

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1999 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with
the restrictions stated in the B4Ucopy.txt file on this CD.

* * * * *

THE VALLEY OF BACA
By Jennie Smith

Cincinnati
Press of Jennings and Pye

Entered. according to Act of Congress,
In the year 1876 By Jennie Smith
In the Office of the Librarian
Of Congress at Washington

* * * * *

Digital Edition 07/06/99
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

CONTENTS

Introduction

- 01 -- Birth And Early Impressions
- 02 -- My Father's Experience And Death
- 03 -- Changes
- 04 -- Trials
- 05 -- Teaching School
- 06 -- New Treatment
- 07 -- Providences
- 08 -- Consolations
- 09 -- Afflictions
- 10 -- Enjoyments
- 11 -- Home At Last
- 12 -- Sad News
- 13 -- New Arrangements
- 14 -- Entire Consecration
- 15 -- A Christian's Prayer

16 -- Special Providences
17 -- Lessons Learned
18 -- Prevailing Prayer
19 -- Blindness
20 -- Removal To Dayton
21 -- God Knows Best
22 -- Labor And Rest

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION

To many persons the problem of suffering is almost impossible of solution. Such various questions arise about it, which unassisted nature can not answer satisfactorily: why this? and whence the other? and to what end? and how that? Of those who have no inward, revealing light of the Spirit, no strong, living trust in God, some are stunned, dismayed, bewildered; and others are driven to doubt, and almost to despair.

But to Christian faith none of these things are perplexing. It reckons of God with such unquestioning submission that impatience has no place, complaint and unhappiness no reason.

Why the good, at times, suffer so severely, while the wicked are exempt; why some of them suffer so much more than others,--are facts which will find amplest explanation in eternity's light. Is it improbable that reading such explanation, and finding such vindication of God's justice and love, will furnish much of the bliss and the reward of the saved? Until then, faith awaits with patience the issues of time, and, with Job, exclaims, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" or, with the prophet Habakkuk, sings: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Until then, faith and reason, Scripture and experience, will see wisdom in all God's appointments, love in all life's allotments.

Adversity is useful, both to him who suffers and to them who witness the suffering. The discipline of sorrow is to moral improvement what exercise is to muscle. Not wantonly, but lovingly; not recklessly, but with infinite wisdom,--does God send affliction, or suffer it to be sent. All his appointments for us are beneficent in design. Because he would have us "partakers of his holiness," because he chastens whom he loves, and scourges "every son whom he receiveth," come the smiting and the stripes. "What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" There is a cold, speculative philosophy, which puts God at the distant end of the line of things, which prates of nature's laws, and second causes; but there is no Christ in it. It yields no comfort. It brings no power of endurance. It kindles no hope. It depresses, rather than elevates. But Christian faith puts God at the end of the line, nearest to us, and recognizes his goodness and mercy.

Happy the man that sees a God employed
In all the good or ill that checkers life."

Faith brings happiness. Not now joyous, but grievous, are the sore temptations, nevertheless "they afterward yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in them that are [properly] exercised thereby." In this view, "the trial of our faith is much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried as with fire." The process itself is fruitful of present good. "Tribulation worketh patience," and the inter-working and the co-working go forward to a rich, improved experience of God's power, in an assured, abounding hope of deliverance and victory, and in a courage which no disasters can blench and no dangers appall.

It is easier to do than to suffer; far easier is it to carry forward aggressive, earnest work for the Lord Jesus than passively to endure pain, and patiently to submit to buffeting, for Christ. Tribulation is a school, requiring patience. It is also, equally, a school where patience is learned, where some of its sublimest lessons are acquired and displayed. Patience is hard to exercise. Yet its acquisition is one of the fruits of Christian suffering. Grace is wonderfully magnified when it makes the soul calm in the tempest, fearless in the danger, and patient in tribulation. Without the suffering, the patience which endures, and which cheerfully awaits the crowning day, could never be exercised nor exemplified. A gale sweeps down on the sea. Sails are reefed; the rigging is dewed, and while the good ship is scudding under bare poles, as though the hungry, yawning sea would engulf her, patience calmly awaits the subsidence of the storm. The pliant reed bends to the blast, and rises again when the hurricane has passed by. The stubborn oak resists, and falls. The soul, chafed and fretted by successive trials, has need of a patience, born of faith, which uncomplainingly accepts what can not be avoided, which cheerfully endures what can not be cured, and which hopefully abides what can not be changed. Thus bending to the storm, or sinking under the passing billow, patience sublimely says, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done!" and through the thick darkness which baffles human sight, faith looks up to God and says, "He knoweth the way that I take, and when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold;" "Hope thou in God, my soul! for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God."

What grand lessons have we along this line! Job had never been to all the ages the eminent example of long-suffering and patience that he was, but for the discipline of sorrow under which he passed. The lion's den and the fiery furnace teach us, as we never could otherwise have learned, that a sturdy maintenance of the right is incomparably better than 'base, cringing compliances. Moriah and its Abrahamic altar beautifully teach the power and glory of a sublime, obedient faith, which accepts God's will without a murmur of dissent or a moment of hesitation. The long catalogue of Paul's afflictions has brightened with unearthly glory the grand list of his godlike virtues. Every bond, every stripe, every treachery, every instance of fasting and nakedness and shipwreck and peril, form a rich setting for the jewels of his courage and constancy and love. All the martyrs and confessors for Christ, who have honored him in dungeons and on bloody wheels, have like him been made perfect through suffering;

"For sorrow is the atmosphere
Which ripens hearts for heaven."

Suffering with Jesus and for Jesus, with him shall they be glorified. Those who thus sigh here shall exult there; those who are poor here shall be forever rich there. The cot of sickness, which weary nerves have pressed through years of agony, shall give place to the throne. The

heavy, bitter cross shall bear us to our heaven; but it shall never enter there. The crown shall be worn, some time.

"He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost.
God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will."

Not only thus. The ministration of affliction is beneficent to others than the afflicted. The light so shed is both guiding and comforting. Men take heart and hope, as they see examples of endurance and of patient faith. Suffering is the darkness which makes the coming light more lucid. It is the cloud which by contrast makes the sunshine more clear. Golgotha, Gethsemane, the crown of thorns, Calvary, and the cross, precede and procure salvation. Life comes of death. The rising follows the depression. The Valley of Baca, or the valley of weeping, as it becomes by divine grace a valley of light and blessing, is a lesson of faith and courage to those who may yet have to trace their way with their tears. This valley denotes affliction; it suggests drought where water-streams should abound, and weeping and sorrow where smiles of gladness should be seen. In this valley, for eighteen years, the subject of the following pages traveled. Yet not alone nor friendless has she been. God has made the valley to her a place of the well-spring of life; the rains of his grace have "filled the pools." And while God has thus displayed his loving-kindness and faithfulness to her, she has been greatly honored in leading others nearer to God.

These views and thoughts, as to the nature and end of suffering, find beautiful illustration in the pages which follow. They contain a narrative of pain and suffering rarely, if ever, equaled; of cheerful patience, smiling on grief through long years of inexpressible agony; of a quenchless faith, which nothing could extinguish nor abate; of a tireless zeal for the Master's glory, which has won scores, probably hundreds, to the service of Jesus and the home of heaven; of a submission to the divine will, which has led thousands of Christians who have known her to a loftier trust in God and to a more absolute soul-rest. To a vast multitude, sister Jennie's cot has been a mount of blessing; her sick-chamber a Bethesda, indeed. She has been a member of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Dayton, Ohio, for years. As her pastor, I can most heartily make these high statements as to her deep piety and high Christian worth.

It is believed that the publication of these annals of suffering and of triumph, of trial and of victory, will render extensive and permanent the life-long influence for good of sister Smith's example. In this faith, craving indulgence for its literary defects, and with earnest prayers for God's blessing both upon the book and all who may read it, this volume is cordially commended to the public.

Thomas H. Pearne, Pastor
Grace Methodist Episcopal Church

* * * * *

01 -- BIRTH AND EARLY IMPRESSIONS

"O Father, through life,
With its billowy strife
And its ocean of tremulous foam,
Be our guardian and guide,
Till full safe we may ride
In the haven of heaven, our home."

I was born August 18, 1842, in Vienna, Clarke County, Ohio. My parents James A. Smith and Eliza A. Barrett, were united in wedlock in 1840. They had a family of nine children, of whom I am the eldest. My grand-parents were originally from New Jerseys but for many years were residents of Ohio.

Mother is the only remaining member of a family of nine. Shortly after her marriage, she took her parents to her home, feeling they could be better cared for there, as they were growing old and feeble. Her mother haa for many years been afflicted with dropsy, and, three years before her death, she had in addition a stroke of palsy, which rendered her perfectly helpless.

In 1846, my parents moved to Middleburg, now Spring Hills, Champaign County, Ohio. The next Spring, my grandfather, a sister, and myself had the lung fever at the same time. After a week's sickness, grandfather fell asleep in Jesus. Three months afterward, the prattling idol of the family was called to join him in the realms above.

My childhood days were very different from those of the younger children. Every wish was gratified, yet I often think I was not as happy and contented with my abundance of toys and playthings as they were with the simple tokens of love which they received. I cared little for books, but liked to work with the needle. Father tried to cultivate a taste for reading by subscribing for papers and books for me. Finally, The Children's Friend proved successful, and was a great blessing.

I became much interested in the story of a little girl who went to the Lord with her childish troubles, and found relief in times of distress. I soon felt a desire to follow her example. One lovely Summer afternoon I went with some playmates to a beautiful meadow. I remained by the mill-dam alone, while they returned for some playthings we had forgotten. As I stood on the bank and watched the rippling water as it plunged down the steep descent into the meadow below, and beheld the lovely landscape that spread out before me, I wondered if God, who made all of these beautiful things, would really love a wicked little girl like me. I had often tried to fish, but never caught one. I thought of the little girl, and such a desire stole over me that I kneeled down upon the mill-dam, and asked God to let me catch just one fish. I then knew nothing about faith; but I baited my hook, and as I threw it in, I set my eye upon the cork, expecting to see it dip. In a few moments I drew out a large fish. This affected me very much. It was my first answered prayer. From that time

I seldom lay down at night without weeping over the sins of the day. I wanted to be good, but was so careless and impulsive.

While attending the Presbyterian Sabbath school, my serious feelings were deepened by the instructions of Mrs. Salle Wilson, a faithful worker in the Sunday-school cause. I also attended the Methodist school a few times. My teacher, Miss L., asked me to commit to memory the fifteenth Psalm. After this I became very reckless; but often, when tempted to do wrong, this Psalm would come to my mind. The death of a dear little brother, in 1855, affected me very much. I had a stronger desire than ever to be a good girl. I loved to hear religious conversations, and was delighted to stay all night with a schoolmate where they had family prayers.

In June, 1856, sickness caused me to reflect seriously on my sinful heart. Two months later there was a camp-meeting to be held near Degraff, Ohio, and for weeks my waking thoughts were of this. One day a schoolmate, J. M., said to me:

"Do you ever think of dying? Don't you want to be a better girl? I want to be a better boy, and, if I live, I intend to unite with the Church at camp-meeting."

Before the meeting he sickened and died. His death drove convictions deeper into my heart, and made me more anxious to attend the meeting. Mother, who was much concerned about my spiritual welfare, gained father's consent for me to go. I then went to Mother Leonard's to see if I could go with them. She told me they had not room to take me.

I was hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and felt that my only hope was in going to this meeting. My heart was sad. I started down-stairs, but turned and looked again. She was gazing at me over her spectacles with a look I shall never forget. I said:

"Grandma, I don't want to go just for the sake of going."

She replied, "God bless you, my child. You shall go if I have to stay at home."

We went on Saturday. When I entered the camp-ground, the evil spirit seemed to take possession of me. I tried to resist all religious influences, and did not want my associates to know my object in coming. On Sabbath I felt distressed, and avoided every one. I was compelled to go home that evening; but on Monday father let some friends take our carriage. So I returned with them. In the evening they went home. Oh, the lonely, depressed feeling as I watched them go! It seemed that

"Clouds of thickest blackness gathered
O'er my soul's dark sea of sin,
And the gate of heaven was guarded
From my guilty entrance in."

I then took my seat in the congregation. Rev. Thos. H. Wilson preached from Psalm cxix, 18: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." I was deeply impressed on returning to the tent. Mary L. followed, and found me in great agony of soul. She

called in two or three of the preachers, who held a prayer-meeting and conversed with me and other burdened souls.

On Tuesday before the meeting closed, an opportunity was given for persons desiring to unite with the Church to do so. In offering myself for membership, I felt relieved, knowing I had taken one step in the path of duty. Although I knew the Methodist Church was not my father's choice, I was anxious to get home. At the gate Father Leonard took my hand, and, with tears in his eyes, said,

"My child, go home and let your life be such that your father will be convinced that you are in earnest. You may be the means of bringing him to the Savior."

I soon found the news that I had been received into the Church had reached father. He said nothing, but watched me closely. He was an affectionate father, and I knew he would be pleased if I proved faithful. My first class-leader Brother Haines, and other good friends very often gave me words of encouragement. Oh, how much the young and feeble in the cause of Christ need the kind words and admonition of the older in the cause. I was induced to take a class of little girls in the Sabbath-school, and became much interested in them. A little girl came into the class who had never entered a Protestant Church before. I taught her to read, and she grew to be a lovely young lady. Although an invalid for years, she has been supported by grace through deep trials.

Father had been for many years a successful merchant, but from losses through securities and ill health he failed, and was obliged to sell his store and other property at a great sacrifice, reserving a little cottage next to the store-room, into which we moved in 1857. He had learned the art of photography, but as he was a great sufferer from the asthma, his health would not permit him to attend to the business. Two young men rented our rooms and engaged him to instruct them in the dry-goods business.

As mother's health was poor, I was ambitious to save all I could, and did the family washing every other week myself. One wash-morning in May a load of hay came. Father not being able to leave his room sent me into the store for a man to put it away. He was not in, and no one else I would ask. I stood in the wareroom door a moment, as I thought of girls in the country who did such work, I concluded I could do as much as they, so down to the barn I went. I had to work hard to keep the strong farmer from covering me with the hay, and before the load was half in I felt my back give way. Soon a man came by who finished the work. I was quite sick, but after resting I felt better.

My parents reproved me sharply when they found what I had been doing, and forbade my washing that day. Sadly have I learned that "disobedience is a source of misery." I went to work and put out a washing for ten persons. The line broke, and many of the clothes had to be rewashed. While lifting a heavy tub my back was again wrenched. I suffered very much, but finished my work and prepared for company. This was the last day I was able to do work. Although I kept up for some days, I was suddenly taken very ill. The physician at once told father I had typhoid fever. I knew no one for weeks. My life was despaired of, and friends sent for three times to see me, as they feared my last moments had come. One day when I had been sick about two months I

complained of being so tired, and thought it was hard to be sick so long. My nurse said to me, "Och, my child, wait till ye lays in bed one year, then ye can talk about bein' tired."

In amazement I said, "Why, Aunt Bridget, did you ever know anybody to be sick a year? I don't believe I could live that long."

"Yes, indade ye could, for I was sick a whole year, and niver walked a step."

It was soon discovered the fever had settled in my back and had produced a confirmed case of spinal disease.

About this time a marriage engagement, made the previous year, was broken off. Many times have I been made to rejoice in that preventing providence. Even with health I was too young to settle down for life. Besides, I did not then realize to what an extent I was influenced by circumstances and appearances. When the test came it cost but a slight struggle to give it all up.

* * * * *

02 -- MY FATHER'S EXPERIENCE AND DEATH

During the six months I was unable to leave my room, my mind was much exercised with regard to my spiritual state. I wanted a clearer evidence that I was a child of God. Father was failing so rapidly, our anxiety about his spiritual welfare was great. We feared he was depending too much upon his morality to save him. For weeks I had been impressed that it was my duty to erect a family altar. I tried to excuse myself with every plea until I was on the verge of despair. One morning I begged the Lord to open the way and I would gladly walk therein, bearing the cross, heavy though it should be. After that prayer I was more composed, and during the day waited with longing heart.

In the evening, while the family were seated around the fire and I was reading to them, father suddenly left the room. We were surprised, for he had been scarcely able to walk. Mother said, "Where has he gone? They hastened to look for him, but he was not in the house, and did not answer their calls. Mother took the light to the door, and there, in the wood-house, she saw our dear father, with a rope in his hand, preparing to commit the fatal deed. Her screams brought us to the door. When I saw him the way was clear, our duty plain. I said, "Mother, I know what it is for!" She replied, "Oh, my child, what can it be for?" I answered, "We must do our duty."

That evening the family altar was erected in our home The cross was light and the blessedness of having done my Master's will was sweetness to my heart

For some time father did not seem to realize what was occurring around him This was the first intimation we had that he was so severely tempted The next day he asked mother why we became alarmed so easily. She told him the alarm seemed like a voice from God. He said, "It must be he sent you, for in five minutes the deed would have been done. It was a temptation from the enemy, but don't be uneasy now, for I know it was permitted in order to show me myself as I am and bring me to my Savior."

As the excitement wore off, the burden of my duty increased. I had committed myself, and felt I must bear the cross, or I would never receive the evidence I desired of father's acceptance. I was weighed down, and it seemed impossible to take up the load without some word of encouragement from him.

The next morning our near neighbor; Mrs. Hopkins, came in. She was one of those dear Christian women whose schooling in affliction had prepared her to sympathize with those who are in trouble. I had not been out of the house for more than six months, but she invited me to take tea with them that evening, as our pastor, Rev. Mr. Oldfield, would be present. Mother, in the meantime, had told her of our affliction. I could not converse with her on this subject, but felt it would be a relief to advise with someone. The nearer the evening approached, the more I was tempted to shrink from my duty. I could not pray with the feeling I desired--my heart was so heavily burdened. While at tea, I looked at my pastor and thought: If I can not advise with him, who is there upon earth with whom I can consult? So after tea I requested an interview. I went back to my first convictions concerning family prayers, and frankly told him my experience. To my story he listened with tearful eyes; then, invoking a blessing upon me, he admonished me to do my duty, or results might be terrible. I returned home feeling determined to follow his advice. Father was looking better, and rejoiced to think I could once more be out.

In the evening Brother Coulter, one of his warm friends, came in. After a pleasant conversation, mother handed him the Bible. He read a chapter, and made an earnest, touching prayer. Next day father was not so well, and my depression returned. Later in the day a dear old mother in Israel came to stay all night. I dared not ask her to pray, and had not the courage to do so myself. Father looked at me several times, then called me to him, and, looking in my face --a look I shall never forget--said: "My child, it is time to read; you must do your duty." What encouragement these words gave! From that time until his death (nearly three months) he would not allow the practice to be neglected. In a short time he gave bright evidence of his acceptance with God; and we rejoice to know he is now at home in glory. His great regret was that he had not united with some Church, as an example to his children, if he could not with the Church of his choice.

At this time mother's health was such as to cause doubts in the mind of the physician concerning her. Frequently during father's illness he would speak to me about the dear children, and try to explain to me their different dispositions. He and mother feared I was soon to be left to fill their places. One day he said: "My child, there is a heavy responsibility resting on you as the oldest of the children; do let your example be such as will be safe for them to follow. And, above all, be kind to your dear mother, and comfort her in her affliction." On another occasion he laid his hand on Fannie's head and said: "God bless my baby; she will soon have no papa." To leave his family in destitute circumstances was his trouble; yet he continually cast all into the hands of Him who heareth the young ravens when they cry, and knoweth what is committed to him,

The day before he died he made all arrangements for his burial, and gave all needed instruction with regard to his business, as calmly as though preparing for a journey. Near midnight mother called us, and the physician was sent for. Father's mind seemed wandering, but toward morning he sank into a stupor and remained so until noon, when, to all appearance, he died. I had never seen him sleep lying down, but always in a sitting posture. His body was laid straight upon the bed, and

the friends were preparing to dress him for the coffin, when mother noticed a fluttering pulsation in his neck. They immediately raised his head. He opened his eyes, began to talk, and called for something to eat. He ate with relish, said he had no pain, kissed us all, and inquired about some friends. Mr. M. called in response to his inquiries, and said: "Mr. Smith, your suffering time is almost over." He said: "So you think I'll not be here long. Well, it is all well; but it is hard to leave my family in such a helpless condition." Mother said: "The Lord will provide for us. I only want to know that your peace is made with Jesus, and that you are willing to go." He said: "Yes, mother; I have that hope, and shall soon rest with those who have gone before." He then sank again into a stupor, and passed away without a struggle.

I was lying down when they told me he was dead, but for some time could not realize the fact. Yet our hearts were comforted and our burden lightened when we thought of the happy change compared to what it would have been three months before. Though earth had lost a sojourner, heaven had gained a resident.

The funeral services were held in the Presbyterian Church. I was barely able to attend. After we returned home, while we were seated around the fire, brother Dicky, who had crept behind the stove, burst into tears and cried, "Oh, what will we do without poor papa? Can't he come back again?"

Mr. Melhorn was appointed administrator. The day of the sale was a sad day, for there were many sacrifices to be made. Precious memories were associated with many articles of the household, which must be sold, But these were given up, and our friends of former days flocked around and offered us sympathy and help.

* * * * *

03 -- CHANGES

"I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

Three weeks from the day father was buried I was taken with a severe attack of bilious fever. For a time my friends despaired of my life. In the treatment I was salivated. Mother was deeply distressed. She felt she could not give me up, as I was the only child old enough to comfort her in her bereavement. Aunt Bridget remained with us until I was so far recovered that I could sit up. Father had made arrangements before his death to have my teeth filled, and I attended to it promptly. I did so too soon after I was salivated, and the resulting inflammation caused me trouble throughout the Summer.

In June, mother was taken sick. I was not able to walk alone, and was so anxious about her, I did not give myself a chance to recover strength. When I learned that mother was safe, I felt that a new life had dawned upon us. Our hearts poured forth praises to the God of all our mercies, who has promised to be a father to the fatherless. I was completely overcome when I went to mother's room and saw beside her such a complete image of the dear face that had gone from our view. I

wrote to Uncle Caleb Barrett, who was our nearest and dearest earthly friend. He replied: "We should be exceedingly grateful, dear sister. There are many in the world who would give ten thousand dollars for such a boy, and some day you will realize that your greatest sorrow will be your greatest blessing."

After this I had another severe attack of sickness; but after September 1st I improved so rapidly that I was soon able to go about. I then felt I must prepare for making a livelihood. November 1st I started to school. As I regained my strength and became interested in things of the world, I lost to a great degree my zeal in spiritual affairs. I took part in pleasures calculated to draw the mind from devotional exercises, and soon found I cared less for prayer and class-meetings. I was full of life and seemingly quite well, though still a cripple. I was forcibly reminded of this fact one day in the school-room. In addition to the old seats, some improved ones had been put in. My teacher insisted upon my taking a new one, as it was more comfortable. I saw there would be dissatisfaction if I did, so I declined. He then proposed we draw cuts. Unfortunately, I got the seat coveted by others. Several times such remarks as the following greeted my ears: "Dear me! but new seats are good for lame backs." "I reckon if more of us had spinal disease, we could have new seats, too, as they are so good for cripples." Invalids and cripples often have to bear stings from thoughtless, yet cutting, remarks of the strong and healthy.

Between Christmas and New Year I remained at home to help mother. As I wanted to be out of school but one day, I worked very hard to finish my work. I felt unusually well and full of life. The next was a delightful Winter morning, and, though I felt strangely in school, I took a sleigh-ride at recess. On returning to the school-room, I fainted, and was taken home insensible. For many weeks I was very sick, and was not on my feet again for eighteen months. I was so low most of the time that I could not be left alone day or night.

After a time I recovered so I could piece quilts, and I then learned to crochet. I had learned needle-work when I was nine years old. I often prize the instructions then received, as they gave me an insight into fancy work, which has been so valuable to me since I have been helpless.

In the Spring, the baby, then nine months old, became very sick, and for many months had to be carried on a pillow. He was two years and a half old before he was strong enough to walk.

For a short season I was almost rebellious. I could not feel resigned to our heavy afflictions, and thought our friends cold-hearted when they told us all was permitted for our good. I bless God we have long since learned that "all things work together for good to them that love God." I had broken the laws of nature and must suffer the consequence, but thought it cruel that such was the case. The trouble was, my love had grown cold; I could not look at our afflictions in the right light. There would only be an interval of a few weeks between my sick spells, and their violence increased. I became so nervous and sensitive to the least noise that it was necessary for mother to have an extra door made, and move me into a back room. It was a cozy little place; but I could only see the limb of a large apple tree, which shut the lovely sky from my view. I remained in this room some months. The robins that built their nests in the tree were company for me. One of my happiest Fourth of Julys was when they moved me into the front room. I felt like a bird set free. With childish delight I watched the floating clouds. My heart thrilled with gratitude for the privilege of beholding this much of nature's beauties.

I remained quite well for some weeks, then was taken worse than ever. The physicians tried every means within their knowledge, and subjected me to almost every species of torture; but without the desired effect. My friends advised that I should be taken to a water-cure near Columbus, and gave a helping hand by assisting to defray expenses. I was taken on a lounge. It was like a funeral when we left home, for nearly all thought my return was doubtful. Mr. M. went with us. I was too weak when we arrived at my uncle's in Columbus to be taken directly to the water-cure. The friends there were anxious to try Dr. Freeman, and finally prevailed upon us to send for him. Mother had to return in a short time to the sick babe she had left, and went home with a sad heart, although she knew my dear uncle and aunt would kindly care for me.

Dr. Freeman's treatment proved effectual, and in a few months I was able to walk with, crutches, and returned home. I continued under Dr. Freeman's treatment, and took out-door exercise until I could walk without crutches. In June I went to Clarke County to take Brother Dicky to live with Aunt Fannie. I remained in the country some weeks, and spent some time in Springfield.

On my return home, in August, I found our village ladies all excitement about making articles for the soldiers. I had caught the enthusiasm while at Springfield, and a young lady and myself took a large traveling basket and started out begging material to make and fill pocketcases. We were very successful, and in a short time had a number completed. After this experience, every boy that went out of our village must have a thread-case. Many pleasant memories are connected with the making and giving of these little mementos.

I continued to improve, and, by being careful, could walk quite a distance, and always felt better when out of doors. Traveling seemed to give me strength, and I made several visits--one to Camp Corwin, Dayton, Ohio. Three of us went in a carriage. The grand scenery, the kind friends we met, the novelty of seeing the camp, and the pleasure of meeting our boys once more, caused thanks to arise in my heart that I was permitted to make the trip. We spent the day at camp, went to the city over night, and returned the next morning in time for divine service, it being the Sabbath it was a day I shall never forget, and the last the boys spent in Ohio. Our sad good-byes were said, and we returned home

After this I felt so much better that I determined to go to work; but I could accomplish but little. House-work of every kind seemed to be an injury to me. This Fall our friends insisted that we should have a wood-chopping; and well they showed they had not forgotten us by the goodly number that came. They cut and hauled enough to last us a year. For several years they repeated this kindness, frequently bringing handsome donations.

We owed much to our kind administrator and his wife. Brother Jimmy, though only ten years old, was doing all he could to help mother. He would come from his work and sit with us of nights, and looked after our wants with as much interest as a man.

About this time I became alarmed at my spiritual condition, and longed more than ever for peace and joy in believing. My heart yearned for that which I had not yet enjoyed. I was heart-sick of living a half-way Christian, I felt that I was a stumbling-block to others; that I had the form of godliness without the power. The Savior's words, "For I say unto you, except your righteousness

exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven," lay heavily upon my mind. Finally, our pastor, Rev. Mr. Stubbs, commenced a protracted meeting. With the anxiety for myself there was also an increased interest in my heart for the souls of others. I was led to labor with inquiring souls, and had great liberty while pleading for them, but had not the faith that would lay hold of the promise for myself.

One morning after meeting brother Phinegar came to me and said, "You must go home with us, as a sled load of the mourners are going out." One of them had stayed with me the night before, and we had slept but little; we could almost say that we had "wrestled till the break of day." We went and had a meeting long to be remembered. When we started back to evening services I felt more than ever burdened with my load of sin. As those of our company who were happy were singing the songs of Zion, it grated upon my feelings, and I longed for them to stop. I concluded there was no mercy for me, and before we reached the church I resolved to have my name taken from the class-book. I was tempted not to go in, but before I knew what I was doing, I was going up the aisle. I went as far into the amen corner as I could get. I laid my head on the seat in front of me, and was soon lost in meditation. I tried to think what would be my condition out of the Church, where I had long felt at home, what reproach the course I had in view would bring upon the cause that I felt was sacred to my heart. Then the doom of the lost came before me. All this was more than I could endure. From my horrid reverie I was aroused by the congregation rising to sing. At this instant I realized, as never before, the sufferings of my Savior, and felt for me, the chief of sinners, Jesus died. Right then and there I let go all and clung to the cross alone. That moment I was saved and the burden was gone. My peace then flowed as a river. The next morning I was able to say, "Come, ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul. He hath brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and hath set my feet upon a rock, and hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God."

I now felt the necessity of being again at work. I could not do much with my limited education, and expressed my feelings to our village teacher, Mr. Mowery, who became interested, and kindly offered assistance. I attended his arithmetic class at night and a short time each day.

Mother was away nursing a sick lady. I tried to keep sister Sally in school and also study myself, but soon found that it was wearing upon me. Mother became very uneasy, and as soon as possible left her patient and came home. She seemed to have a presentiment that I would have a relapse. She fretted because she had been obliged to leave me to do so much at home. She returned on Monday. In the evening I was hardly able to be up, because of a burning fever. Tuesday morning I felt still more languid, yet succeeded in getting up and going out to breakfast. I was alternately up and down all that day. On Wednesday, February 24, 1862, I arose, partially dressed myself, and started for the door, but took only a few steps when I began to reel. Mother caught me and laid me back on the bed perfectly helpless. That was the last time I stood on my feet.

The violence of the fever increased. The physician commenced cupping me and using ice on the back of my head. I was unconscious most of the time. The day after I was taken down Mr. D. Pitman sent us a basket of groceries. We were grateful indeed. It cheered us and encouraged our trust in God. That basket, with many others, will never be forgotten. I knew all that occurred, and realized that I was rapidly sinking, as it seemed, into the arms of death. The physicians held a consultation and said they could do nothing more for me. All at once every pain ceased; there

seemed to be no life only from the pit of the stomach up. In those sinking spells I seemed to be basking in the sweet sunlight of heaven. I shall be satisfied if my last hour is as beatific. I was too weak to talk, only in the lowest whisper. I longed to tell the height and depth of that love which filled my whole soul. I seemed to have a glorious vision of heaven with its sunlight of glory. I felt that Jesus, with his arms around and underneath me, was leading me in green pastures, and beside still waters, and I could say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." I heard my physician say that I could not live another day. It thrilled my very being with joy to think I was so near Jerusalem, my happy home. I was so happy it seemed to me angels beckoned me away, and that Jesus bade me come. Here I was interrupted by a friend saying, "Dear sister, we must give you up; do you feel fully prepared to go? Can you say, Thy will be done?" I felt a shrinking from the thought of returning to earth. Just then I realized, as never before, the value of souls and the work there was to do. Yet I could say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

I could hardly realize why my friends wept around me, when I was so happy. My physician was not a Christian, and I had felt a great interest in his spiritual welfare. He laid his hand on my head as I tried to talk, and said, "Be quiet, go to sleep, and see if you will not feel better when you wake." My heart bounded with joy as I answered, "O, doctor, if I should awake in the arms of Jesus, would I not be better off?" He turned from me with tears in his eyes. Although lingering on the verge of eternity, the time of my departure had not yet come. I began to recover slowly, and continued to improve until I could use my hands. During this attack I was severely salivated and suffered much. Thus I remained helpless; yet I was able to use my hands to do light work. For several weeks I was comparatively comfortable, and was beginning to feel encouraged, when I had an attack of bilious fever, aggravating all the former symptoms and bringing me again near the grave. During this spell my room had to be kept dark. I could not feed myself and lost my speech. For nearly six months I could not speak above a whisper. I did not become so strong as before, yet improved so that I could do light hand work. I looked with deep interest for the visits of my pastor, Rev. Mr. Stubbs, who gave me great comfort through his songs and prayer

* * * * *

04 -- TRIALS

"The storms of adversity often may reach us
And bind the strong spirit in anguish and woes,
But when rightly improved they ever will teach us
How rich are the blessings that heaven bestows."

