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RAMBLINGS IN BEULAH LAND

By Jennie Smith

A Continuation Of Experiences In The Life Of Jennie Smith,
Author Of "Valley Of Baca" And "From Baca To Beulah"

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By Jennie Smith

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PREFACE

My heavenly Father's dealings with me during the sufferings of my early years I have recorded in The Valley of Baca, and then, later, my personal experience of his power to heal and his leadings up to another important period I have recorded in From Baca to Beulah. It is now my desire to glorify him by testifying to his special providence during my "Ramblings in Beulah Land." If in doing this I have given such an idea of the faithfulness of his divine guidance as will encourage any weary traveler who is seeking this same "Beulah Land," I shall feel greatly blest.

Just before completing my manuscript for this volume, I mentioned to my esteemed friend Rev. John Thompson of Philadelphia that I was at a loss for a name for my new book, and after only a few moments' thought, he said, "Call it Ramblings in Beulah Land;" and I was at once impressed that no name could be more appropriate. For years I have been a happy sojourner in this delightful land, and I would have my friends regard this book as a report of my ramblings.

Trusting that He who has been my faithful Guide in the past will continue to be my Guide
till we all meet in the heavenly land,

I Am, As Ever,
Jennie Smith

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01 -- LESSONS BY THE WAYSIDE

Soon after I had published From Baca to Beulah arrangements were made to attend the
National Camp-meeting of 1880 at Round Lake, N. Y.

I spent a few days in New York City, and there joined a party from the different States.
We had a prayer-meeting that night on the steamer "City of Troy," Capt. Alcot, and the crew
were all very kind. One of the passengers had not been in a church for many years, but the
impressions of his youthful days were revived by the songs of Zion, and the prayer and
testimony of that meeting reached his heart and changed his life. Several worldly people
expressed thanks for the meeting.

We had a profitable time at campmeeting, and met many old friends that had not seen me
walk. They had a meeting at the hotel, where we compared experiences and had an enjoyable

time. Spent two hours at depot in Troy; railroad-men expressed a desire to have meetings started there. We interested several, who promised to aid them.

On our return to New York some seventy of us went to a hotel, and the proprietor gave our leader, Prof. R. E. Hudson, and his singers and workers, liberty to hold meetings and concerts in the parlors; he also invited the quartet to sing in the dining-room to the servants, upon whom, with a treat of music and words fitly spoken, lasting impressions were made.

We all attended the farewell meeting of the Rev. J. S. Inskip and party, and accompanied them to the vessel, and saw them set sail on their voyage around the world.

Mrs. Bishop Whitman, Mrs. Ruliffson, and others spent a day visiting "Five Points," "Water Street," "Ann Street," and other missions. We went with one of the missionaries into the deepest dens of iniquity, and learned lessons from the scenes of human degradation that could be gathered only by observation. The depths of misery were too deep to be depicted.

This brings to my mind an incident when I visited Jerry McAuley's mission, on Water street. As we came out one night a terrible scene met our gaze. There lay a drunken ragpicker.

I looked at that pile of rags the second time before I could believe it was a woman.

Just then one of Jerry's workers came up to me and said,

"You have heard testimonies tonight of what the blood of Christ can do to make the foulest clean, for Sallie and Pattie were as bad as that woman."

As I looked upon that debauched piece of humanity, I saw the value of that soul, and what Christ could do even for such a wretched creature as she was. Kind hands led her into Jerry's house, where she was kept until she became sober, and was made to feel that she would be cared for. Then she came to Jesus, found forgiveness, and was made a new creature in him. She has since lived a useful life.

Returned to Philadelphia, and from there I went to the Woman's National Camp-meeting at Denville, N. J., where we had another reunion of old acquaintances; also new and lasting friends were made. Here I met, for the first time, Miss M. A. Sherman, who came on from Boston to attend this meeting. One incident I must mention:

Brother William Peck Smith one evening at the tea-table proposed that they have a fast-day instead of dinner in the hotel, to enable the servants to have an opportunity to attend the meetings. To his surprise, nearly all the guests approved of the proposition and carried it out, to the benefit of themselves as well as the servants. We all learned lessons from this, as we are too forgetful that servants have souls to save.

Some weeks after the above incident occurred, by invitation of the landlord I visited a camp-meeting kitchen.

