of respectable family in that neighbourhood, lately returned home from school, who being nimble-footed and dexterous at the game, had obtained

possession of the ball, intending to kick it in the face of the preacher. At this instant, another person ran towards him, and tripped up his heels. By the fall his leg was broken; and after lying on the ground in great agony, he expressed a wish to see the minister, to whom, on his arrival, he confessed his wicked intention, and acknowledged that the just judgment of God had befallen him.

Mr. Powell, having represented to him the evil and danger of sin, preached the power and grace of the Saviour; and, at the request of the young man, accompanied him to his father's house. So great was the change produced in him by means of this affliction, that on his recovery he began to preach, and was for many years the most laborious and useful minister in those parts. His name was Morgan Howell.

A READER OF PLAYS.

The Rev. John Flavel being in London, his bookseller, Mr. Boulter, related to him the following facts:—Some time before this period, a gay gentleman called to inquire for some play books. Mr. Boulter told him he had none; but showed him Mr. Flavel's treatise on *Keeping the Heart*, ("THE SAINT INDEED,") intreated him to read it, and assured him it would do him more good than play books. The gentleman read the title, glanced at here and there a sentence, and used awfully profane language in reference both to the book and its author. At length, through the persuasion of the bookseller, he bought it, and promised to read it; Mr. B. telling him that

if his dislike continued after he had read it, he would return him his money.

About a month after this, the same gentleman again called on Mr. Boulter, with the warmest expressions of gratitude to God that he had been thus directed to his shop, and that this excellent book had been put into his hands; declaring it had been the means of saving his soul; and as one result of the change it had produced in him, he purchased a hundred copies of the book, to give to those who could not afford to purchase it.

A PROFANE SWEARER.

The Rev. Nicholas Thoroughgood was a minister of the church at Monkton, in Kent, in the seventeenth century, and a bold reprover of sin. He had once preached so pointedly against swearing, that one of his hearers, who was addicted to this vice, thought it particularly aimed at him, and was so exasperated, that he determined to kill the minister. He accordingly hid himself behind a hedge in the way which Mr. Thoroughgood usually took in going to preach his weekly lecture. When he came up to the place, the man who intended to shoot him levelled his gun, and attempted to fire; but it only flashed in the pan. The next week he went to the same place to renew his attempt; but the same event again happened. The man's conscience immediately smote him; he went after Mr. Thoroughgood, fell upon his knees, and, with tears in his eyes, related his design to him, and asked his forgiveness. This providence was the means of the man's conversion.

AN AMERICAN SLAVE OWNER.

A worthy and excellent bishop of the episcopal church, in America, was in early life an immoral and dissipated man. Dining one evening with a party of gentlemen, they sat late over their wine, and with a view to promote merriment, this young man sent for one of his slaves, who was in the habit of preaching to his companions in slavery, and ordered him to preach a sermon to the company. The good man hesitated for a time, but at length began to address them. Instead of the mirth, however, which they anticipated from the ignorance and simplicity of the poor man, the piety and fervour of his discourse produced a contrary effect. The solemn truths he delivered sank deeply into the hearts of some of the company, and, through the Divine blessing, carried conviction to the heart of his master, who now seriously inquired after the way of salvation; which having learned, he began from a sense of duty to publish the grace of Christ, and became an ornament to the Christian ministry.

A THOUGHTLESS YOUNG MAN.

A young man, gay, thoughtless, and dissipated, with a companion like himself, was passing along the street, intending to go to one of the theatres. A little boy ran by his side, and attempted to put a letter into his hand: the young man repulsed the boy, but he persevered; and when his companion attempted to take it, the boy refused him, saying to the other, "It is for you,

sir." He opened the paper, and read its contents: they were simply these words, "Sir, remember the day of judgment is at hand." It pleased God that these words should meet his attention; he was struck with them, he felt disinclined to go to the theatre, and said he should return home. His companion rallied him, but he took leave of him, and bent his course homewards. On his way, he observed a chapel open, and though he was not accustomed to attend such places, he went in. A venerable minister was about to preach, and just then reading his text. He had chosen these words, "This is the finger of God!" The sermon was blessed to him, and he became a new man.

MR. HUGH KNOX.

Mr. Hugh Knox, a native of Ireland, went to America, when quite a young man, about the year 1753 or 1754. He immediately waited on his countryman, the Rev. Dr. Francis Allison, then residing at New London, in Pennsylvania, to whom he had letters, and in whose academy he hoped to find employment as a teacher. Dr. Allison, not being able to give him a place in his seminary, furnished him with a letter to Mr. Rodgers, requesting his good offices in endeavouring to procure a grammar school for the young stranger, within the bounds of his parish. Mr. Rodgers soon succeeded in forming a respectable school, at the Head of Bohemia, about ten miles from St. George's, as master of which Mr. Knox was comfortably placed. He continued to preside over this school for more than

a year; and having received a good classical education in his own country, being remarkably prepossessing in his personal appearance and manners, and attending with great assiduity to the duties of his station, he soon became much esteemed by his employers; and was considered as most agreeably settled. He attended public worship, with great punctuality, at Mr. Rodgers's Lower or Forest church, near Middletown, and looked up to the pastor as his patron and friend. Things had been going on in this happy and promising manner for a number of months, when a sudden reverse occurred. Mr. Knox, though a respectable attendant on public worship, and a young man, hitherto, of decent morals, had manifested nothing like real piety. He was accustomed, every Saturday afternoon, to meet some gay companions at the tavern of a Mr. Witherspoon, near the place of his residence, with whom he passed several hours, at first with decency and temperance; but, after a while, not so entirely in this manner as could have been wished. On a certain Saturday afternoon, when Knox and his companions had been diverting themselves in their usual way, some of the company said to him, "Come, parson," (a title they gave to him on account of his being the most grave of their number, and a great admirer of Mr. Rodgers,) "Come, parson, give us a sermon." He declined. They urged him. He still resisted. At length, however, overcome by their importunity, and probably excited, in some degree, by liquor, he said, "Well, come, I will give you the sermon which Mr. Rodgers preached last

Sunday." Mr. Rodgers had preached, on the preceding sabbath, from 2 Cor. v. 20, and had given an unusually solemn and excellent discourse. Mr. Knox, having a good memory, a flexible voice, and great powers of imitation, was enabled, not only to recollect and repeat the substance of the discourse, as he heard it delivered, but also to copy the voice and manner of Mr. Rodgers so closely, that Mr. Witherspoon, who heard it all from an adjoining apartment, declared that, if he had not known to the contrary, he should really have supposed it was Mr. Rodgers himself preaching. In short, he was carried beyond himself, and spoke so much like a man preaching the gospel in good earnest, that his profane hearers were deeply affected, and when the discourse was ended, one after another silently withdrew. But what is still more remarkable, Mr. Knox himself was solemnly impressed by his own mock preaching, especially as he drew towards the close of the discourse; and when it was finished, he sat down with mingled emotions of shame and horror at the profane mockery of which he had been guilty, and deep conviction of the important doctrines he had been delivering in application to himself. So strong, indeed, were these impressions, that he could not bear the thoughts of looking Mr. Rodgers, or any of his other pious patrons, in the face, after such conduct: and accordingly, early the next morning, without waiting to collect any of his dues, or to adjust his affairs, he precipitately quitted that part of the country, and was not heard of for a number of months.

The next autumn, when Mr. Rodgers attended the commencement of the college of New Jersey, which was then seated at Newark, he was surprised to find Mr. Knox at the house of the Rev. Mr. Burr, the president of the college. The young fugitive had applied to Mr. Burr, soon after his retreat from Bohemia, for admission into one of the classes of the college ; but having informed him that his last residence had been in the neighbourhood of Mr. Rodgers, and being unable to produce testimonials from that place of his good moral character, Mr. Burr advised him to wait in Newark until the commencement, when he expected to have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Rodgers, and of conversing with him on the subject. Mr. Knox, upon first meeting his old pastor, was much agitated, and, as soon as possible, took him aside ; acknowledged his unworthy conduct, with every appearance of humiliation ; implored his pardon for the offence committed against himself, in turning his sermon into profane mockery ; and informed him of the situation in which he stood with regard to his expected admission into the college. Mr. Rodgers promised to speak as favourably of him to Mr. Burr as truth would permit, and not to disclose the conduct which led to his elopement from Bohemia, unless it should be drawn from him by unavoidable questions ; and, with these promises, left him in the most painful anxiety.

Here Mr. Rodgers learned from young Knox, that the serious impressions made on his mind by the sermon which he had so profanely repeated had never been eradicated ; that his wickedness

had been overruled, as he hoped, for his eternal good; that he had for some time cherished a hope concerning himself, as a real Christian; and that his earnest desire was to complete his education at the college with a view to the gospel ministry.

Happily, president Burr, in the hurry of the commencement, only asked Mr. Rodgers whether he knew Mr. Knox; and whether he would advise that he should be admitted into the college. To both these questions Mr. Rodgers answered promptly in the affirmative. The young man was admitted; passed through the college, and his subsequent theological studies, with reputation; and, after receiving many testimonies of sincere and active friendship from his old pastor at St. George's, entered on the work of the gospel ministry, and became equally honoured and useful in his profession.

A DYING WOMAN.

Mr. Guthrie, an eminent minister in Scotland, was one evening travelling home very late. Having lost his way on a moor, he laid the reins on the neck of his horse, and committed himself to the direction of Providence. After long travelling over ditches and fields, the horse brought him to a farmer's house, into which he went, and requested permission to sit by the fire till morning, which was granted. A popish priest was administering extreme unction to the mistress of the house, who was dying. Mr. Guthrie said nothing till the priest had retired: then he went forward to the dying woman, and asked her if she

enjoyed peace in the prospect of death, in consequence of what the priest had said and done to her. She answered, that she did not; on which he spoke to her of salvation through the atoning blood of the Redeemer. The Lord taught her to understand, and enabled her to believe the message of mercy, and she died triumphing in Jesus Christ her Saviour. After witnessing this astonishing scene, Mr. Guthrie mounted his horse, and rode home. On his arrival, he told Mrs. Guthrie he had seen a great wonder during the night. "I came," said he, "to a farm-house, where I found a woman in a state of nature; I saw her in a state of grace; and left her in a state of glory."

A THOUGHTLESS YOUNG LADY.

A minister once called to converse with a family on the subject of religion. A gay young lady perceiving him, withdrew through the back door to the house of a neighbour, saying, as she ran, "He shall not get me this time." The minister came in disappointed. He bethought himself, however, of a method of reaching the fugitive, and, picking up a Bible, turned down a leaf at that passage, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth," and requested her mother to hand it to her when she should return. She returned in triumphant glee after the preacher had left the house, joyous in her thoughtlessness, when her mother showed her the passage. She looked at it; her countenance fell. The thought struck her that she could not flee from God, from whose searching eye, not the remotest distance,

nor the deepest darkness could hide her. Deep conviction succeeded to serious reflections. She now sought the minister, and with weeping eyes made her apology to him, which was rather an humble confession than an apology. "Make your confession to God," said the pastor. "Who am I? You have given me neither offence nor injury. But you have greatly injured God and offended your Saviour, and to him you must go."