My mother was obliged to go out between my sick spells and work at whatever kind of employment she could get. She would often leave when hardly able herself to be about to earn bread for her helpless family. It was indeed a severe trial for her to leave me when I was so poorly. One morning when I was very weak we were out of almost everything. She said, as she kissed me, "If I only had something to leave that you could eat, I would go cheerfully." I replied, "Dear mother, don't worry about me; I am not hungry. I can trust. I know I shall have something when I feel like eating." She said, "If you can only get along until I come back we will have plenty." When her work was finished she could not get her pay, and came home with a heavy heart,

but was encouraged when she found one of our good neighbors, Mrs. F. Blackburn, had brought us a delicious dinner, sufficient to supply our wants for the day.

One morning I was suffering so much that it was an unusual trial to see mother go to her work, three miles in the country. As she prepared the last flour and meat for our dinner, she tried to cheer me by saying:

"It looks dark; but our Father knows our needs, and we will trust him."

She had her wrappings on, when brother Phinegar brought in a sack of flour, saying:

"Here is a little present, if you will accept it."

Mother burst into tears, and told him the Lord had surely sent him in this hour of need. When he heard of our condition, he said:

"I could not account for the strange feelings I had this morning. Long before daylight I awoke, and felt so restless I could not sleep again. I thought of you, and felt perhaps you were needing breadstuff, but thought I could not spare a grist without running short myself. I could not get rid of the conviction; told my wife how I felt, and she said I had better bring it, and trust to Providence for the future. I came to mill with an unsettled mind; but when I reached the corner my horses seemed to turn this way of their own accord. A feeling took possession of me that I can not describe. So, thank the Lord; for he surely hath sent me here."

He then read the thirty-fourth Psalm, and made with us a touching prayer.

Mother went on to her work rejoicing. Soon after, Mr. T. C. Espy, a friend indeed, brought us a nicely dressed pig. Oh, how my heart bounded with gratitude for all these gifts! I felt, "Surely the Lord is our help and our shield."

On Saturday previous to this, Mrs. Pitts, one of our friends from the country, took Sister Fannie home with her, expecting to bring her back on Monday afternoon. While getting dinner, the children were playing in the kitchen. The stove-door flew open, and Fannie took her little apron to shut it. The flames caught it, and she ran screaming through the room and on the porch, until Mrs. Pitts met her. Her clothes were burned off. They tried to keep the worst from me; but I could see from their manner that she was seriously injured, and would have Sallie go to her. They sent for mother immediately; for they thought she would not live through the night. As soon as she could speak she said:

"O ma, I'm almost burned up."

All who witnessed her sufferings spoke of the heroic manner in which she bore them.

I had not strength to bear the excitement;

Tuesday I was very sick, and at times flighty. Then my call was for mother. We were three miles apart. She could scarcely get out of Fannie's sight; but was very anxious about home. Our good neighbors saw that we did not suffer.

It was weeks before they could bring Fannie home, and the burns in her flesh did not heal for a year. Then she had a long sick spell. Mother was almost worn out with hard work, and I earnestly prayed that some way might be opened for her to get some rest. I was strengthened by the divine assurance, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee;" and I soon found in our darkest hours God's eye is upon us, to deliver both from spiritual and temporal troubles.

The morning before Christmas, sister gathered up some bits of fancy paper, and we made baskets as Christmas presents for our little neighbors. We were well repaid for our work on seeing their bright faces the next morning. On Christmas eve there was a skating party in town. A great many friends from the country were in and out of my room till late. Notwithstanding all were so happy around me, I was sad. We dressed a doll, and sent it to Fannie. Our Yankee teacher was so full of mischief I feared he was playing a trick when he took my catchall and hung it out of doors. But to my surprise, when it was returned, I found it filled with paper, envelopes, stamps, pen, ink, and other things, with a note saying, "Now enjoy your luxury of writing to the soldier boys." I had at this time a number of unanswered letters, so these things were very acceptable. There were times when I could do nothing else but write.

On Christmas, mother had dressed my bed nicely in white, and I was enjoying a refreshing sleep, when a little girl ran in, saying, "Oh, there is a great wagon load of folks coming here." I looked out, thinking they were going to a neighbor's, as there were many strange faces. Soon I saw baskets being taken into the kitchen, and before the first wagon was unloaded, the street between our house and the hotel was blocked with buggies, carriages, and wagons. They had arranged to meet and take us by surprise. Only two in town knew of it. Miss Davis and Miss Taylor originated it in the Presbyterian Church.

They came in, took possession of the house, gave mother orders to stay with the company, and, in due time, the table was spread. Between seventy-five and one hundred took dinner with us. Many of the company have said they never enjoyed a happier Christmas. They left flour, meat, butter, apples, wood, and other necessities, with a dress for each of us, and money to purchase a stove for my room. It was no wonder these dear friends enjoyed the day so much. I felt and knew my prayers were answered, though in a way I least expected. A little one said during the war: "Mother, I believe God always hears when we scrape the bottom of our flour barrel." We now believed it. Brother Phinegar's sack of flour was about gone. Now we were well prepared for the New Year's day of 1863, with our new stove. It was a day long to be remembered as one of the extreme cold days, though Christmas was a beautiful Winter day.

After Fannie was brought home she needed mother's constant care. I was taken worse, and for more than three weeks required watching day and night. The kindness of our friends had relieved our wants, so mother could be home with us. After many weeks I recovered so I could be at work again, and sister Sallie went out to work. While I was so helpless it was hard for mother to take care of me without sister, for I tried to help myself and took worse. Every time she went from home mother's strength gave way and I became sick. Sister was almost discouraged. Her time

was so taken up in waiting on Fannie and me, that she could not do much toward maintaining the family. As I became worse, my nerves were so sensitive that the noise of any one crossing the room caused severe pain, and the least noise in the street startled me. The physician advised burning the back with a red-hot iron, but Dr. A. thought it unadvisable, as it had been done without benefit, and he had his doubts about my living through the operation.

But, contrary to all expectations, I grew better, and thus continued, better and worse, until Spring. Then I had a severe attack of bilious fever and inflammation of the stomach and bowels, with enlargement of the liver. Our physician being absent, a strange one was called in. He gave me calomel, which again caused salivation. I continued very weak throughout the Spring. In June, the doctor advised that I should be carried out. This I at first refused, but the benefit arising from it proved to be great.

I often felt exceedingly thankful that I was situated where I could see the dear old church on the hill, and the people wending their way thither, but was pained to see so many idling on the corners. One Sabbath during the Winter my attention was drawn to several little boys who were taking the name of God in vain. All day long I thought of these poor little fellows, whose parents took no interest in their eternal welfare. When evening came I longed to be alone, that I might wrestle in prayer for the perishing ones around me. I told brother Hoffman how I felt, and proposed to see what I could do with these children if they would give me catechisms. At first they tried to persuade me it was folly to try, but finally furnished me with books. The boys were invited to visit me at home, and were glad to come. We met every Sabbath, at three o'clock. One of our rules was that no one could come into the room without taking part. I must say, to the credit of these boys, who are now men, that they were always in their places in time, with washed faces and combed hair, and were always so quiet that in my weakest moments they could hear every word I said. Our numbers averaged from fifteen to twenty-five.

One afternoon two young men came in. One little fellow politely raised his hand to speak, and said: "Gentlemen, our rule is that every one who comes in must say the lesson. So we would like you to take a seat in the class, or please retire." They smiled and took a seat, but when their turn came, could not answer as the little boys did. This pleased the children, and the young men soon excused themselves. We met about six Sabbaths, when sickness compelled me to give them up. They often begged me to teach them again, but the doctor would not allow it.

One day when I was better, Mrs. Strayer had her melodeon brought to my room, and spent several hours playing for me. Her sweet voice was enough to cheer any sufferer who loves music as I do. One Sabbath afternoon, the Presbyterian choir came and sang for me, and almost every Saturday night the Glee Club, or others, would sing at my window. I remember one night Professor Harper's Glee Club came after eleven o'clock. I was very weak after a day of intense suffering, and was just getting into a doze. For a while, as I heard the music, I wondered whether I was in earth or in heaven. If the discordant notes of earth sung by imperfect tongues are so delightful, what will be the melody of heaven sung by immortal tongues and golden harps, where all is harmony!

* * * * *

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye, who have but scant supply.
Angel eyes will watch above it,
You shall find it by and by.
You may think it lost forever;
But, as sure as God is true,
In this life, or in the other,
It will yet return to you."

A poor neighbor came in one morning, and begged me to teach his little girl. He would let her come to my room every morning and afternoon when the school-bell rang. I consented, and found her to be an apt scholar. Soon the same request was made by others. Finally, I was induced to teach a small subscription-school. I thought it would help us, so that mother would not have to work so hard, besides that she could be at home with us. She took the responsibility, and procured seats that could easily be carried in and out of my room. I enjoyed it very much, but was so weak and at times so weary that it seemed I must give it up.

One morning when I was feeling worse than usual, a little boy came in from the country with a nicely dressed chicken and every thing to make a good dinner. The same afternoon this boy, who had given me so much pleasure in the morning, got into a fight. He came and told me all about it with a full heart, and asked me to forgive him. Since then he has grown into manhood. Not long ago he called on me, and asked if I remembered that day. He said I could never know how much good the talk I gave him had done in supporting him in the right through many of the trials he had passed through since that time. Another proof that "kind words can never die."

One afternoon mother was called away. I was feeling quite well, but at best could not raise my head from the pillow. One little fellow became quite unruly. After disobeying several times, sent for a switch. It seemed to amuse the children to think I would attempt to whip the largest and worst boy in the school. I took his hand and talked kindly, telling him to remember that each stroke would hurt me worse than it would him. He soon found this to be true, and the fact of his causing me to suffer was the severest part of his punishment. It affected him and all of them very much. He begged me to forgive him. He was a good boy through all the rest of the school. The children often cheered us by acts of kindness and words of cheer. I taught them about eight weeks, when my nervous system could no longer bear it. I had been failing for several days, and at times suffered intensely. When the children came Monday morning, they found me very low. For many weeks I could endure no noise or excitement. I never became so well after this exertion, and lost more than I gained. Drs Brown and Hance did everything in their power to relieve me. They thought if they could make a brace that would support my head and shoulders, I could sit up. They worked very hard to finish it; but the evening before they intended to put it on, I was taken worse. They were thankful they had not tried the experiment, for this attack would have been attributed to it. I will never forget their untiring efforts to give me relief and make me comfortable.

I was very sick all that Summer, and gave way to doubts and fears. For three months I had not one ray of light. At times I was in great agony of mind, and often wondered if all Christians had their dark seasons. I could not look back over my experience and doubt of my conversion; but after

enjoying what I had, I feared I had grieved away the Spirit. One day the Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. Telford, called. I told him how I felt, and asked if he ever had such clouds. He said:

"Yes, certainly. I never met a Christian but had more or less at times. Take, for instance, the natural sky. If we should always have sunshine without clouds, the result would be we would have no refreshing showers, neither would we appreciate the sunshine as we do after a few cloudy days. So it is with a Christian. As a general thing, their sky is brighter than before the clouds, so after it passes off they will know that during their darkness the sun had been shining behind the clouds, and afterward they can trust with greater faith even though the sky be overcast."

He prayed, and left me much benefited by his visit.

About this time a friend sent me the "Narrative of Mrs. Gardner," and another "The Guide to Holiness." I received several works from different sources. I was strangely exercised. My heart longed to enjoy the liberty here spoken of but I felt this was too much for me to expect Mrs. Gardner's experience affected me very much. I sometimes felt I would be willing to go through all that she had, if, by that means, I could be as much benefited. Then, again, I would shrink from such trials as being dependent. Nothing seemed to have such terror to me as the thought of being a county pauper. I thought I never could be resigned to that. While reading this work I was greatly blessed and brought into light.

Our new pastor, E. B. Morrison, paid me a visit. He seemed alarmed to find my mind so clouded. I shall never forget the kind interest he took in my welfare, and with what anxiety I looked forward to his appointments -- for he never failed to call, and always gave me words of encouragement. It was during one of these visits I heard, for the first time, those precious hymns, "Sweet Hour of Prayer" and "My Heavenly Home is Bright and Fair." After a profitable conversation he sang these hymns. While singing, and during prayer, the clouds began to melt away. He left an appointment for his new supply, Rev. Charles Reynolds. On the next Thursday night he told him of my case, and requested him to call. He came in before preaching, and approached me as though acquainted. "Well, sister Jennie, I am glad to meet you; and from your cheerful looks, I trust you are enjoying much of the Savior's love. You do not look as if there were any clouds hanging over your sky." We had a precious season of prayer together. A great many came in on their way to church. I could now pray for our pastor and people with strong faith and great liberty. During the wakeful hours of night I enjoyed the blessing of concentrating my thoughts, and at times it seemed as though I could bring every acquaintance to the throne of grace.

Soon after this I had a visit from Brother Calvin Smith and Elder Rapp, a Christian minister. They came several miles out of their way to make the visit, and proved themselves friends indeed.

During the Fall I improved so that I was able to use my hands, and did considerable embroidery. I was always delighted when I could do any thing, though ever so little.

I felt so much the need of something to elevate me gradually, that I made it a subject of prayer. One day Mr. Terrel assisted in moving me. I drew for him the plan of a cot, according to my idea, and he and Mr. Blackburn improved on it until they invented an invalid chair, which they

presented to me in October. It was a great comfort to me. They afterward perfected it, and secured a patent on it.

* * * * *

06 -- NEW TREATMENT

"My times are in thy hand."

There was considerable excitement about a certain Dr. Newton, who was to visit Urbana. I consulted with Dr. Vance, who said: "I have no faith in this man; but if I thought you could stand the trip I would say, 'Go.' It will give you an opportunity of seeing other physicians. And if there is any relief for you, I am willing to help you."

We made our arrangements, and started next morning, November 17, 1865. We spent the night in West Liberty, and went to Urbana on Saturday. The trip was very severe. We stopped at Colonel Armstrong's. Dr. Newton was to be in town only on Sabbath, and patients were taken to the hotel to see him; but I was so exhausted Colonel Armstrong would not allow me to be moved. The doctor visited me at the house, but did me more harm than good. At my request, Dr. Bassett was called in. I was anxious to try electricity. My back was so paralyzed that he several times used the battery three or four hours without producing any effect. I felt encouraged when at last some effect was produced, and was anxious to give Dr. Bassett a trial.

The first thing to be taken into consideration was the means. We had received much encouragement before leaving home of receiving two notes, that we knew would be sufficient to defray my expenses for a time. But we could not depend upon them for immediate use. As I had not enough money to begin with, I was at a loss what to do. I could not think of returning home when relief seemed so near. Mother felt much depressed; but we prayed over the matter.

While in consultation with Colonel Armstrong and his wife, Dr. Bassett came in. He seemed much pleased, and said:

"Well, Miss Jennie, I have a little surprise for you. A gentleman, an entire stranger, met me on the street, and handed me twenty dollars, saying it was for Miss Smith, and came from unknown friends, who were interested in your welfare, and intended this should pay your board for a month, which he thought could be obtained at Mrs. McGowan's. I at once called on Mrs. McGowan, and arranged to have you board at her house. If this suits, you can go there tomorrow morning."

We were completely overcome with gratitude for this unexpected providence. I longed to know who the friends were who came to our relief in this trying hour.

Friday morning I was taken to Mrs. McGowan's. Mother had left home unexpectedly, and was obliged to return on Saturday. It was a trial to part; but I was so thankful for an opportunity to try the treatment that I was reconciled to the separation. All were so kind I soon felt at home. Just before mother left, Rev. L. F. Van Cleve, Pastor of the Second Methodist Episcopal Church, called to see me. The prayer he offered comforted our hearts greatly, and we felt he would be our friend,

and such he has been from that hour. Dr. Bassett came each day, spending from two to four hours at a time in the use of the galvanic battery. I was greatly encouraged, and new hope sprang up that I should find relief.

I now thought I would keep a journal when able to guide my pencil; and when not able to write in it Minda McGowan would keep it for me. Accordingly, I made the following entry:

Sabbath, December 24th.--I am so thankful that two classes meet in my room every Sabbath. Rev. L. F. Van Cleve led the class this morning. It was a feast to my soul, as I had not enjoyed such a privilege for some time. How much it helped me through this day of severe suffering.

December 30th.--Dr. Bassett used his battery over three hours, with much success. My back is becoming more sensitive, even to a touch, so that I can scarcely be moved from one position to another. I had a profitable conversation to day on the subject of religion, and in the evening enjoyed a prayer-meeting. Brother Van Cleve preached a short sermon. It cheered my heart and made me trust with stronger faith amid the darkness and clouds that seemed to be gathering over my temporal sky. My indebtedness for board and medical treatment is increasing daily, and the notes have not been heard from. Oh for patience and grace to enable me to bear with Christian fortitude all that I may be called to pass through. The doctor is persevering and has worked hard. At times I have trembled for fear he would become discouraged and say he could do no more. He is, however, greatly encouraged. If I should have to cease treatment for want of means it will be a severe trial to me. I will trust and not be afraid."

At this time my eyes became very much inflamed and so painful I could not sleep. Brothet Van Cleve called in, and having had some experience as an oculist, gave me great relief. For some time I could not bear the light and could see but little. These were trying times, and every day seemed to grow darker. About this time Mr. Strayer and Mr. Saylor, from home, called and presented me with sixteen dollars. My heart overflowed with gratitude to the kind friends and to Him who alone can repay them.

I thought my eyes would soon be well, but one morning while Mattie Van Cleve was reading my sight grew dim. I could not see across the room. I felt alarmed at the thought of becoming blind, but after looking to the Savior with my spiritual eyes felt prepared for the worst. Mattie told her father, who suggested a new treatment. Mother came next day and found me better and more cheerful than she expected. I begged the doctor to tell me what he thought of my eyes. He said, "Well, it looks as though you might have to do the rest of your life by feeling." Mother and I were sad, as our way seemed hedged up. It was impossible for me to go home with her, as I could not be moved without intense pain. While pondering these things the friends who had brought the sixteen dollars came again, with a donation of twenty dollars from the friends at home. This I gave to sister McGowan, who had been doing all in her power for my comfort and relief. Again the cry of my soul was, "Oh for words to express the gratitude of my heart for those tokens of love!"

I still felt anxious with reference to the doctor's bill, which was daily increasing (although his charges were very moderate), and all hopes of getting means from the notes were blasted. My condition was pitiable indeed. By mistake I took a dose of poison. Fortunately there were several

sisters, present, who suggested raw eggs as an antidote. Two were taken immediately, and were, without doubt, the means of saving my life. Vomiting was kept up four hours. Meanwhile the pupils of my eyes were contracted, producing a favorable result, clearing the sight as it had not been for many weeks. Every means were used to keep me awake, as sleep would have been fatal. This seemed torture, until, at my request, they sang and prayed. I was driven nearer the rock of my salvation and could say, "Thy will be done." I was very ill and weak for many days.

Following this prostration, I had five successive gatherings in my head and one in my side. No pen can describe the long, weary weeks of suffering I endured; but out of these the Lord delivered me. My friends were untiring in their care, yet I felt my way was dark and hedged up. I tried to trust all in the hands of Him who alone was able to keep me. During this season of darkness Rev. L. F. Van Cleve and his choir called one Sabbath evening, and sang some sweet songs and offered prayer. It strengthened and helped me to "look to the hills whence cometh my help."

Kind friends called daily, with whom I had interesting religious conversation, creating within me a stronger desire to be wholly and forever the Lord's, and to be instrumental in helping those who were thirsting for the waters of life.

* * * * *

07 -- PROVIDENCES

"No strength of our own, no goodness we claim;
But since we have known the Savior's great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power; the Lord will provide."

I had suffered intensely, and was very, weak in body and troubled in mind, when Dr. Bassett and brother Van Cleve called. The one ministered to the relief of the body, the other to the relief of the soul, by offering the consolations of the Gospel. Soon after they left, brother Marsh called and gave Mrs. McGowan fifty dollars in payment for my board, and thirteen dollars with which to purchase, clothing and other comforts so much needed. I was completely overcome, and could find no words to express my gratitude. The understanding was that when money was received my physician was to have a part; but my friends said that I needed clothing, and this had been given for that purpose. Hence a difference of opinion sprang up between my physician and other parties, which gave him just cause, after having given his time and treatment to my case, to feel hurt. I learned from a few words that reached me from an adjoining room, that unless something was done he would give up the case. It would be impossible to describe my feelings at this moment. I found, from what I heard, that I was drawing means from the county. The thought flashed over me that I was a county pauper! My heart rebelled; I could not pray. I shall never forget the anguish of that hour. Brother Happersett came in, and, placing his hand on my head, said: "Come, sister Jennie; you are too weak. You must not give way to your feelings. Look upon the bright side. Remember, it is not so bad but it might be worse. I have just come from the house of a dying man having no hope of heaven, and leaving a destitute family." He then sang, as he stood at my side pressing my throbbing head,

"Though troubles assail and dangers affright
Though friends should all fail and foes all unite
Yet one thing secures us whate'er betide:
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide."

While he was singing, a tear from his eye fell upon my cheek. The value of that tear can never be estimated. When he had finished the hymn I had a different class of feelings. I was greatly encouraged, and began to feel I would not have to give up treatment. I spent most of the night in prayer. Next morning brother Van Cleve found my eyes worse. He talked and prayed with me. By the next evening I had gained a great victory over self, and felt, if need be, I could go to the County Infirmary and do work for the Master even there.

The following Sabbath was quarterly-meeting. in the afternoon brother Van Cleve and others called and administered the sacrament. While partaking of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of our dear Lord, I was filled with love and praise.

On Monday, brother H. gave me twenty-three dollars for my physician, raised by subscription, with the names of the donors, for which I was exceedingly thankful. I prayed that each one might be rewarded for his kindness.

I continued to improve slowly, but was so nervous that a heavy footstep, or the shutting of a door, caused severe pain.

April 1, 1866, was a welcome Sabbath, emblem of that eternal rest,

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

I did not feel so well in body, but my mind was stayed on God. I enjoyed the class in my room led by brother Patrick. Before leaving, brother J. kindly presented me with a dollar. May he be richly rewarded for his kindness. Several dear friends called, with whom I had interesting conversations on the subject of faith. After dinner my chair was rolled near the window, from which I got a glimpse of the clear blue sky for the first time in many weeks. I could say with the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." After Sabbath-school quite a number called, among them several young converts. They sang at the close,

"Oh, how happy are they
Who their Savior obey;"

and shook hands with each, other, realizing that it was a precious meeting.

Such meetings were frequently held in my room on Sabbath afternoon, with song, prayers, and relation of Christian experience, and were always interesting and beneficial. They were a

continual feast to my soul. I had a growing desire to be more fully lost and swallowed up in the will of God.

Not long after this time I had a severe attack of inflammation of the liver, and for days was very ill. The kind family with whom I was stopping, my physician, and all my dear friends were very kind and attentive, for which I thank them. I was greatly delighted with a visit from dear mother; and yet it was sad to see her looking so weary and care-worn, and to know how hard she was struggling and worrying about me and other loved ones, while I could do nothing. I now resume the extracts from my journal.

May 30th.--My dear friends at home have sent me the improved chair. Sister McGowan has attached casters to it, so they can roll me from room to room. They took me to the door for the first time. How I enjoyed it! Would that the friends knew how much more comfortable they have made me.

June 13th.--How thankful I am for what I enjoy and the prospect of getting well. My chair was rolled into the parlor, and from there on boards down under the shade-trees, where I could hear the birds,

"With artless lays,
Warble their great Creator's praise."

After spending some time beneath the shade trees and writing a letter to mother, an arrangement was made to take me out riding on a bed in a carriage. Never shall I forget how perfectly delighted I was. The trees, the fields, the murmuring brooks, all seemed to be praising the Lord. In the gladness of my soul I almost forgot my pain. I felt better after resting, and often took rides through the kindness of Mr. Hefflebower. I must not forget to mention also the kindness of Mr. F. Ganson, who often took me to places of interest. I continued to improve. One morning an attempt to raise me to a half-sitting posture caused severe pain and made me very sick; so I had to desist. I, however, was not alarmed nor discouraged in my hope of one day walking again. I prayed for faith and submission to the divine will both physically and temporally.

June 16th--I feel much better. Had a precious class, led by brother Humphreys, and then spent a sweet season alone. Brother Sampson told me about the mission school they commenced today. I do feel a deep interest in their undertaking. Two weeks ago, when brother Sampson and brother Talbot talked the matter over here, I told them I could do nothing else, but I would pray for them. I feel we entered into a solemn covenant. My heart is so drawn out after the poor, neglected souls. Oh, that God may bless this effort to save them.

June 22d.--I do not feel so well in body, but better in mind; still I have not the Spirit of the Master and that full trust in him that I desire. Too often I fear I read God's Word more from a sense of duty than to feed on its precious promises. Oh, may this Word be as a lamp to my feet and a light to my path! This afternoon I had a long talk with Dr. B. and sister M., both of them chiding me for worrying about my secular affairs. I know it is wrong to fret as I have done; it is distrusting my heavenly Father. He knows my surroundings and my weakness, and the desire of my heart to be patient and resigned. Both the families mentioned have been particularly kind, doing every thing in

their power to make me comfortable. Today brother and sister Huffman called. It did me good to hear from mother, though only to hear she was sick. I fear she has worked too hard. Sister Strayer has just sent me an invitation to spend a few weeks with her before going home. I received this as providential, and give God thanks. I took courage and comfort in the words of the Psalmist (ix, 9, 10), "The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee: for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee."

How I should love to be home today; but I am content, knowing I enjoy many blessings and privileges that others are deprived of. May this day and all others be spent so as to please my heavenly Father. Brother Gehman, wife, and daughter called on me. I was greatly benefited by the religious conversation and earnest prayer of brother Gehman. I was made to rejoice that I had been led in the narrow path that leads to peace and rest. Brother Gehman gave me five dollars before leaving. I was thankful, for it was much needed. The promise is, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." The dear Savior makes even our trials work together for our good. This has been a precious day. "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

August 6th. -- Brother Happersett presented me ten dollars in behalf of his lodge. The Lord reward him. Dear mother visited me today. She looks care-worn, yet cheerful and patient. Our kind friend, brother Huffman, brought her. He gave me a scolding for not telling them of my troubles, and said he would see to it that all my bills were settled.

August 18th.--This is my twenty-fourth birthday. I awoke with wandering thoughts, but after reading a chapter felt refreshed and had free access to the throne of grace. On examining my heart closely, I find I am all unworthiness and very far from what I desire to be; yet I trust I am an accepted, child of God through the merits of my Savior. I this day renew my vows to Him who merits all my love, to live nearer to him through this and all future years of my life. I know not what suffering is before me. I know not what a day may bring forth, but I desire to be a perfect Christian, bearing my sorrows with fortitude, that at last I may meet the loved ones beyond the river.

August 26th. --I have enjoyed another Sabbath. We had a glorious class-meeting, led by brother Van Cleve and brother Humphrey. After Sabbath-school quite a number called, some of whom were under conviction. I pointed them to Jesus as best I could. The desires of my heart were drawn out for brother Talbot's mission school. Brother Sampson gave a very encouraging report of it today. If this should be my last Sabbath in this home, it will be remembered in eternity on account of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

August 27th.-- I was taken over to sister Smith's, who has passed through deep affliction. My visit was a blessing to us all. I felt sad on leaving Minda McGowan, who has been an invalid for some time.

August 30th. --Mr. Ganson took me to Mrs. Strayer's, whom I had promised to visit before I went home. The ride fatigued me, but after resting I felt better.

August 31st.--I suffered greatly during the night. Dr. Bassett called this morning, and, after using the battery, I felt better. Today I thought much of the goodness of God. I am anxious about

loved ones at home, yet thankful that I have so many kind friends. While Mrs. Strayer and Professor Harper sang this evening I was carried in imagination to the inheritance of the saints in light.

September 1st.--I feel it is sweet to take all my cares to Him who has said, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee. He will never suffer the righteous to be moved." I heard from home today, by a little boy, who on his return took a chicken with him, saying it must not be killed until I get home.

September 11th.-- I can not tell why I am so cast down. I try to trust all in my Father's hand, and feel that he will provide some way for me to pay the doctor and Mrs. McGowan. Brother Huffman called and told me mother had the chills. I was shocked when he said, "Well, sister Jennie, the friends at home feel it is not their duty to pay the doctor any more money, but will give to you when you reach home. They think you need it more than he does. If I could control the matter I would pay him to relieve your mind." I burst into tears and gave way to sobs of grief. I could not control my feelings and begged him to forgive me. The thirty-fourth and thirty-seventh Psalm comforted me. I could bear it better if I were not such a trouble to others. I know I ought to leave it all with Jesus, for he knows. I had five dollars, which I gave to the doctor, and told him what the friends at home said. He told me not to fret, he would not forsake me. Never will I forget the kindness of this true friend. Mrs. S. intended to move, but insisted upon my remaining until that time.

In the mean time sister Flago invited me to spend a few hours with her. I intended to go to another friend's in the evening. Mrs. Glenn came in, and insisted upon Mrs. Flago and myself taking dinner at her house. We accepted, and they carried me over. I was delighted with her lovely home. I had never met Mr. Glenn until he came in to dinner. The time passed pleasantly. About four o'clock it began to rain, and it was deemed imprudent for me to go out; so I remained all night. I had a long talk with Mrs. Glenn on the subject of religion. Never will I forget the reflections of the first night I spent in Mrs. Glenn's home. I could not sleep until long after midnight. The gas was turned down to a pale light, shedding a peculiar hue upon the pictures, the rich carpets, etc. I spent the most of the night in prayer. I felt an intense desire that I in some way might be a blessing to this family before leaving them. Tuesday it rained most of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn were very kind, doing all in their power for my comfort. Wednesday I had another hard chill. My friends came to take me away; but I was suffering so much they would not allow me to be moved. In the mean time Mr. Glenn became somewhat acquainted with my circumstances and need of medical attendance, and prevailed on me to remain where I was, for a time at least, until the chills were broken, and to feel perfectly at home. I hardly knew what to do. Brother Van Cleve coming in, I asked his advice. He said:

"My candid opinion is, you ought to stay. They have given you a pressing invitation, are able to make you comfortable, and, taking all the circumstances into consideration, it would be ungrateful in you not to accept their kindness."