It was in the middle of the afternoon, when things in that department were generally quiet. As I passed through, an old colored woman sat peeling potatoes. I said to her, "Well, auntie, how do you do? You don't have much time to go to meeting, do you?"

"No, honey; I doesn't hab de time;" "But you love Jesus, don't you?" "Oh yes, honey; I does love de Massa Jesus."

"Well, auntie, what can you do for him while peeling potatoes?"

She dropped both knife and potato, and, looking up into my face with a smile, said,

"Why, honey, I can jist ask de blessed Jesus to bless dose dat eats 'em."

This was a lasting lesson to me: I could see what a blessing could come through almost every class. Then, as I ate the potatoes, even in silence I could lift a prayer for those who had prepared my food.

I have been invited into many a kitchen by those who wanted a kind word spoken to their servants, and with this, a tract, or a card have accomplished a work for Jesus.

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02 -- A PECULIAR EXPERIENCE

By invitation of the Summit Grove Camp-meeting Association, I went to Baltimore, and after spending a few days with Dr. William Monroe went up to the camp-ground on Saturday evening. They had arranged for me to take charge of the 1 and 6 p.m. meetings on Sabbath. We had a good meeting Saturday evening. On the Sabbath, a few minutes before the last bell rang, the brother in charge came to me and said, "Sister Jennie, we have arranged for you to take the morning meeting."

I answered, "Why, Brother P., there are a number of ministers on the ground; that is not my place. Besides, I have two other meetings today."

"But we consider it is your place; will you please be in it? and the Lord will bless you."

As he left me I lifted my heart in prayer for guidance.

The lesson given me was Matt. v. 17. The word was made an unusual blessing to my own soul, showing the importance of our hearts being so filled with the love of Jesus that, no matter what comes to us of trial or persecution, we must be kept sweetly amidst it in order to let our light shine.

During the testimonies many expressed a desire to receive a blessing that would enable them to be more patient and live such consistent lives that they might be more effectual lights in the cause of Christ.

At the close of the morning meeting I stated that our lesson for the six o'clock meeting would be the ninety-first psalm. As we will have blessed privileges between this hour and that, let us see if we cannot at that meeting more fully express with the Psalmist, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust." I little thought I would so soon have such an opportunity to test what a refuge I had.

At the close of the one o'clock meeting (the tabernacle was crowded) a gentleman approached me whom I supposed desired to talk about his soul; in a moment he said,

"Madam, I am on the newspaper-staff. Have you seen the Morning ____?"

I answered, "I have not; I do not read such papers on the Sabbath-day."

"But, madam," he replied, "you must see this, for I am certain there is a mistake in the paper; I felt it as soon as I heard you speak."

Just then Brother Richardson, one of the members of the camp-meeting association, came up much excited. (I noticed he and Brother Hoffman, the president, were called out during the meeting.) As he approached I said, "Brother, this gentleman thinks there is some mistake in the paper, and is uneasy about it."

"Oh, sister, it is -- a terrible mistake, a fearful outrage! What shall we do about it? You go with this gentleman to your tent, and I will bring the paper."

We walked down, and found several other newspaper-men waiting, and all much excited. Not an anxious thought passed over my heart; I was sweetly kept amid it all.

We all went into our room; Misses Buell, Annie Guant, Gracie Wiser and the gentlemen were all present as I read the following:

In A New Role

"Mrs. Jennie Smith, of Jersey City, who was recently arrested for the murder of her husband, Policeman Smith, and was sentenced, but on the second trial was acquitted, has since turned out to be a wandering evangelist, and is at the present time one of the leading characters at the Summit Grove Campmeeting."

Then they gave a full description of my appearance (color of hair, eyes, etc.), so minutely as to state "she wears a plain drab bonnet, with a black dress and linen duster," and repeating almost verbatim my conversation on Saturday with the "Union news-agent" and the baggage-master at the depot, and giving the matter printed on my cards, as follows."

Jennie Smith.

"This Life Is But A Preparation For Eternity."

"Prepare To Meet Thy God."

They also stated that I had recently published a book called The Valley of Baca, giving an account of the murder. I read it through, and then said,

"Gentlemen, I am fully aware of my situation. It is true I am a stranger in Maryland, this being my introduction to the people. I see the danger, but I never had in my life a sweeter consciousness that I am a child of God than I have this hour. My peace is not disturbed. He is my Refuge, and will take care of this for me." They said,

"Yes, but haven't you something that will help us to do our part in your defense?"