A BLIND WOMAN.

There is a poor aged woman in our section, (say the visitors of a Christian institution, in London,) who is blind, and who has shared with her neighbours in our stated visits for a considerable period; the tracts which we have regularly left in her apartment being generally read to her by some of the inmates of the house. Within the last two years we have been pleased to observe her constant attendance and serious deportment at our local prayer-meeting, which is held near to her dwelling. From more recent conversations with her, we have learned something of her history, and have reason to believe, that amidst her darkness, God has been pleased to reveal to her the light of life. Being many years ago attacked with severe small-pox, she lost the sight of one eye, to regain the use of which she submitted to an operation, which unhappily terminated in her total blindness. This calamity was followed by the death of her husband, and also of her only son, which bereavements left her in circumstances of peculiar destitution. She, however, undertook the sale of a

few articles in a basket, and as she wandered blind and solitary through the streets, she attracted the notice of some benevolent ladies, who allowed her a small weekly pension, which she was accustomed to receive at their hands every Sunday morning, on their way to public worship. Listening, however, one day, to the reading of a tract which we had left with her, it pleased God to convince her of her perilous condition as a sinner, and, as she herself expressed it, she felt for the first time for sixty-six years her need of a Saviour. The return of the Lord's day brought the hour when she usually left her home to receive her weekly pension, but that was also the hour of prayer; and she therefore determined to go to the house of God, though she might forfeit the gratuity she had been in the habit of receiving. She did not attend the sanctuary in vain; her mind was comforted and blessed, and though she lost the charity of her unknown benefactresses by not being found at the accustomed spot, yet she enjoyed a sense of the favour of God, in her own soul, and in his providence he made up the loss she at first suffered.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANTS.

In a market-town in Buckinghamshire, several Christians of different denominations united to support and teach a Sunday school in a neighbouring village. One of the teachers, who was accustomed to address the children and his fellow-labourers, on the great things of eternity, was one winter's sabbath morning very greatly

discouraged in the prospect of his duties, and entirely unable to fix on a subject for his usual address. Walking along in this disconsolate state of mind, he found written on the snow, apparently with the stick of some passing traveller, that striking passage of holy writ, "Thou God seest me;" he resolved on making this the foundation of his remarks, and the happy result was, the conversion to God of two of his hearers, who became consistent members of a Christian church.

A FEMALE TRAVELLER.

A gentleman, some time ago, sent his two youngest children, with their nurse, to take an airing on the sea side. On the way, one of them fell down on his knees, and said to his nurse, "O Bell, I came away, and forgot to say my prayers." A young woman who saw him, was conscience-struck, and thought, "Here is a babe rebuking me: when did I pray in all my life?" This simple means was the instrument which the Father of spirits was pleased to use to awaken her from the sleep of sin. She remained with the nurse and children all the time they were bathing; when she returned home, she sent for a Christian friend, that she might converse with him, and died, after lingering eight months in a consumption, with a firm trust in the Saviour.

A MAN AT PLYMOUTH.

When the late Rev. Henry Tanner, of Exeter, first began preaching in a room at Plymouth, a man, who lived in the court in which this room

was situated, was so exasperated at the idea of having what he called a methodist preaching-place near him, that he determined to remove to another part of the city. He did so; but afterwards returned to the same house. Here he was taken ill, and was confined in a room so near the preaching-place as to be able to hear Mr. Tanner. He heard him pray with great fervour for the king, and all classes of men, which led him to think well of the preacher. Mr. Tanner introduced into his sermon some parts of the articles and homilies of the Church of England, to illustrate the doctrines of Scripture. The next morning, the man bought a Bible, which he compared with the articles: when he had done so, he said to his friends, "This is just as this man preaches." He began to attend the preaching in the room; the truth was made the instrument of Divine power to his salvation; and he afterwards himself preached the gospel in the neighbouring villages with happy success.

DR. HINDE.

Dr. Hinde, the family physician of general Wolfe, who took him to America, had been educated in the principles of Christianity, but afterwards became a deist. His views and feelings, however, at length underwent a radical change. His wife and daughter had been converted to Christianity, and attached themselves to a Christian church. For this act his daughter was banished from his house, and his wife was placed under medical treatment, for what he considered, or affected to consider, insanity.

His remedy was a blistering plaster to the whole length of the back, which he left on for several days. By this measure of violence he hoped to deter her from further attendance on places of public worship. But, as he used to say, God placed a "huge blister" upon his own heart. The Christian fortitude and meekness with which his wife bore the protracted anguish which his cruelty inflicted on her, excited his sympathy, and filled his soul with remorse. A feeling of respect was awakened towards that religion whose votaries could endure such persecution without a murmur; and he was led forthwith to investigate its origin and principles. The inquiry resulted in a perfect conviction of its Divinity; and he attached himself to the same church from which he had sought by violence to estrange his wife and daughter, and for nearly half a century he continued one of its most devout and exemplary members. To his dying day, religion was his favourite theme.

A FEMALE COTTAGER.

Soon after the late excellent Mr. Robinson, of Leicester, commenced his ministry in the Isle of Ely, he was driven, by tempestuous weather, into a house near the village of Coveney. He endeavoured, according to his usual custom, to improve the incident to the spiritual advantage of those among whom he had fallen. Enjoying a singular felicity in availing himself of passing events, and being always on the watch to speak for God, he could make the occasion preach for him, by eliciting the most affecting truths from

the simplest occurrences. A poor woman happened to be in the cottage into which he was thus driven, who afterwards confessed that she had been for some time meditating to destroy herself, but so impressive was his conversation, that she was diverted from her purpose, embraced new views and principles, and became an eminent Christian.

A PROFLIGATE SON.

An ungodly youth, who had disregarded the pious advice of his parents, at length consented to accompany them to hear a popular minister, who visited the town in which they lived. The subject of the discourse was, the heavenly state, which was described by the most glowing and attractive representations. On returning home, the young man expressed his admiration of the preacher's talents—"But," said he, turning to his mother, "I was surprised, while the smile of joy was visible on the countenances of all around me, you and my father appeared gloomy and sad, and, more than once in tears. I was the more astonished, because I thought, that if any could claim an interest in the subject, you were the happy persons." "Ah, my son," replied the anxious mother, "I did weep, not because I feared my own personal interest on the subject, or that of your affectionate and pious father, but I wept for you: it was the fear that you, my beloved child, would be for ever banished from the blessedness of heaven, that caused me to give way to my bursting grief." "I supposed," said the father, turning to his wife, "that those

were your reflections. The same concern for our dear son made me weep also." These pointed, yet tender and judicious remarks, found their way to the heart of their child. He felt them keenly; they wounded his hard heart, led him to repentance, and to the cross of Christ for mercy and reconciliation, and terminated in his saving conversion.

TWO UNBELIEVERS.

Perhaps few events tend more powerfully to impress the mind, as to the overwhelming power of the evidence attending true Christianity, than the fact, that many who have sat down to read the sacred volume with the view of opposing it, have been compelled, by the force of conviction, cordially to embrace its truths. From many instances of this kind we select the following, as related by the Rev. T. T. Biddulph:—the effect which was wrought on the mind of the celebrated Gilbert West, by that particular evidence of our Lord's resurrection which was afforded to his apostles, was very remarkable. He and his friend Lord Littleton, both men of acknowledged talents, had imbibed the principles of infidelity from a superficial view of the Scriptures. Fully persuaded that the Bible was an imposture, they were determined to expose the cheat. Mr. West chose the resurrection of Christ, and Lord Littleton the conversion of St. Paul, for the subject of hostile criticism. Both sat down to their respective tasks, full of prejudice, and a contempt for Christianity. The result of their separate attempts was truly extraordinary. They were both

converted by their endeavours to overthrow the truth of Christianity. They came together, not, as they expected, to exult over an imposture exposed to ridicule, but to lament their own folly, and to congratulate each other on their joint conviction, that the Bible was the word of God. Their able inquiries have furnished two most valuable treatises in favour of revelation; one entitled, "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul," and the other, "Observations on the Resurrection of Christ."

AN AMERICAN FATHER.

An aged Christian, in America, a few years ago, wrote to the editor of a periodical publication in that country as follows:—

I had a son who was once the pride of my heart, and who, I fondly thought, would be the solace of my declining years. But he has for some time been addicted to the habit of intemperance, with its train of evils, which had well nigh brought my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

About two months ago, his children, of whom he has five, were reading an account of a revival of religion, written by the Rev. Lewis Bates, in which he observed, that lisping infants, as well as grey-headed sinners, were converted. He told them also, that Jesus was once himself a child; that when he became a man he took little children into his arms, and blessed them; and that he is now in heaven, and hears and answers children when they pray, and blesses them. "Then," said one of the children, "we will

pray to Jesus to convert father, so that he may pray with us, and work and get bread and clothes for us, as grandfather does." Early the next morning, they began to pray; when, in the midst of their exercises, their wretched father awoke from his fit of intoxication, and heard his children praying most earnestly to Jesus, that he would convert his soul, and make him a good father; so that he might not come home as he did last night.

Their words went like daggers to his heart, and he cried out, in the bitterness of his soul, "Jesus, have mercy on me: God, be merciful to me, the vilest of sinners." He immediately forsook his evil practices, became a reformed man, and is now an humble, penitent, praying soul. And I can say, as did one of old, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace:—for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

A YOUTH AT KINGSTON.

When the late Rev. John Townsend was minister at Kingston-on-Thames, a young man, who contemplated the commission of a very awful crime, passing along the street, had his attention excited by the lighted chapel; he strolled in at the very moment the minister was reading his text, Numb. xxxii. 23, "Be sure your sin will find you out." His conscience became alarmed; the violated law of God pronounced its curses, while it bore a terrified aspect to the listening sinner, who believed detection must follow if the intended sin was committed. The good impression remained, and a holy life was the result.

A PROFLIGATE SON IN WALES.

Mr. Nathan Davies, the eldest son of a respectable Christian minister in Wales, was a youth of wild and dissolute conduct, and thereby occasioned much grief to his pious parents. Neither the mild nor the severe methods used to reclaim him had the desired effect. At length, a period arrived when the aged and venerable father must die; and, like Jacob, he desired that his children should be called to his bedside, to receive his dying admonitions. Having addressed them all, one by one, except the profligate son, in a very affectionate and solemn manner, he concluded by warning them to shun the bad example and wicked ways of their eldest brother, and advised them to act towards him with caution and forbearance, adding, that he feared they would experience from him nothing but sorrow and trouble. He then dismissed them, and soon after died.