This decided the matter, relieving my mind at once. I wrote home for them not to come for me.

Thursday, 27th.- -A bright and beautiful morning. All nature seems to rejoice. Even the little birds are singing sweetly, reminding me that our blessings should call forth songs of praise. Professor Harper's glee-club serenaded me last night. While they were singing at my window, I thought if they could but realize how much I enjoyed it they would be repaid. Brother Phinegar, from home, called, bringing with him thirty-five dollars, and Judge Corwin gave me five, which I shall give to the doctor. How wonderfully the Lord is supplying my wants! I had a precious interview with Rev. W. I. Fee, Pastor of the first charge of Urbana. His conversation and prayer did me a great deal of good. I had another chill, and suffered much; but have had a good day, for which thanks to the dear Lord.

* * * * *

08 -- CONSOLATIONS

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One moment of heaven is worth them all."

Sabbath, September 30th. -- I find great comfort in reading my Bible and meditating on the goodness of God. Mrs. Glenn was called to see a sick neighbor. I had an opportunity to converse with Mr. Glenn on the subject of religion, which I did, but not in my own strength. He asked me the particulars of my coming to Urbana. I told him of my hopes and disappointments, and how a kind Providence had opened my way to the present. I said:

"Mr. Glenn, I wish you and Mrs. Glenn could realize how much I appreciate your kindness."

He answered: "Well, it seems a little strange to myself. I have thought I never would do another favor, from the fact that many whom I have favored have become my enemies; but you may be assured, Miss Jennie, that you are welcome, or I would not have insisted on your staying as I have done. I want you to remain as long as you feel at home."

I thanked him, and said: "I am sorry your confidence in human nature and religion is so shaken. I trust you will never have occasion to think I am your enemy, but rather a true friend to you and Mrs. Glenn."

After the chills were broken I improved rapidly, and felt I would soon be able to walk. The interest in my welfare and happiness seemed daily to increase.

October 15th. What a day of blessings this has been! Mrs. Glenn rolled me up to the well in the kitchen, where I pumped a bucket of water and helped shell beans for dinner. How I enjoyed what I have not done for five years! They talk of me as their baby, and treat me as though I were their own child. Why is the Lord so good to me when I am so unworthy? Mothers W. and S. and

brothers Van Cleve and Ross called. What a treat to have those dear mothers in Israel come in. Not long after this I was thinking how much I needed some additional clothing, when I received a letter from sister R. inclosing two dollars, which impressed the lesson more fully upon me to leave all in the hands of the Lord, who knows all my wants, and will supply them from his unwasting fullness more carefully than he feeds the young ravens that cry. Have I not evidence enough to confirm my faith that he will fulfill his promise, "Bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure?" Why, then, do I not more fully trust him for my loved ones? I find myself anxious about dear mother, who has to work so hard day by day for the little ones at home. I am sometimes almost overcome at the table to see the abundance when others have scarce enough to satisfy their hunger. Again I ask myself, Why am I so favored? Brother H. called. We had a long, interesting conversation. What a changed man! A year ago he was a skeptic. He sympathized with me in my affliction, and says it has done him much good. Then, why should I not suffer, if it is for the good of others as well as my own? My heart is filled with peace, love, and praise for the blessing of this day.

October 24th.-- Brother Van Cleve called just before tea. Mr. Glenn invited him to remain, saying: "Stay and see how nicely we can take our baby to the table with us. This is the only baby we have, and we hope she will soon be able to walk."

Brother Van Cleve said: "Well, I've kept a pretty close watch over Jennie since she came to town, and have been much interested in her welfare. I feel very grateful to you and Mrs. Glenn for your kind hospitality toward her."

Mr. Glenn answered: "Not at all; she is perfectly welcome. Having no family of our own, it is very pleasant to have her here."

At the tea-table Mr. Glenn told of an insane man in jail who swore terribly when he passed him. He said: "Many men who never use profane language when in their right minds swear when crazy."

I told him I did not think any man in his right mind would swear.

November 15th. -- I feel much better again this morning. Was taken to the breakfast-table the first time for several days. Sister Glenn and I had a sweet season of conversation, and prayer for loved ones. We had a delightful serenade last night. In imagination I was carried to "home, sweet home." Today I had a most agreeable and valuable surprise. Lizzie Leedom and Lizzie Furrow came into my room with their arms full, and laid upon my bed two double wrappers and two complete suits of flannel underwear, which a number of the sisters made up for me at sister Leedom's. It was a most acceptable present and just the thing needed. The only reply I could make was a flood of tears. Lizzie put her arms around my neck, and said, "I hope your feelings are not hurt." I told her, "No, by no means. They are tears of gratitude."

I felt that we must ask a blessing upon the donors. We prayed together, and the dear girls went on to their school. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn were delighted with my presents. I wrote a note of thanks; but how short I came of expressing all my gratitude! How comfortable they have made me! May each one be rewarded. I must write to dear mother about it. Two days more and it will be just a year since I left home. How strangely I have been led and cared for.

Shortly after this I heard that Sister Mollie and Brother Dicky had been sick. A friend suggested I would be of so much comfort to mother if I were at home; but Mrs. Glenn said she could not give me up.

I prayed that I might be directed. It was getting late in the Fall, and I was anxious to see the loved ones, but did not wish to do any thing I might afterward regret. Mother was fearful I was imposing on good nature, and came to see me about going home. Sickness had prevented her coming sooner. Mrs. Glenn met her with a kiss, and said: "I am so glad to meet Jennie's dear mother, but hope you will not take my baby from me. I could hardly live without her."

Mr. Glenn was equally cordial, and insisted on my remaining. At dinner, he said, "We'll have some fun with Lizzie and Peter," their colored help.

He said to them, "Come, now, you must hurry up and get Jennie ready; her mother has come for her. Do you want her to go?" Peter dropped his head, and Lizzie said: "If Miss Jennie goes I goes too. Ah! I can see you are just fooling us. Peter, don't cry; she isn't going."

After we returned to the sitting-room, Mr. Glenn said: Can't you consent to stay with us and feel at home? Stay at any rate until the first sleighing snow, and then we can take you more easily than now."

By this time my mind was clear to remain, and I answered, "Yes, Mr. Glenn, I can stay, provided you will give me the assurance that you will tell me frankly the very moment it is not altogether agreeable to you for me to remain longer."

"I will give you my hand and word," said he, "and tell you frankly when I desire a change."

Mother left me, much relieved with the assurance I would be cared for, and more comfortable than it would be in her power to make me. I learned after she was gone that she had but ten cents, which she had given Peter to get a loaf of bread. I had asked her if she had enough to make her comfortable, and noticed that her eyes filled with tears, and she turned away, saying: "We will get along; don't fret about us."

I was satisfied that the dear sick ones were destitute of necessities. It was well I did not know the worst. That was the most trying time in all mother's adverse circumstances. Her own health poor, the children sick, with no work for some time. She had left them that morning without enough to satisfy their hunger. At dinner, the thought of their scanty supply in comparison with the abundance of the table at which she was sitting, almost overcame her. But the Lord raised up friends. When she returned home she found an order for work, and the friends made a wood-chopping, supplying them with fuel. At times I felt that I must go home to assist mother. Again I would think that I would only increase her care. I was convinced that my stay in this family was appreciated.

A number of friends came in and sang for me. Mr. Glenn was not a professor of religion, and at times was rather disposed to criticise Christians, and I hesitated about asking them to have

prayers before leaving. He told me, however, that I was at perfect liberty to have religious services whenever I desired it.

November 29th. --This is a lovely Thanksgiving morning. How many convincing proofs I have had of my heavenly Father's tender mercies and providential care. How he has caused me to triumph in every trial and dark season. Last evening a wealthy lady called. I said no one had more to be grateful for than I have under my circumstances. She told a friend she did not know how I could feel so while she, who had every comfort of life and good health, was not satisfied. Brother Van Cleve called and gave me nine dollars and eighty cents, a public collection at quarterly-meeting. I am so thankful, as this will enable me to pay Mrs. McGowan. I was quite sick for some days. Every time they attempted to raise me to a sitting posture it caused intense pain in my hip and side.

December 18th.-- Mr. G. will bury his father today. He came home a few moments ago and gave way to a fresh flood of tears. Poor family! I know how to sympathize with them. Rev. W. L. Hypes remained here last night and will preach the funeral sermon. It is a great privilege to have one of God's ministers with us. His prayers last night and this morning were appropriate and comforting. He said, "Jennie, God has placed you here for some good purpose. Be patient and persevering. Trust all in his hands." Had a call from Mrs. Melhorn and Mrs. Hopkins. It seemed so pleasant to see any one from home. They laughed at me for thinking I could be of any service to mother. Sister Young told them they were going to keep me here all Winter. Sister McGowan begged me not to worry about my indebtedness to her. Oh, that the bereavement in this family may be blessed to the good of souls!

January 1st, 1867.-A bright, beautiful morning. The sentiment of my heart is-

"Wisdom ascribe, and might and praise,
To God who lengthens out our days,
Who spares us yet another year
And makes us see his goodness here.
Oh, may I all the time redeem
And henceforth live and die to Him."

Oh for a closer walk with God, a more abiding sense of the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit, than during the year that has just closed. We had a precious morning lesson, beginning at the first chapter of Matthew. We intend to read the New Testament through, including the comments. Had a pleasant time distributing New Year's presents. Had a pleasant call from some home friends, Lizzie Davis and Mollie Mussy. I was telling them how I was blessed with kind friends, when Emma Strayer interrupted us by saying, "Do you know what Mr. Fee did Sabbath night? He talked so well about you and then took up a collection for your benefit." I felt the starting tear, but before I could reply the door-bell rang and soon the smiling face of brother Fee appeared. His conversation and prayer were indeed a New Year's feast to my soul. Before leaving he gave me an envelope containing eleven dollars and thirty-five cents, saying, "Here is a very little New Year's gift, which you will please accept from our society." I tried to thank him, but could not. My heart gave thanks to God for this token of love. May the Lord reward each one who contributed. This donation will greatly help me out of my difficulties.

* * * * *

09 -- AFFLICTIONS

January 14, 1867 Last night was one of extreme pain, with but little sleep. Our lesson has refreshed me greatly. I am better, but still very weak. I am led to realize more and more my responsibility as a Christian. I was startled by a remark made this evening concerning professing Christians, and prompted to ask my friend if he was in doubt as to the reality of religion. "No," he replied; "but I am convinced that many Church members who do not possess what they profess are thronging the broad way to destruction, while there are comparatively few traveling in the narrow way."

"I know it is a lamentable fact," I said, "that there are some in our Churches who know nothing of the life and power of religion; but I think I realize its power. I know what its consolations are. My greatest desire is to be, not among the few, but the many, of the narrow road; and I entreat, as a friend, if you see any thing unbecoming my profession in my deportment, to tell me of it frankly." "I shall certainly do so," he answered. "I have no doubt it will be well with you; but we are traveling in different directions. There is no hope for me. I can't feel on the subject as I once did, and I don't intend trying." I was horrified, and questioned how he could entertain such feelings when such bountiful provisions had been made for all who would turn to the Savior. I mentioned the beautiful invitation in Isaiah i, 18: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." I said the dear Bible is full of precious promises for every one who will believe and accept them. "I know,?" continued I, "that I live far beneath my privileges; but I am constantly seeing more of the delights of the narrow way. I would not exchange my hope of heaven for every thing this world can afford. This Bible is a casket of jewels. Oh that you may soon realize they are for you too." "It is of no use talking," he said; "I know you are more fortunate in your helplessness than many in wealth and health, but nothing you would say could change me." Oh for a closer communion with my Savior! The constant cry of my heart is, "Nearer, my God, to thee!"

Mother came the 18th, but they would not consent to my returning with her. I was delighted at her improved appearance, and she rejoiced to find me surrounded with so many comforts and kind friends. While mother was with me the dear sisters Shyrhy, West, Fee, and White, called, and we had a refreshing season of prayer. One morning I was aroused by firebells. In a moment I had hoisted the window and thrown open the shutter. The snow and sky were crimson with the reflection of the flame. I discovered that it was not our house, but the mill of my good friend, Mr. S.

How my heart was drawn out in prayer for them that this loss might be a blessing to their eternal welfare, for it teaches us that the things of this world are uncertain, and will soon pass away. Oh, how important that we lay our treasures up in heaven! I soon discovered that I had injured myself in raising the window. For some days I was very sick. While quite weak, a dear friend came unexpectedly to say good-bye. I asked her what her spiritual condition was. "Oh," said she, "I am in such utter darkness I would be willing to do any thing if it would only bring light." As

I had passed through it all, I gave her a little of my experience; then, taking her hand, said: "Before we separate -- perhaps for the last time -- let us have a short prayer." She kneeled at my side, and, in my weakness, I sent up the petition that the Sun of righteousness might speedily arise and shine in her troubled heart. She threw her arms about my neck, and said: "Dear Jennie, I am so thankful to you. Your experience has done me good, and I am so glad you will pray for me. Mrs. S. has promised to meet me at the throne of grace every day at three P. M.; won't you consent to meet with us?" I answered her that I would. This covenant proved a blessing to all three. It soon became natural to observe the hour. It and the rule adopted by sister G. and myself of committing every morning, for the day's meditation, a verse of Scripture, proved of untold value in gaining strength. I placed the verse each day at the head of my journal, which served to refresh and strengthen my memory.

April 19th. -- There has been great distress in this home on account of a lost kitten; we are all gratified that the little runaway has been found. It and the dog are surely blessings here; they are such pets, and so well trained that they furnish an endless fund of amusement, and suggest a great many profitable thoughts.

The temperance question seems the topic of the day. The physician so often prescribed wine for me; but I can not, use it, even medicinally, with a clear conscience. I don't think I would have such feelings about it if it were right. I had a precious visit from a former dear pastor -- Rev. E. B. Morrison. After a profitable conversation he read the hundred and fourth Psalm, and sang, as in days gone by, "Sweet Hour of Prayer" and "Blest be the Tie that Binds."

The above was my last writing for many weeks. I had been suffering unusual pain for some time, but did not realize anything alarming until one day I was taken with severe vomiting, which continued more than twenty-four hours, and caused the most intense pain. My nervous system seemed to give way utterly. I was soon prostrated by bilious fever, followed by inflammation of stomach and bowels. Mr. Glenn sent in haste for mother. Though in a stupor when she came, her dear voice roused me as nothing else could. Very little hope was entertained of my recovery; and yet the skill of my attentive physician again manifested itself, through God.

Never can we forget the unwearied kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn and Dr. Bassett. It would be impossible for mortals to come nearer filling the place of parents. No time or means were spared to make me comfortable and every thing pleasant for the friends who watched at my side.

After having been encouraged as to my recovery, this relapse at first occasioned a struggle, but I was at length enabled to say, "Thy will be done!" Although my sufferings were severe, I enjoyed great peace of mind, and at times was unspeakably happy. All I could articulate in my weakness were words of praise. I afterward realized this was permitted for the good of others, as they were enabled to see that the grace of God could give enjoyment when the world had nothing to bestow.

One unconverted friend said to another: "There must be something in religion, or one situated as Jennie Smith is could never endure it so patiently, and with such radiant countenance."

After I became convalescent, I was so weak that it was some time before I could be left alone. If I was permitted to sleep soundly, it was almost impossible to arouse me. One morning, when I awoke, I found Mrs. Glenn had taken the watcher's place, and was kneeling at my side. When I turned my head toward her she embraced me affectionately, and, with tears streaming down her face, exclaimed:

"Jennie, my precious child, it is wicked for me to rejoice in your affliction. I can not help it, when I see what a blessing, in your patient suffering, you have been to our home."

The day mother returned home a tooth commenced aching, and by the next evening my entire body was affected. My friends considered me too weak to have it extracted; but, after some entreaties, I prevailed upon them to have Dr. C. take it out. A paroxysm followed, which was so severe it required two men to keep my limb in position. Dr. B., Dr. C., brother Van Cleve, and Mr. Glenn worked several hours before it was weighted down. My anguish of body during this time could not be described. I was thrown into a cramp, and was again prostrated and all former troubles renewed. Mother was again sent for; but the worst was over before she arrived. My stomach was in such a condition that I could take no nourishment for six weeks but beef-tea and gruel. Previous to this I had used liniment on my limb, which made it so tender that the pressure compelled to be put upon the knee bruised it so that it gathered and run for nine months. In some respects this was injurious; in others, beneficial.

I must mention some of the seasons I enjoyed while recovering. Brothers Van Cleve and Fee held quarterly-meetings several weeks apart. They were speaking once of the sacrament. I said, "What a sacred privilege to enjoy it." Mrs. Glenn asked if I would like to participate in it. I felt that no privilege could be granted me on earth equal to that of commemorating the sufferings of my dear Redeemer. The ministers were invited to administer the sacrament. It was after night, and the rooms were delightfully arranged. Fragrant flowers added to the beauty of the scene, and the sweet songs made it seem a foretaste of the joys to come. Just before brother Fee administered the sacrament, brother Hitt sang, "I want to cross over." My soul was filled with rapturous delight, and it seemed as though there was but a step between me and heaven. The night brother Van Cleve administered the sacrament was long to be remembered. As he bid me good-bye, he put thirteen dollars into my hand from the second charge. `

One night, after I became convalescent, I was aroused by the sweet music of Porter's cornet band, playing so softly that it was soul-inspiring. Never can I forget those band boys, the glee clubs, and many others, who wove by their music bright webs into my suffering hours.

June 14th - A concert was given by brother Van Cleve's blind son John and a number of young ladies and gentlemen from the blind asylum of Columbus, Ohio. They all spent a memorable season with us. It was a lovely after noon. All nature seemed to blend with their various instruments, and sweet voices sent forth delightful strains that were re-echoed by the feathery inhabitants of the evergreens. They taught us a valuable lesson, they were so cheerful and happy, although deprived of their sight.

* * * * *

10 -- ENJOYMENTS

"God of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise;
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days,
To see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born."

August 18, 1867. Today I commence a new year in my life. My desire is to live nearer to God, who I am confident will continue to be my guide even unto death. May I ever be willing to be led by him and trust him, though my pathway be ever so rough and thorny; and when the dark hour comes, cling to his strong arm, and rest in the thought that he knows what is best. I am thankful that my heart is not inclined to lament and murmur against the providence of God as it once did and as I hear others about me doing.

The last of August the Conference convened in Urbana. We had many calls from friends at that time, whose conversation, singing, and prayer were of untold value to me. Mrs. Geo. W. Walker's visit was unusually interesting. We had just been reading the life of her husband; but after hearing from her own lips how they had been supported by grace, we read it with new interest. She was very feeble then, and has since gone to join her dear one where separation can never come.

Sister Glenn and I spend much time in reading. We find it important to be systematic in this as well as writing and devotions. The covenant made with my friend S. was strictly adhered to, and on her return we appointed a fast day once a month.

I was greatly strengthened by this means of grace, because I had to deny myself, and invariably on that occasion the dinner was unusually tempting. The enemy would come in like a flood, but through grace I came off more than conqueror. My friends always considered me too weak to fast; but I never lost physical strength equal to the spiritual strength I gained.

I think fasting and prayer would accomplish much for the Master. It does not seem to me necessary to relinquish the three meals on fastday; but our own conscience is the best guide in such matters. Jesus gave us an example of fasting. Rev. J. A. Wood, in a recent work in reply to the question, "How much should I fast?" says: "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and you are to govern, but not injure, it. You should fast enough to make it a means of grace, but not so much as to render it an instrument of temptation. The condition of your health will help you to decide this question."

October 6th. "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence, and his children shall have a place of refuge." (Prov. xiv, 26.) I was very restless all night, and my thoughts were so wandering, I could not concentrate them. But since spending a pleasant hour reading for Johnny Van Cleve I feel better. I had a profitable call from brothers Van Cleve and Simmons. While we were at dinner, mother and little Brother Dannie, whom I had not seen for more than two years, came in. He was so rejoiced that he cried for joy. It is a trial for all of us to be separated; but I think of our loved ones and the multitude who are less fortunate than we are. It thrilled my heart to hear

mother's voice in prayer once more. How fervently she prayed for her children, and the kind friends who can not realize the good they are doing! The path of duty seems so clear that I must not squander time in regrets that I could not accompany them home.

January 1, 1868 A few moments given to a review of the past year have been freighted with both joy and sorrow, so that it seemed almost impossible to determine which predominates. My heart rejoices in the goodness of God. The enemy has tried to ensnare me, and in a measure has sometimes succeeded; but the Lord has finally and graciously delivered me. I have often been cast down and disheartened in spite of his tender care of me. I long for greater confidence and efficiency in his services this year than ever before. I do want to discharge every duty faithfully, and be willing to suffer all things, if I can thus be the means of a little good. We propose to commence a new course of reading today.

March 16th I am not so well. "Nothing gives more freshness to existence than the consciousness of being useful to others." How true this is, but how little I do. Yet I know I am doing what I can. Oh, that a blessing may rest upon the dear ones who have again remembered me! Brother Fitzgerald and wife called, and presented ten dollars from his charge. When he left, he made a touching prayer.

I am so thankful to hear from Brother Frank. He is so kind to mother. I feel there is a providence in their moving near home. During this Winter and Spring my health was variable. I had several bilious attacks, and had a relapse caused by the back of my chair giving way. From this I did not recover for several months. As my chair was becoming unsafe to recline in, I began thinking about a propelling couch, and prayed. that a way might open for me to get one. Fannie M'G. proposed my taking an agency for the sale of "The Bible Lookingglass." Mr. Howe, of Cincinnati, favored me that I might be able to get the couch.

I could only solicit those who came to my room, and was much encouraged for a time; then I became sick, and was just getting able to renew my efforts when, one afternoon, Peter came in with laughing eyes, saying: "Miss Jennie, Mr. Glenn says if you will be good and promise to ask no questions and shed no tears, he will give you a surprise; and you are to make up your mind against he comes to tea. But I'll bet, don't you, Mr. Glenn?" he continued, as that gentleman came in, "that she can't keep from crying if it's any thing very good." "Do you accept this proposition?" asked Mr. Glenn. "I will promise to ask no questions, but do not bind myself to shed no tears." "You need not promise the latter," he said; "so here are seventy-five dollars for the new chair, which is already ordered. I can give no names."

My surprise and what followed can be better imagined than described. They managed to surprise me, too, upon its arrival, for they had it brought up by express, and put me in it before sunrise. I will never forget the pleasure of being out doors and being able to move myself.

May 20th I was impressed with our lesson on importunate prayer. Oh, how I feel my dependence! I am so weak that my heart constantly yearns for strength and wisdom. I have just received the sad news of my dear uncle C. Barrett's death, after a lingering illness, of consumption. This is a severe trial to dear mother; she is now the last member of her father's family.

I was thankful to see Dr. Scott and his invalid son. It was through them that I first heard of a propelling chair.

June 8th I had a season of reading before our lesson. Peter begged of me to let him run my chair out among the strawberries and fruit. It is a treat to see the luscious fruit on the vines. Oh, how I love nature! How can I be grateful enough for this blessing on wheels? Johnny Van Cleve came in, and I read for him under the arbor. In the afternoon I enjoyed several calls in my rustic place in the front yard. Lizzie and May H. brought me a nice treat; if I could have said something to impress upon their young hearts the importance of this mission of love. Oh the value of doing little things! How much is lone for my comfort! How they all enter into anything I enjoy! Even Sport, the dog, is delighted with my being out here.

June 11th I feel the necessity of clinging closer to the cross of Christ, that I may be firm and true. I do desire to be more useful. I can not endure the thought of my life being a blank. I feel so grateful for the lovely surroundings, yet a feeling of sadness now and then comes over me.

July 5th I went to church today in my chair, for the first time. By kind management, I was spared the embarrassment of meeting the congregation. Brother Tuttle preached from i Cor. xv, 35. It was a profitable sermon to me. I was led to view this suffering body in a different light from that in which I had seen it before. He described the resurrection of the body in incorruption -- with no pain, no sorrow -- and the reality of these things came upon me with such force and assurance, that my heart was filled with joy. Many words of comfort came to us this day.

In a few days Mrs. G. was taken very sick. I was poorly, and some of my friends, thought it best to remove me until she was better; so they went to the store and proposed it to Mr. G. He would not listen to it, but referred them to Mrs. G., When they told her she said: "Why would you take her from me? It would be hard enough in health; as I am now, I could not endure it." She was assured that I should not be removed, and that they had only feared it was an imposition for me to remain under such circumstances. When they had gone, she called me. I rolled my chair up to her bedside, when she threw her arms around my neck, begging me, with tearful eyes, not to leave her.

The last of August I went to the Second Methodist Episcopal Church. Brother Van Cleve preached from Phil. i, 9-"And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more." I felt the need of that love which casts out fear, suffering so much from a man-fearing spirit. I never attempted going out but the enemy assailed me, making it a cross.

Soon after, I attended the first quarterly-meeting and Sabbath-school at the Second Charge. They had an old-fashioned love-feast. Dr. Lowrey preached one of his soul-cheering sermons. Brother Conrey insisted upon my going into the parsonage and remaining for Sunday-school. Just before dinner he came in, saying: "We are going to dispense with the usual lesson and have an experience meeting; and you, with others, must give your testimony for the children."

I at once refused, feeling that I could not bear the cross, and begged to remain where I was and listen to the singing. Brother Conrey would not hear to it, but sent some of those I shrank from most in for me. After he had announced that Dr. Lowrey would speak, he said there was an old Sunday-school scholar present who had not been to Sunday-school for a long time, and then put it

to vote whether the school wanted to hear her. It seemed to me that I would sink; all physical and spiritual strength was gone. While Dr. Lowrey was talking, just as a boy would speak with boys, my spirit groaned within me for words to be fitly spoken. I felt nothing could be said unless the Lord opened my lips. As brother Conrey turned my chair facing the school eternity loomed up before me, terror of man fled, and I realized, with weight, the value of those precious souls. I know not what I said, but it came from the heart. When I returned home the enemy made me feel that I had injured myself and the cause of my Savior, and that I never could face this people again. I spent most of the night in prayer.

November 18th How often, when blessings come and deliverance from deep trials we can say, as the disciples said unto Peter, "It is the Lord." I do desire to discover more fully the workings of the Lord in little, every-day occurrences. I was almost overcome last evening when the sad news reached me that Brother Jimmie was going to St. Louis. It was such a relief when he finished his trade, and I thought he was now situated so that he could assist and be with mother. I know it will be a severe trial to her, but we must trust and pray that all may be directed for the best. I hope our lives may be spared to surround once more our little family altar. I can say "it is the Lord" who gives grace sufficient for every trial. My physician brought a patient to see me who at times has cursed God for having to suffer so much. I trust the Lord will make me a blessing to him in my weakness.

December 1st All nature is clothed in a mantle of white. How beautiful it looks with out a footprint to mar its beauty. Oh for a heart as clean and pure. Yet the Psalmist says, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." (Psalm li.) My heart goes out after the many poor souls who are not so comfortably housed, who dread to see such a storm. The thought helps me to realize the blessings I enjoy. Mr. Glenn talks of going to Europe, so I must appreciate the blessings while I have them, for I must soon leave here. Dear brother has reached St. Louis. How it cheers my heart to find from his letters that our parting season will not be forgotten! am glad I read the thirty-fourth Psalm. I was so tempted to neglect having prayer with him before our separation. I am thankful I gave him Weaver's "Hopes and Helps for the Young." I felt it would be a blessing to him.

January 11th, 1869 Perhaps I have been led through peculiar trials in order to prepare me to enter more fully into the sorrows of others. I fear I do not comfort the troubled heart at all times as I should do. How much I see of others sorrows! Brother Conrey brought me a package of tracts. May a blessing rest upon each one of them. I will read, and apply them to my own heart before I give to others.

Since making this record I have almost constantly used tracts, which have been as bread cast upon the waters.

January 23d. I do feel sad. I have struggled hard with self to bring every opposing will into subjection with the divine will. I desire to lie in the hands of my Father as clay in the hands of the potter, to do just as it seemeth good in his sight. I want to feel that every trial is sent in pitying love to bring us nearer to Jesus. It is a trial for me to leave this delightful home, although, Providence permitting, a few weeks more and I will be at home. I promised brother Conrey to spend the Sabbath with them and attend quarterly-meeting.

January 25th. I was at the parsonage. I had a restless night until near morning, then awoke early, tried to concentrate my thoughts in earnest prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. When I went out to breakfast the pleasant seasons I had spent in that dining-room on different occasions brought up many reflections of the past. My heart is sad, I am, suffering so much, yet I do find comfort at the throne of grace. Sister Bassett called, saying the doctor felt I must come there this morning and recruit my strength before going home. Accordingly, they took me over to Dr. Bassett's, and just as they reached the door my limb took a severe paroxysm; my suffering was intense. This prostrated me so I was weak in body and mind; during the night their little boy was taken very sick. I tried to devise some plan to go home, but every way I could turn seemed blocked up. In this dark hour sister Brand came in, laid her hand on my head, saying, "Cheer up, Jennie, dear; think how the Lord has cared for you." She read from the tenth and fiftieth Psalms. "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills; I know all the fowls of the mountains, and the wild beasts of the field are mine. If I were hungry I would not tell thee; for the world is mine and the fullness thereof. Will I eat the flesh of bulls or drink the blood of goats? Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High; and call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." She said, "Your Father hath said this. Think how rich you are. Can't you trust him?"

I saw new beauties in the Psalm I had so often read before. I was comforted with the assurance of deliverance. Within two hours brothers Thompson, Fitzgerald, and Conrey came, and told Dr. B. they had made arrangements for me to stay at sister Leslie's until health and weather permitted my going home. Brother Thompson then made a touching prayer, which was a balm to my sore heart.

I told them my severe sufferings were nothing to compare with the trials of being so much trouble.

Brother Thompson said: "You must not feel nervous about being a burden. That is what we are here for, -- to help each other. The Word says, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.' So we take pleasure in helping you to bear the adversities of life. And let us not weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

For several months I was led in a strange way. I could not then understand why some peculiar trials were permitted, yet I knew there must be a purpose in my faith being so severely tried. My great desire was to look upon the bright side, and profit by every trial.

Sister Leslie and her daughters were very kind to me. We had many precious prayermeetings on Sabbath afternoon, and scarcely a day passed without calls spent in profitable conversation, often with singing and prayer. Never can I forget the dear Urbana people. I have never been able to, nor can I, express the gratitude I owe for the multitude of kind acts bestowed.

On my way home the friends in West Liberty had it arranged for me to spend a few days there, and rest before going out home. My ride was too much for me. I had a severe paroxysm, and was very sick for several days. Soon after this I had one of my attacks of heart trouble. Dr. Jones was called, who said a few minutes delay, and he could not have saved me. Before I regained my usual strength, I had another paroxysm, followed by a severe bilious attack. I was at Mr. Henkle's,

who went for mother. They despaired of my life again. Dr. Bassett and Mr. Glenn came to see me late Monday night. I was very low; but Dr. Jones had baffled the dangerous symptoms, so the change was for the better.