I replied, "I have plenty of recommendations, if I only had them with me. Then there are the introductions to both of my books; a number of people on the grounds know the man who wrote them. And if it will do any good, I have a letter of introduction that Colonel Thomas Scott gave me last week to take to some of the railroad-officials at Altoona, Pa."

I went to my trunk, and as I raised the lid and opened the handkerchief box, to my astonishment, a package of those letters and recommendations rolled out before me. As I never needed them, I did not know I had them with me. They were all thankful to get them.

We could see groups all about the circle with newspapers in their hands, and it was not hard to tell what was the subject of their conversation.

As my roommate, Miss Buell (of Buell family), and I were on our way to tea at the hotel, we heard one party say in a tone that meant much, "There she is! That's her! There sloe goes!"

We did not have a crowded six-o'clock meeting, as usual, but oh how the Lord met with us! I surely felt that I was abiding under the shadow of the Almighty. I never knew more of the sweet, peaceful keeping-power of Christ than through all this experience.

On Monday morning one of the leading papers of Baltimore came out with a lengthy article commenting upon the character at Summit Grove Camp, as copied from the other paper.

The association and many friends came forward and defended the case. Men offered me hundreds of dollars if I would prosecute for scandal, but I dare not do that. I had the promise, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord" (Rom. xii. 19).

On Tuesday other papers all through the land copied it, but everywhere friends were raised up who contradicted it; so, while it was a critical ordeal, the Lord took care of it all. But had the keeping-power not been sufficient, one sentence or one act might have counteracted, all the good accomplished before or since.

None of us know what is before us, and how many that are as innocent as I was in this are ruined by gossip! Suppositions have started many a scandal that has caused the final destruction of both soul and body.

Dear reader, we cannot be too careful of our words; we shall have to meet them at the final account. Let us remember to "do unto others as we would wish to be done by," ever ready to help raise up humanity instead of casting it down.

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03 -- THE ORIGIN OF THE STORY

But I must not forget to tell you how this all happened. I did not know the origin of it for a year.

Some time before this there had been such a tragedy as was referred to, in Jersey City, by Mrs. Jennie Smith, Policeman Smith's wife. I came from Jersey City to Baltimore and brought a message to the news agent, and as I delivered it spoke of the meeting we had just had in the interest of policemen. A policeman and a newspaper reporter sat outside the Window at the time, and, hearing what I said, concluded at once, as I was of the same name and from Jersey City, and interested in policemen, that I must certainly be that Jennie Smith; for she had proved to be a friend to policemen, and they said no one else was interested in them.

I went from Summit Grove to the Emory Grove Campmeeting, and the reporter that met me first said:

"Miss Smith, I came out here to shake you by the hand and tell you that the scandal did me more good than it did you harm; I could not see how you could be so calm and patient about it."

I replied,

"I have the promises, 'My grace is sufficient,' 'I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God; in him will I trust.' Surely he shall deliver thee, from the snare of the fowler." He said: "Well, I am a Roman Catholic, but I want to be a better man."

"I shall ever remember," I answered, "your kind interest in me, as well as the people of Summit Grove."

At Emory Grove I spent a pleasant season, especially with "The Mizpah Band" of General Berry, who were there in force, and it was thrilling to hear the testimonies of how they had been saved and kept.

The morning I left the grove the ladies invited me over to Mrs. General Berry's and Mrs. Morgan's, where a number had previously gathered. After greetings had been exchanged they surprised me with a present of about twenty dollars; part of this was in gold, so that portion was put into what we called Mother's Winter-Fund.

After a few days with my mother at Ocean Grove, I went to Long Branch, N. J., to labor with the Rev. R. A. Andrews at the First Methodist Episcopal church.

In the early spring the physicians advised my brother James to come East. A friend wrote me if he did not give up his present employment he would not live a year. He thereupon came to Ocean Grove, and his health improved rapidly; but at the close of the season he did not want to return to the West, so, an offer having been made that would continue him in a like employment at Norristown, Pa., he accepted the position. In a few weeks, however, he was in the same state of health as when he left Ohio. A physician told me that nothing would save his life but going to work in the soil, and being out of doors.