The circumstance of the father's silence made a deeper impression on the mind of Nathan than all the reproofs and exhortations he had before received; and, to use his own expression, he thought at the time that his heart would have burst. He was then about twenty-seven years of age; and, through the Divine blessing, a great change became visible in him; he abandoned his former ways and companions, became a serious hearer of the word, and, in a short time, a member of the church over which his late father had been pastor. A few years afterwards he was called to the ministry, succeeded his father in

the pastoral office, and was blessed in it with eminent success until the day of his death, which took place in the year 1726.

THE THOUGHTLESS SONS.

It is a consideration which should animate and encourage the prayer of faith, even though it seem to be in vain, that the answer may be given after praying parents have entered into their rest, while the knowledge of it may contribute to their enjoyment in another world. A pious parent had three sons, who, notwithstanding all his admonitions and instructions, mingled with many prayers and tears, grew up to manhood in scepticism and profligacy. The father lay dying; and, conceiving that it might perhaps produce a good impression on the minds of his abandoned children, to let them see how a Christian dies, the friends of the family introduced them to the bedside of their expiring parent. But, to their unspeakable grief, the good man died without any expressions of Christian confidence, and appeared destitute of those strong consolations which believers in Jesus usually experience in the closing scene. It was now apprehended that the effect of this melancholy circumstance on the young men would be to confirm them in their prejudice against religion, and afford them, in their opinion, a sufficient evidence that it is all a cunningly devised fable. However, it was not so: the ways of God are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts. A few days after the funeral, the younger brother entered the room in which the other two were; and

observing that he had been weeping, they inquired the cause of his grief. "I have been thinking," said he, "of the death of our father." "Ah!" said they, "a dismal death it was; what truth or reality can there be in religion, when such a man as he died in such a state of mind?" "It has not affected me in this way," replied the younger brother; "we all know what a holy life our father led, and what a gloomy death he died; now I have been thinking, how dreadful our death must be, who lead such a wicked life!" The observation was like an arrow to their consciences; and they began to be alarmed. They repaired to the ordinances of religion, which, in their father's life-time they had neglected, and ultimately became as eminent for piety as their exemplary parent had been.

A POPIISH FRIAR.

The Rev. John Welsh, afterwards called, in France, Jean de Gallois, was an eminent minister in Scotland, but for his attachment to the gospel was banished to France, about the year 1606. He united with the reformed, in a short time was able to preach in French, and became minister in one of the French villages. While there, a friar travelling through the country was unable to find a lodging, and at length begged to continue in Monsieur de Gallois's house for the night, to which he consented. The next morning the friar pursued his journey, and on being asked by a countryman where he had slept, he replied, "At the Hugonot minister's house;" and when asked what entertainment he had met

with, he replied, "Very bad; for I always imagined there were devils haunting those Hugonot ministers' houses; and I am persuaded there was one with him last night, for I heard a continual whispering, which I believe was nothing else but the minister and the devil conversing together." The countryman assured him he was mistaken, for the sound he heard was the minister at prayer. "Oh!" said the friar, "does the minister ever pray?" "Yes," said the countryman, "more than any man in France; and were you to stay another night at his house, you would be satisfied." Circumstances made it convenient for the friar to return to Monsieur de Gallois's house, where he obtained a hospitable reception, and the promise of another night's lodging. The minister soon came down stairs, and assembled his family. He then, according to his custom, first sang a psalm, then read a portion of Scripture, which he briefly expounded, and finally prayed in his usual fervent manner. To all this the friar was an astonished witness. He was kindly entertained through the day, and, in the evening, family worship was celebrated as in the morning, which increased the friar's surprise. After supper, they all retired to rest. The friar being anxious to hear the sound, lay awake till it was Monsieur de Gallois's time to pray; when hearing the same whispering noise, the friar crept softly to the chamber door of his host, where he could hear the words distinctly. He overheard the holy minister pour out his soul in prayer, and enjoy such sweet communion with God as he had no idea it was

possible for any man to have. In the morning, he confessed to Monsieur de Gallois that until this time he had lived in darkness and ignorance, and prayed him to instruct him in the way of salvation. Shortly after the friar declared himself a protestant, and united himself with the people of God.

MR. PERKINS.

While Mr. Perkins, who was afterwards a very excellent and useful minister, was a student at Cambridge, he was awfully given to the indulgence of sin, from which he was reclaimed in a very remarkable manner. Passing along one of the streets of that town, he overheard a woman say to her peevish child, "Hold your tongue, or I will give you to drunken Perkins yonder." The blessing of God rested on this singular reproof: he resolved on a reformation; and afterwards recognised this as one means of his conversion.

AN ENGLISH SOLDIER.

An English deserter, who had turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of his friends in Yorkshire, was led by the good providence of God to hear Dr. Vanderkemp, in Caffraria, whose ministry brought to mind the text quoted by a Christian minister in England—"Ye must be born again." He went and conversed with the doctor, and the result was pleasing in the highest degree. He became a man of prayer, forsook his dissolute companions, and gave satisfactory proof of his conversion. How wonderful was

the goodness of God, to send the bread of life to this poor man in the deserts, which he had rejected in his native country !

JOHN OF THE SCORE.

A notorious robber, in the southern part of Scotland, called John of the Score, once fell in with a man travelling with two horses, both of which he took from him. The poor man fell down on his knees before the robber, and besought him, for Jesus Christ's sake, to return one of them, for he had no other means of maintaining his family but by what he could gain by his horses. But all his entreaties were in vain. Shortly after, the officers of the law came in search of him : he was so affected by the poor man's words, that he suffered himself to be apprehended, was tried, and ordered to be executed. He was visited in his cell by the Rev. Henry Blyth, and another pious individual, who showed him his danger, and pointed him to Jesus Christ. "Oh!" said he, "what word is that? that is the word which hath lain upon my heart ever since the poor man spoke it to me." When these good men had further instructed him, a happy change in his heart became very apparent. Upon the scaffold, he spoke so wonderfully of the Lords dealings with his soul, that no doubt was left on the minds of those who heard him of the reality of his conversion.

A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

The excellent Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster, relates, in his diary, that in the year

1754, he was unexpectedly induced to take a journey; and, while out on his way, to ride to Bradford, in Wiltshire, on a stormy night. On a Monday, he called on a clergyman, the vicar of the town, and just as the party, to whom he was thus introduced, was breaking up, a young clergyman, the curate of the parish, came in. A pious friend, who accompanied Mr. Williams, requested him to speak to the curate: and with some reluctance he advanced towards him with the important inquiry, "Sir, how does your soul prosper?" He seemed disconcerted, and replied in a languid manner. Next morning, he sent for Mr. Williams, and told him that the conversation was deeply impressed on his mind, that he feared the state of his soul was bad, and desired some further intercourse. They conversed, they prayed, and, after they separated, kept up a correspondence mutually gratifying. The clergyman afterwards gave abundant evidence of piety, and of great faithfulness to the souls committed to his charge.

CAPTAIN SCOTT.

The well-known, and afterwards eminently useful captain Jonathan Scott, was quartered in the neighbourhood of Oathall, in Sussex; and being out with a shooting party, was driven by the rain to take shelter in the cottage of a peasant. He there found several labourers, who had repaired thither for the same purpose. He entered into conversation with them, and as religion was the subject in which he found them engaged, he

proposed several questions, which elicited answers that really surprised him. This naturally produced the inquiry, where they had collected their information, and the sentiments they expressed. They told him, at the hall, where there was a famous man preaching for Lady Huntingdon, (Mr. Romaine,) and invited him to go and hear him for himself. This he determined to do, and on the following Sunday he went, and the Lord met him with the blessings of his grace. From that time the happy change commenced, for which hundreds, who were afterwards called by his ministry, had reason to bless God.

A DEIST.

The late Rev. John Cooke, of Maidenhead, was once called on to preach at the opening of a chapel. Six years afterwards, a man came to him after preaching at Bristol, and told him that, at the period first referred to, he belonged to an awfully wicked society, called "The hell-fire club," the members of which always endeavoured to coin a new oath for each evening on which they met, the chairman deciding who had the preference. As this man was walking towards his club, he was asking himself what sin he had not committed, resolving he would commit it before he went to bed. His attention was arrested by the lights of the chapel, and the voice of the preacher. After some hesitation, whether he should enter the chapel for sport now, or as he returned from the club, he determined on the former. He entered as the preacher was repeating his text, "All manner of sin and blasphemy

shall be forgiven unto men:—and whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.” He described the nature of the sin; the reason why it was unpardonable; showed who had not committed it, and proved that their sins might be pardoned. The man went home, locked himself in his bed-room, fell on his knees, thanked God he was out of hell, and prayed for the pardon which he was delighted to know he might yet receive, though he had often wished to die, that he might know the worst of hell. He read, prayed, heard the gospel, looked by faith to Christ, and soon enjoyed a sense of pardon, and the privilege of friendship with God. In his case he considered,

“Jehovah here resolved to show
What his almighty grace could do.”

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AT MANCHESTER.

The Rev. L. Richmond, in his journal, informs us, that while visiting at Manchester, in 1812, for the promotion of Christianity among the Jews, after a public dinner, a gay young man, belonging to one of the first families in that neighbourhood, took an opportunity of telling him, that at the request of his sisters, he had come to the church doors to escort them to hear Mr. R., and that while lingering about, for the close of the service, he was induced to listen to his preaching; and that, for the first time in his life, he

was deeply impressed with his sinfulness, humbled before God, and desirous of mercy through a long-sighted Redeemer. So true is it, that God is found of those who seek him not.

REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

This well-known and excellent clergyman entered on the duties of his profession, as too many others have done, without a due regard to his own piety, or to the importance of the office he had undertaken. About two years after he had entered on his curacies in the Isle of Wight, one of his college friends was on the eve of taking holy orders, to whom a near relative had sent Mr. Wilberforce's "PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY." This thoughtless candidate for the momentous charge of the Christian ministry forwarded the book to Mr. Richmond, requesting him to give it a perusal, and to inform him what he must say respecting its contents. In compliance with this request, he began to read the book, and found himself so deeply interested in its statements, that the volume was not laid down before the perusal of it was completed. The night was spent in reading, and reflecting upon the important truths contained in this valuable and impressive work. In the course of this employment, the soul of the reader was penetrated to its inmost recesses. From that period his mind received a powerful impulse, and was no longer able to rest under its former impressions. A change was effected in his views of Divine truth, as decided as it was influential. He could not be satisfied with the creed of the speculatist: he

felt a conviction of his own state as a guilty and condemned sinner, and under that conviction he sought mercy at the cross of the Saviour. The result of this great change was evident in the character and success of his subsequent labours.

A FARMER'S FAMILY.