Mr. Glenn bent over me with tearful eyes and tremulous voice, saying: "I am so thankful your life and reason are spared until I have reached you, and can speak to you once more."

He expressed many regrets at the change which had been made, and insisted, if I recovered so that I was able to travel, that I must come back to their home.

During each day of the week some Urbana friend came to see me. My heart was cheered to see dear sister Glenn. They feared the result of my going home in a private conveyance; but I could not be reconciled to the thought of not visiting home before going back to Urbana. Mother had gone out home the morning sisters Glenn and Young came up. When she came back I said to her:

"Dear ma, what do the children think?"

With a trembling voice she answered: "We want to do whatever will be for the best; but we all feel, if you do not get home now, we will never all be together again." She turned, and went out of the room.

I said to sister Glenn: "I must visit home. I feel strength will be given me for the trip."

With streaming eyes she said: "I see it is your duty to go home now; but how I will long for the time when you will come back to me!"

It was six weeks before I was able to leave Mr. Henkle's. There I spent some pleasant seasons, as well as at Mr. Blackburn's and Cousin Peter's. We cherish the memory of many kind people in West Liberty.

* * * * *

11 -- HOME AT LAST

July 7, 1869 I can say, from my heart, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." I am so weak and weary, but oh how thankful I have stood the trip so well! It is in answer to prayer; for I did most earnestly ask, and I believe special strength was given me. Brother Huffman was very careful in bringing me out. Dear mother and the children are so rejoiced to have me home. Everything looks so natural it seems but a few weeks since I went away.

How happy I am! I was so blessed at worship this morning. Our home is very humble, yet we may make it one of the happiest spots on earth. It seems like a little paradise to me; and yet how many would think it destitute of comfort!

I am so thankful the way has opened for Brother Jimmy to make as much here as in St. Louis. Sister Sallie spent the day with us, the first we have all been together for over five years. I

was quite sick for some days; but after I rallied from this I was better than I had been for months, and continued so during the Summer, except the few days I would be prostrated by the paroxysms, which would occur every six or eight weeks, or more frequently if suddenly jarred, or if an attempt was made to let the limb down.

Mother was feeble most of the Summer. It was a great satisfaction to me that I was able to use my hands. I could do many little things to help her and cheer my dear brothers, who I felt were so young to have the responsibility of a family resting upon them. When Brother Jimmy finished his trade, he determined to settle up old accounts; then he bought a cow, put a new roof on the house, and repaired it generally. Doing all this with their limited means, and providing for the family, I feared they would become discouraged; but the only lament was that they could not do more to make home more comfortable.

I enjoyed doing what I could in the way of making feather-work, thread-frames, and fancy work of different kinds to sell. Besides, I had several agencies of pictures and books. The first thing done was to get my room papered and painted.

I did not have the privilege of attending church on the hill until August 8th. I heard our pastor, brother Howison, preach from the text: "I exhort, therefore, that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men."

He brought us to realize the individual responsibility that rests upon us. When he spoke of the care we should have for our pastor and for each other, my thoughts went back to those who watched over and kept me in the Church, that have gone to their long home since last I met with them. I came home with Mary L. from church. I love to visit this home and talk of early experiences.

As they rolled me through the gate, a picture of years gone by came before me. Father L., tottering with age, leaning against the gate-post, placing his hand on the head of a young girl who, with tearful eyes, was gazing into his face, listening to the admonitions which proved a blessing. Little did I then know of the sufferings and sorrows before me. While here, I was happily surprised to see a carriage drive up with Mr. Glenn and wife, Dr. Bassett and wife, and Mrs. Thompson. We had a delightful visit together.

The week following, a fishing party went up to the lakes, and they called again. The colored man had Sport, the dog, with them. Mr. Glenn brought him in. It was amusing to see how quickly he recognized his old friend, and, had quite a time coaxing me to go with them.

August 18, 1869 My birthday. "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." John viii, 12. I know by experience as long as we are trying to walk in the footsteps of our blessed Savior, we have the light of the Holy Spirit to, guide us. But I am conscious that I am following at too great a distance, and with too slothful steps. But oh, how much he has brought me through during this year! I have great reason to praise his holy name for all his benefits to me. I am thankful we closed the last night of my twentyseventh year with a glorious prayer-meeting. What a privilege to have the prayer-meeting here as our turn comes. Oh that I may

improve the time allotted to me more fully. There is so much to do, temporally and spiritually, and I accomplish so little. Not one day has passed since my return home, without more or less calls;

A friend presented me with a fine pea-fowl; the feathers are so valuable in my work. Our dear pastor and several friends will take tea with us. I know it will be a pleasant and profitable season, for I am so happy my heart is filled with praise.

August 26th. ---After worship, I wrote several letters. Miss K. called with a lovely bouquet. It added to the cheerfulness of my room, and I knew it would give pleasure to dear Nora S., who is much less favored than I am in beholding the beauties of nature. I enjoyed the scenery in going to her home. It looked so natural to see the old school-house and the favorite pond where we loved to see the ducks and geese swim in our childhood days. I am so glad I went to see her and her dear sick mother. Poor girl; she is sorely afflicted, and placed under trying circumstances. My chair would not go through their room door, but, as they said, it was a comfort to be thus near each other.

It was sad to see her mother helpless in one bed and she helpless in the other, surrounded with so few of life's comforts. Yet how sweetly they are trusting. It fills my heart and blinds my eyes with tears when I think of the glow on her lovely face as she said:

"How I have longed to see you once more that we might have this talk face to face. You don't know the good you have done me. I did not realize it so much as since my afflictions. I often think of the time you taught me to read in the Sabbath-school, and there made impressions that I am now reaping the benefit from. I owe all I am, through God, to your instrumentality."

Much was said to encourage perseverance in the path of duty. It was a day well spent, and one long to be remembered. I came down to Sister Sallie's, and will spend a few days with her. How sweet their little prattling Charley is!

September 6th. We had prayers after breakfast. I do hope we can get up earlier; so we will not be hurried with worship. While mother was at her work, we had a talk about her experience while I was gone, when she had to depend on her own labor for her bread, and some of the children sick so much of the time. Sister Sagers called at the window. I told her the corn and meat she sent mother was laid up in the treasury to wait its reward.

My visit to my afflicted friend was of great value to me. I had felt grateful for the blessings I enjoyed, and was as happy in our home as any one it seemed to me could be. Yet I fully realized the contrast between our circumstances and those with whom I had been so long; and not coming in contact with any who were really placed in more limited circumstances than ourselves, I was not able fully to appreciate the blessings we enjoy until permitted to see by contrast what they were.

Our family altar, the prayer-meetings, and the liberty of holding sweet conversation with our Father's children, and the surroundings in temporal things, were all more precious to me than ever. The afternoon I returned home, I had a profitable visit from Rev. Mr. Hoadly.

I enjoyed exceedingly the labors and visits of brother Howison. It was quite a trial to see him leave us. But we felt that he who is not willing that any should perish, but all should come to repentance, would send whomsoever he will. Brother Ferguson took his place. The desire of our hearts increased to see the work revived. I felt the need of it daily in my own heart to prepare me to work more effectually with other souls, and thus aid our dear pastor.

In September I had quite a sick spell, and was not able to do any thing for several weeks. On recovering from this, we had another visit from Mr. and Mrs. Glenn, Dr. Bassett and wife, who came prepared to have a feast of fat things. They well knew what would be a treat to us. It was a visit long to be remembered. Sister Glenn was sitting by my side, when Mr. Glenn said: "Well, when are you coming back home?"

Then she kissed me, saying: "Yes, I think our baby has had a long visit. It is time she was coming back to us."

We talked the matter over. I knew I would have more of life's comforts to be with them; but I could not be selfish. My great desire was to be wherever I could be the most useful in the little I could do. This was at home. So the stay with my loved ones was protracted a few months longer, with arrangements to go back to Mr. Glenn's at the furthest in May.

My dear mother and brothers felt they could not give me up for a while at least. Between my sick spells I could accomplish considerable. I made arrangements with Mr. Loveless to make me a show-case. He favored me greatly by taking a book and the remainder in work. When this was done, I bought ten dollars' worth of notions, and Miss McGowan sent me a lot of goods on commission to begin with. While it was but little, it was a comfort to be able to help this much.

For several months there was considerable sickness in the family. An accident next door to us enabled me, more than ever, to appreciate the use of my hands. Miss N. fell down stairs and broke both arms. The thought of her suffering affected me very much. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; so in all our afflictions we found grace was sufficient for us.

"And if it be thy holy will
That we shall suffer aught of ill,
Ope thou the springs of peace and rest,
And we amidst our cares are blest."

* * * * *

12 -- SAD NEWS

January, 1870, my friends again despaired of my life. I was very low, but I could not feel that the time of my departure had come. While ill, I was strangely exercised about Mr. Glenn. Brother S. wrote for me an impressive letter. He thought it would be my last message to Mr. Glenn's family, and expressed my gratitude, and the anxiety I had to meet them in that land where I knew they would be rewarded for their kindness.

The next Friday's mail brought me several letters, but I was too weak to read them; there was none, however, from the Glenns. My brother opened the Urbana paper and threw it carelessly on my bed, and, as I raised it up to fan myself with, I read, in large print, "DEATH OF ISAAC COOPER GLENN." Just above it was the report of a serious accident to Mrs. Glenn, with a statement that her recovery was doubtful. The shock was almost more than I could bear; yet I felt there was a Providence in my seeing this, for it would have been kept from me through fear of the result upon my nervous system. Mrs. Glenn was injured by a fall on Wednesday; her husband was well as usual until Sunday. On Monday he was attacked with apoplexy, and was not able to leave his room, but was not considered in danger until within a few moments of his death, on Tuesday morning, at seven o'clock. He had received my letter on Monday, and I was so thankful that I had written it.

January 1st. The Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Churches commenced a series of union meetings. Nearly one hundred souls were taken into the two Churches; among the number several of our own household, and others in whom I was much interested. My heart was made to rejoice, for it had bled for those who were out of Christ. Some who had taken the dear name in vain, and sought for pleasure in earth's vanity, had turned from the creature and found happiness in the Creator. The interest in our prayermeetings was greatly increased, as was also the individual responsibility of the Church; for there were many tender lambs to be cared for. Our hearts may well rejoice when souls are brought into the Church; but how important that we continue our interest and see that they become established in the narrow way that leads to life everlasting. We fear many souls have gone astray for the want of a kind word in season. I made some pleasant visits at the homes of several new converts, who began their Christian career by erecting the family altar. To witness this filled my soul with joy; to me, this is an all-important duty. In April we had a profitable visit of several weeks from Mrs. Glenn. My faith was often exercised, and, I trust, confirmed, in temporal things. The Urbana friends did not forget us.

April 21st. This was a lovely day. I had suffered considerable physically, and passed through a cloud spiritually, but my sky was again clear. I was in a happy frame of mind when brother S. drove up to our door. I noticed, before he halted, a beautiful roll of carpet on his wagon. A few moments more, and, to my surprise, he laid it down by my side, saying: "I was ordered in Urbana to leave this here, but that is all I can tell you about it." Soon a letter came from sister Hedges, stating it was a token of kind remembrance from the friends in Urbana. We felt the need of a carpet so much, that I had made it a subject of prayer that I might be able to get one with the books I had to sell. I could not doubt it; I knew I had the petition I desired of God.

Soon after this, Mr. Espy gave me a lot of writing material and stamps, for which I was so thankful, as it enabled me to converse with absent friends.

Monday, June 13th. I feel the need of examining my heart more closely, that I may know myself as God knows me. I know I am not as patient as I should be. I let little things try me too much, and they often cause me to speak too quick. This is one of my greatest faults. I must overcome this. Oh that I may advance in the divine life, keeping an eye single to the glory of God and the happiness of all around me, cultivating more of a sunshiny temper so the rays will reflect when there are clouds of little trials to contend with. These very little things are unconscious influences, doing their work for good or evil. I am thankful I was able to finish mother's dress and

complete Dicky's surprise. We all enjoyed it. But how little I can do, my heart troubles me so much.

My health continued variable until the last of June. I did not then rally from the paroxysms of pain as usual. The only relief I could get most of the time was by keeping a fifty-pound weight of marble on the limb. I was very sensitive to a jar, and when taken out with care was greatly benefited by the change and fresh air. I was taken by Dr. Huston, my kind physician, to his home to spend a few days. Being near the Presbyterian Church I enjoyed the privilege of their communion season. As we returned from Church the marble accidentally slipped from the limb, causing much pain, which increased until during the afternoon; a paroxysm ensued which threw the marble and other weights on the floor. It required several persons to control it. After two hours of terrible suffering some one said, "Oh, if we could only relieve you." Their hearts were full of sympathy, and finally they granted my request and sang in a sweet voice "Blest be the tie that binds." As they sang, the sound seemed to vanish farther and farther away, until the last I remembered it was like angels' singing in mid air. I became unconscious and was very sick for several days.

July 6th. They brought me down last evening to brother Smith's. I stood it well considering how weak I am. This is a delightful place, and so quiet. I can see the beauties of the surrounding country and all over town as I have not done for eight years. What a view! I enjoyed it beyond expression. My heart exclaims "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches." The Psalmist must have been where he could behold and meditate upon the wonders of nature when he wrote these words.

July 9th. Having suffered much through the night I enjoyed the break of day and the lovely sunrise. Then I got a refreshing sleep. I do enjoy this quiet retreat. I feel so weak both in body and mind, but the dear Lord knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. Brother Ferguson called. He will take a number of probationers into full connection next Sunday. I trust they will realize the importance of being prepared for this solemn duty. How I desire that my loved ones may be fruit-bearing branches. I had a profitable talk with brother and sister S. They feel as I do -- the need of being more zealous. There is so much to do in this community.

July 21st. Oh that I may be able to place my all, friends, body and soul with strong faith in the hands of Him who doeth all things well! I had a visit from Dr. Loofborough and a patient, Miss J., who has been much benefited by the use of the equalizer. We made arrangements for me to go to B. next week. I suffer so much that if there is relief for me I feel like grasping for it. But I can hardly endure the thought of leaving mother. Oh, how true, "There's no place like home." I have felt sad ever since I began getting ready to go. Last night as mother kneeled at my side and prayed, it seemed her heart was too full for utterance when she spoke of our separation. I thought no one can feel as a mother. Brother seems so discouraged. All are sad; they say it is so lonely when I go away; but we must cheer up and be thankful that I can leave mother so comfortably situated. I know grace will be sufficient.

Monday, August 1st. After securing me in the wagon, with a hearty "good-bye," we left home and many friends. We arrived at Dr. Loofborough's near noon. By having the limb well strapped so it could not throw off the marble I stood the ride. better than we had anticipated. Yet

my suffering was great and increased until I had a severe paroxysm that night from a sudden attack of my heart, which came near being fatal. Mother remained with me several days.

Wednesday they moved me up-stairs into a very pleasant room. That night Professor Ogden and a number met to sing in another part of the house. It was a rich treat of music, being far enough away to have a soothing effect. I was greatly relieved of the pain about the heart by the equalizer. This encouraged mother. Dr. L. and wife were exceedingly kind, as also were all about the house. Mother was soon convinced that I was in good hands; yet it seemed an unusual trial to separate. I was so thankful, I was more comfortable when she had to leave me.

I soon felt quite at home. Mrs. L. was one of those congenial spirits who always have a cheering word and pleasant smile that make strangers feel as though they had always been acquainted. My room was very cozy and pleasant. Being on elevated ground, we had a commanding view of the surrounding country. A lovely landscape spread out before us. I could go through the hall into other rooms, where I had a change of scenery from different views. I had never been situated before where I could enjoy as from my window a complete view of sunrise.

Oh, how my heart expands with gratitude to Him who rules the mighty universe for the privilege of lying where I may gaze until lost in wonder, love, and praise at the beauty of his own handiwork!

Monday, August 15th. I am so weak. How sick I have been since I wrote last! I was so glad to see dear mother. It was so kind of brother H. to bring her. I had a profitable talk with him. I feel a deep interest in his spiritual welfare. He has been a great sufferer, and can sympathize with the afflicted.

Brother Williamson, the United Presbyterian minister, is very kind to manifest so much interest. Being acquainted with him longer than any one else, it is soul-cheering to see him often. He always administers comfort. I had often heard Auditor Smith's name mentioned, but did not suppose I knew him until he came into my room. It was a happy surprise. Though we belong to the numerous family of Smiths, we are only related by the precious bond of Christian love. He is a dear brother in Christ.

Tuesday, August 16th. I had a restless night, but after treatment and a refreshing sleep I feel better. The morning was quiet and pleasant. Near noon, Rev. Mr. McCartney, a Covenanter minister, came up to my room, and spent a brief but profitable season. I don't wonder this family love their pastor; he is so interesting. Dr. S. and Dr. F. called to see me, and after examining my case, gave much encouragement. Several ladies and brother Newton, the Methodist Episcopal pastor, came in, and we had a profitable conversation with prayer.

One of the interesting features of the day was the account given of three invalids known by Mr. McCartney, Mr. Newton, and Dr. F., all of whom were worse off than I am. One suffered sixteen years, and then recovered. How little we know of the sufferings in this world! How impressive the remark, "The afflictions of earth are designed as blessings to the faithful." The principle underlying the divine administration is, "All things work together for good to them that

love God." How much encouragement we can take from this when we think that it includes every event of life.

Saturday, August 20th. Faith is as necessary to the soul as the sun is to the world. "My faith is too weak and love too cold." Oh for a closer communion with my Savior! I desire to be resigned and bear all with a cheerfulness that will convince those around me that grace is sufficient.

September 2d. I am weak both physically and spiritually. May this drive me nearer to my Savior, who alone is my strength! I had a talk with Anna G. Our afflictions have been so similar that we can sympathize with each other. We realize that our afflictions do not spring out of the ground, but are permitted for our good. Rev. J. Wykes came in to see me, and sung, read, and had prayer. His words concerning my afflictions and trials were very consoling, and have helped me to renew my vows.

* * * * *

13 -- NEW ARRANGEMENTS

September 8, 1870 I feel very weak, as I had quite a spell with my limb last night, and was poorly all forenoon. Dellie came in and handed me the Belle fontaine papers, saying: "There is something for you to read -- Dr. Fulton's commendation of yourself, books, and work."

No one can imagine what my feelings were. Dr. Fulton said to me a few days ago: "I am going to put a notice of your books in the paper, and if I make a note of character, you must not be flattered; there is sometimes danger in such things."

I told him I was aware of that; but how little he knows of the trial it is. I know I am grateful for the interest; but, oh, this pride! What else can it be that gives me such a dread of coming before the public?

I know many people have so little charity for one as poor and helpless as I am. The notice is too flattering. Would that I were a more meek and patient Christian! I feel the need more than ever of living nearer the feet of Jesus. This drives me closer to my refuge. I can surely say;

"'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke
That I might learn his statutes well."

September 9th. Today they lay the corner stone of the new court-house. It was a big day for Logan County. Rev. L. F. Van Cleve, of Cincinnati, delivered the address. When they spoke of the tin box placed in the corner-stone, I thought if that court-house stands until time takes it down, what changes will occur before the eye of man again beholds the county papers and other relics in that box. It was a treat to see brother Van Cleve, who has been a friend indeed. He is always trying to get something to save my working so hard. When he came in, I noticed the package he placed on the table, saying, as he sat down at my side:

"Now don't laugh. I happened to see a lot of goods that can be bought very cheap, so I brought a few samples; and since I see the work you have on hand, I would advise you to sell notions at the fair. If you can make arrangements to do so, I will get the goods for you on time."

He then took out his pencil, to mark the contents of the package. I was amused and confounded with gratitude to see the variety packed in so small a space. There were pins, needles, thread, buttons, hose, gloves, handkerchiefs, collars, polishes, and other things too numerous to mention. How kind he is! But few men would think of such a thing. Through his influence I had obtained several agencies. With these and my work I expected to help brother pay my expenses. For a time I was at a loss how to accomplish my aim. I could not do it by the small sales I was making; yet for these and many blessings I can say it was by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving I let my request be made known unto God. In the darkest hour we always have something to call out thanksgiving.

I was grateful when able to use my hands, and the desire of my heart was so intent upon my purpose that many prayers were mingled with the work I was preparing for the county fair. I felt that without a blessing I could not succeed. So my previous exercise of mind made brother Van Cleve's coming a special providence. After consideration, I took his advice, made my arrangements, and sent for the goods. Dr. Fulton, Mrs. Loofborough, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Smith; and Mrs. Daily kindly offered to act as committee to sell the goods at the fair-ground, which commenced October 6th. I had made over thirty pieces of fancy-work, and from the sales, they made, clear of all expenses, nearly sixty dollars. How grateful I felt for this timely help, and the interest manifested by the people!

The medical treatment I have been receiving proved effectual. I was greatly benefited in every respect, except that the paroxysms continued; nothing could prevent them.

Circumstances were such I felt I could not continue to board; but, as I experienced so much relief by the equalizer, my physician desired to continue its use. So he proposed to my mother, who had spent the fair week with me, to rent a room and board ourselves, as we could thus live cheaper. But to do this we must leave part of the family at home, which at first seemed impracticable. I was much exercised about it, but wanted to do whatever would be for the best. I was satisfied I could do better in B. with my work than at home, and I felt if the two youngest children could attend school there one term it would be an advantage to them. For a time the way was hedged up. A friend said to me:

"I would advise you to board, if possible; for I know what the expenses of living here are. Besides, to break up your family might ruin the boys; for they would in a manner feel homeless."

I was looking to the interest of all, and felt deeply the weight of his words. I could only commit my way unto the Lord, pleading divine direction by him who knew what was best. I could not feel but that it would be a good move. A visit from my dear brother assured me he was of the same opinion. He brought the sad news that Brother Dicky was going to Kansas.

October 20th. I do not feel as well, having had a restless night. There must be a purpose in my being brought so often into obscure places, where I can not see in which direction my path lies, and my sky overhead is dark. But the Lord always has delivered me. I will glorify him, for I know he will do it now. I fear the rest of the family will look to my interest, regardless of their own. If it be the will of Providence, I believe he will provide a house and open the way for mother to come. I feel resigned, whatever the issue shall be.

October 24th. I have been reading Huntington's "Bank of Faith," and feel constrained to depend more and more upon Providence. I know it is my privilege to exercise the same faith, and receive as remarkable blessings as did the author. Reading his experience, and looking back over my own, I have enough to confirm my faith in the little things of every-day life.

How delighted I was to see Minda McGowan and sister F., of Urbana! She brought me a nice present. The Lord put it into her heart. He knew my need of a dark wrapper.

November 1st I spent a restless night, and am weak and nervous. I had almost given up mother's coming to B., but sister Kelly sent Emma up with a lovely bouquet, and a note stating she had seen Mr. D., and we could get suitable rooms opposite the Methodist Episcopal church. I can not pray as I desire, but my confidence is strong. I know the Lord is better to me than all my fears. The doctor and wife, also her sisters, the Misses Johnson, manifest much interest in my welfare. I love them more every day. Brother K. told Mrs. L., this evening, about the rooms, and wanted her to go and see mother and have her come, by all means.

Saturday, 5th I am thankful the doctor and his wife went to mother's; for it was the next thing to going myself.

I feel this morning that I have multitudes of blessings to be grateful for. I am glad to know things are working favorably, and all feel cheerful; yet it is a severe trial for all, and especially for mother to divide her family into three parts,

She will have to prepare things for Dicky to take to Kansas with him. It looks impracticable for us to make the change with our limited means, as we must make a carpet, procure bed clothes, get a stove, and many other things necessary for our little room here. But I will trust, doing all in my power, remembering that our Father knoweth we have need of these things. "The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him." (Lam. iii, 25.)

How sweet it is to observe his footsteps, even in the minutest things, and to be satisfied that we may trust our greater and lesser concerns to his care! I had quite a sick spell, was very weak and nervous for some days, but my mind was stayed on God. I could trust, although my pathway was very dark.

At this time I was strengthened by a visit from Mrs. L. 's father. I always felt, with little Mattie and Frankie, delighted when grandpa came. His visit was precious, and especially the reading, singing, and prayer at worship.

I cherish the memory of my associations with the entire family with grateful emotions for their untiring kindness. I made many little things a subject of prayer, especially that I might effect sales that would help me get ready to move. I expected the answer, but was not prepared for the manner in which it came. How true it is that "in his own way the Lord will provide."

I had ordered a package of notions from Urbana, and had just opened them, when the express again drove up with another box from the same place. It was indeed a surprise to find it filled with the very articles I so much desired to get. There were two comforts, one large one, and one with a blanket for my bed, with a dress for mother, and other needed articles, besides several cans of fruit, and a package of sugar and coffee, from brothers Dixon and Happersett. The ladies, Mrs. Thompson, Young, Hitt, Leedom, McGowan, and Donaldson, sent the remainder. Following this, sister K. sent her little girls up with a beautiful double wrapper, from "The Ladies Christian Association" of B., with a note expressing their deep sympathy in my affliction, and requesting me to accept it from my sisters in Christ as a token of friendship and interest in my welfare.

After this another special providence was observed. We were twice disappointed in getting a house; and, while in doubt what to do, Mrs. McKee called. She told us we could have rooms with her until April; and she would also make arrangements for a stove, so that we should not need to buy one.

December 7th. We moved to our new place today I was carried down-stairs the day before, so I was rested for the move. It seemed quite home-like, but we all felt sad, as Brother Dicky's last act before starting to the West was to bring mother to B. It was our last night together. Never will we forget the first time our loved ones knelt around the broken altar of our new home. Mother's prayer evinced the impression of her heart that we would never be reunited on earth. Yet in the fullness of her heart she could say, "Thy will be done," if we are only permitted to make an unbroken family in heaven. I can not write but with deep emotion of the parting scene that followed. In imagination I seem to live over the last few moments spent with my darling brother, whose face I have not since been permitted to behold. As he approached me to say "good-bye" he knelt at my side, threw his arms around my neck, saying, "Oh, pray once more before I go." How his last words still echo, "Don't forget to pray for me." How precious is the privilege we have had of remembering him at a throne of grace during the years of his sojourn in a distant land. One who was acquainted with the dangers and privation through which he had passed, wrote, "You can well praise God, for it was surely in answer to prayer that the life of your boy was spared His escapes from the savages and other dangers are marvelous" Our new home was very pleasant Mr Roof, of Urbana, and Mr Aull, of Bellefontaine, let me have toys and notions on commission for the holidays These, with my books and fancy work, made our room seem quite cozy. Now my ambition was to succeed with these so I could pay, off my bills.

Monday, December 19th A stormy morning. Surely the Lord has led me in a way I know not and made me a special care. Oh that he may bless and direct the loved ones who are more worthy than I am. My heart goes out after suffering ones who have not wherewith to prepare for such weather. My experience with the stings of poverty has enabled me to appreciate the ten der mercies I now enjoy.

I was glad to see Rev. Mr. Rapp. We have not met for six years. He says he has made use of my afflictions in demonstrating what grace can do. His conversation and prayer were very encouraging to help me be more patient and resigned to my lot. Sister Hayes came in with him. Her afflictions are severe. I am glad we are near, as we can be a comfort to each other. I feel very grateful for the many little acts of kindness done by her.

Saturday, December 31st Another week and another year almost gone and I am still in the land of the living, suffering and battling with life's cares, while many of my fellow-creatures have passed from time into eternity. How slothful I am and how unworthy! May the thought of eternity quicken my devotions, my wants make me more earnest, my backslidings make me persevere, and may I never willfully give way to distrusting thoughts. Oh that I may always present myself before God with a firm faith and hope in his promises and mercy. May I wait with patience and leave it to thee, my God and Father, how and when to grant my petitions.

Several of the brethren came in, and we had a season of singing and prayer before going to watch-meeting. Although suffering, I am grateful I can use my pen and enjoy this privilege. How solemn I feel as the last hours of the old year are passing away! When my race is as near run, oh may I be prepared for an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord.

New Year's day, 1871 I spent the day with profit, mostly alone with Fannie and Dannie. After a week of severe suffering and work, I could say, "Welcome Sabbath, sweet day of rest." I commenced the year with new resolves, and passed much of the day in prayer and reviewing the past, feeling the necessity of being watchful. My text for the 1st of January was, "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

My trust was strong in the Lord, and I realized the danger of trusting self. Amid many cares we are too prone to let temporal things rob opportunities of reading the Scriptures and holding sweet converse with Him who gives strength for every duty.

Mother spent the first week of the new year at Spring Hills. It was very lonely for sister Mollie and brother at the old home. They have furnished us with butter, meat, and flour most of the Winter. This has been a great help.

The commission on my sales being small, it was all we could do to pay bills and keep up incidental expenses. We never valued or enjoyed time more than during this Winter. We felt the need of much prayer, meditation, and reading of the Word to enable us to improve the calls and duties of each day. The first of each year the covenant, with my dear friend S. M'C., of fasting and prayer, was renewed. She sent me as a New year's gift the Ladies' Repository for two years, and every year has remembered me with some token of love.

January 28th. I did not think my journal would lie idle so long. For some days I was very sick, and, in addition to this, my limb had a paroxysm. I realized that Dr. L., Dr. F., and others were doing all in their power to relieve my intense sufferings. My body would draw nearly double; as they turned my head back on the pillow, they seemed in an agony to relieve me. I said, "Oh, what would I do if Jesus could do no more for me than you can?" With this thought I was overwhelmed with a sense of his presence. It seemed to me his arms of everlasting love were

around and underneath me. My soul was filled with joy amid my sufferings. Oh that I could always have such feelings of trust and confidence. It seems to me I have returned to mingle with the things of this earth. I feel condemned for being so anxious about these temporal things as my strength increases. I know every pain and trial is permitted for my good. It brings me nearer the Savior. Oh for more wisdom to comprehend the loving kindness of Jesus our Lord!

We will never forget the kindness of the people here. May the Lord reward each one. Mother was just considering how she was to get wood, when brother H. drove up with a load, which he presented to her; and one evening two sisters brought a basket of potatoes, sugar, and other needed articles. Sister Newton surprised me with a new double wrapper. We had constant reason for thanksgiving. Our religious privilege was a great source of strength and comfort.

The brethren of the Christian Church held a prayer-meeting, weekly; among their members. They kindly included us, and, as our turn came, we enjoyed this meeting in our home for nearly two years. They, with their pastor, Rev. Mr. Brandon, were friends indeed. Sabbath afternoons I would watch for the faithful brethren and sisters to come from class, and if two or three came in, we improved the time profitably.

One morning I was in a frame of mind that gladly welcomed a Christian call. Through a peculiar Providence I met, for the first time, Rev. Mr. Philips and Rev. Mr. Taylor, Baptist ministers. Their words were full of comfort and instruction. They read and made remarks on the fourteenth chapter of John, closing with prayer.

Brother P. startled me by saying, "Jennie, wouldn't you like to preach? You said you are willing to do or suffer any thing that would be to the glory of God. I am going home to attend my Young People's Meeting, tonight, in Kenton, so I want you to preach to them by letting me give your experience of suffering, and how grace has supported you." His conversation was profitable, for at this time I was sorely tempted on this point. It was a cross to consent to come before the public in any way.