During this time I had myself received several offers of service, but all would take me away from my special work. While at Brother Andrews's several letters came pressing me to start an invalids' home, but I said to Brother A.: "It will not do for me to go into such a home; I would not live five years, for it wears upon me. I have suffered so much myself! I would love to have a place to rest weary ones and keep them from becoming invalids," He said,

"Sister Jennie, we have a place that would suit you, and wife has been anxious to have an orphanage started ever since we met you. We have felt you would be connected with something of this kind."

"No," I replied; "I am sure that would not be my work. I have had a longing" for years to help those too old for an orphanage -- homeless young ladies who could be trained for useful places in life. Then I see so many teachers, clerks and those dependent on their own labor who have no home except the boarding-house! Many do not take the proper rest because their income will not permit them to visit summer resorts. I would love to have a home that could give to such, a restingplace for a small compensation."

"Well, perhaps we can make some arrangement about this place."

I replied, "I must know soon what we shall do. I cannot see my way clear to return to Ohio with mother, and she will not be satisfied to remain with sister at the hotel, although they desire to keep her."

"Who is at your home in Dayton?" inquired Brother Andrews.

"Sister Mary and Brother Daniel are still keeping house, but they will break up if we settle here."

So, after committing all into heavenly Father's hands at family worship, we retired for the night.

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04 -- A VISIT TO RIVERVIEW FARM

In company with Brother Andrews and Mrs. Rose, we visited the old homestead; and, as it had been occupied only a few weeks in summer for several years, the appearance of the

surroundings as we drove in the back way was not very inviting. Weeds had grown wild, and the brick walks were all covered over with moss; but the moment I entered the hall such a feeling of rest took possession of me! and from that hour, no matter in which direction I looked away from this, it would seem dark. But, with all the obstacles in the way, this home-feeling would still come every time I considered this place. I really felt a burden gone when I decided to take it for six months. They let me have it for this length of time for fifty dollars, with the proviso, if I took it for the year, to pay three hundred dollars, and I to make all the repairs.

I then wrote brother and sister to bring mother and meet me on Thursday in Burlington, N. J. (which was two miles from this place). I gave them the darkest side of the picture. They expected to go with me to open the house, but I went down on Tuesday and laid in a stock of coal, provisions, etc. As the hackman unloaded and drove away I looked about me; all was gloomy in one sense, but amid all, there was peace of mind within.

I was advised to get an Irish woman near by to help me clean house. I found her dead drunk, to begin with. I went out, and was breaking up kindling to make a fire, when a workingman drove up, saying, "Madam, are you the lady that is going to take this place?"

I told him I was; that I was in need of help; that I had been referred to Bridget, but found her in a condition not fit for work: "Can you tell me where I can get some one to help me?"

"I just have a letter from Mr. Andrews directing me to cut this grass; and if this is the situation, I guess my wife can come, and I can give you a half day at least."

They were very soon at work. The first thing I did was to send him to town for a sucker for the pump, fourteen lights of window-glass and a new inside for the cook-stove, which was soon made to look like a new one. We cleaned and arranged one side of the house. There were tables, chairs, bedsteads, bureaus and many things in the house which Brother A. kindly gave us the use of. This, I felt, was a special providence. The sofa was brightened by the spread which I used on my invalid-couch. There was matting on the sitting-room floor, and I found the brass andirons, so that I could make a bright, old-fashioned fire.

My sister had her goods, which had been stored at Ocean Grove until spring, shipped to us; a lady sent me a lot of beautiful dahlias, so I had several lovely bouquets. Altogether, things looked quite cheery and homelike.

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05 -- THE HOME ON THE DELAWARE

The house was situated on the Delaware River, opposite the "Landreth Seed Gardens," and the river view of Burlington and Bristol, with the passing boats, was beautiful.

I was invited to stay all night at a neighbor's, Mrs. Cliver, and spent a profitable evening with the family.

Mother's Arrival Home

As they came into the hall, and mother reached the sitting-room door, she raised both hands, exclaiming, "Praise the Lord!" I had dinner nearly ready, had dismissed my help, and, as I ran out to look after things on the stove, I heard mother say, "Oh dear! I feel as though I had reached home."

This was sufficient to pay us for all, because we longed to have a home with mother. After dinner we had a prayer of thanksgiving. Brother James was anxious to see the place. I shall never forget the hour when I took his arm and went across the fields. After we had examined the soil, as we stood beneath an apple tree in the orchard, he looked over the place, saying, "Do you know it will take at least from three to five hundred dollars to put this place into anything like working-order? Besides, there is all that house to furnish; and here we are without a pick, shovel, plow, horse, or anything to do it with."