A dissenting minister was, some years ago, engaged in delivering a charge at an ordination in Northamptonshire. With a view to encourage the minister ordained to persevere in his work, whatever discouragements he might meet with, he said he should relate a few facts which he had lately learned from a friend, though he had not been told the names of the parties to whom they related.

A minister, having occasion to travel, was pressed to convey a note to a pious farmer on his road, and entreated by the friend who sent the note to spend a night at the farmer's house. When, however, he arrived there, he found the farmer in a surly, morose temper; he treated him as though he were an impostor, and more than once the minister almost resolved to take his horse, and ride on; but was prevented, partly by feeling he was called to exemplify a spirit of Christian meekness, and partly because he was at a considerable distance from any town. At length, after his host had manifested very strange conduct, the minister was asked to close the duties of the day with prayer. He did this in a manner so devout, fervent, and affectionate, as entirely to overwhelm the farmer in grief that he had treated him with so much coldness. The

farmer, before his whole family, entreated the minister to forgive his conduct: this was very readily done; but the good man could not forgive himself. He was desirous of an opportunity to show the sincerity of his sorrow, and urged the minister to stay another day, and to preach the next night in his house. This was to the minister very inconvenient, but the other would take no denial. He stayed, he preached, and the following morning departed. "And what," said this minister, when relating the circumstance at the ordination, "my brother, think you was the result? No less than three branches of the farmer's family were brought to a knowledge of themselves and the Saviour, under the sermon delivered in consequence of this mysterious unkindness."

The congregation, who heard all this, were forcibly impressed, but the effect on the mind of the newly-ordained minister was overpowering. He blushed, turned pale, fainted, and was carried out into the air. When he recovered, it was found that he was the very minister of whom his friend had been speaking; that he had never till then known the effect of his sermon; and that his heart had thus been overcome by a sense of joy and gratitude.

A BEDFORDSHIRE PEASANT.

In Turvey, the parish of the late Rev. L. Richmond, was a dissolute, thoughtless man, who bitterly persecuted the Christian religion in those who professed it. He had formed a secret resolution never more to enter the church. Circumstances,

however, constrained him to alter his determination. Mr. R. preached from Psa. li. 10; "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Sharper than a two-edged sword is the word of God; and in its application by the power of the Spirit to this poor man, it proved to be, the "hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." He confessed, that immediately on his return home, he, for the first time, fell on his knees, and with crying and tears, poured forth the strong emotions of his heart in the language of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

REV. MR. MADAN.

The late Rev. Mr. Madan was educated for the bar. His conversion to God arose from the following circumstances. Some of his companions, when assembled one evening at a coffee-house, requested him to go and hear the Rev. John Wesley, who, they were informed, was to preach in the neighbourhood, and then to return and exhibit his manner and discourse for their entertainment. With that intention he went to the house of God. Just as he entered the place, Mr. Wesley read as his text, "Prepare to meet thy God," Amos iv. 12, with a solemnity of accent which excited his attention, and produced a seriousness which increased as the good man proceeded in exhorting his hearers to repentance. Mr. Madan returned to the coffee-room, and was asked by his companions if he had taken off the old methodist. He replied, "No, gentlemen, but he has taken me off;" and from that time forsook

their company, associated with true Christians, and became an eminently good man.

PETER WALDO.

Peter Waldo was a citizen and opulent merchant of Lyons, and at one period a believer of the errors of popery. Being in company, however, with some friends, one of whom suddenly fell dead to the ground, he was aroused to the importance of religious truth, and led to inquire seriously after it. So deeply was he impressed with the superior value of eternal things, that he gave up his mercantile occupations, distributed his wealth to the poor, exhorted his neighbours to seek the bread of life, and became a most eminent minister in the Waldensian churches, who are thus designated from him.

A PERSECUTING MONK.

Geoffry Varaille was the son of the principal officer who commanded the troops of murderers sent against the Waldensian Christians in 1488. The son became a monk in 1520, and was sent, with other inquisitors and missionaries, to preach the doctrines of popery in the valleys of Piedmont. Being remarkably eloquent, much success was expected from his endeavours; but the more he laboured to convert the Waldenses, the more he was struck with the arguments they brought forward. At length, the power of Divine grace was manifested, and, like another Saul, he was converted, and became a minister of the faith he had laboured to destroy. Having joined this persecuted people, he was, for some years,

minister of Angrogna, and, in 1557, sealed his testimony with his blood, being publicly burned at Turin: he was enabled to sing praises till his last breath.

AN AMERICAN LADY.

A ticket was dropped in the street by a Sunday scholar; a lady passing that way in her carriage discovered it, and supposing it to be a treasury note, or small bill, such as were then used for change, ordered her servant to bring it to her. He did so, when lo! instead of its representing a small amount of earthly treasure, she found upon it the following words: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The inquiry was deeply impressed upon her mind, and in vain did she attempt to banish it: in vain she sought the circles of folly and dissipation; the thought still pressed upon her mind, "What shall it profit?" nor did she ever find rest till she was brought to the feet of Jesus.

A LIBERTINE.

A certain libertine, of most abandoned character, happened to stroll into a church, where he heard the fifth chapter of Genesis read, stating that such and such persons lived so long a time, and yet the conclusion was, they "died;" Seth lived 912 years, "and he died;" Enos, 905, "and he died." The frequent repetition of the words, "he died," notwithstanding the great length of years they had lived, impressed him so forcibly with the thought of death and eternity,

that, through Divine grace, he became an exemplary Christian.

A PROFLIGATE YOUTH.

A pious and venerable father had a vain and profligate son; often had he reasoned and expostulated with him, mingling tenderness with advice, and tears with remonstrance; but all was ineffectual. Bad company and vicious habits rendered the unhappy youth deaf to instructions. At last a fatal disorder seized his aged parent, who calling his son to him, entreated him with his dying breath, that he would grant him one small favour, the promise of which would alleviate the pangs of dissolving nature. It was this,—that his son would retire to his chamber half an hour every day for some months after his decease. He prescribed no particular subject to employ his thoughts, but left that to himself.

A request so simple and easy, urged by parental affection from the couch of death, was not to be denied. The youth pledged his honour for the fulfilment of his promise; and, when he became an orphan, punctually performed it. At first, he was not disposed to improve the minutes of solitude, but in time various reflections arose in his mind; the world was withdrawn; his conscience awoke; it reproved him for having slighted a parent who had done so much for his welfare; it renewed the impression of his dying scene; it gradually pointed him to a supreme Cause, a future judgment, and a solemn eternity. God was pleased to sanctify these solitary moments, and to strengthen his convictions.

Retirement effected what advice could not do, and a real and permanent change took place. He quitted his companions, and reformed his conduct; virtue and piety filled up the rest of his days, and stamped sincerity on his repentance. To say all in a word—he lived and died a Christian.

REV. S. WALKER.

This great and good man, whose usefulness at Truro is well known, was first impressed with a sense of the importance of vital Christianity, as distinguished from what is merely nominal, in a remarkable manner. Mr. Conor, master of the grammar-school in Truro, sent a letter to him, enclosing a sum of money, which he requested Mr. Walker to pay to the proper officer at the custom-house, as an act of justice to the revenue. The letter contained an apology to him for the trouble thus given, but stated that his public character would prevent the suspicion which might have attached to the writer, had he employed one of his own friends on the occasion. It stated, farther, the nature of the transaction. Mr. Conor, having been in the habit of drinking French wines for his health, could obtain none in the neighbourhood for which the duty had been paid; he, therefore, took this method of paying custom to whom custom is due. As at that time smuggling was almost universal in Cornwall, and was scarcely considered, even by many respectable persons, as criminal, Mr. Walker was struck with the regard paid to conscience in this affair, and desirous of ascertaining whether the same high morality distinguished

the whole of Mr. C.'s conduct, he cultivated an intimate acquaintance with him, and was satisfied. In the course of an interesting conversation with this good man on the nature of true faith, Mr. Walker perceived the source of the excellence which was so visible in his friend. He learned that true faith was such a lively apprehension of the goodness of God in Christ Jesus, as wrought an entire change of sentiments, pursuits, and conduct in the man, which showed him a new creature. He was convinced that he himself had hitherto possessed only a dead and barren faith; and he was determined, by the grace of God, now to seek the faith which gives an abiding subsistence in the mind to things hoped for, and communicates, as it were, a presence and reality to invisible things. The result was delightful: he became a new man, his mode of preaching was changed, and his usefulness was eminent.

AN AMERICAN.

At Lebanon, in the state of New York, there dwelt a man, about fifty years of age, who had not only lived a very careless life, but was an open opposer of the gospel plan of salvation, and of the work of God, during a revival of religion in that part of the country; he was, however, brought under serious convictions in the following manner:—One day, there came into his house a traveller with a burden on his back: the family being about to sit down to dinner, the stranger was invited to partake with them, which he accordingly did. When the repast was

finished, and the members of the family were withdrawing from their seats, the stranger said, "Don't let us forget to give thanks to God." He accordingly gave thanks, and departed. The man of the house felt reprov'd and confounded. The words of the stranger were fastened on his mind by the power of God. He was led to reflect on his wickedness in being unmindful of God, and in neglecting prayer and thanksgiving; he was also induced to consider his manifold sins, which soon appeared to him a burden infinitely greater than that which the traveller bore. He found no relief, until he sought it in the way which he used formerly to despise, through the peace-speaking blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

MR. WILTON.

Previous to his departure for the continent, and while on a visit to his relations at Gloucester, Mr. Wilton, being honoured with the acquaintance of Mr. Raikes, called upon him one morning to take his leave, who, with great emotion of mind, urged him to accompany him into his garden, which was situated at a considerable distance, and quite separated from his house. When arrived there, closing the door, and taking him by the arm, he burst into tears, and was for some time unable to give vent to his feelings; at length he exclaimed to this effect;—"O God! what am I, that thou shouldst make me the instrument of saving a soul from death? I had a dream, Charles, last night, by which I feel assured that this meeting is by the appointment of Heaven. Let me, therefore, request that you

will, in your way to your father's, call at some bookseller's, and get, or order immediately, 'Gilpin on the Catechism.' Retire for half an hour every day, and read a portion of it; and may the Lord bless it to your eternal welfare!" Mr. W. did so, and had reason to hope that this conversation and prayer were of eminent use to him.

FEROCIOUS FRENCHMAN.

In the early part of the last century, when a violent spirit of opposition to true piety raged in France, M. de St. Claude, a man of eminent piety, was imprisoned in the Bastile. At the same time there was a man confined, of so ferocious and brutal a disposition, that no one dared to approach him. He seldom spoke without a volley of oaths and blasphemies, and struck every one who approached him with the utmost violence. Every expedient to humanize this monster had proved in vain, when the governor entreated Claude to undertake the work. His humility would have induced him to decline it, but persuasion prevailed.