Soon after this, one lovely Saturday afternoon in March, the friends prevailed upon me to go out. I spent a pleasant night at brother Jackson's, and Sunday morning the brethren took me down to church. The enemy assailed me, but I gained a victory by going. It was a feast to my soul to hear a sermon. Brother Newton preached from the text, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." He made it so clear that I could now see why I had been called to pass through peculiar trials. He dispersed the clouds, and gave us a glimpse of that better clime. After preaching there was general class -- another precious season.

From the church they took me into Dr. Watson's, where I had a good rest, then enjoyed dinner, and a treat of music by Professor Ogden. In the evening I went home with brother J. R. Smith. My visit at his house was of unusual interest. On Tuesday sister Daily had a dinner party, where I much enjoyed the day.

A few evenings after this, sister Brunton sent a basket of good things, stating they were coming to take tea with us. The little party of that evening were those who had held sweet counsel with us in that little room. But the time had come when we must make a change. Earnest prayer was

offered for divine direction. A house was found for us, but I could not feel it was the place to which we ought to go. I was so exercised about it I sent a note to a friend, asking united prayers that we might not make a mistake. A few hours afterward my brother-in-law came and proposed our taking a double house together. I was pleased with this, for it was a relief to be near his family, as he could move me with more ease than any one else. The last day spent with dear sister McKee is one of sacred memory. The sisters of the United Presbyterian Church held their prayer-meeting in her parlor. It was a precious meeting. Rev. Mr. William. son and wife, with others, remained for tea, after which we spent a pleasant evening in exchange of experiences.

As I was poorly, sister Hayes insisted upon my spending a day or two with her while mother was moving. I was so nervous I felt grateful to be where it was quiet. I enjoyed the society of this family.. All, with Miss Maggie D., were exceeding kind. They made my visit, though I was suffering intensely, a pleasant one.

I was much exercised about a bill that was due; but during the prayer of brother Belt, whom I met for the first time, I was enabled to cast my burden upon "Him who will fulfill the desires of them that fear him." While in conversation with brother Belt my soul was filled with a sweet sense of the Savior's love; I felt assured all was in his hands.

After a dreadful paroxysm of pain and suffering, my limb became easier, but I was still very weak. I was trusting in God, but did not realize, in my ambition to help myself, that I was dictating to him when I asked him to help me to make the required sum. In his own way, however, he provided just the amount needed. Rev. Mr. Thompson had procured from a fund twenty five dollars, which they felt was due me, and sent it by the hand of Rev. Mr. W., whose timely call was a benefit spiritually, as well as temporally. I was perfectly overcome. I felt like a little child taking a gift from a father's hand; it comforted my heart to think he knew how I appreciated it, and how I desired to trust him fully.

April 7th. I went home, and was much pleased with our new place. Brother K. fixed a place to hang a lovely basket with its plants and vines, which his wife sent me. The pleasure this gave me was a daily reminder of the giver, whose health was so poor that we could not meet often. It was a source of strength that we could exchange notes in our affliction. I often think how expressive a little plant or bouquet is from the hand of friendship, and how much it cheers and brightens a sick-room. Those who have the privilege of going out and enjoying the beauties of nature do not realize the good they can do those who are less favored.

I was much impressed with one incident. We had sold nothing for several days, and I felt constrained to ask in our morning devotion that some one might make a purchase that day. My faith was so strong that I was not surprised when Miss Sharp called and bought fourteen dollars' worth of goods. She told me she was impressed that she must get the goods of me.

In my afflictions my greatest privation has been that of reading. I have made it a rule to have my morning lesson and a season for writing and reading a portion of some profitable work if opportunity was given. Generally outside of this I could not feel that the time was my own, for when able to use my hands, in order to keep up trade, there was always much to do. While my

fingers were employed, I enjoyed hearing any one read; hence, I could appreciate the kindness of Dr. F., who came very often when able to read for me.

I had a daily increased desire to get into a deeper experience. The Sabbath was a welcome day. I generally spent the forenoon uninterrupted, but in the afternoon we nearly always had a prayer and experience meeting. Being near the Baptist Church, some of the members often came in after service, and from three to seven denominations were sometimes represented in these little accidental meetings. But few invalids have been more blessed with privileges than I, for which I praise the dear Lord. Scarcely a day passed without a number of calls.

During this year more than usual came to converse on the all-important subject, and often those who were not professors. I felt the need in my own heart that grace and peace be multiplied through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord. Many felt as I did. For instance, a friend calling to have a special talk gave me his experience. He had been an active member of the Church for years, but felt he was a "spiritual cripple," and realized there was something in religion to which he had not yet attained. In reading the Bible, he could not claim many of the promises as his own; then his sky was often dark and gloomy; trials easily vexed him, and in many ways his example did not recommend the religion of Jesus as it should. He said:

"I want an experience that is more even; not such a zig-zag path, but one that will give more strength and power to work for the Master."

He asked if my sky was always cloudless. I answered:

"By no means; but I do not suffer with clouds as in former years. You have in part given my experience. Of late my convictions are the same. I could not believe in sanctification or perfect love. I felt that but few attained this blessing until just before they left this world of sin and sorrow. Yet I have peculiar feelings whenever I read the passages of Scripture pertaining to this subject. I read the works of Phoebe Palmer, Hester Ann Rogers, and others with a hungry interest. I know I at times taste of the same joys; yet I could not reach the experience they have. I cannot understand it, but I do feel the fifty-first Psalm is my daily prayer. I must have more strength and power, or I can accomplish nothing in the cause."

* * * * *

14 -- ENTIRE CONSECRATION

June 6, 1871 I had an unusual attack with my limbs. The cramp extended through the whole body, so that it took six persons to keep me in my chair. My shoulders were bruised with the pressure required to keep my body in place, and I suffered some hours from tetanus. For ten days I could only be fed with a spoon. It was a wonder to all that I recovered. I owe much, through the blessing of Providence, to the attentive physicians, the watchful care of loved ones, and many kind friends who came to our assistance. Through this terrible suffering I was wonderfully supported; the Savior was near me, and I could say, "Thy will be done." I realized as never before that I had not comprehended the breadth and length and depth and height of that love which it was my privilege to enjoy.

Several incidents occurred during this sickness.

As my chair required repairing, three friends presented me with a lounge, so that my limb might be strapped to it, and I could be moved with more ease. I had a thread-case I used only to keep little valuables in and money that I was collecting to pay bills. The day I was taken worse I had sold more than usual, and laid the case with its contents in my chair. The next day, after recovering from the stupor caused by the pain, I let mother know it was there; but when she looked for it, it was gone, and never could be discovered afterward. It contained fifteen dollars, besides a number of keepsakes. The loss, however, was partly made up to me. After some weeks I improved rapidly, until my general health was better than usual.

July 8th I rested better, but am still weak. This is a lovely morning; the air is vocal with the songs of birds. My thoughts, I find, are too wandering. I want an increase of faith and love, a more zealous interest in the salvation of souls. It is with an eye single to the glory of God that I desire to attend the first national camp-meeting at Urbana, of which there has been much talk of late. He alone knows my need. But I will trust, and if it be his will, he will open my way, so that I shall have the means and strength to go.

July 14th My way was closed up until within a few days of the meeting. Brother and sister J. R. Smith called and told us of the arrangement to have a union tent on the camp-ground. They then presented me with a ready-made wrapper. Not long after this, a letter came from Rev. J. F. Conrey, inclosing eight dollars from friends in the Second Charge, with an invitation to come to camp-meeting.

August 1st On receiving a dispatch from our friends we went to the railroad station, where I was carefully lifted, so as not to receive any injury, and placed aboard the train for Urbana. By the time we reached that place I was quite exhausted, but got a refreshing sleep after being placed in the ladies' room. It had been arranged to take us to the camp early. The ride was delightful, a much-needed shower having refreshed all nature, and the scenery and atmosphere were invigorating to both soul and body.

We spent the first day at brother Hitt's tent. They were exceedingly kind. I could hear considerable of the service in the square. My feelings at first were so wrought upon that I was homesick. I felt like a child that wanted something and could not tell what. I could not feel in sympathy with the meeting. As sisters Inskip and Shyrhia approached me next morning, I felt at once they had the experience my burdened heart was longing for. After I expressed my feelings, sister Inskip said: "You want a pure heart, filled with love. Nothing but the all-cleansing power of Jesus' blood can give you this. Tears are of no avail. Give all to Jesus; make a complete consecration, simply trusting him, and he will do the work for you." We then went to the great tabernacle, where we heard brother Coleman preach a powerful discourse upon the gracious invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh how I felt the need of the renewing power of the Holy Spirit, and a more perfect consecration to God! Scores thronged the altar of prayer, and at each service souls were delivered from the bondage of sin. I was greatly blessed, and at times very happy, yet the consecration was not complete.

On Thursday, while listening to a sermon by brother Gray, from Hebrews vii "Therefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them " -- I was able to place all upon the altar, as I had never done before. I laid hold of the promises by naked faith, with out any feeling. I took the Lord at his word. I accepted him as my complete Savior and Sanctifier. After a time my peace flowed as a river. I saw the beauty of holiness, and realized how able he was to cleanse my heart from all sin. My unbelief had limited his keeping power by not living more in the present, trusting in him moment by moment.

On Sabbath morning I was deeply impressed with the scene in the great tabernacle. Such a love-feast is seldom witnessed. I thought, If it is so glorious here, what will heaven be, where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." How sweet the anticipation of the reunion in heaven; and that, too, with many of the acquaintances formed at this meeting. Rev. Alfred Cookman, who so soon after went "sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb," said to me: "Dear sister, you are a great sufferer, and almost helpless; yet you may outlive many of us who are on this ground." How true his words! Numbers have since gone to their long home. Brother Gunn, in a recent letter, says: "That camp-meeting has a history which does not end in this world, but I believe will reach far into eternity, swelling the numbers of the blood-washed throng."

Many were the incidents of those ten days, but space will not permit my giving them. The last evening, after the Lord's-supper was administered (which was a feast to the soul), they all fell into rank, and slowly marched three times around the square, singing as they went. I never beheld a sight so solemn, and so suggestive of the world's march to the judgment, the great day of the final separation, as represented in the Gospel of Matthew. As I looked at the procession, I wondered who of that throng could say of this meeting, as many will be compelled at the last to say, "The harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and we are not saved!" I returned home fatigued, but my health was improved. Our visit to camp was a benefit to both mother and myself, physically as well as spiritually.

We had our last quarterly-meeting August 26th and 27th. The brethren took me down to the church on Saturday afternoon -- a privilege I had not enjoyed for years, and one, too, so little appreciated by a majority of our members in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at least it is not attended as it should be; namely, the Saturday sermons of our presiding elders. Rev. J. Wykes preached an excellent discourse from Matthew v, 8 "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." A shower came up, so I was compelled to remain for the evening service, after which it was still raining. I was rejoiced in being thus storm-stayed. The dear friends were solicitous for our welfare, but when convinced of my heart's desire to remain in our Father's house all night, they consented, as it was convenient to make it comfortable for mother to sleep. That was one of the happiest nights of my life. During the day I read in Dr. Mahan's "Baptism of the Holy Ghost" an incident of a Scotch girl who, during the era of deadly persecution in Scotland, when on her way to a religious meeting, was met by a company of murderous marauders and required to give her destination. She could not deny the faith, and would not reveal the place of meeting. At this moment the promise of our Lord to his disciples presented itself to her mind-- "It shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak." She lifted a secret prayer that God would give her what she should speak. Instantly these words suggested themselves: "I am going to my Father's house. My

elder Brother has died. His will is to be read today, and I have an interest in it." The commander bade her go on her way, saying: "I hope you will find a rich portion left to yourself." This gave me a theme for precious meditation -- the power of prayer -- and every time I woke my first thought was, I am in my Father's house, and I sweetly realized I had an interest in the blessed will through the death of the beloved Son.

There was a heavy storm at daybreak, but my heart bounded with joy to think I was safe at church for the day's service. We had a glorious love-feast in the lecture-room, and then went upstairs. Brother Wykes preached from the words, "If any man serveth me, him will my Father honor." His sermon made clear the path of duty for every Christian. During the lovefeast, the sermon, and sacramental service, it seemed to me that

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
While glory crowned the mercy-seat."

* * * * *

15 -- A CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER

I want a meek, a gentle quiet frame,
A heart that glows with love to Jesus' name;
I want a living sacrifice to be
To him who died a sacrifice for me;
I want to do whatever God requires;
I want my heart to burn with pure desires;
I want to be what Christ, my Lord, commands,
And leave myself, my all, in his dear hands.

October 1, 1871, I again made arrangements to sell goods at the County Fair. The same committee of the year before, with Maggie D. and Adda T., offered their services. Allie S. took the responsibility of decorating my part of Floral Hall. Sister K., Anna M., Flora D., Bell M., and a number of little girls, made and donated several fancy baskets and zephyr bouquets. They all seemed anxious to assist me. My sister and myself worked up, during this Summer and Fall, fifty dollars' worth of yarn. The evening before the fair commenced the committee came in, and we made, together, the necessary arrangements; then brother S. closed with an earnest prayer.

On Wednesday, as I was quite well, they thought it best for me to go out to the ground. It was a busy day. I had tracts to distribute, and I felt a heavy responsibility resting upon me, both temporally and spiritually. Our Baptist friends had the dining-hall, and were exceedingly kind. I was not able to go home and come back, so several of the ladies, with Sister Mollie, remained with me. We converted the secretary's office into a bedroom, where we had fire, and were very comfortable. As I told them, I never feel that I have the advantage of others except in the convenience of always having my bed with me. I was suffering and very weary, but part of the night I rested unusually well. On Thursday morning I felt better, and brother took me over to the hall early. It was a novel place to take up our abode.

It was a lovely morning. The variety of scenery was grand beyond description; the trees clothed with the varied tints of Autumn, the music of the rustling leaves, the insects, and the songs of birds, chimed in with the fowls and beasts of the stalls, until all nature seemed vocal with praise to its Creator.

There was much to be done before the crowd gathered; but before we were aware of it hundreds were on the ground. I felt it would be pleasant to have nothing to do but to greet my friends, that came from every direction. The crowd was immense, and by noon I was much fatigued. My sufferings increased until I was obliged to leave my stand, and go to the dininghall, where I could be more quiet. I suffered intensely, and was not able to be moved home until Friday.

Several incidents occurred which manifested a tender spot yet left in the hearts of some who seemed to be hardened in sins. A gentleman at one of the tables manifested, as many did, a curiosity to know what was the matter. He approached me, and, after asking several questions about my life and condition, handed me a dollar bill, saying:

"I make my living by gambling; will you please take this and pray for me? My wife is one of the best women that lives, and if she knew today what I was doing it would break her heart."

I felt the importance of the moment, and talked frankly with him. It was terrible to hear him tell of what he expected in the future; yet it would be his final doom if he did not reform. I requested to see his wife. He hesitated, then said:

"I will bring her, if you will not tell her what I have said. It would kill her. And don't you forget to pray for me."

His wife was much affected when I gave her a tract, and spoke about her eternal welfare. Though I have never met them since, they, with others, have my prayers.

I was overcome several times by kind words and donations, which amounted to thirteen dollars. We sold a great many goods; but my profits were well taken up in paying for those left on hand, although Miller & Co., of West Liberty, favored me greatly by relieving me of my obligations.

From the effects of this undertaking I had a severe spell of sickness, from which I did not recover all Winter. My limb became so unmanageable an undertaker was employed to make a box, and thereby secure it to the chair. It was a great relief.

We were often cheered and profited by the visits of ministers and friends, who came with tokens of love.

"The saints should never be dismayed,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid
The Savior will appear."

October 19th A beautiful day. I am very weak, but feel better. I should be thankful for what God has promised, as well as for what he has given. The promises are as a rock and a refuge to me. How they have been verified unto us! Yet, do I read the Word with becoming gratitude, as well as with desire to learn? I can say, "I rejoice at thy word as one that finds great spoil."

November 21st I have discovered the difference in suffering with patience and with joyfulness. I am thankful I know how to answer this question.

We all feel much impressed with the news of brother Cookman's death. His last words have much weight: "I sweep through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb."

What a glorious thought! Oh, that we may all be prepared for such an entrance into the everlasting kingdom!

I had a profitable call from Rev. Mr. Calb, our Presbyterian pastor, and from some of our Methodist pastors. Brother Green, one of our good Quaker friends, with several others, called. This has been a profitable day.

It is so encouraging, the way our young people take hold of the prayer-meetings. It will be a good school. to train them for public work. Oh, the importance of more interest being manifested in the young of our different Churches! I am thankful we can have a little union meeting exclusively for them.

October 28th "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee." Precious words! How can we shrink from anything we may be called to pass through, when we have such a refuge? This is my comfort in my afflictions: "For thy word hath quickened me."

"Thy Word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease;
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love and joy and peace."

Oh, for words that may be fitly spoken through this day; while my weak fingers are doing their work, may my thoughts be so concentrated that every thing will furnish a thought of prayer! I had a profitable talk with sister Taylor and Adda. What faithful friends they have been!

October 29th This was a lovely Sabbath. The friends felt I would soon be shut up for the Winter, so they insisted upon my going to church. I enjoyed the sermon very much, also sister Downy's class. She can not realize the good she is doing. How often, through life's battles, will the children of her class think of impressions here made!

February 1, 1872 On a big sled I was taken today to the photograph gallery, to have my picture taken. My friends said I must not resist, as I was their prisoner. My only objection to having my likeness taken was that I was not able to give one to each of my friends, and I could not think of selling it. In a few weeks Mrs. McPherson, a Friend, called. After conversation and

prayer, I felt it my duty to allow it to be sold. I gave her one dozen, and she soon sent for several dozen more, requesting that a note of explanation be put on the back of them, saying, "If thee will comply with the request of Friends, thee will find them friends indeed;" and such they have been. Over seventy-five dozen have been disposed of, and it has been a great help; yet I have had many battles with self to be reconciled to their sale, fearing lest I should be charged with vanity.

Mother and I had been feeble all Winter, and accomplished little; but we were able to take Jesus at his word, knowing he would not leave or forsake us. In the darkest hour we could trust, and see Providence employed in the humblest incidents of our daily life, not the least of which was the basket often sent by sister B. and others.

In the Spring of 1872, a partnership was proposed. The prospect looked flattering and my way opened until I thought it was the will of Providence. I improved the opportunity, but it only increased my responsibility, and finally proved a failure, leaving me deeply involved. I have never since been able to regain what I thus lost. I could not understand why I was permitted to make this investment, but my conscience was clear. I had done what seemed for the best, and, in the midst of trying seasons, when confidence in human nature was shaken I was kept by power divine and comforted with the sweet consolation of the promises which I was able, in my weakness, to use with appropriating faith. Oh for a firm, unwavering trust in the providential care of our, heavenly Father, who is bountiful in his goodness and able to deliver and help us to profit by these trying circumstances which are surely permitted for our good. I do bless the Lord and magnify his name for the peace I have in this dark hour of heavy responsibility.

May 12th Friends came and took me into the Baptist Church, where I heard the Rev. Mr. Steinger preach an excellent sermon from Romans xii, i: "I beseech you therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." I profited by and renewed my covenant to be a living sacrifice. I enjoyed the blessed privilege of remaining in my Father's house until the afternoon prayer-meeting. I can not call to mind when I enjoyed such a prayer-meeting in church before. My soul was filled unutterably full. If every one could only realize what a privilege it is to go to church, how much more interest would be manifested, especially in the prayermeetings.

Sister Leonard brought me dinner, as she says any thing away from home tastes better to one that has a poor appetite. Sisters Shur and Price have also often remembered me with their good things.

May 15th I enjoyed a meeting held by Dr. Boardman and wife, Miss Drake, of Boston, and Rev. H. Belden, of New York. Their subject -- "The Higher Christian Life" -- was discussed with profit. Also their calls were a feast to our souls. Miss D. was at one time a great sufferer, and hers was a more hopeless case than mine. Her experience in being healed strengthened my hopes of recovery, although the physicians feared the result of a formation in my side at this time.

When brother Beiden bade me good-bye he presented five dollars. Soon after this a lady whom I never met before, Mrs. G., purchased goods to the amount of eleven dollars, including a piece of embroidery made by sister D., of Urbana, who, after I sold it for her, presented me with the money. We were at that time out of wood and nearly out of provisions, and I was pondering

what to do about using any of this money when the expected agent called. I paid him all I had, rejoicing that I could do so, and trust Him who had provided this bill.

An hour afterward sister S. came in and bought a two-dollar tidy. Almost immediately brother R. drove up with a load of wood and informed us that brother M. gave us the wood, and that he had hauled it without charge. My heart was filled with praise to Him who had made our wants his care.

June 16th I had the privilege of hearing my blind friend, John S. Van Cleve, deliver a pointed and instructive sermon from the text, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." (Eccl. xii.) He read the chapter, explaining each verse. What lessons we who have our sight can learn from him who was not yet of age, yet had graduated three times, and was then taking a course at Harvard College, Boston. He is surely an example of perseverance to the youth of our land.

For a long time I was urged by numerous friends to write my experience. When very ill I sometimes thought it was my duty to glorify God in this way; but, as soon as I became able to write, I felt it was only man's will. I was so thronged with work and other duties that I had few opportunities to sketch the past; and I was so strangely exercised, I felt I was not capable of doing it; and then I could not endure the idea of having it published. At the mention of the undertaking, my very being would tremble. I could not be reconciled to the thought of it. This became almost a daily occurrence. One friend was so impressed he told his wife in the night if Providence permitted, he was going the next day to insist upon my doing it. He did not know any one else had proposed it. Others came to me in the same way. I was so pressed until I earnestly sought to know the Lord's will in the matter. In my heart was a yearning for souls. I had an intense desire to be useful, but could not realize this would accomplish a work.

June 20th Rev. Mr. Plank, an Omish minister, called to see me. We had met once before. He told me he was so impressed he could not rest until he sent for the history of a pious invalid, Chloe Lankton, of New Hartford, Connecticut, and brought the book to me. It was a marked Providence. Chloe's book was a special blessing to my soul. There was a comfort in the thought that she was living. I desired to know more of her, so a correspondence was opened between us which has been of great value, I trust, to both of us.

July 24th Dear Lord, thou knowest what I am, and what I desire to be, a living sacrifice. Take me, soul and body; do with and for me as it pleaseth thee; only make me a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; may I be in thy hands the instrument of doing some good. I bless and praise thee for what my soul has realized of thy blessed rest in faith's way, this sweet contentment of being swallowed up in thy will, ready to go or to stay, to do or to suffer, as thou wilt.

I was deeply impressed this afternoon with a pitiable scene at the Court-house. A woman sat in the prisoner's dock, where I could see her from my window. When the Judge sentenced her to jail, she threw up both hands and gave one piercing scream after another. I could hear her screaming until they reached the jail. As I gazed upon her countenance hardened with crime, I thought of the value of her immortal soul, and the plan of salvation that was provided to rescue the most vile and desperate if they will only come to the Savior. What a change would be wrought in human society if the precious blood of Jesus were savingly applied to every sinful heart! The

thought strikes me with double force, Do we, as a Christian people, do our individual duty in such cases? We have only one life in which we can toil for humanity and heaven. That gone, the opportunity to achieve results for God and the race is fled forever. Let us stop here and in the light of eternity, with a sense of the responsibility that rests upon us, ask ourselves the question, Do we patiently persevere in the effort to save the fallen from eternal destruction? That awful and infinite peril, the accusing conscience whispers to every human soul; yet we often hear it said, "Oh, they have become so hardened they have no conscience." I believe there is a strain that, could the right chord be touched, would sound in the deep of the hardest heart. Oh for a baptism upon all our Churches, a more complete realization of the value of souls. I fear we are too nice and careful; we are not as willing to risk our reputation, our all, for Christ's sake as we should be. May we see to it, earnestly and always, that we shall not be found wanting when the last account of life is balanced before God.

"Let me work now, for all eternity,
With its immortal leisure, waiteth me."

* * * * *

16 -- SPECIAL PROVIDENCES

"God, the Creator, reigns above,
And watches all whom he has made.
He rules the world in bounteous love,
Sees the distressed and sends them aid."

August 1, 1872 "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper." (Heb. xiii, 5, 6.) Blessed promise! We can rest upon this in the most straitened circumstances. I am blessed and relieved in committing my all into the hands of Him who rules the universe. I will trust our God, for I know he will direct and open our way through the misty clouds. "Thou hast put gladness in my heart more than in the time that their corn and wine in creased."

I was happily surprised to see cousin L. B.. She, with all my friends, are anxious for me to go and see Dr. F. I will not be able to work long if I don't get the better of this trouble it my side. At this time, when my way wa hedged up, I received, by mail, two dollars with nothing but the reference, "Isaiah lxvi, 5. We could not solve the mystery, as the post mark was obscure. My comfort was, He who provided would bless and reward the donor.

The second national camp-meeting, at Urbana, commenced August 18, 1872. We received a number of letters urging us to come. Rev. J. W. Gunn sent us means to come on, and we concluded to go by way of the camp-meeting to Columbus. We had evidence of the Master's will; therefore, we knew strength would be given for the journey. We arrived at camp Saturday morning. I suffered very much in body, but my soul was filled with joy to be permitted to enter once more these sacred grounds, where they kept me quiet for the day. The first incident that occurred was my meeting with father Sites. One year ago he prevailed upon me to write to his little granddaughter,

Anna B. Sites, in Foo chow, China. He now brought me the answer which he had received just before he started to camp.

Sabbath morning just before worship Deacon J. came into the tent where I was, saying:

"I have come to this meeting determined to have a blessing. I feel that a Presbyterian can enjoy just as much as a Methodist."

We were all profited by the lesson read, i John, chapter v. Brother S. and brother Daily kindly took me under their charge. After the interesting love-feast, we heard an excellent sermon by brother Osborn. Between the afternoon services I remained in the tabernacle, as it was a good place to distribute tracts. During a conversation a gentleman approached me. I addressed him, and gave him my card with the motto on it, "Are you saved by grace?" He answered:

"I understand you are helpless. If doing for a poor cripple girl like you makes a man a Christian, I am one; otherwise I make no profession."

He then presented me with two dollars and walked away. He afterward brought a measure of peaches, and was very kind during the evening, but told me he came here for pleasure; that he was a skeptic, and did not believe in any thing of this kind.

During the afternoon a heavy storm arose. The tall trees bent low their proud heads as they swayed to and fro, and the large tabernacle quivered in every joint. It was a scene of great excitement. The center pole came partly down, but not a drop of water oozed through the heavy canvas. Soon the song of praise was heard above the tumult of the storm, and all was calm.

The evening services were to me peculiarly impressive. I was suffering very much; but I received such a baptism of the Spirit that I lost all consciousness of my pain and surroundings. It was a foretaste of that rest which remains for the people of God. I never experienced before, through a spiritual blessing, such a relief from bodily pain. I was so happy that I desired to remain all night where I was. It was a precious resting-place, and hundreds slept in the tabernacle. Five o'clock services the next morning were just over when Mr. H., my strange friend, approached me, and wanted to know if there was not something he could do for me. I thanked him for what he had done, and said that I hoped his time here would be improved in spiritual things, and that I would pray for him. He replied

"I do beg of you not to distress yourself about me but promise if I can be of any service to you to let me know. I am on a pleasure tour, and this will give me more pleasure than any thing else I can indulge in."

He insisted upon it, and brought me a nice breakfast. I was embarrassed, for I could not understand him. He noticed my embarrassment, and said:

"You think strange of the interest I have manifested; but that you may know my motives are good, I feel that an explanation is due to you. Twelve years ago I lost the dearest friend I had on earth. She was stricken down and lay as you do for five years. I was about to leave the ground

yesterday; but seeing you, I was forcibly reminded of her, and the promise I made to be kind to the suffering. For her sake I beg you to let me be your friend."

One of the ministers on the ground afterward told me he was a wealthy architect from Boston. He said it was evident the Lord was leading him, and it was my duty to let him do for me, as no one could take exception to it, and I must do all I could for him. I went to the tent, where I spent the remainder of the day quietly distributing tracts.

Tuesday was memorable on account of the outpouring of the Spirit and many incidents that occurred. I enjoyed the afternoon services, the children's meeting, and the altar exercises, which were very impressive. We met a number of dear acquaintances after a long separation, and mother saw her oldest relative living, a nephew, A. Fithian, whom she had not seen for twentyfour years.

Just as the evening services began we were surprised by another tempest, which came so suddenly it almost created a panic. The loud peals of thunder, the vivid flashes of lightning, with the great canvas heaving like a rolling billow, made the scene terrifically grand. The congregation seemed awe-stricken in beholding the power of the Almighty displayed in the warring element. I thought, Oh how important that in all the storms of life we be prepared to meet the dangers and sorrows with prayer and praise. Amid all the excitement I was kept calm and composed. My chair was placed on the platform, and I felt that we had a very precious meeting.

It was a delightful place to sleep, beneath the rich promises inscribed in large print on the banner of holiness. I rested better than usual during the night, and it was a feast to be here for morning meeting. To my surprise, they would not move my chair from the stand. It was a great cross to be in such a conspicuous place. I shrank from the appearance of putting myself forward, but was greatly blessed in yielding, for I felt this was permitted to humble and conquer more fully the man-fearing spirit. All who were there will remember the meeting of that morning.

After noon Mr. Hanson prevailed upon us to go over to the Piqua boarding tent, where we met with a warm reception from Rev. Wm. I. Fee and many of his good people. Mr. H. treated us all to ice-cream. We had a profitable season, and I remember with gratitude the kindness of those whose names I forget, but I trust they are written in the Lamb's book of life.

As Mr. Hanson intended going to C., they prevailed upon him to remain and accompany us. On Thursday I was taken to brother. Thompson's in Urbana. It seemed natural to be near Mr. Glenn's old home, around which clustered so many memories. On Friday, after greeting many friends at the depot, we took the train for Columbus. When we arrived at Cousin A. Barrett's my suffering was intense. I was soon prostrated by a severe paroxysm of pain, and they had to watch over me through the night. He who sanctifies to our eternal well-being whatever he allows us to suffer here was precious to my soul, and through this night of suffering the sustaining power of grace accomplished more than all efforts otherwise had done.

It was our intention to return home at a certain time, in order to meet our obligations; but the physicians at once said my side was in a critical condition, and unless I remained under treatment here free from care, I could not be benefited. I had committed all into the hands of Him who I knew was able to assist, and now in my helplessness I could do nothing but trust him more

fully. Sabbath was my birthday. On Monday I was still very sick. Mr. Hanson brought me a number of delicacies and spoke of a birthday present. I thanked him, saying:

"You have already done so much for me."

He answered:

"It is nothing compared with what you have done for me."

Just as he left the room he placed in my hand fifty dollars, to be used wherever it would do the most good. He afterward presented as birthday keepsakes a large album, a handsome gold pen, and several articles he discovered were needed. I could but exclaim with tearful gratitude, How wonderful are the workings of the Lord; through what mysterious ways he will provide! Little did I expect help to come through such a source. Through this and other donations, with the photographs that had been sold, we had sufficient to defray expenses, and on mother's return home she settled a bill of sixty-nine dollars. Prayer, truly,

"Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above."