"I know things do not look encouraging," I said.

"Yes, and you are yet in debt two or three hundred dollars for your last book, and every dollar I had is gone."

He had lost all in the Kentucky panic. That hectic flush on his cheek, and the hollow cough pained my heart, as with such a look of sadness he continued, "My sister, it looks like insanity for you to think of taking this place."

I thought, as he said it, "You know what you are talking about," for he had once tried farming with small means. But I went on: "I know, brother, from a human standpoint it looks so; but we have prayed earnestly for our way to be made clear for the winter. One thing is certain: we could not live cheaper anywhere else; and we have all been laying aside for mother's comfort, so we had sufficient money to pay six months' rent and lay in provisions for a month, at least. No one ever had more reason to trust and praise heavenly Father in the midst of afflictions than we have."

"That is true, but we have surely had our share of trials. I don't want to complain, but it is hard to have all our hopes blasted."

"But cheer up, brother. You know I have been writing to you for years that some day I believed, we would be so situated that we could work together for the Master. I am going to trust first for a horse; and if we do not have one and something to do with it by the twenty-fifth of March, I promise you we will not take the place."

"We shall have a good deal to trust for, under the circumstances."

"Yes, but 'faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen'" (Heb. xi. 1).

"I am glad you have such faith; perhaps if I could be with you and mother more, I could be a better Christian."

"My brother, I believe we shall have the long-cherished desire to be with and help each other in the Master's work. If at the end of six months we have a clear evidence that it is right to take the place for a year, we shall make it a religious summer boardinghouse and a resting-place for homeless Christian workers. I believe heavenly Father intends I shall have a homework for the summer and give the rest of the year to my evangelistic work. All I ask is that you will come home and take care of dear mother and let me go to my work. There is plenty for you to do here this winter."

After considerable persuasion, he consented to come at the close of the month. He could only remain a few hours, and then returned to his employment. This was on Thursday. Mrs. Howell, my sister, came out to stay with mother until brother came back. On Saturday I returned to my work at Ocean Port.

I had made engagements from May to October, up to the time of our meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I finished my last engagement on Sunday night, and started for New York on Monday. I went to Boston on Tuesday with a large delegation for the convention. I was assigned a home with Miss Sherman, whom I met at the Denville camp-meeting. We had an interesting convention, which closed with a grand reception by Mrs. J. J. Stevens, at No. 3 Newbury street.

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06 -- A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE

The Saturday after our convention closed, which was just three weeks after our conversation under the old apple tree, as I came away from Mrs. Hannah W. Smith's Bible-reading, Mrs. Dr. Gorden met me and said, "Miss Jennie, a friend of mine desires to see you, and requests you to call at her home at your earliest convenience. Here is her card. I hope you will be able to comply with her request, for it will surely be something to your advantage."

On Tuesday, as I was going into Dr. C. Cullis' meeting, a lady met me and said, "I believe this is Miss Smith? I am the lady who requested you to call at my home."

"Yes," I replied, "but I have been so engaged! but I will be pleased to call soon."

"If convenient, please come tomorrow morning. I am anxious to have a talk with you."

As we passed into the meeting I gave her little girl a small card. I purchased from Brother H. L. Hastings a lot of cards for three and four cents each, such as I had been paying ten cents for; so I invested five dollars. A friend said to me, "It does not seem right for you to have to spend so much money, when you are struggling to get out of debt."

"But," I replied, "I cannot work without cards and tracts."

"Well, I am sure the Lord will give it back to you before you leave Boston."

"That is his business, not mine; I know it is my duty to get them. This is a wonderful opportunity; and if I had it, I would invest ten dollars in them."

I called at the lady's house at the appointed time. I had prayed much, and felt clear that I would not be able to accept what might be offered; but I begged that some light might be thrown upon my future path by this call.

The lady received me very kindly, and told me she had been so impressed with reading my books that she felt she must aid me in my work. She desired to know if I could not act as a missionary at a certain place, if a good salary and a pleasant home were provided. I told her I could not take any position that would obligate me for the year.

"Well, I must do something to help you. I was very much impressed with the card you gave my little girl. I know it takes money to purchase these, so I want you to take this to buy your ammunition, as you call it." She put into my hand fifteen dollars, saying, "Now, what are your plans for the future?"