Accordingly, the humble Christian was shut up with this human brute, who exhausted his ferocity in revilings, blows, and yet more savage tokens of the barbarity of his disposition. Whilst this treatment continued, silence, patience, and mildness, were the only reply of the man of God. His prayers achieved the rest. The monster, at length, looked on the face of his companion; suddenly threw himself at his feet, and embracing them, burst into a flood of tears; entreated

his forgiveness, and besought him to give him instruction in the religion which thus influenced his conduct. He became entirely changed; pious, meek, and cheerful; and, even when his liberty was given him, he could scarcely be prevailed on to leave his Christian friend.

A PRAYERLESS FAMILY.

The late Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, being on a journey, was overtaken by a violent storm, and compelled to take shelter in the first inn he came to. The people of the house treated him with great kindness and hospitality. They would fain have showed him into the parlour, but being very wet and cold, he begged permission rather to take a seat by the fireside with the family. The good old man was friendly, cheerful, and well stored with entertaining anecdotes, and the family did their utmost to make him comfortable: they all supped together, and both the residents and the guest seemed mutually pleased with each other. At length, when the house was cleared, and the hour of rest approached, the stranger appeared uneasy, and looked up every time a door opened, as if expecting the appearance of something essential to his comfort. His host informed him, that his chamber was prepared whenever he chose to retire. "But," said he, "you have not had your family together." "Had my family together! for what purpose? I don't know what you mean;" said the landlord. "To read the Scriptures, and to pray with them," replied the guest: "surely, you do not retire to rest in the omission of so

necessary a duty." The landlord confessed that he had never thought of doing such a thing. "Then, sir," said Mr. R., "I must beg you to order my horse immediately." The landlord and family entreated him not to expose himself to the inclemency of the weather at that late hour of the night; observing, that the storm was as violent as when he first came in. "May be so," replied Mr. R., "but I had rather brave the storm than venture to sleep in a house where there is no prayer. Who can tell what may befall us before morning? No, sir, I dare not stay." The landlord still remonstrated, and expressing great regret that he should offend so agreeable a gentleman, at last said, he should have no objection to "call his family together," but he should not know what to do when they came. Mr. R. then proposed to conduct family worship, to which all readily consented. The family was immediately assembled, and then Mr. R. called for a Bible; but no such book could be produced. However, he was enabled to supply the deficiency, as he always carried a small Bible or Testament in his pocket. He read a portion of Scripture, and then prayed with much fervour and solemnity, especially acknowledging the preserving goodness of God, that none present had been struck dead by the storm, and imploring protection through the night. He earnestly prayed that the attention of all might be awakened to the things belonging to their everlasting peace, and that the family might never again meet in the morning, or separate at night, without prayer. When he rose from his knees, almost

every individual present was bathed in tears, and the inquiry was awakened in several hearts—“Sir, what must we do to be saved?” Much interesting and profitable conversation ensued. The following morning, Mr. R. again conducted family worship, and obtained from the landlord a promise, that however feebly performed, it should not in future be omitted. This day was indeed the beginning of days to that family; most, if not all of them, became decided and devoted followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and were the means of diffusing a knowledge of the gospel in a neighbourhood which had before been proverbially dark and destitute. “A word spoken in due season, how good is it!” “In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.”

A VIRGINIAN SLAVE-OWNER.

Mr. Ravencross was a slave-holder in Virginia, and reputed a hard master. His poor distressed slaves were in the habit of meeting at night in a distant hut, for the purpose of worshipping God. He was informed of this, and at the same time put on his guard, as it was suspected their motives for meeting were different from what they held out, and that an insurrection might be the consequence. Under this impression, he determined to prevent their assembling in future, chastised the promoters of this work, and gave positive orders, under the most serious penalty, that they should never assemble again under any

pretence whatever. A short time after he was told they had been seen going in a body into the hut. Much displeased at their disobedience, and resolving that night to put a stop to their proceedings, he approached the hut with all the feelings of an offended master. When he reached the door, it was partly open. He looked in; they were on their knees. He listened; there was a venerable old man, who had been long in his service, pouring out his soul in prayer to God. The first words which caught his ear were, "Merciful God, turn my poor massa's heart: make him merciful, that he may obtain mercy; make him good, that he may inherit the kingdom of heaven." He heard no more, but fainted. Upon coming to himself, he wept; went into the sacred hut, knelt by the side of his old slave, and prayed also! From this period he became a true penitent, studied the Scriptures, took orders, and became a shining light. He preached at the general convention of the episcopal church, in the city of Philadelphia, before more than two hundred of the clergy, in the year 1820.

A GAY GENTLEMAN.

A young gentleman, of high connexions and great respectability, was induced by some gay acquaintances to accompany them to a ball. Arrived at the scene of dissipation, the festive company proceeded to their amusement. The music struck up, and he, among the rest, was highly delighted with the diversion. In the midst of their enjoyment, as though a messenger had been sent immediately from heaven, the

clock struck one. That striking passage of Dr. Young's instantly rushed upon his mind:—

“The bell strikes ONE—we take no note of time,
 But from its loss:—to give it then a tone
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound; if heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours.
 Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
 It is the signal that demands despatch.
 How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss,
 A dread eternity!”

Conviction seized the youth: alarmed and terrified, he left the dissipated throng, and retired to his closet. The result was a saving change of heart, and he became a Christian indeed, in whom there was no guile.

JUSTIN MARTYR.

This great man, who lived in the second century, was born and educated among the heathen. He was intent on the acquirement of knowledge and happiness. After trying various systems of philosophy, he gave himself to retirement. At length, he was introduced to the knowledge of God, and acquired the information which led to his conversion in the following remarkable manner. The account is given by himself:—

As I was walking near the sea, I was met by an aged person of a venerable appearance, whom I beheld with much attention. We soon entered into conversation; and upon my professing a love for private meditation, the venerable old man hinted at the absurdity of mere speculation

abstracted from practice. This gave occasion for me to express my ardent desire of knowing God, and to expatiate on the praises of philosophy. The stranger, by degrees, endeavoured to cure me of my unmeaning admiration of Plato and Pythagoras. He pointed out the writings of the Hebrew prophets, as much more ancient than any of those called philosophers; and he explained to me the nature and evidences of Christianity. He added, "Above all things, pray, that the gates of light may be opened to you: for they are not discernible, nor to be understood by any one, except God and his Christ enable a man to understand." He said many other things to the same effect, directed me to follow his advice, and left me. I saw him no more; but immediately a fire was kindled in my soul, and I had a strong affection for the prophets, and for those men who are the friends of Christ. I weighed within myself the arguments of the aged stranger: and, in the end, I found the Divine Scriptures to be the only sure philosophy.

A MASON.

A poor young man, named Swaizeland, who lived on Rowley Common, Kent, and had been a very profligate character, while working as a mason, fell from a scaffolding twenty feet high, and was grievously injured. Both his legs were broken, and several of his ribs and his spine were injured. He lay long on the bed of affliction, when he was visited by a clergyman. He felt deep convictions of sin, but was ignorant of

the way of salvation : this was explained to him. He received with eagerness the news of pardon through the atonement of Christ, and was enabled to commit his soul into the Redeemer's hands. His nurse said, " When I went to him first, sir, he was such an impatient, wicked-tempered man, that it was impossible to live with him ; but a gentleman came to read the Bible to him for some days, and after that he became like a child, so that it grieved my heart to leave him." On his sick bed he learned to read and write, and his efforts were blessed to the conversion of his sister. He died in peace.

CHAPTER IV.

RELIEF OF MENTAL DISTRESS.

REV. J. COOKE.

IN a memoir of the late Rev. John Cooke, of Maidenhead, the following interesting facts are recorded :—

In the year 1792, death first entered into Mr. C.'s domestic circle. The sudden loss of his first-born, a lively and engaging child, in her fifth year, who gave very pleasing evidence of a work of grace in her heart, was almost too heavy a bereavement for one of his strong and tender feelings. Not long after, he lost another daughter, the twin sister of the former. Still the bitterest cup of parental woe remained : this also he was called to drink, in 1796, when his beautiful boy, his only son, a child of most winning manners, amiable disposition, and unusual capacity, was snatched from his fond embrace. Deeply affecting are the reflections he has left in his diary, written on this trying occasion. They express all the agony of a lacerated heart, subdued at the same time by the power of a strong and lively faith in the compassion and wisdom of the Redeemer. While smarting under the sharp strokes of this rod, he was called to preach at Bristol tabernacle, where he supplied regularly

for several years. A friend came to him one day, to inform him there would be an eminent speaker at the Friends' meeting-house. He went, almost careless whither, so that he might find some relief for his sorrow. He sat a long time, a solemn silence prevailed, and he took out his pocket Bible to occupy the time. At length a female friend arose, and after uttering several deep groans or sighs, she said, "Verily, I perceive that children are idols," and sat down. Nothing more was said; he withdrew; his heart was full, and he often said, in referring to this circumstance, "Whether inspired or not, she was a messenger of God to my soul; the cloud was dispersed, the chain was broken, and peace and joy returned."

DR. JOHN OWEN.

The celebrated Dr. John Owen was induced to accompany a cousin of his to hear the Rev. Dr. Calamy preach, a man of considerable eminence for his pulpit eloquence. The doctor was prevented from preaching, and it was proposed that they should leave the church. But Dr. Owen resolved to stay and hear the plain country minister, who occupied the pulpit. The text was, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" These words arrested his attention, and the sermon was directed to answer the very objections which he had been wont to bring against himself; a spirit of prayer was excited; and his soul obtained that relief which brought him to the love of those truths which he afterwards so ably and successfully advocated, both from the pulpit and

abstracted from practice. This gave occasion for me to express my ardent desire of knowing God, and to expatiate on the praises of philosophy. The stranger, by degrees, endeavoured to cure me of my unmeaning admiration of Plato and Pythagoras. He pointed out the writings of the Hebrew prophets, as much more ancient than any of those called philosophers; and he explained to me the nature and evidences of Christianity. He added, "Above all things, pray, that the gates of light may be opened to you: for they are not discernible, nor to be understood by any one, except God and his Christ enable a man to understand." He said many other things to the same effect, directed me to follow his advice, and left me. I saw him no more; but immediately a fire was kindled in my soul, and I had a strong affection for the prophets, and for those men who are the friends of Christ. I weighed within myself the arguments of the aged stranger: and, in the end, I found the Divine Scriptures to be the only sure philosophy.

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the press. It was indeed remarkable, that he was never able to ascertain who this country minister was.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

When Dr. Doddridge was a young man, and had an earnest desire to engage in the duties of the Christian ministry, he waited upon Dr. E. Calamy on the subject. The doctor advised him to turn his attention to some other pursuit. Young Doddridge felt grieved to receive such advice, but after a few weeks resolved to enter on the study of the law. His mind was yet agitated, and he resolved to devote a morning to special prayer before he formed his final decision. While thus engaged, the postman brought him a letter from Dr. Clarke, telling him, he had heard of his difficulties, and was ready to receive him under his care, to prepare him for his future important duties. He very properly regarded this as an instance of the Divine goodness, and to this fact may be attributed, under God, his subsequent usefulness in the Christian church.