I was benefited by the treatment of Dr. Freeman, who was a friend indeed. Many memories are connected with this visit; for my dear cousins and friends used every effort to make it pleasant. After some weeks Mr. H. returned, and spent a brief season in C. While here he had made arrangements for a social picnic at the Park. With many friends, we were permitted to admire the beauties of nature, -- fountains, cascades, rockeries, and other things. After social conversation and music came the luxuries furnished by Mr. H. for the entire company. All enjoyed the occasion, especially the children, and it was a season well spent. Some of the number have since gone, we trust, to that home where kind acts will be rewarded.

At camp-meeting, I promised several ministers I would go to work in earnest, and note past experiences as they came to mind. When able I improved the time, both at Cousin A. and Cousin T. Barrett's. One morning I was much exercised in a point of duty. Rev. C. A. Van Anda and sister L. called. I felt the Lord had sent them. During their conversation and prayer they unconsciously gave me the desired light. Other friends came in often to see me, and I enjoyed through communication with them many a spiritual blessing as an answer to prayer.

October 1st I suffered an attack in my limb, and was very sick for several days. We had the advantage of medical advice; but very little encouragement was given that I should recover the use of my limb, yet they did not destroy that hope which has ever buoyed me up.

I was reminded by the seared trees and bleak winds of the approach of Winter, for which we were not prepared; yet as often as I found my self planning for the future, this text came forcibly to mind, "Your father knoweth that ye have need of these things." This text gives the blessed assurance, and experience confirms it, that He careth for us even in the smallest things.

I have had a precious feast alone with my beloved Savior. Praise the Lord, O my soul, for what I feel this morning in the glorious privilege of calling the ruler of this universe Our Father! One even as unworthy as I am can trust him for what we need; As I looked up this morning, there, at the gate was my dear mother, who came to take me home. She has moved into the house I long desired to get. I felt confident the right place would be provided.

I am thankful brother T. has repaired my chair, so I can travel more safely. I must soon part with the dear ones here who have been so kind. I hope to see Aunt Mary B. again before we leave.

Sister M. called to see me, and, after a pleasant interview, said:

"I trust you will not be offended if I interest myself in your welfare. I am impressed that I can be of some assistance to you."

Accordingly, the next day she and her daughter called. Mrs. H., with tearful eyes, said to me:

"My dear, we are much interested in your welfare, and I am thankful I have met you. We feel you are one of Christ's children, worthy of our sympathy and love, and it will give us pleasure if we can do any thing for you."

She then inquired about the very articles I was in need of. Tears of gratitude started to my eyes, as through their kindness I was made made comfortable for the Winter. Besides, sister M. presented mother with a beautiful double shawl, and sister F. gave me a wrapper.

Could I doubt the immediate administration of the Mighty Counselor? Oh, how I was humbled to see these peculiar providences! Those dear friends could not realize the good their kindness did.

October 15th We started for Urbana, where our dear friend, brother Dixon, arranged for me to remain with them a few days. I was very much fatigued with the journey, but the quiet and rest soon restored my strength. On Sabbath I was permitted to enjoy a love-feast at the Second Charge. The Local Preachers' National Association convened at this time. It was a feast of love that time can not obliterate from memory. During the greetings of many friends, brother W. said:

"Jennie, since we last met here the Lord has blessed me wonderfully, spiritually and temporally; so please accept this;" and, to my surprise, placed in my hand a note. When I returned to brother D.'s, I found it was five dollars.

On Monday, the evening before I returned home, Rev. M. P. Gaddis took tea with us, He came to see about my writing, as he had urged me to the work. I was grateful for the providence that brought us together; for I felt if he would pass his judgment upon what I had written, he would not encourage me to go on with it. I prayerfully waited for his decision. After reading it he said:

"I am now more than ever convinced that it is your duty to persevere with the work, and get it done as soon as possible."

I was much affected to learn that my old friend, and physician, Dr. Bassett, was near the verge of eternity, waiting for the summons home. My heart yearned with sympathy in behalf of his afflicted family. When they told me I could not recognize his emaciated form, how vividly did recollections spring up in my mind of the times when he, Mr. Glenn, and others, who were then healthy and strong, had watched at my couch and administered to my wants. They little expected to bid adieu to the things of time and sense before me.

Oh, how uncertain is life! Well has it been said:

"The flame of life burns so feebly upon the secret altar of our hearts that it can be put out by a sudden jar, or a single breath. The partition between us and the unseen world is thin as the garments that clothe our flesh, and as easily pierced as the bubbles that float on the wave."

How important that the great work of life be always finished by heeding the Gospel call to repentance, and that we may thus be prepared for the hour of death, that will sooner or later come!

"Not many lives, but only one have we,
Frail, fleeting man;
How sacred should that one life be,
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil."

* * * * *

17 -- LESSONS LEARNED

Sunday, October 28, 1872. "The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Lam. iii, 25-27.

It is one week this morning since we had a feast long to be remembered. Praise the Lord for the riches of his grace! My heart is filled with love, peace, and joy. Here, in our humble home, it is my privilege to enjoy as much of the presence of Jesus as though surrounded with a host of saints. How I love to retire and be alone with him! I have thought much of the importance of the scrap I read: "He, therefore, who desires to advance in the inner and spiritual life; ought to retire with Jesus from the multitude. No one is safe in public who is not happy in retirement."

November 7th "Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." I see new beauties in the lesson, and realize more than usual the import of this text. Oh that I may be one of the laborers that will cultivate and bring forth fruit. I desire to pray more earnestly for Zion's prosperity. I praise the Lord for granting the desire of my heart in residing so near the church. The brethren carried me over last evening to the first Thursday night prayer-meeting I have enjoyed in our church for eleven years. Nine ministers were present -- few Churches are so blessed with zealous local ministers. We all enjoyed seeing brother N. and

brother K. We reside also near the parsonage, where we can more frequently see our pastor, brother Roberts. A talk with him is always profitable.

In what unexpected ways our Lord provides! We were disappointed in getting the wood we engaged. The last stick was in the stove, when brother W. came to see if we would trade some ribbon for fire-wood. He had brought some to another person, who did not want it, and said he was impressed to bring it here. Thus, often, things are likewise directed. I am thankful for the opportunity of trading goods for produce while we sell so little.

November 23d I am very weak, but thankful that I am able again to use my hands. While we are engaged at our work, the eye of faith can rest upon Jesus and contemplate him as the source of life, strength, and comfort, as we increase our store, stitching away at our work. So may our faith be increased.

I trust Sadie P. and I can be a mutual help to each other. We were all exercised about brother, who was among the Indians; and one morning, after worship, I overheard the following conversation: "Sadie, do you think it is right to worry so about Dicky, when they are praying for him? If they have faith, won't the Lord take care of him?" "That is true, Dannie; but your poor mother has had so much care and trouble, she can't help feeling anxious about her boy. No one can feel as a mother; and especially when her children are in such danger." "Yes, that is so; but I don't think Jennie ought to be so troubled; she ought to have more faith about him and everything else, for she knows the Lord will provide."

This was a rebuke to unbelief, and taught us a good lesson. How very careful we should be to let children see by our works that we have confidence in Him who heareth and answereth prayer.

Three days after this was Thanksgiving. I awoke with praise in my heart for the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and the privileges we enjoy in this land of light and liberty. With more faith we could rejoice in the Lord greatly, believing that Paul's blessed words of admonition and instruction are as much for our comfort as for the Philippians, when he said unto them, "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus."

Our good neighbors often remembered me on extra occasions. I had just enjoyed a delicious dinner from sister A., when my good Omish friend, brother P., called with an acceptable Thanksgiving present of butter and sausage. Soon the express drove up with a Thanksgiving box from brother D. and other Urbana friends. These remembrances did indeed call forth sincere praise and thanksgiving to Him who had supplied our need through these dear friends, who are laying up for themselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth doth corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.

January 1, 1873 This is a day long to be remembered. I was greatly strengthened by a conversation and prayer with brother C., after which I was taken over to Professor Ogden's, where I was invited to a New year's dinner, and to enjoy a feast of music. Just before the company was invited out to dinner, brother and sister Brunton came in and spread upon my bed a beautiful log-cabin quilt, as a New year's gift from Marion, O., pieced by Emma T. and other dear friends.

Their names, with 25 and 50 cent pieces, were pinned on many of the squares. The surprise was so complete, and my heart was so filled with gratitude, that I could scarcely partake of the rich repast set before us. The monotony of many suffering hours has been broken by the thoughts which the little scraps that compose a friendship quilt have suggested. I have had several quilts where I could name the owner or contributor of almost every piece in them. My heart swells with grateful emotion as I remember the many kindnesses bestowed.

Our Omish and Baptist friends, with many others, were exceeding kind. During this Winter we had considerable sickness in our own and sister's family. Sister G. spent several weeks with us. This was a comfort, as she cared for me, so that mother could be with sister, for we were both very sick at the same time.

Just before I was taken ill I felt the need of several little sums due, in order to meet our demands. I talked to the Lord about it, but, in place of directing these means to come in, he so impressed sister M. B., who had long desired to bestow a kindness, yet felt a delicacy about doing so, that she could not rest until she called. What she brought abundantly supplied the demand. I was much affected by this and other incidents, including a surprise by many friends.

"Surely what He wills is best;
Happy in his will I rest."

This was, and is, the language of my heart.

February 11th I was within sound of the Gospel and the songs of Zion, which I esteemed a privilege, but I was not able to be carried over to quarterly-meeting; but the beloved brethren did not pass me by forgotten. A number came in, and the elder and stationed preacher administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper; This, to my soul, is the most sacred and solemn of all the ordinances -- to receive the food of immortality! There is, indeed, a wondrous and hidden grace belonging to this sacrament. My frail body seemed to participate in the benefits conferred upon the soul, and to be itself strengthened in this blessed communion with Christ, upon whom all our hopes of salvation depend. He is our sanctification and redemption; he is the consolation of pilgrims in this world, and the eternal joy of saints in heaven. It is much to be lamented that many should think so little of this salutary mystery, in which heaven rejoices and the whole earth is blessed. Alas for the blindness and hardness of the human heart, which does not think more of so unspeakable a gift, and which, in many cases, neglects it altogether!

I was intensely interested in the salvation of souls. My eye was single to the glory of God. I never was able to look at things more in the light of eternity than during this year. When able, I enjoyed many precious seasons in the church, which was a benefit physically, as well as spiritually. Never will I forget the brethren who, in different places, have been burden-bearers indeed. Many privileges have I enjoyed through their kindness in taking me out to church and to other places.

When able to work, nothing was more recreative than my correspondence. In order to enjoy this pleasure I often denied myself of other luxuries. I was often peculiarly exercised in regard to the duty of letter-writing. Many unanswered letters lay in my desk. A lady asked me if I did not

think it was extravagant for one in my circumstances to spend so much for postage: I did not want to be selfish, but I was so impressed that I sought direction of Him who will give evidence of duty to the soul that seeketh him. The same day brother G., a Friend, called, with a present from his little granddaughter of nearly two dollars, in three and five cent pieces, for postage. The next day I received a package from a friend at X. containing stationery and stamps. Then came a post-office order from my dear brother, who always desired me to enjoy this privilege. I could no longer doubt what my duty was. It is an inestimable privilege to be able to converse with absent loved ones through the medium of the post-office. What comfort and instruction a letter or postal-card is capable of affording, especially to the afflicted! Through this means I have been taught valuable lessons in "faith's way." There are invalids whom I may never meet in the flesh, yet our hearts are drawn together through those little messengers of love and sympathy. We live in anticipation of that meeting beyond the river, where there will be no suffering. Maggie Johnson, of New York, has been more than a sister in affliction. I have received from her many tokens of love, and the samples of her fancy work have been valuable in our trade.

After I left C. I had so little liberty in my writing that I was tempted to feel that it was not my duty. Yet I dared not give it up. One morning Dr. F., who kindly offered his assistance, said to me:

"I expect to start for Kansas today, and if the Lord spares my life to return, I want to find more of your manuscript ready to copy. You must make it a business and not a pastime. It is a duty, which you certainly can not doubt."

I answered:

"Doctor, why do I not have more liberty in writing? Why is the work so irksome? I can not feel it will amount to any thing when done."

"We can account for that because you have so little leisure. The constant interruptions break the interest, and other work takes too much of your time. You have many things to discourage you, but you must surmount them."

Through Rev. Mr. Moore I heard of the "Daughter of Affliction," an autobiography of Mary Rankin, of New Wilmington, Penn. I had an unusual desire to see the book, and in a few days brother Van Cleve sent on a copy of it to me. He thought our experience was similar. I was impressed with this providence, for a portion of her experience was almost a recital of my own. Dr. F. said, after reading the book:

"This is remarkable. In many respects her experience is almost verbatim the same as yours."

Not long after this I had communication with Mary through a friend who visited her, and we have since corresponded with profit.

April 24th After suffering through the night, I was so weary in body I could accomplish nothing. At noon I had a season alone. It was a privilege to be alone a few moments with my

Savior. But what privations I would have to endure if I could not commune with Jesus except when alone. I was blessed in going to him with my cares. I asked him to send customers; brother and sister Heading called with a nice treat and bought several dollars' worth of goods, as did also sister Yoder. Oh, that our Omish friends could realize what a blessing they have been to us.

May 31st

"Salvation is forever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford."

How much we need a fresh supply each day! O time, how fast thou art flying and how little I can accomplish! I am weak and weary physically, yet I feel a calmness in the desire to be more in earnest and Christ-like in meekness and patience. I desire to do my duty more fully. I know I am not doing any thing near what is in my power to do.

Mother is so feeble; her footsteps seem to send an echo through my very being. I fear Fannie will have a serious time with her arm; she commenced using it too soon after it was broken. We enjoyed a visit today from brother and sister Harbor, who have been dear friends for many years. My friends at Marion are writing for me to come and attend a meeting to be held the 6th of June for the promotion of holiness. What a rich treat it would be! But I am not able to go; therefore, I feel content and happy to remain at home.

Sunday, June 1st In reviewing the past week I felt I had done all I could with my little strength to make ends meet, and now I could commit all into the hands of our Father, who knoweth our needs. The first thought when I awoke was to welcome the blessed Sabbath as an emblem of the rest which remains to the people of God. My heart was filled with praise, and all nature seemed to be praising God. Oh what a blessing to be within sound of the Gospel! I felt all day long that I am one of God's favored children, for I enjoy so many privileges. If we live, Monday morning will open full of work. Yet sweetly do I now rest upon the blessed promises.

"Jesus keep me near thy side,
Near the ever-cleansing tide.
Wash me in it, make me clean,
Let me on thy bosom lean;
Let thine arms about me be;
Jesus, Savior, succor me."

* * * * *

18 -- PREVAILING PRAYER

"O wondrous power of faithful prayer,
What tongue can tell the almighty grace."

During the Spring the paroxysms of suffering in my limb and body became more and more severe. It was evident to all that I could not live through many more such attacks. I did not gain my usual strength. My physician, Dr. W., advised me to go from home where I would not see my work. This seemed impracticable. The evening before the meeting at Marion commenced, brother B. said to me:

"Sister Jennie, how is it? can'tt you go to Marion?"

I answered:

"No, I am not able. It would be imprudent to think of going."

I never felt more positive or settled in a conclusion. They had scarcely gone when the faithful monitor conscience said with a startling voice, Be careful, or you will be governed more by what people say and the trouble you would make than by the weakness of your body and the suffering it would cost you. If it is the Lord's will that you should go, is he not able to strengthen you for the journey? For a little season I was strangely exercised. I realized the danger of being actuated by a man-fearing or man-pleasing spirit. My eye was single to the glory of God. I pleaded with him to manifest his pleasure concerning me. I felt willing to do or endure anything for Christ's sake. It was a test of my faith, for I was much opposed in going, except by Dr. W. and a few others. Letters were received urging me to come with sister S. Evidences that I ought to go increased until the will of the Spirit was so manifested unto me that I could no longer refuse.

I was wonderfully supported by divine power physically and spiritually in making the effort. After I recovered from the fatigue of traveling I improved rapidly. I spent the two weeks of meeting with sister McG., near the Church. Here I could hear the singing, and through the kindness of the brethren I very often enjoyed the services in the Church, where I had the pleasure of meeting many friends from far and near.

The meeting was conducted by the "North Ohio Praying-band." To many it was a feast of soul. The Lord of hosts was with us. Souls were hungering and thirsting for the glorious liberty of the children of God. To me it was a meeting of peculiar interest. In order to husband my strength I spent precious seasons alone, and also with the dear family at whose home I was staying. When my tracts came I had no liberty in distributing them until I marked the impressive sentences. This proved effectual.

I yielded to the leadings of the Spirit in every thing. I had the consciousness that "He leadeth me." Here the most affecting incident of my life occurred. Several members of the praying-band were impressed that a blessing was in store for me. Some time before this I received several letters from friends who were so exercised about the healing of my body, that they feared I was limiting the power of God by unbelief. I was much exercised, but I could not get over one point. "Be still and know that I am God," would invariably come with irresistible force. I had to be still and say, Thy will, O Lord, be done. One morning the band met in my room for a special season of prayer. Oh that sacred hour. With emotion I still think of it. Never will it be obliterated from my heart. Such faith and agonizing prayer as went up from that humble group who bent low at

the feet of Jesus, I can not describe, nor can pen write what I felt. Just imagine what the hope of deliverance would be to one so bound down by disease.

I could not endure the thought of unbelief robbing me of this blessing. I was led to ask from the depth of my soul, Father, is it for the want of faith? Why can I not claim this now? Never can I forget the voice that seemed almost to speak aloud, as if the dear Lord were talking with me face to face, "You can not ask to be restored to your feet, but you can ask to have the paroxysms lessened." My faith claimed and received the evidence that our prayers were heard. That moment the sisters exclaimed, "The burden is gone; we can ask no more."

Oh the joy and peace that filled my soul! I sank deeper into the divine will, and felt I could come out more boldly than ever before a gain saying world and hail reproach and sorrow for the Master's sake. The enemy came in like a flood, but my faith remained firm. A friend said, "Jennie, I would not say much about this until time has elapsed for another paroxysm. There is danger of presuming." At that moment those blessed words came to me with new beauty and power. I answered, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." (Heb. xi.)

Although my limb still has to be confined, I have never had a paroxysm from that time (June, 1873,) to this. And oh the relief to be free from these! It is to me comparative health. Who can say this was not of our covenant-keeping God? Unbelievers may scoff at these things, but glory, praise, and honor be to Him who manifested unto me his power and verified his promise, I who commanded thee to take this journey am the Lord Almighty. I will be with thee to bless thee.

"Oh for a voice of sweeter sound,
For every wind to bear;
To teach the listening world around
The blessedness of prayer."

After the meeting closed I enjoyed a pleasant season at Rev. Dr. Jones'. I was then taken to brother Thues, where I had a delightful visit of better than two weeks. I here enjoyed several rich treats of music, among the rest a serenade by the cornet band. Many memories cluster ai-ound incidents that occurred, and the pleasant seasons spent with the dear friends of Marion, whose kindness will ever be remembered with gratitude. I made many pleasant acquaintances, and trust that each will look well to the one thing needful.

July 7th I was getting ready to go to the train when our kind friend, brother Brunton, called in company with brother C., who knew I expected to return at this time. So I had the pleasure of a ride on his construction train, which I enjoyed more than I would have done on the express. I thus had the opportunity of resting, distributing tracts, and of meeting friends at the various stations. I was very much exhausted when I reached home, but my health was greatly improved.

When leaving home I said to mother:

"Before I return I must have a positive evidence of my duty to write my experience, or the burden of it removed."

Being so exercised, I could not help observing how Providence was leading me when at different times this matter was proposed by parties who were not aware of my convictions, or that the suggestion had been made before. They were so earnest in the matter I finally expressed my feelings, and, through prayer, I felt the evidence of duty was positive. I now had liberty, and improved every opportunity in writing, though I accomplished but little.

July 12th Lady Maxwell says, "The Lord teaches me that it is by simple faith alone that I can either obtain, retain, or increase, with regard to any Gospel blessing."

My experience confirms this. Oh that my faith may be so steady and constant that I can say, under all circumstances, "The life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me!"

This has been a lovely day. I was taken up to sister's this afternoon. It is a great trial to her that my chair can not be taken through her door. I spent several hours in the door-yard, where I took tea with them. It was quite pleasant. They rolled her bed where we could see and converse with each other. The dear children were so delighted we all enjoyed it. What a serious time dear sister had! How little we have enjoyed each other's society during the past year, and not two squares apart! May these afflictions work out for us all a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!

July 19th "The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."

"Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will let mine be lost."

Rev. Mr. W. called. He was with sister B when she bade adieu to earth. I am thankful to hear dear Mamie is wonderfully supported by grace, and enabled to be a comfort to her loved ones. She was suddenly bereft of her precious mother; but they have the consolation of knowing their loss is her eternal gain. Little did we think the plan laid for my visit to their home, where I could write, would be frustrated by this providence.

I have been much strengthened by the text. I am one of the poor among men, yet I desire to be one of the meek children who are rich in faith. How true my friend's words, "So many things occur that makes one see the superiority those feel who have something of this world's goods over those who have nothing."

I have not realized this as some have; but when I do there is a sweet comfort in feeling I am rich too, because I have my blessed Savior to comfort me, and a rich Father to provide for me. Though temporally it is dark, I do sweetly trust and rejoice in the Holy one of Israel.

Monday 21st I was permitted to hear our dear pastor, brother R., preach yesterday upon purity of heart. Oh, what a sermon it was! How we were made to look within! I could rejoice in the consciousness of a pure heart, and in the hope of glory. Professor H. and brother T. met the brethren here, and spent a precious season before going to the train. Rev. Mr. Steinger called, and we had a profitable conversation.

Tuesday, 22d I am not so well. My head is affected. "The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." (Job xxii.) I am resaved to increase in spiritual strength this day.

I have just read an article in the Home Journal, from brother Hughes, urging all to pray for the National Camp-meeting at Landisville, Penn. I can meet with them at the Throne of Grace, and thereby grow stronger. Through how many different sources we can gain strength!

Brother Jimmy just sent mother a barrel of flour. He worries about my working so much. He says his greatest trial is that he has not the means to make us more comfortable; but he is anxious to keep the children at school. Dear boy! he makes every sacrifice for our sakes; he has just paid another doctor's bill.

Mrs. S., whom I had not met for many years, spent the day with us. Her heart is sad and lonely, as she feels her all is in the grave. Oh, that I could comfort all the bereaved and sorrowing ones I meet with.

Sunday, 27th

"Life is brief; its days are fleeting,
As the bird on swiftest wing."

I had a refreshing season. I can so vividly meet in spirit with the congregated ones at Landisville camp-meeting.

The brethren carried me over to the church for love-feast. It was to my soul the most precious one I had ever enjoyed. I realized the power of the victory I had gained over the man-fearing spirit which has robbed me of so much strength. We had an excellent sermon by brother W., from Romans xi, 6: "Who will render to every man according to his deeds." We learn from this chapter, "There is no respect of persons with God." Our communion season was impressive. In looking over the three months since our last quarterly-meeting, I see each day has its record of special blessings. I then vowed, if spared to enjoy another communion season, it should find me on advanced ground, more willing to hold up before the Church and the world the banner of holiness. I feel that I am more fully the Lord's. Glory be to the Lamb for this blessed liberty! Oh, why are the, dear Lord's children not more bold to take up, and more firm to sustain, the consecrated cross?

I had a sweet rest between services. I love to spend a season alone in that dear place. I know I made a failure in the Sabbath-school; but the flesh needs humiliating, and, instead of wasting time, as I so often have done, fretting about what I can not recall, I can just give it to Jesus,

and leave results with him. Hence I have no anxiety about it. "Perfect love casteth out fear." (I John iv.) I realize that the fear of man grows less as my love to Christ becomes more perfect. I feel I have only begun to float on the boundless ocean of love before me.

Friday, August 1st Dear Lord, lead and direct me to do thy will. Thou knowest my weakness, yet I leave me in thy hands.

"My faith as gold refine;
Each grace and virtue prove;
That in my life may shine
The light of perfect love."

I am almost blind in my left eye, and my head pains me.

This is the last entry I made in my Journal for nine months.

* * * * *

19 -- BLINDNESS

Saturday, August 2, 1873, I was quite sick. My eyes had been strangely affected for some days. The pain in my head increased until I could not endure the light to strike my eyes. I was soon prostrated by a severe attack of fever and inflammation. As my head became more affected the limb ceased its throbbing, as it had not done for years; and for several days it seemed paralyzed and lifeless. This alarmed mother, as different physicians had said if the effects of the disease ever left the limb and went to the head, death or insanity would probably be the result.

For many days my sufferings were beyond description. I became entirely helpless. I lost my speech, and for a short time my hearing was deficient. At times I was partially unconscious. During these seasons I imagined I was a little bark, tossed on the billows; yet I felt safe, because Jesus was my anchor, and the dashing waves only drove me nearer to him. This was so vivid that when conscious I could rejoice in my Anchorage.

Never shall I forget the experience of one night. I was perfectly rational, but all I could do was to move my right hand and hear out of my right ear. In that condition our subtle enemy assailed me with the suggestion, What will you do now, if kept thus helpless? You can not even pray for your friends. Often when tempted about my life being a blank, my last comfort was, If I can not work, I can pray for those who can. The words of Jesus came to me, "Get thee behind me, Satan," for if I can do no more, I will raise my finger for Jesus. I gained the victory, and realized that no such bliss can earth's pleasures give, even apart from such sufferings.

"Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil and he will flee from you." Blessed hope of heaven, the anticipation of that rest which remains for the people of God! How it buoys the soul above the dashing waves of suffering and sorrow! And how sweet, when we are brought so near death, to feel that our peace with God is made, and that if this be the time of our departure, we are prepared to meet him. Thus rejoicing in the hope of glory, we can view the dark river with the

confidence of David as expressed in the twenty third Psalm. I here came to the waiting place. My only plea was, Spare my reason, though every thing else be lost. I had to cease all mental efforts. For days I seemed upon the verge of eternity. Several times life was so near extinct my friends thought I was gone, but it pleased an all-wise Providence to rebuke disease. Never was it more manifest that his blessing attended the treatment than at this time.

My physician, Dr. Wilson, was constant in his attendance, and with anxious interest did all in his power to alleviate my sufferings, with scarcely a hope of my recovery. For some time I gained slowly, but I was still quite low when, one morning, my little nephew ran to me with some thing to look at. I made the attempt to look, and realized, as not before, that I was blind! Never can one know, except by experience, what it is to have the vision closed to the light. My first thought was, Oh, shall I never again see the blue sky and beautiful flowers? But in this, the severest of all afflictions, I found, as in the past that grace was sufficient. Strength was given according to my day. I knew this was permitted for some purpose. It was a severe trial to my dear brother when he came and found I could not see him. I was taught valuable lessons during this season; one was the danger of making effort take the place of faith.

"Though oft thy ways are wrapt in clouds
Mysterious and unknown;
Truth, righteousness, and mercy stand
The pillars of thy throne."

For eight months my eyes were bandaged from the light, and I could not use them. As I gained strength I regained the use of my left hand and voice. My hearing became more acute than ever. I could not be deceived in the sound of a footstep or a voice. I felt the privation of using my hands. One morning mother said to me, with emotion, as she imprinted a kiss upon my forehead: "My dear child, why do you pick at your fingers so much? Don't do so; it looks so pitiful." After a while I prevailed upon them to start some plain work for me, and it was not long until I could use the crochet-hook quite naturally. A little girl said, after watching me:

"Why, it's a special gift, isn't it, for you to knit?" I told her it was a special blessing of Providence that made the sense of touch so acute that it was almost like having eyes in my fingers. Through the providence of God we were brought under many obligations to the kind people who manifested deep sympathy in this affliction.

The day before Thanksgiving mother said to me, "See what Miss R. has sent to you." She brought the gift to the side of my cot, and I was startled when I placed my hand on a large turkey. Several such surprises were sent in by other friends in the neighborhood of our home, which made it a Thanksgiving indeed. We were often remembered by kind friends, and almost invariably at the time when the favors bestowed were most needed. Several times wood came when we were just out, These things tended to confirm our faith in prayer. I never shall forget a trying season in January. I had a bill to settle and other necessities to meet. Brother sent a part, but I could not, raise all. I cast the burden upon the Lord, feeling confident of deliverance. Yet what a surprise it was when Brother Williams brought the following letter with ten dollars inclosed:

"Bellefontaine, Ohio, January 6, 1874.

"Miss Jennie Smith, A very good friend of mine sent me the inclosed Post-office Order from Washington City, D. C., to hand to you with the request to withhold his name as the donor; but please accept it as coming from a good Christian friend who always has an open hand for those who are suffering and need some aid to cheer them while on their journey through this life. Do please accept from me in behalf of the 'unknown donor.'

"Yours, very truly, R. Lamb"

I am comforted with the thought that He who heareth prayer will bless and reward the still "unknown donor" of this and other favors. I must mention the kindness of Messrs. J. Holland & Co., Chicago; also Rev. G. Hughes, of Philadelphia, who greatly favored me by furnishing me with books to sell. These were all marked providences. I slowly and steadily improved, until my general health was about as usual. From the first of this illness Miss Lizzie Slicer was a constant friend. She came daily to read and write for me. In February I accepted the invitation and spent two pleasant and profitable weeks with sister Sowles, where Lizzie could be near and have more opportunity to write; but even here we could not accomplish what we desired. At this time there was great excitement respecting the crusaders, who in different places were doing a good work in pulling down the stronghold of Bacchus. For several months previous my mind was very much exercised on the subject. I learned through the sorrows of others what intemperance was doing in blasting the happiness of many homes in our country, and even in our own community. My heart was often so burdened with the cause I could not sleep for hours. On February 26, 1874, a meeting was held at the Methodist Episcopal Church, which resulted in organizing a "Woman's Temperance League." Never will that day be forgotten. When the crusaders took the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, and marched two abreast slowly to the enemy's fort, the church bells were tolling and the band playing a plaintive strain. Those who remained in the church bowed themselves in earnest prayer. All made it impressively solemn. I could not go out with the crusaders, but my heart was in the work. I spent many days in the Court-house, where most of the meetings were held. They had a lunch-room and other comforts, which made it a pleasant place for private prayer and individual conversation.

The incidents of those days are stamped upon many memories. Eternity will tell what has been accomplished in our land by the crusade. Take courage, O ye faithful ones who are battling against the mighty foe.

"Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign
And the deluded throng.

Mourn for the ruined soul,
Eternal life and light,
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

Mourn for the lost; but call,

Call to the tempted, the strong and the frees
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall
And to the refuge flee."

* * * * *

20 -- REMOVAL TO DAYTON

In the Spring we had encouragement to move to Springfield, Ohio. We were convinced that, on brother's account and other advantages, it was best to make a change; but my conviction was, if we left Bellefontaine, we should go to Dayton. This was prayerfully decided upon. Many of our friends were so unfavorably impressed that much was said to discourage us. They felt I must make many sacrifices and give up many privileges. It looked dark, but the path of duty was made plain to us as it was to Abraham when severely tried. For the sake of loved ones I felt willing to make any sacrifice. My one great desire was to be just where the dear Lord could make most use of my feeble efforts. The language of my heart was

"Thy way, not mine, Oh Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose path and place for me."