"I only have my plans made with a proviso -- that is, if heavenly Father opens my way," I answered.

"Do tell me what that proviso is. Where is your mother now? You must tell me before you go. I am so deeply interested in your work!"

"I intend to aim at one thing, whether I ever accomplish it or not. But I hope some day to have a training-home for Christian workers, as well as a restingplace for homeless ones, and a religious boarding-house for the summer months." She said, "I believe this is of the Lord. I cannot say a word, but I must do my mite toward that home." She put into my hand one hundred dollars. The first thing I said was, "There is my horse." We knelt in prayer and asked a blessing upon each penny.

Never were pennies more blessed. We believed that it was in answer to prayer that my brother-in-law, Mr. Howell, met with the opportunity, at auction, to buy a horse, harness, a good market wagon and two pigs with that one hundred dollars. I could have sold the horse alone, soon after purchasing it, for one hundred dollars. He proved a faithful animal. My brother-in-law bought a family carriage and made us a present of it.

I remained in New England nearly three months. Had no thought of staying so long, but the way opened so clearly for work that I could not leave.

* * * * *

From the time I rented the home my books sold, and they began to give me something for my labor, as they had not done since my restoration.

A Leaf From The Journal

"I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way that thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye' (Ps. xxxii. 8).

"Nov. 3, 1880. -- Blessed promise! I would rather have this assurance than rubies.

"Heard Dr. Miiller of England give his experience of trusting God. I was so impressed with one thing that he said -- viz., 'that we would often have to hold a prayer-meeting for each meal in the day, but a supply would always come for that meal.'

"From there I went to the 'Industrial Home' and held a temperance meeting. What a sad place to visit! but I trust lasting impressions were made. One young girl wept very bitterly. She is connected with a good family, and we hope she will be saved and restored to her friends and home in a distant place -- another instance, we fear, where the influence of gossip was set to work by those who should have endeavored to save her from falling, but who were the means of ruining an innocent one and starting her in the downward course.

"I was kept busy every day, and could not begin to fill the invitations that came from different places.

"Committees on railroad work called and arranged for a number of railroad meetings. These were attended with much interest.

"One night it stormed terribly. I had a severe cold, and some of my friends thought there would surely be no one there, and tried to persuade me that it was my duty to stay at home. But I answered,

"'You don't know railroad-people as well as I do: they never neglect duty for a storm.'

"Miss Sherman accompanied me to the Riggles Street church. We found a well-filled house; some had come eight miles to this meeting. We believe eternity alone will reveal the results of that and other meetings attended through severe storms, and sometimes under discouraging circumstances.

"The next day we were invited to Mrs. Stevens', where we met with a number of city missionaries and had a profitable talk of the best methods of work. The experience of all confirmed the need of every one being anointed for their mission and the importance of personal work. We closed with a consecration-meeting, all feeling the need of more wisdom and power to reach the souls of all classes.

"That evening I attended a lecture by Dr. Vincent, entitled 'That Boy's Sister.'

"One mother whom we persuaded to attend was made to see the effect of her discontented life upon both husband and child. She exclaimed, as we went out, 'Oh, I see my mistake! I have spent my time in fretting about what I could not do, and leaving undone many little things that would make loved ones happy and do a work for the Master. Do pray that I may never do so again.'

"This lecture brought a victory to that mother.

"Nov. 11, 1880, Saturday. -- I spent the morning writing and with callers. At 3 p.m. I went to Dr. R. E. Meredith's Bible class at Tremont Temple. It was interesting to hear the lesson and see the mass of people that attend. From there Miss Sherman went with me to the train. I was soon at the parsonage home of Rev. Mr. Whitacher, in Cambridge. Their only daughter, twelve years old, is a cripple; she never walked. She seems perfectly happy. No matter what the affliction is, when I come in contact with those who suffer there is a cord of sympathy touched.

"Sabbath -- In the morning I attended Brother Leonard's class. Brother Whitacher gave us a sermon on prayer, opening the way for my experience. In the afternoon I talked a few minutes to the Sabbath-school, and then went up stairs. We had a crowded house and an effectual meeting. Without saying a word to me, they took up a collection of nine dollars.