MAJOR-GENERAL BURN.

General Burn records, in his life, the following interesting facts:—

Last week, just as my heart was poring over the disappointment I met with in my expected promotion, and anticipated all the miseries of accumulating debt, a dear friend of mine, in the military profession, called upon me; and, taking me aside into a private room, made me promise I would ask him no questions, which, when I had done, with some hesitation, he put a bank

note into my hand, saying, he was desired to give it me, but with the strongest injunctions never to divulge from whence it came. I put it into my pocket without looking at it, repeatedly thanking him and my generous benefactor for the very acceptable present. Dinner being upon the table, we went in, sat down, and dined; my mind all the while occupied about which of my creditors I should pay off first, imagining I had perhaps a ten or twenty pound note, which I longed to look at, but was ashamed to do so before my friend. Soon after dinner, I took an opportunity to step out of the room to satisfy my anxious curiosity. But, oh! how was my heart filled with grateful emotions when I found two notes, one of five and the other of a hundred pounds—a present of a hundred guineas! To attempt a description of my feelings at that time would be in vain: those who have experienced the overflowings of a grateful heart can only guess at them. I was so overcome with a view of the Lord's goodness, that I knew not how to express myself, and was afraid my friend would think me insensible of the favour bestowed. When he was gone, and I had communicated the purport of his visit to Mrs. B., we both wept, and in broken accents, with eyes and hearts directed to Heaven, expressed our obligation to the God of all our mercies, for his seasonable and ample supply, in answer to our united and repeated prayers. I have now enjoyed the pleasure of paying all my debts, of contributing to the relief of others, and of purchasing many articles absolutely necessary to my family. Oh, how good the Lord has been to

us, unworthy as we are of the least of all his mercies !

MUNGO PARK.

When Mungo Park was travelling in Africa, he was seized by banditti, plundered, and left almost destitute of clothing. In this situation he looked around him with amazement and horror. In the midst of a vast wilderness ; in the depth of the rainy season ; naked and alone ; surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage ; five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement ; no wonder that his spirits began to fail him.

At this moment, says he, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss, in fructification, irresistibly caught my eye. I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of such small importance, look with unconcern on the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image ? Surely not ! Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand, and I was not disappointed.

A CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. Mr. N., one sabbath morning, opened his Bible to mark the passage he had been studying throughout the week, and from which he intended to deliver a discourse that day ; but, to his great surprise, he could not find it, for neither

words nor text could he recollect. He endeavoured to recall the subject to memory, and made it a matter of prayer ; but all to no effect. While thinking how he should be confounded before the congregation, another passage darted into his mind, with peculiar energy. He accordingly preached from it, and during the discourse, he observed a person, apparently in a clerical habit, enter the place, who, after having heard a little, seemed bathed in tears, and never raised his head through the whole of the sermon. Mr. N. never had more freedom in preaching. In the evening, this person called on Mr. N., and after expressing his obligations for the sermon he had heard, he added, “ Two or three years ago, I heard you preach in such a place, and ever since I have been under the spirit of conviction and bondage. This day I took my horse, and rode to hear you ; and, blessed be God, he has now given me to see him as my reconciled God and Father in Christ Jesus, and to enjoy that liberty wherewith he makes his people free.”

“ After some interesting conversation, we both,” says Mr. N., “ began to see the good hand of God in this matter, and his good providence in determining me, in such a remarkable manner, to preach upon a subject I had never before proposed, and which he had accompanied with such a powerful efficacy. To me, it was one of my best days, and one which, both by him and me, will be remembered through a joyful eternity.”

CHAPTER V.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

THE SISTERS.

A YOUNG lady, who afterwards became the wife of an American missionary, immediately after her own conversion, began to pray and use means for the salvation of her three younger sisters. She began and continued to act systematically. A little season was devoted every week to pray with and for them. At length, He who is both a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, who has said, "Ask, and ye shall receive," and who never said, "Seek ye me in vain," condescended to give her a gracious answer. The three sisters were brought to bow to the sceptre of Jesus, and to take upon them the profession of his name. After their conversion, the prayer-meeting became doubly interesting to all; and it was continued by the three, for whom it was first established, and the mother occasionally united with them. If all Christians were thus devoted to prayer, how much good might be effected!

A POOR COTTAGER.

A lady, who had just sat down to breakfast, had a strong impression on her mind, that she must instantly carry a loaf of bread to a poor

man who lived about half a mile from her house, by the side of a common. Her husband wished her either to postpone taking it till after breakfast, or to send it by a servant; but she chose to take it immediately herself. As she approached the hut, she heard the sound of a human voice, and wishing to discover what was said, she stepped unperceived to the door. She heard the poor man praying, and among other things he said, "O Lord, help me; Lord, thou wilt help me; thy promise cannot fail: although my wife, myself, and children, have no bread to eat, and it is now a whole day since we had any, I know thou wilt supply me, though thou shouldst again rain down manna from heaven." The lady could wait no longer, but opening the door, "Yes," she replied, "God has sent you relief. Take this loaf, and be encouraged to cast your care upon Him who careth for you; and whenever you want a loaf of bread, come to my house."

A PRAYING MOTHER.

In a sea-port town in New England, lived a pious mother, who had six daughters. At the age of sixty, she had been for many years the subject of disease, which confined her to her house, and almost to her room. To a Christian friend she remarked, "I have not for these many years known what it is to go to the house of God, in company with his people, and to take sweet counsel with them. But I have another source of grief greater than this; one that weighs down my spirits day and night, while disease and pain bear my body towards the grave. I have

six daughters; two are married and live near me, and four are with me; but not one of them is pious. I am alone. I have no one for a Christian companion. Oh that even one of them were pious, that I might walk alone no longer!" Such was her language. She was evidently a woman of a sorrowful spirit, beseeching the Lord with much entreaty. Soon after this, a revival of religion commenced in the neighbourhood, of which her four single daughters were among the first subjects. A fifth was soon added to the number, but the other, the eldest, was unmoved. "Mother," said one of the converts, "let us all unite in observing a day of fasting and prayer for our unawakened sister." The agreement was made; the day was observed. Of this, the subject of their prayers had no knowledge; but on the same day, while engaged in her domestic concerns at home, her mind was solemnly arrested; and she was soon after added to the Christian sisterhood. The praying mother lived a few years to enjoy their Christian society. They surrounded her dying bed, received her last blessing, commended her spirit to God, and followed the faith and patience of that mother who was first removed to inherit the promises:

A POOR WOMAN IN WILTSHIRE.

A poor woman, at Berwick St. John, in Wiltshire, the wife of a day labourer, 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 neighbours, 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 a single 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 labour 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 labour 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, "O 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 pray 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 decidedly pious, and afterwards greatly exerted himself to make his neighbours acquainted with the way of salvation by Christ Jesus.

THE AMERICAN PILGRIMS.

It is well known, that many of the good men who were driven from this country to America, by persecution, in the seventeenth century, had to endure great privations. A numerous party, who went out about 1620, were for a time supplied with food from England, and from the natives of the western wilderness. But as these resources were uncertain, they began to cultivate the ground. 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 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 fishing-net they caught bass, and when these failed, they dug for clams. In the month of June, their hopes of a harvest were nearly blasted by 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 for 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.

AN IMPORTUNATE WELCHMAN.

In the autumn of 1799, the late Rev. T. Charles, of Bala, met with an afflicting dispensation. His preaching and catechising excursions were frequent, and attended with great labour, 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 travelling over mount Migneint, in Carnarvonshire, on a freezing night, one of his thumbs was frost-bitten. It was so severely affected, that he became very ill, and his life was in great danger. His illness lasted for a considerable time; and, to prevent mortification, it was deemed necessary to have the thumb 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. C.'s 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. C. 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 visit 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 and 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 the same period. What great and glorious results have proceeded from the fervent prayer of a poor, simple old Christian pilgrim at Bala!

A POOR WIDOW.

A poor, but pious widow, residing at Folkéstone, derived support for herself and her family by selling grocery and other small articles. She was at one time much distressed for a sum of money to meet a bill, the payment of which her creditor had demanded. The day and the hour arrived when the claim would be made, which she was unable to meet. She sought the kind interposition of her heavenly Father, and just then she heard footsteps in her little shop; she expected to meet the eye of her creditor; but, to her great surprise, about twenty sailors made their appearance, who purchased articles to the very amount she now wanted, and thus converted her prayer to praise, encouraging her more than ever to exercise confidence in Him who has said, "Let thy widows trust in me."

PROFESSOR FRANCKE.

The conduct of the eminent and justly celebrated Francke, in the establishment of the hospital and school for the poor, at Halle, near

Glauchau, in Saxony, is well known. Anxiously concerned for the temporal, as well as the spiritual interests of his people, he solicited money for the relief of those among them who were poor ; and having one day found in his alms-box a sum equal to eighteen shillings and sixpence English, he resolved to make it the foundation of a school for the poor. He purchased a few books, and engaged a teacher, and thus commenced his operations. Sums of money were from time to time contributed by the most unlikely persons, and in the most unexpected manner. Finding the instructions given them were greatly counteracted by the evil examples they had placed before them at home, he resolved on taking some of them under his care, and giving them board and lodging. His income from the benevolent increased, and the charity was greatly extended. Having no permanent funds to meet these expenses, it may be easily supposed that the good man would frequently be reduced to great difficulties ; at such times the interpositions of the providence of God were truly remarkable. About Easter, 1696, he knew not where to obtain money for the expenses of the ensuing week ; but when their food was reduced to the very last morsel, one thousand crowns were contributed by some entirely unknown person. At another time, all their provisions were exhausted, and the good minister wisely presented his requests to the God of mercy, who careth even for the ravens when they cry. When prayer was over, just as he was taking his seat, a friend

from a distance arrived with fifty crowns, which was shortly followed by twenty more. At another period, the workmen wanted thirty crowns, when he remarked that he had no money, but that he trusted in God; scarcely had he uttered the sentence, when, in this moment of necessity, the precise sum arrived.

“Another time,” says Francke, “all our provision was spent; but, in addressing myself to the Lord, I found myself deeply affected with the fourth petition of the Lord’s prayer, ‘Give us this day our daily bread;’ and my thoughts were fixed in a more especial manner upon the words, ‘this day,’ because on the very same day we had great occasion for it. While I was yet praying, a friend of mine came before my door in a coach, and brought the sum of four hundred crowns!”

Instances of this kind, in which were manifested the kindness of God, in answering the prayers of his servant, and supplying the wants of the poor, were exceedingly numerous, and tended both to establish the faith of those who were eye-witnesses, and to encourage the servants of God in subsequent generations to trust him in the darkest and most trying seasons.