April 14th A pleasant little surprise was arranged by my old friends on the fair committee and others, who spent a season with us. The last week in Bellefontaine was filled up with lasting memories. I enjoyed a special meeting at brother Chambers, and remained one night with his family. I was deeply impressed with their work for the Master in training their little family of six or eight adopted children. May the desires of their hearts be granted in those children becoming fruit-bearing branches. But few people have such hearts of love and affection for homeless orphans.

The last Sabbath in Bellefontaine was spent in the dear church, where I had enjoyed many happy seasons. The services were all affecting. Many tender ties were severed. One was the young people's meeting, which had met in my room for nearly three years. But the severest trial was the parting with dear Sister Sallie and her little family. The last two days were spent a Rev. R.'s. I had become much attached to this kind family. There were several obligations to be met, and I made it a subject of prayer. The last morning came. I had not succeeded in selling the books I expected to, yet I can never forget how I could trust in that dark season, and how I felt when Mollie J. came in and presented me in the behalf of her schoolmates eight dollars, including her own pocket-book. In a few minutes brother W. called, and presented in behalf of our society ten dollars. Thus Providence opened the way.

"I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them," said the prophet Isaiah. This was a special comfort to us. After many tearful good-byes, we took the train for Springfield, where brother joined the children and Miss Will, and went on to Dayton. Mother and I spent a few days in Springfield with Cousin Webster B. Here we had the opportunity of

meeting many old friends. On Monday, accompanied by Aunt F. B., we arrived at our new home. I was very much fatigued.

From the first I felt perfectly at home. Brother had several surprises for us in the way of additional comforts. We were all delighted with our new home, and felt it to be one of God's own choosing. I was so poorly and needed rest so much that I did not realize we were among entire strangers. We had been made to feel that it would take months to become acquainted, and we must expect to have but few friends in the city. I replied:

"I have committed all into the Lord's hands. My desire is to profit by all associations. While so much alone we will have time to gain strength for future usefulness."

I could not doubt that our beloved Lord had directed us here, and I could confidently rely upon his purpose being fulfilled; but what that purpose was I knew not. I resolved to make the "waiting hours seed-times of blessing," and every trying circumstance a stepping-stone to bring us nearer the Holy One of Israel, whose almighty power, if not limited by unbelief will be manifested in a manner that brings the cry from the heart, "It is good to wait on thee, O Lord."

May 9th I am so weak, but thankful I am improving. We are much pleased with our landlord, also with Dr. W., who is very kind. He said we had met at camp-meeting, but I do not remember him. Brother has returned to his work, and we miss him greatly. He spent considerable to get us here and make us comfortable.

May 12th Blessed "faith's way;" how sweet thou art. It looks dark, but we can trust. We had two calls from canvassers, and I gave them tracts. Oh that we may improve every opportunity, and be able to utter words that will be fitly spoken. I desire to realize more fully the value of souls that I may pray more earnestly for them. I feel there is service even in breathing a prayer for the passing stranger.

Wednesday, 13th In the afternoon sister D. and daughter, Mrs. C., and Judge Lowe and wife called to see us. What precious visits and how sweet to talk with those filled with the Spirit. Mother was surprised to meet Rev. Mr. Tatem and wife, of Cleveland, at prayer-meeting. They came home with her, and we had a precious season together listening to the first prayer made by a stranger in our new home. They presented me with a dollar. Dear Lord, thou didst lead them here. We praise thee for this timely visit.

May 15th I feel some better than yesterday. A deep peace fills my heart as I lean upon the strong arm of omnipotent love that observes each temporal cloud. Yesterday Rev. Mr. Vonnieda called. His little paper and correspondence have been a blessing for twelve years; yet we never met before. I had scarcely hoped to meet on earth, but long anticipated meeting him in heaven. We had a profitable interview. I had several calls in the afternoon. Sisters W. and R., brother L., and two teachers from the seminary spent most of the evening with us, and closed the visit with prayer. Glory be to the Lamb for such a feast of soul! As they were all seated around my chair, brother L. said:

"How blessed a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! Here we are a little group representing four denominations, yet all of one mind and one heart in the cleansing power of Jesus' blood. Sublime thought -- one in Christ Jesus!"

There was food in every utterance. As they arose to go, Miss Snively said:

"Would you like for me to come and read for you? I need the walk, and it would give me pleasure to spend a season with you every morning before school-hours."

I could only say, "It is of the Lord," for I had greatly missed the kind calls of friends who used to read for me. Miss S. came regularly. until the close of school. Through her influence others came also. One morning another teacher inquired of her who it was to whom she was so attentive. When told, she exclaimed:

"Is it possible! Why, I have known her for years through Cousin Lucy."

Meeting Miss F. was like meeting an old friend.

Saturday, May 16th I awoke early. Mother went to market, and I felt thankful we had enough to get a supply for today and tomorrow. How sweetly we can trust for Monday! Miss S. spent a delightful hour with me this morning. She is a fine reader and a sweet, congenial spirit. It was a treat to see sister L., whose acquaintance we formed in Bellefontaine. She purchased a tidy, the first sale, except of one or two photographs, we have made in Dayton. She could not realize the good she did.

May 20th I have been quite sick, but now feel much better. We were reminded last evening of the dear friends in B____. A number of the brethren came in. I was too weak to talk much, but their singing and prayer seemed like old times. They nearly all met us at camp-meeting. We are recognized by many who saw us there, but whom I can not remember. Yet there is a familiar cord that binds camp-meeting friends together.

May 22d We were happily surprised to see Maggie D. from B., also Mr. S. from S., and yesterday Rev. Mr. McKee called. We had not met him for nine years. During that time he has buried five children and his devoted wife. His visit and prayer with us were very affecting. I am very thankful that I have learned to use my pencil without taxing my eyes so much.

Monday, May 25th Yesterday was a precious day to my soul. I am rejoiced that I can read even a little in God's blessed book. May it become more and more precious to my hungry soul! In the evening several came in, and we had a season of singing and prayer. It seemed so much like home. These are precious crumbs falling from the Master's table. While Miss S. was reading this morning, sister R., of Chicago, called. It was a happy surprise. She says the friends of B. were so uneasy about our coming among strangers, that she had longed to hear from us. She is delighted to find us so pleasantly situated.

May 28th Dr. W. called. I am not so well, yet I am happy. Oh the joy and sweet rest there is in this abiding faith! Here we are completely shut up in temporal things; but it is so sweet to trust

our Father who knoweth our needs. He will bless and sanctify this season to the good of our souls. My heart filled with gratitude when mother brought my meager dinner. I felt thankful we had even this much, al though we knew not where the next meal was to come from. There is a feeling of rejoicing in my heart this world knows not of. A pastor once asked me if I could say with Paul in Philippians iv, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." I could not then answer the question satisfactorily, but I praise the dear Lord I do feel now that I can. The children did not succeed today in getting the work they expected. May this lesson teach them ever to remember the many who go to bed supperless. We have had a number of interesting calls today. Miss P. brought me a lovely bouquet. Brother and sister Wagner spent the evening. He read a portion of Scripture from Ephesians i, and had prayer with us before leaving.

May 29th I feel better. We have finished the work for Miss S. She little knew the relief this will be to us. We are out of coal and provisions; but we shall now have sufficient for today. Glory and praise be to my blessed Jesus! I feel rich. Oh, how sweetly I can trust in this dark hour! It is needful for us to have this experience, as it helps us to appreciate our blessings more fully. Dear mother seems so happy in trusting, and the children do not complain.

We expect company tomorrow, and will leave all in the dear Lord's hands. What a precious place to leave our affairs! I feel confident he will provide, as he knows all.

"The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread.
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide."

Saturday, May 30th This is the annual day for decorating the graves of the fallen braves. How it stirs up the memory of the past, and reminds us that through our brave heroes we are enjoying the blessings of this land of liberty!

Brother came home last evening. Dear boy! our wants are always supplied when he comes. It would be a trial to him to know what close times we have passed through. But I do feel it has been the most profitable experience we ever had. I never was happier than I have been during the last week. This season of want has been permitted for some wise purpose.

I had a profitable conversation today with brother Staley and wife. She is a congenial friend.

Monday, June 1st Yesterday was a precious Sabbath. I had a long talk with brother. We have been together so little for several years. We trust he will soon be situated so that he can stay with us, his society adds so much to the pleasure of our home. Dr. Walden, of Cincinnati, called, and encouraged me to go on with my work. Nothing weighs upon me like this. I feel relieved when I can do an hour's writing, but the responsibility seems so great. Dr. F. writes, urging me to improve my time. Brother S. has kindly offered to copy for me. Anna H. brought me a treat of strawberries. She is a dear little girl. She promised Miss S. to take her place in reading for me. Mrs. Barringer also sent us a nice treat. How I appreciate these little acts of kindness!

Friday, June 5th This has been a precious day. We have had a number of calls. How faithful are the sisters S. and F., and many others, they all take so much interest. It is wonderful how the dear Lord is providing us with pleasant and profitable associations. Each day adds to the list of acquaintances. I am thankful Fannie is succeeding with her work.

Saturday, June 13th This has been another week of blessings. The desire of my heart was granted. Little did sisters F. and B. think how they came in answer to prayer. A number spent a season in singing at our house, this evening. Dr. W. advises me to take out-door exercise.

Sunday, June 14th A lovely day. I am weak, but felt it would do me good to go to church, as the brethren kindly insisted upon taking me down to the meeting at the Short Line depot. The addresses, by Dr. D. and Judge L., were impressive. Oh, that more interest may be created in behalf of the railroad employes. Their trials, privations, and temptations are many. My heart aches for them.

Monday, June 15th I was very tired, but rested better than usual. This has been a day long to be remembered. Quite early, Mrs. W, President of the Woman's Christian Association, called, and after a profitable conversation she read and had prayer. I spent a season writing. Sisters B. and R. called, each with a treat of berries and cherries. In the afternoon I was rejoiced to see two of the brethren who always feed the soul. Brother L. brought me "Pentecost Repeated."

Wednesday, June 17th We were much profited by a call from the pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. M. A. Richards. My friends insisted upon my going to prayer-meeting. I had felt perhaps it would be imprudent for me to go to church here; but they are all so kind, and I feel it my duty to go. I will not let a man-fearing spirit keep me from doing the Master's will. I could not realize I was in a strange place when I went to the church. It was a precious meeting. The Lord has favored us in giving us a home so near the church. Oh that we may never dishonor the precious cause by unfaithfulness!

Friday, June 19th How unexpectedly our way opens! Brother Ransell, general agent, paid three dollars that I did not know was coming to me. Several times he has come to our aid in trying seasons, and has proved himself a kind friend. I had a precious call from Mrs. Dr. C.

June 25th Dear Miss S.; how I will miss her and the rest of the seminary friends! I was so impressed last evening with the call of Mrs. C. I am sure there is some providence in my being so unusually drawn toward her. She came over this morning, and bought two of my books. We spent a profitable season together. She says we must call her Aunt M. I trust we will, as neighbors, prove a blessing to each other. I wish she could realize the good her purchase will do.

The Young Men's Christian Association International Convention commences here today. May it be the means of doing great good.

June 26th My precious Savior, help me to spend each moment of this day according to thy will! Let a blessing rest upon each soul that enters our home! I praise thee for the constant blessings bestowed! It was a treat to see brother P.; and how we enjoyed hearing Professor S., of

Cincinnati, and brother B., of Toledo, sing! I love that piece, "Scatter Seeds of Kindness." I had an impressive talk with sister C. It is clear that the Lord is leading her.

June 27th I had a restless night, but feel better. How I long to hear from mother! She received a telegram just in time to take the six o'clock P. M. train. They fear dear sister can not recover from her sickness. May she, if it is the dear Lord's will, be spared to her little family! Several of the delegates from Washington, D. C., called this afternoon, also Rev. H. H. Wells and others. It has been a day of special blessings, spiritually and temporally. Sister C. feels it will be a privilege to share with me her reading hours. Praise the Lord!

July 16th We all enjoyed prayer-meeting at Grace Church, last night. It seems good to have our dear mother home again. She brought little Walter with her, but poor sister will miss them. We have had a delightful visit with Effie H., of B., and Lilly Grafton, of P., my dear friends of many years. The Young Men's Christian Association Cottage Meeting was held here to-night, led by Judge L. It was a precious meeting, and, we trust, effectual. Sister Conover, an invalid neighbor, has not enjoyed such a meeting before for years. She is so kind. I trust in our afflictions we may be a blessing to each other. There is much talk about the Embury camp-meeting.

July 23d I must improve every opportunity I get in writing, and I trust no calls will be made in vain. A field of usefulness is surely opening. My blessed Lord, let me be a willing instrument in thine own hand. They want us to go to the camp-meeting. I can leave all in the Lord's hands to direct.

July 27th I am weak, but my physician thinks it would do me good to spend ten days in camp, and the friends feel it is our duty to go. They do not know our circumstances; yet I can leave all in the hands of Him who will give us the knowledge of his will concerning our going. Our way is completely closed up, but my faith does not falter. I feel perfectly content to go or stay; all I ask is that the dear Lord's will may be accomplished, and that we may learn more and more of the keeping power of Christ. Mother feels just as I do. After a season of prayer, she said: "It seems almost impossible to go, yet I am impressed that we must not give it up, so we will trust; the morning's mail will help us to decide."

Tuesday, July 28th Quite early the girls went out with the necessary goods, and we felt assured the means would come by the afternoon mail at one o'clock. Mother and I were taken out, and when sister learned that no money had yet come, she said, in despair, "Oh, what will we do if we do not receive it today! Why, we can not get along without it."

Never shall I forget the sweet peace and consciousness of trust that came over me as I answered, "We will trust; I am sure we are in the path of duty, and the way will open. I am so tired I must rest; so you go to the first service; there's the bell." I was so happy because I was resting, though in the dark, upon the strong arm. I had taken a sweet sleep, when brothers W. and S. came to the tent, saying: "We will disturb you but a few moments. We are glad you are here. Arrangements had been made to send in for you, when your sister came, for we heard you had given up coming. Now, we want you to enjoy yourself and do all the good you can. Here is a present to pay your expenses. It is a token from those who want you to feel that you have warm friends in Dayton as

well as any place else." They then handed me thirtysix dollars. Directly I felt that our Father had sent this blessing as an approval of our faith in coming. My heart was too full for utterance.

The expected letter was not heard from for ten days, being strangely delayed on the way. I committed my feeble body into the Lord's hands, and was kept calm and composed. Each day was filled with interest. Our tent was pleasantly situated, and I was rejoiced that I could begin to see the beauties of nature, although as through a glass, darkly. On Friday, Bishop Weaver delivered an affecting sermon from John xxi, 17: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" The joys and rest that remain for those who love Him who thus addressed Peter were beautifully portrayed. My suffering body seemed to unite with the soul's anticipations. As the Governor of our State, and other dignitaries, were present, an incident brought to mind the comparisons of wealth, fame, and honor, as in the light of this world and in the light of eternity. I lost sight of all worldly honors when the value of immortal souls rose up before me.

I never experienced the keeping power, physically, as on Sabbath. Although amidst many friends of former years, and an immense throng, nothing moved me. My mind was calmly stayed all day long, feeling burdened only with the weight of souls. The services were precious to my heart. The meetings at the Young Men's Christian Association Chapel were very effectual. My full sympathy was called out in behalf of a soul that was, as he said, "a fettered slave, to intemperance." He was a man of ability, and once of much wealth, and, had it not been for this evil, he would have sustained honorable positions. Never have I witnessed one so completely manacled; yet the power of Christ is sufficient to liberate even such as he from the terrible appetite.

Space will not permit me here to give all the interesting incidents that occurred at this meeting, yet I may name one. Thursday was an eventful day, and the services were very impressive. After I returned to the tent I noticed there was an unusual interest about something, I knew not what, until the dear friends presented me with the means to get a new chair. My pen can not describe my feelings. The surprise was complete. It was donated by many friends, on the solicitations of Mrs. Dr. C. and brothers W. and L. The chair which I had was unsafe, and I had been pondering how to remedy it. I had an ambition to help myself, but oh how I appreciated the kindness of these people! My heart was filled with praise. I sank deeper into my heavenly Father's will. I realized that he designed to conquer this ambition to be more independent, for it was prompted by a peculiar spirit of pride. Words can not express what I felt.

Soon after this little Nellie Fowler presented me with the most beautifully arranged basket of fruit and flowers nearly all thought it wax. Although Nellie could not hear or speak to me, yet her face expressed more than words. She was happy because she had given me so much pleasure. I thought, as I looked at her, of the eighth Psalm "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength " for I was strengthened and taught a lesson by her act of love.

A few days after our return home, a pale, emaciated, thinly clad man came to the kitchen door and asked for something to eat. I had prayed for wisdom to observe every providence and improve every opportunity during this week, and was deeply impressed with the value of his immortal soul. When mother said: "That man is no regular tramp," I answered: "When he is done eating, bring him into my room." After a few words I gave him some tracts. He thanked me, saying:

"I was once a man of means and credit, but after losing all this world calls good, I went into the revelings of the wicked, and continued going down until brought to poverty's door." With emotion he continued: "This is the first time I have ever begged for something to eat. A few weeks ago I was in Cincinnati When on the verge of despair, sick, and unable to get any work to do, while wondering why I was in this world, I was led to an out-door meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. They handed me a tract, or sheet of hymns. Just as I was turning away they commenced singing,

"Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by."

I felt it once the call was to the prodigal son. Having no place to stay over night, I wandered to the depot and went into an empty box-car and lay down to rest, but I could not sleep. My convictions were terrible. After struggling in prayer nearly all night, the Savior made me to rejoice in his love. Never was a king happier than I was that night, and I still have sweet peace. All my former appetites were taken away, and I now know that Jesus loves me and has forgiven my transgressions. And I am so weak physically, and have had so little experience in this way that I tremble. Temptations at every turn stare me in the face. I met a kind friend at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms that gave me lodging and a testament.

After we had prayer with him he said, "I believe God sent me in here. I passed that gate three times, but I felt compelled to come in. You have done my soul good." A few days after, he obtained employment, and has remained steadfast and faithful. We little know the good that may be accomplished by giving a tract or speaking a word for Jesus, even to the lowest tramp. Their souls are of untold value in the sight of heaven. But we are too often apt to lose sight of this truth from the outward appearance, because so few tramps are true to themselves or those who favor them. Yet how important that we should follow such with our prayers, kind words of encouragement, and admonition.

August 23d I was permitted to hear my first sermon in Grace Church. Rev. M. A. Richards preached an impressive discourse from Phil. iii, 13 14. I felt grateful to the dear brethren who insisted upon my going. Although a suggestion made some time before of the imprudence of one in my condition attending Church in the city made it a cross. But I felt it was my duty to go, for I realized that this was a device of Satan, who is ever on the alert to keep souls from the sanctuary. His temptations in this respect are numerous and wonderfully successful. Many he keeps away altogether. Is it not strange that excuses which never interfere with business or pleasure can so easily detain the majority from the house of God? Another snare is dress. Many let the tempter -- who is eager to grasp every soul in his power -- keep them from services because they have not just what they would like to wear. It is alarming to see what pride is doing, and how Satan is using this terrible weapon in our Churches. A reformation in this particular is needed, so that there will be more charity of feeling on the part of both rich and poor. Then so many will not be, excluded from Church privileges by sensitiveness or criticism.

In September mother was again called away by the serious illness of sister. After her recovery mother brought her home, and she spent a season with us. Soon after this a dear friend of Chicago sent for sister Mary to come on and go to Louisiana with them. They offered to pay all her expenses. As this was the second time Mrs. Sutherland invited her to go we could not object, for she was like a mother to her.

During this Fall and Winter our faith was often tested.

"This faith in the dark,
Pursuing its mark;
Through many sharp trials of love,
Is the sorrowful waste
That is to be past
In the way to the Canaan above."

In the darkest hour I could sweetly trust and let my requests be made known with thanksgiving. Although I have been grateful for favors I have desired help to come through my own labors; and because of this ambition I believe I have been led through the path of dependence and more fully taught the valuable lesson that

"It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
But, in his own way,
The Lord will provide."

Thus each day has had its record of wants and blessings. At different times, when the last cent was gone and very little or no marketing left in the house, our way has been opened in answer to prayer three times. I had just been talking to Jesus about our needs when sister Sanford called, and, without the knowledge of our condition, she either purchased the amount, or presented just what was necessary to meet the present demand. Once sister Barker, of Galion, sent two dollars extra for a piece of work. Brother Wilkinson came providentially to our relief several times. One morning he said, "I am going away today, but I was so impressed and exercised about you in prayer that I could not leave until I called: I want to present you two dollars." A profitable conversation ensued, and I told him how earnestly I had prayed for work to supply our scanty store. On a number of occasions, on market mornings, I was remembered by some unknown benefactor, as also by sister Winters, who has been a faithful friend indeed.

One dark season, when I was quite sick, sister H. called. After an interview and talk upon spiritual things she said, "Now, is there any thing I can do for you? I have some of the Lord's money with me, and I am impressed he sent me here to give it to you." She ordered some work and paid double its value; then prayed with me and left me rejoicing in the Lord. In like manner Dr. P. had a little piece of work done and paid treble its value. One day Mrs. H. Smith called. I told her it did me good to see her, because she reminded me of a dear friend. She answered, "Indeed, that is why I feel so interested in you. I lost a dear invalid friend whom I have greatly missed, and I have really longed for some one to take her place. I thought of her the first time my friend brought me to see you. It will be a pleasure if you will give me a little place in your heart for her dear

sake; let me do for you as I did for her; every week, for six years, I had the pleasure of sending her some little delicacy, not because she needed it, but because she enjoyed it. We loved each other as sisters." My heart swelled with gratitude to God, who will reward such friendship. Sister C. was present. We mingled our tears together, and she said, "Praise the Lord, Jennie, for such a friend." Since that time, now more than a year and a half ago, she has remembered me when at home every week. Sister Esterbrook has also been a similar friend.

"Friendship, thy worth has ne'er been told,
Nor could a seraph it unfold;
Sweet solace in affliction's hour
When storms around us darkly lower."

About the first of October I was making arrangements during mother's absence to get a coal stove, but before I had time to accomplish my aim I was utterly surprised by sister H. and brothers L. and W. having a stove set up in my room. I could only express my thanks through a flood of tears and ask a blessing upon each one who had contributed toward its purchase. That same evening the Young Men's Christian Association held a cottage prayer-meeting in our house. This meeting then started has been kept up ever since, and we have evidence that it has not been in vain.

October 13th I had the pleasure of spending the day with our faithful friend, brother F. M. Lease. I owe much to him and brother Wilkinson for many privileges enjoyed and favors bestowed. The reception of my new "perambulating cot" was a memorable season. A number of kind friends were present, among them our new pastor, Dr. T. H. Pearne. After singing "Jesus, lover of my soul," he made an appropriate prayer. When I was moved into my new chair all my experience on the old one came up before me. It was like parting with a dear friend. Having a new box for the limb and a new outfit, the change was complete. My sufferings were severe through the night. The next day being Sabbath, I was solemnly impressed. My desire was intense to accomplish more on this cot than ever before.

After evening services Dr. P. and a number of friends came in, who had a little dedication service. A blessing was invoked upon every one living who had ever given even a cup of cold water on the old chair. The inventor, A. W. Richards, of Indianola, Iowa, who is himself an invalid, with all the invalids who need such a cot, and the donors, were all remembered with earnest prayer. My cot was the first made besides the inventor's. It is a complete success. Oh how I have wished every sufferer could have one! I am under great obligations to Mrs. Dr. Crawford, Rev. M. A. Richards, and brother Lease for their persevering effort to complete this undertaking.

I was delighted with my first ride in it to think one person could take me out and manage it. I was taken by brother L. to see the Christmas tree at Grace Church. I understand that arrangements have been made to manufacture the cots here in Dayton. The day was pleasant, and I felt a deep interest in witnessing the poor boys' breakfast provided by the Youths' Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Some two or three hundred hungry children were fed at their tables.

I was at this time unusually impressed regarding a number of unanswered letters. I felt in the morning, if I was able, I would procure a writing-desk and writing materials, but I had not expressed my thoughts to any one except to Jesus only, whom I asked to open my way if it was duty

to write those letters. Before night I had the evidence that it was his will, for he surely put it into Mrs. F.'s heart to present, through little Nellie, a Christmas gift of a well filled writing-desk and one dollar for postage stamps. Then Mrs. Brown presented me several useful articles and Mrs. H. Smith a beautiful wrapper. Could I doubt the promises made to believing prayer or the permission to commit all our little affairs to a living God of infinite wisdom?

"Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust his rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed."

The same day a little boy brought me a note with five dollars inclosed. I did not get the name of the donor, who had indeed made it "a merry Christmas," for this sum just completed a bill we had made every effort to meet.

The last evening of the old year, 1874, we had a prayer-meeting long to be remembered. In February, 1875, I took a violent cold, which affected my general health for some months. During the Winter our faith was more than ever confirmed in the promptings of the Holy Spirit to pray for certain souls. After being drawn out in prayer for several years with scarcely any encouragement, letters came at last telling of their conversions. One was an aged man; the others were inebriates, who were not only saved from the appetite of drink, but also of tobacco.

I feel constrained to give one incident. I was so exercised about an individual that I improved the opportunity, when he called at the door on business in a hurry, to say:

"Mr. W., you must come in a moment; I want to get acquainted with you."

I at once expressed my interest in his spiritual welfare, and referred as he spoke of trouble and anxiety to the Source of all comfort. He answered:

"Yes, I know about this refuge. Many years ago I was a professor; but I strayed so far out of the narrow way that I tried to run into infidelity. But past experience and all nature taught me better. I have now come to the conclusion that for a man who has lived as I once did, and then become as wicked and sinned against light and knowledge as I have done, there is but little hope."

We had an earnest talk. He promised to think of the matter seriously, and it proved the breaking up of fallow ground in his heart. In the course of the next conversation which we had, he said:

"I once heard a minister preach on procrastination. He dwelt upon the inconsistency of man giving his time and influence to the enemy until the candle of life was nearly burned out, and then giving as it were the snuff to the Lord. For me to come out now I feel would be doing the same thing, for the candle is nearly burned to the socket."

I assured him there was enough left, if without delay it was well trimmed, to burn brightly for Jesus; but he must beware of the tempter's argument about procrastination -- to put off until a more convenient season. The interview was closed with an affecting season of prayer. The next day he came in, saying:

"I am so happy. My peace, I feel, is made, with God. I do praise the Lord for leading you to speak to me so earnestly on the subject. By so doing, you are the instrument of my salvation. Were it not for your entreaty, I would not now enjoy what I do." He afterward told me one strong evidence of his heart's being changed was the great love he had for an enemy whom before he could have pierced with a dagger.

* * * * *

21 -- GOD KNOWS BEST

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him whate'er betide;
Thou it find him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move."

This Spring we were again made to see in a peculiar manner the leadings of Providence in the change it was necessary to make. The morning we had to decide the matter mother received a telegram to come immediately with Walter, as his mamma was again very low.

Dear mother looked feeble and care-worn but after a few moments she said:

"We must dispatch for Fannie. It looks dark, yet we can not doubt, for as our day is so shall our strength be. Times without numbers have we been sustained in casting our burdens upon the Lord, who surely is our refuge in trouble."

Before our dear little five-year old pet left us, after making several requests, he threw his loving arms about my neck, saying:

"Aunt Jennie, there is something else you must do, and I don't want you to forget it. I want you always to ask Jesus to make me a good boy. I want you to do that worser than all other things."

On Sabbath it was snowing very hard when he returned from Sunday-school. He said, seriously:

"Grandma, don't you think the Lord was very good not to let me get snowed under?"

It was evident he was impressed with what he heard at Sabbath-school. After he went to bed he was unusually restless until he came to me, saying, with a full heart:

"I want to whisper something to you. The next time you pray, do ask Jesus to make me a better boy."

Not long since, in answer to the childish inquiries, I asked if he knew what sin was.

"Why, that," he answered, "is to do bad things. Why, Aunt Jennie, every little bad we do makes a black place on our hearts. They'll get all black and dirty, and nobody can make them clean but Jesus." I simply mention this, because there is a lack of faith in the minds of many regarding the impressions made upon the minds of children. Could we, who come in contact with the tender plants to be trained up in paths of righteousness, but realize how susceptible they are to the impressions made upon their characters by our daily life of acts and words, would we not be more careful and more patient to answer their simple questions? We might thus turn the little thoughts and feelings into a channel of usefulness. I was impressed on this point from reading Dr. McCarty's "Inside the Gates," recently issued by the Methodist Book Concern. I give a few extracts from it:

"Little things in a child's life influence its future. A blow undeserved, a cold turning away from its childish questions, a want of sympathy in its troubles, may send it away into solitude and grief, with a wonder in its mind what life means, and for what purpose it was created. A child's trouble is not a small thing to its sensitive soul. It comes to you with tearful eyes, and a heart throbbing with distress, because of some little hurt, as the loss of a penny, or the breaking of a cherished toy. It is indeed a trifling thing to you, the mature man or woman; but to the little one it is an appalling disaster.

Oh, remember that the dear children need sympathy, just as much as you do when great waves of anguish sweep over your soul."

"Too much stress can not be laid upon the early influence and teachings of home. A word fastened in a sure place may give direction to a life, and thus set in motion a train of good influences that will never cease. Dropped in faith, the sunshine of God's providence will take care of the germination of the good seed. Many a deed done, and word spoken through the good spirit of the moment, are forgotten by us; but God always remembers to bless the precious seed sown in the heart-soil."

The Bible declares, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

"Some word may lift the shadow from the past,
So long by sin and bitter shame o'ercast,
And show in early life some sunny spot,
Where still a mother's prayers are unforgot."

My health had not permitted attending church for some months, until, March 14th, my kind friends, brothers Heath and T. insisted upon my hearing Rev. Mr. McClellan, who preached an affecting sermon from Job xxiii, 3. The previous Thursday, after mother had gone, we found it would be necessary to move before her return. There was much to be done. With limited means,

and sister's lame arm, we could only look to the Source from whence our strength surely comes. We were greatly helped and directed by divine power. Our hearts were cheered in the darkest hours by the conversations and prayers of brother McNary and our pastor.

Saturday night, while reviewing the week, my reflections were serious. I was deeply impressed with my own unworthiness, and the solemn thought that we must give an account of our opportunities. During one day thirty-five persons had been in my room. Some of their calls were special blessings, and not one was in vain. Lessons were gleaned from each; but I felt I had not warned those out of Christ faithfully. The review of that night was sacred. I was enabled to commit every care of the coming week into my Father's hands.

During the exercises of the Sabbath, although suffering in body and with toothache, I realized what a resting-place we have in faith's way. My peace flowed as a river. I felt I would not exchange the hope of heaven and what I enjoyed for all the wealth of Dayton. Between the services I had a precious season alone with Jesus, and then enjoyed the class of brother S. and the practical discourse of Dr. Pearne on saying and doing, Matthew xxviii, 31.