"I went from Cambridge to Somerville; the pastor, Rev. Mr. Cheinny, met me. This is the first time I have ever been on a train on the Sabbath, and it shall be the last. Although but a few minutes' ride, I felt condemned for being seen there. I cannot see how Christian people can follow this practice. No wonder railroad-men assail me everywhere about their Sabbath work. Oh that every one could see the harm done by giving their influence to Sabbath desecration! I will never again make an engagement that I cannot reach on Saturday or by a private conveyance, so that whoever carries me can have the privilege of the service.

"We had a good meeting, and another collection was taken, amounting to six dollars. The dear Lord only knows how much I needed this. But why is it such a cross to have a collection taken? The enemy never assails me in anything else as he does when my books are mentioned at a meeting."

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08 -- BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

Monday. -- Had a precious season at the family-altar before separating, then took an early train.

"Miss Sherman met me, and we went to the ministers' meeting at Wesley Hall.

"Met Amity Bly, of whom I have heard for years as being such a mother to the students of Wesley University. Dr. A. B. Earl gave a profitable talk on the 'Guidance of the Spirit.' He seemed so glad to meet me, the first time he and Captain Sturdivant had seen me walk.

"Dr. Earl exchanged books with me. The title of his book was Bringing in the Sheaves. As I took his book in my hand the title brought home to my heart a deeper longing to know more of the Spirit's guidance and be more effectual in getting sheaves for the Master.

"From here I went to Dr. Holden's, the dentist. I feel deeply interested in his invalid brother. They insisted on my taking lunch with them. I had a tooth extracted with gas, and hope my toothache is now over.

"I held a railroad-meeting last night at one of the missions; one man said he had not been in a church for many years. This morning a call proves a good work was done. The man came to have us pray for him; we hope he was saved.

"No one has ever come into my work like Sister Sherman. I wish she could be with me. How long I have prayed for a companion in my labor! She so kindly looks after my interests at home, and is such a help in the meetings!

"Tonight we will have a meeting at the Rev. Mr. Hamilton's church, called the 'People's Church.'

"Tomorrow we dine at Mrs. Southrick's, on Worcester Square, and go from there to Lynn, Mass., where Brother Gray has arranged for several meetings in the Y. M. C. A. hall.

"I had a call from Professor Hutchinson and wife, who sang for me when at the hospital in Philadelphia. Another soul called to be prayed with; I believe he will be a gleaner for Jesus.

"We spent several weeks in Lynn, and held meetings in different places with Rev. Brown, Rev. Sherman, and others. Miss Sherman spent part of the time with me in the lovely home of Brother W. Fairbanks and at Rev. Paul's. Miss Sherman had almost concluded to go with me into the work in the spring. I said to her, 'I wish you could go with me now.' 'I would like to,' she said, 'but my way is not clear to do so. There are three doors that must be opened before I am sure the call is from the Lord to go at all. The fleece must be wet three times.'

"She had passed through a severe school of bereavement. After the last tie that bound her interest to earth had been broken, she gave her life to the free home-missionary work. A little niece (when a year and a half old) was given to her on her mother's dying-bed. She was a beautiful and useful child, as many told me, but at the age of eight years departed this life to be with Jesus.

"Miss Sherman's field of labor had brought her in contact with the railroad families, so she was unconsciously trained for the work the Lord was calling her into. When she returned home, the lady she boarded with said to her, 'I heard Sister Jennie say she would like to have you as a companion in her work. Have you any idea of going? If so, when?'

"'Do not be uneasy,' Miss Sherman replied; 'I will not break my contract to keep the rooms until spring; but if my way was clear, I would go at once.'

"I thought you would feel under obligations to me. If you desire to give up the rooms, that matter need not stand in your way; for friends from Chicago have come, and will take them at once."

"Miss Sherman said, 'That is just like the dear Lord.' "Thus this obstacle was removed, as was also the second thing. She had asked for the conversion of her last Sabbath-school scholar; this she claimed by faith, and began preparations to leave, but spent one whole night in prayer before she decided to go with me. The scholar in whom she was so particularly interested was the only unsaved one in her class. She had come into it almost a stranger -- to most of the class, at least -- and seemed wholly indifferent on the subject of religion. She seemed to have taken quite a fancy to Miss Sherman from the first. On the day before she left she went home to tea with her scholar and labored two hours with her, making no apparent impression, and then went to take charge of the young people's meeting, which had been assigned to her for that evening. As they crossed the threshold of the church her scholar said,

"I love her as I love my life, but this is the last I shall hear from her until her promised visit in the spring."