A LONDON TRADESMAN.

A few years ago, by the entire failure of his business, a tradesman, with his wife and child, were entirely ruined, and compelled to solicit shelter in the house of a relation. Adversity led to reflection, and reflection to repentance on account of sin, so that both husband and wife

became new creatures in Christ Jesus. A situation presented itself, in which the poor man was employed, and soon after a claim was made upon him for a debt, which, of course, he felt it his duty to pay ; but as his salary was small, and his child ill, the creditor consented to take the fifth part of his income till the whole was paid. The day came for the payment of the first instalment, which the creditor received. That very night, most unexpectedly to himself, his employer, thinking his services not adequately rewarded, increased his salary exactly one-fifth.

They had yet other debts to discharge, and they resolved, by Divine help, to pay them. They prayed ardently for that help. To their great astonishment, they received a letter inclosing a sum of money, from a distant relation, of whom they had not heard for some years, who said their names had been in his will for a long time for this sum, but it had occurred to him that he had better send the money while he was living. The sum thus sent paid their debts, and again enabled them to enter into business. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."

AGNES BEAUMONT.

In the days of good John Bunyan, a disposition to persecute those who regarded their eternal interests was more prevalent than it happily is at present. The worthy man to whom we have just referred had the pleasure of numbering among those to whom his ministry had been use-

ful a good woman named Agnes Beaumont, who having been out with him at a public service, was turned by her father out of doors. Compelled to retire to a barn, she devoted the whole night to prayer. A day or two after, her father relented, and told her, with tears, how much he had that night been troubled on her account, so that he could not sleep; his mind became very seriously impressed with the importance of eternal realities, and in a very few days he was suddenly removed from earth, praying for the mercy he had so long slighted.

CAPTAIN K.

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 again 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 his other writings, at the bottom of an old oak 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 the inspection and use of 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. He gave the reins to his lusts, and for many

years yielded to almost every temptation to sin. At last, 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 would reprove his sins, and harass his feelings. At length, in 1814, when in his fifty-sixth year, he determined to examine its contents. When he reached the bottom, he discovered a paper neatly folded, and endorsed—"The prayer of Mitchell K. for blessings on his wife and child. August 23, 1757." He read it. The scene, the time, the place and 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. His distress then became extreme, and a woman with whom he sinfully lived entreated to know the 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 on 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 neighbours 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 formerly seduced; united himself to the church of Christ, manumitted his slaves; and lived and died a humble, exemplary Christian.

CHAPTER VI.

DELIVERANCE IN PERSECUTION.

THE IRISH PROTESTANTS.

It is related, in the papers of Richard earl of Cork, that towards the conclusion of queen Mary's reign, a commission was signed for the persecution of the Irish protestants; and, to give greater weight to this important affair, Dr. Cole was nominated one of the commission. The doctor, in his way to Dublin, stopped at Chester, where he was waited upon by the mayor; to whom, in the course of conversation, he imparted the object of his mission, and exhibited the leather box which contained his credentials. The mistress of the inn, where this interview took place, being a protestant, and having overheard the conversation, seized the opportunity, while the doctor was attending the mayor to the bottom of the stairs, of exchanging the commission for a dirty pack of cards, on the top of which she facetiously turned up the knave of clubs. The doctor, little suspecting the trick, secured his box, pursued his journey, and arrived in Dublin on the 7th of October, 1558. He then lost no time in presenting himself before lord Fitzwalter and the privy council; to whom, after an explanatory speech, the box was presented, which, to the astonishment of all present, was found to

contain only a pack of cards! The doctor, greatly chagrined, returned instantly to London, to have his commission renewed: but while waiting a second time on the coast for a favourable wind, the news reached him of the queen's decease, which prevented the persecution, that would have otherwise proved so awful a calamity. Queen Elizabeth was so much gratified with these facts, which were related to her by Lord Fitzwalter, on his return to England, that she sent for the woman, whose name was Elizabeth Edmonds, and gave her a pension of forty pounds a year during her life.

REV. HUGH CLARK.

This excellent man, who was minister at Oundle, in Northamptonshire, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, having one Lord's day been faithfully denouncing the awful judgments of God against the dreadful sins of which many of his hearers were guilty, was visited on the following morning by a profane young man of his parish, who expressed a great wish to see him. Mr. C. invited him into his chamber, and knowing his vicious character, very sharply reprov'd him for his sins, and warn'd him of the danger to which he was exposed. God so applied this faithful dealing to the heart of the young man, that, falling down on his knees, and entreating his pardon, he pulled out a dagger, with which he had determin'd to murder him. "I came hither," said the man, "with a full resolution to stab you, but God has prevented me. This was occasioned by your terrifying sermon yesterday.

But, if you please to forgive me, I shall, by the grace of God, never attempt any such thing again. Mr. Clark freely pardoned the offence; and, after giving him suitable advice, dismissed him.

REV. JOHN WELSH.

Louis XIII. of France made war against his protestant subjects, and at the head of his army besieged the city of St. Jean d'Angely, which in the end surrendered. While the king remained there, Mr. Welsh, a distinguished Scotch protestant, and son-in-law to the celebrated John Knox, continued to preach as usual. The king hearing of this was offended, and sent the duke D'Espernon to stop his preaching, and convey him to court. The duke went with his guard, and entered the church while Mr. W. was preaching. The man of God desired the people to make way, and to furnish the duke with a seat, that he might hear the word of the Lord. The duke, instead of interrupting him, took his seat, and heard him with attention. When he had finished, Mr. W. accompanied the duke to the king, who asked why he did not interrupt the minister, and bring him. The duke replied, "Never man spake like this man," but that he had brought him. Mr. W. secretly prayed for Divine assistance, and when asked by the king how he dared to preach where he was, since it was against the law, boldly replied, "That if the king did right, he would hear him himself, for that he preached salvation only by the merits and death of Christ, and exemption from the authority of Rome." The king only replied, "Well, well, you shall be my

minister;" favourably dismissed him, and afterwards secured him from injury.

REV. GABRIEL SANGAR.

This Christian minister was among the number of those who were, for conscience' sake, persecuted in the seventeenth century. In the year 1665, some soldiers came to his house at Sutton, to apprehend and conduct him to prison. In the same dwelling lived a gentleman who was ill, whose servant met the soldiers as they were entering the house, and requested them not to disturb his master by their noise. Under the incorrect apprehension that this sickness was the plague, they hastily remounted their horses and rode away, leaving Mr. S. yet to be a blessing in his parish.

REV. V. POWELL.

In the seventeenth century, while the Rev. Vavasor Powell was preaching in a field at Launger, in Wales, the high sheriff came with a band of men, and committed him to prison. Only one, out of fifteen or sixteen constables, could be found willing to execute the warrant. Mr. P. accompanied this man, and as his house was on the road, he obtained the constable's permission to stay there for the night. While Mr. Powell was at prayer that evening with his family, the constable became so fully convinced of the excellence of religion, that he declared he could not go a step further with him, though it should cost him his life, as he was persuaded he was one of the servants of Christ. He left Mr. P. in

his own house, and himself fled for a while from the country. To prevent injury being done to the man, Mr. P. delivered himself up, was tried at the assizes, and acquitted ; he dined with his judges, one of whom, on his returning thanks at the dinner table, declared "it was the best grace he ever heard in his life," and gave encouragement to his preaching.

MERLIN.

In the melancholy Bartholomew massacre, in France, for three days every protestant who could be found was put to death. By order of the king, Admiral de Coligny was murdered in his own house, but Merlin, his chaplain, concealed himself in a hay-loft. It is recorded in the acts of the next synod, of which he was a moderator, that though many in similar circumstances died from hunger, he was supported by a hen regularly laying an egg near his place of refuge.

JOHN BUNYAN.

The respectability of Bunyan's character and the propriety of his conduct, while in prison at Bedford, appear to have operated very powerfully on the mind of the jailer, who showed him much kindness, in permitting him to go out and visit his friends occasionally, and once to take a journey to London.

The following anecdote is told respecting the jailer and Mr. Bunyan:—It being known to some of his persecutors, in London, that he was often out of prison, they sent an officer to talk with the jailer on the subject ; and, in order to

discover the fact, he was to get there in the middle of the night. Bunyan was at home with his family, but so restless that he could not sleep; he therefore acquainted his wife that, though the jailer had given him liberty to stay till the morning, yet, from his uneasiness, he must immediately return. He did so, and the jailer blamed him for coming in at such an unseasonable hour. Early in the morning the messenger came, and interrogating the jailer, said, "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes." "Is John Bunyan safe?" "Yes." "Let me see him." He was called, and appeared, and all was well. After the messenger was gone, the jailer, addressing Mr. Bunyan, said, "Well, you may go in and out again just when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

REV. JOHN HOWE.

When the melancholy state of the times compelled this excellent man to quit the public charge of his beloved congregation at Torrington, in Devonshire, impressed with a sense of duty, he embraced every opportunity of preaching the word of life. He and Mr. Flavel used frequently to conduct their secret ministrations at midnight in different houses in the north of Devonshire. One of the principal of these was Hudscott, an ancient mansion belonging to the family of Rolle, between Torrington and Southmolton. Yet, even here, the observant eye of malevolence was upon them. Mr. Howe had been officiating there, in a dark and tempestuous wintry night, when an alarm was made that

information had been given, and a warrant granted to apprehend him. It was judged prudent for him to quit the house; but in riding over a large common, he and his servant missed their way. After several fruitless efforts to recover it, the attendant went forward to seek for a habitation, where they might either find directions or a lodging. He soon discovered a mansion, and received a cheerful invitation to rest there for the night. But how great was Mr. Howe's surprise, to find, on his arrival, that the house belonged to his most inveterate enemy, a country magistrate, who had often breathed the most implacable vengeance against him, and, as he had reason to believe, was well acquainted with the occasion of his travelling at such an hour. However, he put the best face he could upon it, and even mentioned his name and residence to the gentleman, trusting to Providence for the result. His host ordered supper to be provided, and entered into a lengthened conversation with his guest; and was so delighted with his company, that it was a very late hour before he could permit him to retire to his chamber. In the morning, Mr. Howe expected to be accosted with a commitment, and sent to Exeter; but, on the contrary, he was received by the family at breakfast with a very hospitable welcome. After mutual civilities, he departed to his own abode, greatly wondering in himself at the kindness of a man from whom he had before dreaded so much.

Not long after, the gentleman sent for Mr. Howe, who found him confined to his bed by

sickness, and still more deeply wounded with the sense of sin. He acknowledged that, when Mr. Howe came first to his door, he inwardly rejoiced that he had an opportunity of exercising his malice upon him, but that his conversation and his manner insensibly awed him into respect. He had long ruminated on the observations which had fallen from the man of God, and was become a penitent, earnestly anxious for the blessings of eternal life. From that sickness he recovered, became an eminent Christian, a friend to the conscientious, and an intimate companion of the man whom he had threatened with his vengeance.