As I spent almost a sleepless night with my tooth, Monday morning found me weak and weary physically, but with a sweet calm within my soul. I felt thankful that I did not have to take back the wearing cares that I had committed into the hands of him who is indeed a burden bearer. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," says Jesus. I feel this implies the burden of temporal things, as well as those of the sinsick soul.

I spent the day we moved at Mrs. D.'s. In the evening brother T. took me to Grace Church, where I heard Mrs. Frame deliver a profitable address. On going from there to our new home on Second Street, I was surprised to see sister's new carpet down, and things nicely arranged. The dear friends sang, and my heart said,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;"

and the day closed with prayer by brother M.

Not long after this we were surprised to see Mrs H. of Boston, who we supposed was dead.

I was thankful to welcome our dear mother and Walter home again. We now had a pleasant location for business, and I felt the necessity of making more effort with our work. I was ambitious to succeed, and commenced, in addition to crochet work, a little trade, which I hoped with efficient help I would be able to carry on, and still have time to devote to other duties. I was greatly favored in my undertakings by the kindness of Mr. M. B. Parmelee. My time was so taken up that no uninterrupted opportunity was given to get manuscript ready for Miss McR. or Miss M., who kindly offered to copy for me.

In April I was favored with a pleasant and profitable visit from Miss Lizzie Boyd, of Wheeling, West Va. I was permitted to enjoy with her the regular meetings for the promotion of holiness. This was to me an unusual privilege.

May 4th On the anniversary of our coming to Dayton, Sister Fannie and I started to see our sister. It seemed strange that I should meet on the train, and at the stations, friends that we met this day one year before. I spent a brief and pleasant season at Urbana, with brother Happersett's family, where I met a number of dear friends. At Bellefontaine kind friends were waiting to convey me to brother H.'s, whose home I had visited in Spring Hills, years ago.

On Sunday I was permitted to hear my former, pastor, at the dear old church where so many precious memories dwell, and also to enjoy the Sunday-school and class, which will ever hold a warm place in my heart. After remaining at my kind physician's, Dr. Sherburn's, until Monday P. M., I was taken to brother Koogles. While visiting at this home I had a new photograph of myself taken, with the new cot upon which I was reclining. At the photographic gallery I was surprised to see brother, who informed me that Mr. T's mill was burned by lightning. This was sad news; but I felt grateful that his life was spared, although he lost everything.

After spending a pleasant night at brother M's, I was taken to brother Plank's, in the country, where I rested several days, and had a visit with my Omish friends, whose kindness I could not forget. They took me on to Spring Hills. A message which had been sent for me to come in haste had not reached me, and I was not aware of sister's dangerous condition, or that mother was there, until just as we reached the door. Brother P. said: "Why, there's your mother!" I was startled by her voice as she said: "Don't get excited; Sallie is very low; be calm, both for your own and her sake," It was affecting, as they set me down and rolled my cot to her side, where I could kiss her. She knew me, but that was all. For several days she hung between life and death before a change took place for the better. It was sad to see her helpless little family thus deprived of the care of their mother.

Coming back to our old home, where we had witnessed so many scenes of suffering, brought the past vividly to mind. Everything seemed so natural. I spent several weeks here, and had the pleasure of meeting many dear friends and visiting the dear old churches and Sabbath schools. The changes which had taken place in the community were more visible here than elsewhere.

It was a sore trial to leave my dear afflicted sister, who is still a greater sufferer than I am. But duty called me home. As I suffered more than usual from traveling, I remained, Thursday night, at brother C. Smith's, at Glady Creek. It was a rich treat to be in the country where I could enjoy the beautiful landscape spread out before me. I had not spent a season in the country for fourteen years until on this trip. Friday I was taken by brother S. to B. F. Henkle's, of West Liberty, where I remained until Saturday noon. I arrived at Urbana very much fatigued, and found sister Talbot waiting to convey me to her home. She had arranged for me to stop with them and visit the Mission Sabbath-school. I fully appreciated this privilege, for I have felt a deep interest in this school from its beginning. It has been the means of bringing a great number into the fold of Christ, some of whom have died triumphant deaths. It is evident the hand of the Lord has been with them. They had a hard struggle for several years, being moved from place to place to worship; but they persevered, with an eye single to the glory of God, and their labors have at length been crowned with success. After one of their most earnest workers fell asleep in Jesus, his father built a chapel, dedicated to this mission, in memory of his son, for whom it was named the "Howard Weaver

Mission." Through the kindness of the Urbana friends I have been able to present the reader a view of this chapel. I am glad to learn that over one hundred souls have been converted in this place during only four months of last year.

I am well aware that all missionary workers, both at home and abroad, have many tests of their faith, and much opposition to contend with; but eternity will reveal what they have accomplished for the blessed Master in looking after the poor, the neglected, and often forsaken souls,

"A crown of life may they obtain,
From their Redeemer's hands,"

Soon after my return home I came very near having a paralytic stroke; which, to some extent, disabled my left side. It required an effort to use my hand. My work has amounted to very little since. For several months our faith was tried in a peculiar way, yet it did not falter in the fulfillment of the promises. We had the consciousness of aiming to do as we would wish to be done by, and therefore believed the Lord would overrule even an error of the judgment if we would trust him fully. "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things." (Psalm lxxii, 18.)

June 5th After spending a pleasant day at brother H.'s, I was taken to the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association, to a prayer-meeting, that was a feast to the soul.

July 2d The Woman's Christian Association had an English "Breakfast Meeting" for the benefit of the Widows' Home. Through the kindness of Rev. Dr. P. and Rev; Dr. E., I was enabled to enjoy this festival. Here I was benefited by a conversation with Rev. Messrs. Chapman, Robinson, and others, and was also taught valuable lessons from observation. All was excitement, preparing for the great celebration. It was a sight to see the flags; the city seemd to revel in red, white, and blue. The decorations were beautiful, as every business man seemed trying to rival or surpass his neighbor.

Saturday, July 3d The crowd was immense. After the grand procession of the Ancient Order of United Mechanics had gone by, I was left to my own reflections for a season. In reviewing the past and counting up our blessings as a nation and as individuals, I saw, in a new light, what a privileged people we are in this land of light and liberty. As I recall the history of my native countfy for the past century, and mark its amazing progress in politics, science, religion, and every thing that makes up a nation's greatness and glory, my soul exclaims, Behold, what hath God wrought! Great changes have taken place during the last half century. The partition walls of Churches have been lowered, and it is beautiful to see the ministers of different denominations uniting together or exchanging pulpits.

July 11th I had the pleasure of hearing Rev. T. T. Everett, a Lutheran clergyman, preach, in Third Street Presbyterian Church, a thrilling sermon on the character of Job. He showed how God regarded him as a perfect and upright man; how Satan considered him as a selfish man, only interested in his own welfare; and how Job esteemed himself as a weak and dependent creature, owing all the good he enjoyed, and all prospective bliss, to God. The preacher traced the progress

of Job's sufferings, and showed that through all his buffetings by Satan he maintained his integrity before God, and exclaimed, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Satan was baffled, and God vindicated, in Job's triumph. Many lessons of consolation and encouragement are drawn from Job's experience. I am satisfied there is a purpose in every trial and disappointment of life, though we may not now see it.

For some time I was exercised as never before concerning this work which constantly presented itself to me as a matter of duty. Yet I was so feeble it seemed impossible to do any thing outside of filling orders. My time was more and more taken up with the work which I felt must be done in order to make ends meet. Finally, I was completely shut up in my little trade. I was convinced that if I did not yield and go to work in earnest with the narrative every thing I laid my hand to would fail. As I could not write undisturbed at home, I begged of the Lord to open my way and lead me where I could have time and opportunity to accomplish the work; and if we had to live on bread and water I would endeavor to do his will and glorify his grace by giving to the world this simple story of suffering and triumph.

I had had several invitations to go to the country, but to places where I could not be much more retired than at home. Unexpectedly I received a pressing invitation to spend the Summer with my Omish friends. My strength was failing so rapidly that a change of atmosphere seemed necessary. I was making arrangements to go to the country when the time came for the Embury Park Camp-meeting at Dayton. This meeting is managed by the Local Preachers' Association of the Cincinnati Conference.

Embury Park is a lovely place, for it lies high and seems designed by nature for a camp. We had so much rain that I scarcely indulged a thought of going until the duty was brought before me in a way that I could not doubt my Father's will. I knew I must render myself liable to severe censure, for it certainly did look imprudent. Appearances indicated that we should have pleasant weather during the afternoon that brother H. took me out; but that night we had a terrific storm. Still I rested sweetly. The next day Dr. P. said to me:

"I am glad you are here, and to know that your faith is strong. Now let the faithless ones see how the Lord is able to take care of his children under every circumstance while they are in the discharge of their duty."

I was in a wonderful manner answered.

"Those that are constant to God in ways of duty shall find him constant to them in ways of mercy." I began to improve immediately. The rain continued several days, and I was removed from our tent into the cottage of sister Davis, who made it a delightful place. I regained my appetite and could sleep as I had not done for months. I did not get out to services for some days, but we had many precious seasons in the cottage. The first sermon I heard was by brother Kendall from the text, "We walk by faith, not by sight." It was excellent. Then the Word was sealed by an exhortation from brother Leonard. The rain continued until the waters were so high that all communication was cut off from the city. The excitement there was greater than in camp, as they feared supplies would be cut off. It was impressive and we trust profitable to many souls. I heard one good brother who has plenty of this world's goods say:

"Don't be alarmed; there is plenty and to spare. I think it would do some of us good if we should come to the place where we would have to divide the last loaf."

Wednesday was a beautiful day. The sun was never more welcome. All nature with the inhabitants of the camp seemed to be rejoicing. Quite early the bell called the tent-holders together, who, by a unanimous vote, agreed to continue the meeting a week longer. I spent pleasant and profitable seasons in the union tent and tabernacle, where I remained between services. I heard many excellent sermons. This was to me an unusual camp-meeting. Sister Wood and I were both indisposed the evening the Lord's-supper was administered, but brothers Gunn, Hopkins, and others came to our tent, where we were permitted to enjoy the privilege, long to be remembered, of commemorating the sufferings of our dear Savior.

Many incidents occurred to teach valuable lessons. After an affecting service, brother J. took me to the tent of Professor G. to enjoy a treat of music. Here we took the parting hand of a number whose ministry called them elsewhere. While singing "I'll be there," I fully realized I would be there, not on a cot with a suffering body, but with a glorified body, to mingle forever with the redeemed in heaven.

"Immortality o'ersweeps
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peals,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth -- thou liv'st forever."

Tears of joyful anticipation flowed from my eyes. A mother brought a little girl to me, saying:

"She wants to know why you and all the people are weeping."

I imprinted a kiss upon her lips, saying:

"Why, my dear, they are tears of joy. Did you think people were always sad when they weep?"

With her bright eyes full of meaning, she answered:

"Why, yes, ma'am."

I told her I was not sad or sorry, but happy because I loved Jesus, and was so glad that some time I was going to heaven to live with him. I here received another surprise. My pastor presented, me in behalf of the people, a sufficient amount to pay my expenses and sixteen dollars over; afterward brother T. gave two dollars. This enabled me to meet several demands and opened my way to go to the country.

I remained at brother A.'s two days after the meeting closed. It was a most enchanting place after the crowd was gone, such a holy quiet reigned around. I felt loath to leave the lovely place.

A few days before the meeting commenced there was added to the family of the watchman of the camp, Mr. Gramm, a little daughter. Being born on the ground, it was suggested during the meeting that her name be called "Mary Embury," and accordingly she was baptized with that name by Rev. S. Scott, Secretary of the Camp-meeting Association, On Sabbath evening, August 22d, a number of the brethren and sisters came in and spent a season of singing and closed with prayer. On Monday I took the train for Kennard, a station beyond Urbana, where I found kind friends waiting for me. The ride was very severe and I suffered intensely. Yet my sufferings in traveling on the cars have always, with one exception, been alleviated by the kindness of the railroad men.

As I am compelled to travel in the baggage car on account of my cot, I have had ample opportunity to test the hearts of those men, who some think are void of feeling. I must say they are, with few exceptions, a most kindhearted and obliging set of men. Although they may resent it at first, I am satisfied they appreciate any true interest in their eternal welfare.

I have seen the time when I was so impressed I could not refrain from speaking to a man about his soul's salvation, though I did not know but I should be cursed for it. Yet, in view of his danger, I felt fearless and lost all scruples as to my position. I looked to Jesus for strength, and before I left the car that man, with tearful eyes, thanked me as he grasped my hand, saying, "Would to God more Christians would deal with us as patiently and perseveringly." If social and reading-rooms were established at all points where the hands who are off duty could have a pleasant lounging place of their own, scores of souls might be saved from temptation and ruin. Through conversation with such persons I have been impressed with the thought of the privations which the public demand from railroad hands, street-car drivers and conductors, livery men, firemen, policemen, and others, including domestic servants; and I fear we, as a Christian people, are not as charitable and do not feel the interest and sympathy we should for those whose occupations necessarily deprive them of Sabbath privileges. Many of their hearts yearn for more congenial things. Let us pray for them.

* * * * *

22 -- LABOR AND REST

"Go work in MY vineyard, there's plenty to do;
The harvest is great and the laborers are few;
There's weeding and fencing and clearing of roots
And plowing and sowing and gathering the fruits.
There are foxes to take, there are wolves to destroy,
All ages and ranks I can fully employ.
I have sheep to be tended and lambs to be fed.
The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led."

August 31, 1875 "Uphold me with Thy free spirit" is the cry of my heart this morning. I have been too stupid and tired to do much, but I trust this peculiar feeling in my head will soon be better, as it unfits me for work.

It seems so home-like here with my dear friends. I have a pleasant, quiet room where I can be alone to write. Brother L. feels I must spend part of the time with his family. These doors have surely been opened by Providence. I can not doubt it. May the Holy Spirit help my infirmities, for I feel my utter weakness and ignorance. The work before me seems insurmountable, and I can not feel it will be interesting to those who may read it. I have been so sorely tempted on this point I must have a special blessing for the work. How it would help me if I could know the dear ones in Christian love were praying for me!

As I opened my precious Bible I was strengthened by turning directly to the divine assurance of i Cor. i, 27, "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." In my weakness I went to work, leaning entirely upon the strong arm. Almost every day we had more or less company. So I seldom had any time except the forenoons to myself. Here I met dear friends and made many pleasant acquaintances. I was delighted with the country. The fresh air soon improved my health, and I enjoyed many treats we do not have in the city. One lovely morning brother Yoder took me out to the barn to see a steam thrashing machine in operation.

September 16th "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." (Matt. xxi, 22.) I know prevalence in prayer is conditioned on the conformity of our souls to the will of God. I felt this morning that it is according to His will that I may be delivered from debt. I have heretofore made such great mistakes in my investments, especially with flattering agencies. I trust I shall be able to sell all the books and work I have with me in order to settle the bills of Dr. H., of New York, and Mr. G., of Philadelphia. Brother Yoder's father presented me five dollars today, and a few made purchases.

September 22d I am at brother Lantye's, having come over here yesterday. This is a beautiful place; and, as at brother Yoder's, very pleasant. I still remember my first tea in this home. Sister L. had grandma L., who is eighty-one, to take tea with me in my room. It reminded us of the centennial, as we drank our tea from a china set that was presented to her mother when only eight years old, and to the knowledge of those living the set had never been used before. I have a better opportunity for writing here as it is more retired. Brother D. spent the evening with us.

October 5th O thou source of all my strength, wisdom, and happiness, the object of my longing desires, bind me closer to thyself; accomplish thine own work in my soul this day. The Omish brethren had their sacramental services yesterday. A great many came here for tea, and several remained all night. I am thankful my dear mother could come and spend one night with me. Sister is better, so she will soon be able to return home. We had a solemn season at worship. I remained in the parlor. Though this is a pleasant room, I enjoy the sitting-room most, for there the view of sunrise is so grand. How I do enjoy

"The rush of early morning
When the red burns through the gray,
And the dusky world lies waiting
For the glory of the day."

October 24th I was not so well this morning, having had a restless night. The dear friends here are very kind. They felt it would do me good to get out in the fresh air, so they run me down to the grove. I have not had such a treat for years. Nature is now all arrayed in beauty. I love to see the varied tints of Autumn. Yet what an emblem they are of fleeting life. The surrounding landscape, with buildings dotting here and there for several miles, makes a grand scenery. When they took me to the barn, where they were milking, it was amusing to see the cattle, horses, and fowls. It was evident they were not accustomed to such visitors. I felt refreshed by this morning's airing. I often think if we had to purchase the privilege of enjoying the scenery of nature it would be more noticed and appreciated. So it would be with multitudes of common blessings. I surely have been a petted baby today, and such they enjoy calling me.

November 18th A letter brings good news from my precious brother. I am thankful he has obtained a situation where I do trust his health will improve. I was just beginning my work when brother S. P. M., of B., called. We had a refreshing season. He said he was laboring under a spiritual cloud, and proposed reading of i John, fifth chapter, a portion of Scripture so full of food. By request I prayed, and he then followed with a prayer that brought a special blessing. On leaving he wrote on his card, "My heart says, Thank God, take courage, and go on."

I have had more liberty than usual in writing. When I accomplish but little in a day I sometimes feel the time is lost. Yet when I think the Lord is able to bless even one little sentence to the good of some soul, my heart, too, says, take courage and go on. Brother L. is progressing nicely with the copying, and this is no small task. I am highly favored, for he writes a good hand. We all feel sad as the time of parting draws near. I promised to go back tomorrow, Providence permitting, and spend a brief season at brother Yoder's. They have been sorely afflicted. I desire to be a comfort to them that have done so much for me. I want to make each one, sisters L. and Y. L. a bouquet of wax flowers as a memento of the pleasant seasons we have spent together. I have already finished sister F's.

November 25th Again our great national Thanksgiving is at hand. Little did I expect to be in the country so long. But time never passed more rapidly, and I have had a sweet consciousness that I am just where, and doing just what, the dear Lord wills. Oh that God's blessing may rest upon our nation through the many prayers and thanksgivings that ascend to the throne this day. May the interests of Christ's cause be promoted by the impressions made upon the hearts of our statesmen, the President and his cabinet, and all who hold offices of profit or of trust throughout the land. I just received a letter from Mother Stewart. She will soon start for England and Scotland to lecture on temperance. May she have words given her that shall be fitly spoken, and then eternity will tell the result. I feel with her that our covenants in prayer are sacred, and will be effectual if we are faithful to the promises. One of our subjects, who had given up the business of selling liquors, has returned to the traffic. Yet our faith and hope is strong. It is sad to see men who have not yet been converted, and are not sustained by divine grace, go back to the business just because they have not the patronage of the temperance people in an honorable business.

There were services at the Omish Church today, and several of the friends will remain all night. I am thankful I came back here. This has been to me an eventful day.

Saturday, November 27th-I have been much impressed with the saying, "The five loaves and two fishes with Christ's blessing supplied the multitude more abundantly than two hundred pennies' worth would have done without the touch of Christ's hand. So small talents and small opportunities, baptized with Christian earnestness, will do more for God than great talents and promising opportunities without it." How this encourages our hearts to be more earnest in the little things of life!

The dear baby of the household where I stay is suffering greatly, and yet it will be a sore trial for them to give it up. May they realize, whatever be the result, that grace is sufficient. What comfort we find in the Word under all circumstances. Mother has been called to sister's sick bed again. She had been home only a short time, and I shall have to return home myself before my work is finished.

Sunday, November 28th This was a day of special blessings. I spent it at the Omish Church. The services being part German, I could not understand all. Yet I felt we were all one in heart and spirit. At noon several Urbana friends, workers in the Sunday-school, came out to enjoy the Sabbath-school here. We all felt it was a beautiful sight to see this plain, neat church and the congregation correspond together. We were reminded of the times when other denominations could be designated by their dress. The remarks of brother T. were surely not out of place when he admonished the young people to adhere to the rules of this Church and not let pride drive them from the old landmarks.

This night the angel of death took the spirit of the little sufferer and transplanted the tender bud into the garden of Paradise,

"Where fragrant flowers immortal bloom
And joys supreme are given."

The sight of death appeals to the most sacred feelings of our nature. The death-chamber opens not only on the past, but also upon the future. It is the point where the two histories of a soul are linked together -- that of TIME and of ETERNITY. The shadows of life melt into the light of eternity at the place where death triumphs over nature. I spent an impressive and pleasant season with the dear bereaved family, and then returned to brother L.'s.

During the last few days I accomplished more than I had been able to do for some weeks previous, but duty called me home before my work was finished. On the last evening of my stay in the country the parlor was filled with sweet singers, who had given rich treats before. Professor C. and Miss L. H. remained over night with us. A great work can be accomplished by the young people in the country who cultivate their voices, and use them understandingly in singing hymns and songs that are full of meaning.

I was deeply impressed with the reality of life's checkered changes. In our last devotions, before leaving the dear families who had bestowed such great favors, I felt unusually solemn. Their kindness, and the pleasant and profitable associations enjoyed in their homes, and the favors there bestowed by others, will ever have a place in grateful memory.

December 18th.-I was taken by brother L. to brother Talbot's, of Urbana, where I spent a brief, but delightful, visit. On Sunday the young men held their prayer-meeting at brother Y's. It was soul-cheering to see so many earnest workers, and hear those I have felt an interest in for years testify for Jesus. It was a day of blessing. How dear are the bonds of old friendships! The time was well improved by interesting calls. I was much impressed and encouraged on Monday by the reading and prayer of brother Dart, also the remarks of Rev. S. D. Clayton, brother Thompson, and others.

Tuesday, December 21st I took the train for home. Brother M., of W., came in. It seemed strange, as we had not met for years except incidentally on the cars. He gave me from one to five dollars, without the knowledge of my necessities, each time, and it was a marked providence.

January 1, 1876 Our Centennial year, the great jubilee of our nation's history.

"The Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Whose providence has brought us here,
And spared us yet another year."

My heart is indeed filled with praise for all that I have enjoyed, or through grace endured, during the year now gone.

We were reminded by the welcome of the New Year that this is the last New Year's day of our nation's first century. There must have been several hundred bells ringing, besides music of different kinds, and the noise of shooting, from the booming cannon to the fire-crackers. The streets were alive with people at midnight.

I wonder if this century has witnessed a more remarkable New-year's day. It is so warm and pleasant we can have the doors open without a fire, and people were out without wraps. We had many interesting calls, and were much pleased to see Dr. P. and wife. She sang a hymn, and then he engaged in prayer with us. Mr. R. invited me to take dinner with him. He had a delicious repast sent in from the hotel. How I do appreciate these little remembrances! He is always so mindful of the afflicted. Mr. Smith brought a treat. The kindness of his family is wonderful; they never forget me on Saturday. But I am always at a loss to find words to express my feelings of gratitude.

January 6th It has seemed like Spring today. I have not been as well for several days. My soul sweetly relies on the strong arm, and has been filled with praise for special blessings bestowed. The dear friends; brother Y. and brother L., not only cared for me gratis, but have each sent a box of provisions. Brother L's has just come. There, was much in it that we really need; for work is so scarce these are trying times. Many can not get any thing to do. Each day this week some have been in who say they have never been entirely out of all employment before. Oh, how much we have to be grateful for! Our Father, who, knoweth our needs, will reward those who have supplied them.

A letter from dear mother states sister is some better, but not able for her to leave. We long to see her; yet we know dear sister needs her more than we do.

Sunday, January 16th I awoke very early, and felt an unusual desire to attend the lovefeast held by the Convention for the Promotion of Holiness; yet down in my heart I desired to be perfectly resigned to go or stay. So I left it with the Lord to direct. At eight o'clock A. M. brother T. (what a friend he is!) came for me. We had a glorious meeting; many visitors were present. The day, throughout, was a reminder of the future store of joys. I saw brother D., who knew me in childhood, and whom I have not met since I was afflicted.

Friday, January 21st Sister P. called. She feels that there is too little interest manifested in those who have fallen by intemperance and other vices. It seems, as she says, that "the value of souls is too much estimated by circumstances, and many do not prove faithful after they do unite with the Church, simply because there is not the kind word or persevering interest manifested that will aid them to become established in the, narrow path; and when they once or twice fall there is too much of an inclination to give them up, instead of encouraging them to try again." I am thankful those in affluence see these things, and will exert their influence to promote more interest, especially among the neglected. I hear many complaints, often from entire strangers. There is power in a kind word or even a nod of the head, especially in a church or on the street. Great good can be accomplished with little effort.

Brother C., of Galion, then brother L., of Cincinnati, and afterward brother M., called, and we had a profitable season. They are all young men preparing for a useful field of labor in the Master's vineyard.

Saturday, January 22d I rested better than usual last night. It is wonderful the benefit I receive by going out. After a refreshing season in the afternoon at Grace Church, I went with father H. to the daily meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association building, where I took tea with sister S., and remained for the anniversary of the "Youth's branch," addressed by Rev. Mr. Russell and Superintendent Sinclair. This branch is a training school for more active Christian effort in future years. Oh that more of the youth could be interested in it!

How rejoiced I am in sister's conversion! Another answer to prayer. Although a member of the Church, like many others, she lived with out Christ in her heart. I am thankful brother B. was directed to Dayton. He was instrumental in arousing her to see her condition. Her face expresses the joy of her heart.

Saturday, January 29th

"'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
I'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come."

Last evening I received sad news from dear mother. They have kept it from me until a change for the better took place. She is still very sick with lung fever, but they have encouragement now of recovery. May she be spared to us awhile longer! They sent to W. for Sister Fannie. She found sister and her baby both very sick. They have had a serious time. I am thankful I feel better.

How I need the quickening power of the Spirit to help me improve the little time uninterrupted to write! Brother Gaddis's letter greatly encourages my heart to persevere. He seems pleased with my manuscript. His health will not permit him to edit it, as he hoped to do; and others whom he named have not the time. The expense of publishing will be great, and I can not now see where the means are to come from; but I know the Lord has directed this work. It is his, and he knows my helplessness; therefore, I can sweetly trust him to provide an editor and the means, as well as the strength to finish my part and the grace I will need for all to come. Could those who read my work know the circumstances under which I have sketched it, I know they would throw the mantle of charity around that which deserves criticism. The trial will be severe when the time comes to give it to the world. The responsibility is great. My sympathizing Lord, still "be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort; . . . for thou art my rock and my fortress" (Ps. lxxi, 3) in every time of trial. Glory and praise be to thy dear name for what my poor heart feels!

Monday, February 28th "That ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." This is the ambition of my soul to know and do the complete will of my blessed Lord. So many duties are pressing upon me that I ask for the knowledge of his will in this day's work. Saturday we had over thirty calls, and sold nothing; yet I trust the time was not spent in vain. Each day of the week we averaged a dozen calls. Minnie J. brought my dinner from the Women's Christian Association entertainment. I just received an encouraging letter, also a gem of a book from Dr. Walden, their last work, "Inside the Gates." I wish every one could read it.

Thursday, March 2d I was much hindered, today, in writing, but we have had a soul-refreshing prayer-meeting tonight. I must not neglect to note the surprise of brother Lantye's visit on Tuesday. I was glad to see him. He brought a nice treat, besides a lovely medley quilt, pieced by my Omish friends. I feel so weak that I am sometimes almost exhausted with the effort of trying to work. How I long for mother to come home! I wrote her if she could come by doing so to bring the baby with her. How I would enjoy seeing my dear little namesake. Sister is nearly sick, and I can not but feel uneasy about her catarrh. But I must not tax my eyes longer tonight.

Saturday, March 4th Through a kind Providence mother returned home and brought sister's babe with her.

On Sabbath, brother spent a season with us, which we all enjoyed, after some months' separation. Through increased afflictions we were made to realize, as we never had opportunity to before, that sympathy dwelt in the hearts of the Dayton people. We fully appreciate their kind offers of assistance in watching and otherwise; Several special providences were observed in favors bestowed. For some time I was gradually going down, but still tried to bear up, until the 7th I was taken violently ill, and was at once prostrated. My sufferings were great indeed. The same evening Judge L. softly sang at my side the unusually precious words, "More love to thee, O Christ." Then he uttered words of Scripture comfort and a prayer that brought a taste of heaven into my soul. I sank deeper into love divine, with perfect submission. I could say, Thy will be done; for

me to live is Christ, to die is gain. For years, when being brought so low, I would feel I had not yet done my work in having neglected to sketch my experience; but now the burden of this was gone. As my sufferings increased, it seemed that nature could not endure much more, and but little hope for a time was entertained of my recovery. But as in the past, it again pleased the Healer of all diseases to bless the treatment of my kind physician, Dr. Webster, who was very attentive. I still suffered, but had taken a change for the better, when, one day, my sufferings increased so rapidly that my body was all over pain; every nerve was unstrung, and it seemed that if I could put my arms into iron bands it would relieve them. My breathing was so labored that it caused great pain. While in this condition Rev. G., of S., and brother F., of Cincinnati, who had missed connection of trains, called to see me. Others were present, and they were moved to pray for the relief of this agony, and at once laid hold of the promises with unfaltering faith.

I never felt the divine presence of our sympathizing Jesus with more power than during that hour of wrestling prayer. It was like the stilling of the tempest. My system seemed to relax, the terrible twitching of the nerves ceased, and the pains subsided to a degree that I could get my breath and was comparatively easy. Before they left I could speak so as to be heard across the room, which I had not done since I was taken worse. Those present could not doubt this immediate answer to prayer.

From that hour I have improved as I have not done for years. One remarkable feature is the improvement in my eyes. I can see almost as well as before I lost my sight. For nearly three years I had not been able to use them without colored glasses until now, and my eyes begin to look natural. Oh what a source of thanksgiving! How numerous are the promises that assure us "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much!" I believe, when offered according to the divine will, "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." I have been impressed with a sentence in a recent letter "Why all these promises if not to be realized?" Oh that we may be able to use them with more appropriating faith!

Now, dear reader, I have narrated to you only a portion of the dispensations of Providence which have been allotted to us, and I trust God will own and bless my feeble effort to the good of some soul. Pray that God may be glorified in its publication. This will compensate me for all I have suffered in connection with this narrative. I have aimed to be brief, and have been compelled to keep an eye single to the glory of God. I have worked for hours with no spiritual liberty when trying to put in an incident to gratify, or endeavoring to leave out things mortifying to the flesh, or that seemed too simple to insert. What is not noted here is not forgotten, but recorded in the book of remembrance. Every little act of kindness from those who have cheered suffering hours by sweet song, or who have presented a bouquet, a basket of fruit, or any little delicacy, is known to Him who noteth even the fall of a sparrow. Therefore, I am confident each will be rewarded in time or eternity. Many have gone to their long homes who have been named in these pages. Oh that I may meet them all where pain and sorrow shall be felt no more!

** Since the foregoing pages were first printed, the writer has been completely restored to health, in answer to the earnest and prevailing prayer of Christian faith. Of this restoration, and of her religious experience in connection therewith, and since the conclusion of this volume, the narrative is told in a companion volume entitled "From Baca to Beulah," published by Garrigues

Brothers, 608 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Both volumes may be had of the author, or of the Publishers.

* * * * *

THE END