REV. R. PARKER.

In the days of persecution, which so unhappily distinguished the sixteenth century, this holy man, who was a minister in Essex, was concealed in a house in London, where his persecutors went to apprehend him. A person was placed at the door to prevent his escape, who boasted that he now had him secure. At this juncture, Mr. Parker resolved to dress himself in the habit of a citizen, and venture out, thinking that thus he might possibly escape; knowing that if he remained in the house he should certainly be taken. Accordingly, in this dress he left the house; and Divine Providence so ordered it, that just at the moment of his going out, the watchman at the door saw his intended bride passing by on the other side of the street; and while he just stepped over to speak to her, the good man escaped. When the officers came with the warrant to

search the house, to their great mortification, he could not be found.

After this kind deliverance, this good man retired to the house of a friend in the neighbourhood of London, where a treacherous servant gave information to his enemies of the place of his concealment. The officers came, and searched the house where he was, but, by the providence of God, he was again most remarkably preserved. For the only room in the house which they neglected to search, was that in which he was concealed. He heard them swearing, and quarrelling with each other; one protesting that they had not searched that room, and another as confidently asserting the contrary, and refusing to suffer it to be searched again.

REV. PETER INCE.

The following facts illustrate the goodness of God, alike in imparting temporal good to one of his persecuted ministers, and in affording him an opportunity of resuming the labours in which he delighted.

Soon after the year 1662, Mr. Grove, an opulent gentleman, near Birdbush, in Wiltshire, sent for the clergyman of the parish to pray with his wife, who was dangerously ill; but, as that gentleman was just going out on a hunting expedition, he sent word he would visit her on his return. Mr. Grove expressed his displeasure at this conduct in the presence of his servants, one of whom said, "Sir, our shepherd, if you will send for him, can pray very well; we have often heard him at prayer in the field." He was im-

mediately sent for, and was asked whether he ever did or could pray. The shepherd fixed his eyes on his master, and replied, with great seriousness in his countenance, "God forbid, sir, I should live a day without prayer." He was requested to pray with the sick lady, which he did with much propriety and devotion, so as greatly to astonish the gentleman and his family. When they arose from their knees, Mr. Grove said to him, "Your language and manner discover you to be a very different person to what you appear; tell me who and what you are, and what was your situation in life before you came into my service." Mr. Ince told him he was one of the ejected ministers, and had taken up the employment of a shepherd to obtain an honest and peaceable living. Mr. Grove rejoined, "Then you shall be my shepherd;" and erected for him a chapel on his own estate, in which Mr. Ince successfully preached, to a congregation which continues to the present day.

A POOR WOMAN.

A pious woman, in the days of persecution, used to say she should never want, because her God would supply every need. She was taken before an unjust judge, for attending the worship of God, who rejoiced in seeing her, and said, he had often wished to have her in his power, and would now send her to prison; "and then," asked he, with contempt, "how will you be fed?" She replied, "If it be my heavenly Father's pleasure, I shall be fed from your table." This was literally the case; for the judge's wife, being

present at her examination, and greatly struck with the woman's firmness, took care constantly to send her food from her table, and comfortably supplied her the whole of her imprisonment. In this she found her reward, for the Lord graciously made her a partaker of his forgiving mercy.

REV. R. BAXTER.

Several of the ministers, ejected by the act of uniformity, united with Mr. Baxter in establishing a lecture in a private house. The time of worship being at a very early hour, Mr. Baxter one evening left home with a view of being there ready for the morning. The night, however, being dark, he lost his way, and after wandering for a long time, he came to a gentleman's house, where he asked direction. The servant informed his master of this fact, who thinking it unsafe that so respectable a looking man should be wandering on the common at so late an hour, invited him in. Mr. B. readily accepted the proposal, and was treated with great hospitality. His conversation gave his host a high opinion of his good sense and extensive information. The gentleman wishing to know the quality of his guest, said, after supper, "As most persons have some employment or profession in life, I have no doubt, sir, that you have yours." Mr. Baxter replied with a smile, "Yes, sir, I am a man-catcher." "A man-catcher, are you?" said the gentleman; "I am very glad to hear you say so, for you are the very person I want. I am a justice of the peace in this district, and am commissioned to secure the person of Dick Baxter, who

is expected to preach at a conventicle in this neighbourhood, early to-morrow morning; you shall go with me, and I doubt not we shall easily apprehend the rogue." Mr. Baxter very prudently consented to accompany him. Accordingly, the gentleman, the following morning, took Mr. Baxter to the place where the meeting was to be held. When they arrived there, a considerable number of people were hovering about, but, on seeing the justice, they suspected his intentions, and were afraid to enter the house. The justice now intimated to Mr. Baxter his fears that Baxter had been apprised of his intentions, and would disappoint them; and proposed extending their ride, that the people might be encouraged to assemble, and give them an opportunity of fulfilling their commission. They did so; but on their return they still found the people unwilling to assemble. The magistrate, now supposing that he should be disappointed of his object, said to Mr. Baxter, that, as these people were much disaffected to the government, he would feel obliged to him if he would address them on the subject of loyalty and good behaviour. Mr. Baxter replied, that as they met for worship, it was probable that such an address would not satisfy the people; but that, if the justice would engage in prayer, he would endeavour to say something to them. The gentleman replied, he had not his prayer-book with him, or he would readily comply with the proposal; but expressed his persuasion that Mr. Baxter was able to pray with them, as well as to talk to them: and requested him to begin with prayer.

They entered the house, followed by the people; Mr. Baxter prayed with great devotion and fervour; the magistrate, standing by, was soon melted into tears. The good divine then preached in his usual faithful and zealous manner; and when he had concluded, he turned to the justice, and said, "Sir, I am the very Dick Baxter of whom you are in pursuit. I am entirely at your disposal." The magistrate, however, had felt so much during the service, and saw things so differently from what he had before done, that his enmity was changed into love, and he ever afterwards became the friend and advocate of the persecuted, and, it is believed, also a sincere Christian.

REV. JOHN CRAIG.

The Rev. John Craig, a distinguished minister, and colleague of Knox, having gone to reside in Bologna, in a convent of Dominicans, found a copy of "Calvin's Institutes," which God made the means of his conversion to the reformed faith. He was seized as a heretic soon after, and carried to Rome, where he was condemned to be burnt; but, on the evening preceding the day of execution, the reigning pontiff died, and, according to custom, the doors of all the prisons were thrown open. All others were released: but heretics, after being permitted to go outside the walls, were re-conducted to their cells. That night, however, a tumult was excited, and Craig and his companions escaped. They had entered a small inn at some distance from Rome, when they were overtaken by a party of soldiers, sent to apprehend them. On entering the house, the

captain looked Craig stedfastly in the face, and asked him if he remembered having once relieved a poor wounded soldier, in the neighbourhood of Bologna: Craig had forgotten it. "But," said the captain, "I am the man; I shall requite your kindness; you are at liberty; your companions I must take with me; but, for your sake, I shall treat them with all possible lenity." He gave him all the money he had, and Craig escaped. But his money soon failed him; yet God, who feeds the ravens, did not. Lying at the side of a wood, full of gloomy apprehensions, a dog came running up to him with a purse in its teeth. Suspecting some evil, he attempted to drive the animal away, but in vain. He at length took the purse, and found in it a sum of money which carried him to Vienna.

THE WALDENSES.

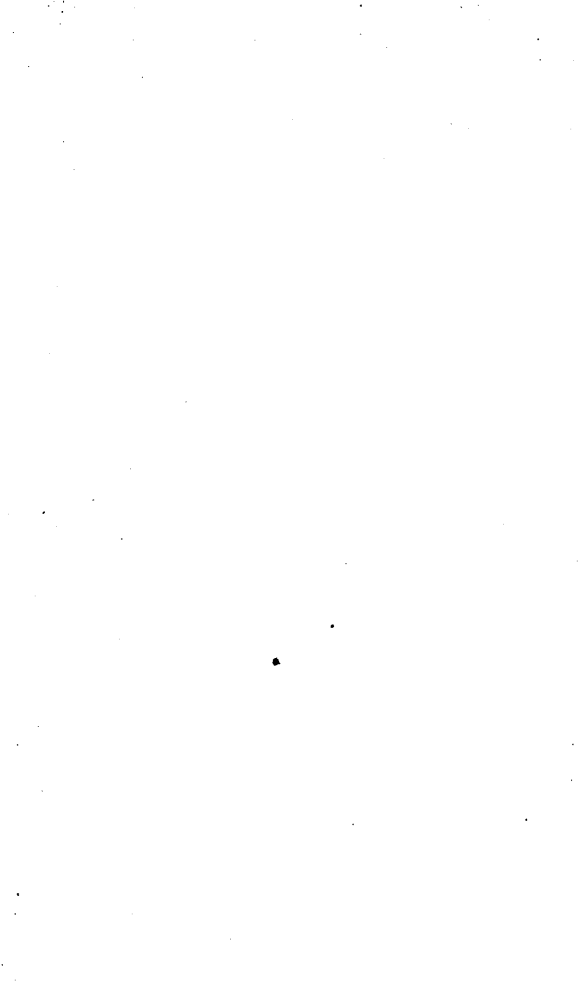
It is well known, that, in the year 1686, the duke of Savoy was prevailed on by Louis XIV. to expel the Waldensian Christians from their native valleys. In 1689, eight or nine hundred of these persons, through great difficulties, returned. Dr. Calamy, in his "Life and Times," relates, that M. Arnauld, their minister and leader, told him that when they had nearly reached their houses, pursued by a number of their 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, when they discovered a considerable quantity of wheat, standing in the earth, ready for the sickle, that

had been suddenly covered with snow, and which now as unexpectedly left it. On this corn they lived till other sources supplied them with food.

A SEA-PORT TRADESMAN.

A few years since, a pious and respectable tradesman, in a populous sea-port town, took a shop, in which his predecessor had carried on a considerable trade on the Lord's day. Determining to act in conformity with his religious profession, he closed his doors on the sabbath, though many ships' crews repeatedly requested him to serve them. This noble decision of conduct was soon noised abroad, and reached the ears of the landlord, who, immediately on ascertaining the fact, gave his tenant notice to quit, saying the business would be injured, and he should be unable hereafter to let his house to so great an advantage. The tradesman modestly, but firmly replied, that whatever consequences might result from his decision, he should persevere in it as the path of duty. The landlord was angry, and determined to carry his purpose also into execution. But it was not so. The landlord was soon after arrested by the hand of death; when, to the surprise of every one, it was found that he had bequeathed *the house with all its fixtures* to his pious and conscientious tenant. Godliness is, indeed, profitable for all things, having the promise of this life, as well as that which is to come.

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