"At the close of the meeting, which was one of great power, Miss Sherman asked the congregation to sing 'Shall we meet beyond the river?' and requested all to rise who were unsaved and intended to meet her. Her scholar was among the first, and oh how her heart rejoiced to see this indication of her heart having been touched! At the regular service, when the invitation was given for those to come forward who desired to lead a better life, it seemed as though she could not get there soon enough. Miss Sherman knelt with her and tried to point her to the Savior. After she had been at the altar some time she arose and said: 'I am not converted, but I want my teacher to know, before she leaves, that I intend to be the Lord's at any cost.'

"She was converted the next night, and found that she had to let go of her teacher and cling to Jesus; and as soon as she did this the light dawned upon her soul. She immediately rushed out on the street to telegraph Miss Sherman, but found she did not have her address, so had to write a letter instead, which was very beautiful, and was afterward used with much effect. She joined church, and has since been a faithful and useful worker in the Master's vineyard, and has been the means, in God's hands, of leading many precious souls to the foot of the cross.

"Miss Sherman sent her furniture to my home, and there was enough to furnish a parlor and another room. Thus is the Lord, blessing my efforts."

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09 -- A NEWSBOYS' SUPPER

On Christmas evening a temperance meeting was held at the city-hall. After the program was over it was a treat to see about eighty hungry newsboys gather at the tables and partake of the supper prepared for them by the 'Coffee Society' and the 'Reform Club.' I had a profitable talk with the city marshal and several policemen who were in charge of the proceedings.

"There was good seed sown that night, as I afterward met one far away from there who made himself known, and told me that lessons learned that night had saved him from a drunkard's doom.

"The day before New Year's, Sister Sherman joined me at Sister Paul's, who, together with Brother and Sister Fairbanks, accompanied me to Peabody, Mass., to the home of the Rev. Dr. Daniel Steele. We had a royal welcome. Oh how my heart praised the Lord for the privilege of spending the last evening of the old year and the dawn of the new one in the church of Dr. Steele. We had a blessed prayer and experience meeting. During the closing minutes of the old year, we knelt in silence, which was finally broken by Dr. S. saying, as only he could say, 'I wish you all a Happy New Year in Christ Jesus.'

"So closed a delightful meeting.

"We went home, and found that dear Sister Steele had prepared a hot lunch for us at 1 a. m., 1881.

"New Year's morning we had a memorable season at family worship, and then took the early stage for Lynn.

"The next morning, while I sat conversing with friends at Brother Fairbanks', I noticed the stamp, of a recent date, on the arm of a chair. I asked,

""Where is Keene, N. H.? I find my heart attracted by this name, and wonder if it is written in the book of life?"

"I was strongly impressed, and felt myself lifting a prayer for that man.

"While I sat there the bell rang; a gentleman and his wife called. They introduced themselves by saying, 'We noticed in yesterday's papers that you were here. We read your books over a year ago, and they were made such a blessing to us -- being the means of leading us to a fuller consecration, and the healing of my wife: her restoration has been a marvel to us all-that we felt we must stop over and see if we could not prevail upon you to come to Keene, N.H. You could do a great work there.'

"How strange,' I replied, 'that I never noticed the name of Keene until a few moments before you came! I spoke of the stamp on this chair, and wondered if the manufacturer was a Christian.'

"Why, he is a neighbor of ours. He is a good man, but I am sorry to say he is not a converted one. Perhaps if you would come and spend a few weeks with us, he may be saved.'

"They tried to persuade me, but I could not go.

"I returned to Boston and filled one or two engagements, and on the 5th of January started for New Haven, Connecticut.

"As I took my seat in the train, I noticed a mother and her children in front of me, evidently first-class emigrants. All were dressed neatly. The mother looked so careworn and weary! As the conductor came in he said, as he took her tickets,

"Madam, I am obliged to have you go into the second car at the next station.'

"As I saw her look up into his face so sadly I said to her,

"Please let me aid you. Are you going far?'

"We came from St. John, New Brunswick, and have been traveling since last Monday, and we will not reach our destination for three more days.'

"Are you traveling alone with your children?'

"Yes. My husband and son went West nearly a year ago; they have a home all ready for us, but we have to economize and take second-class passage. I once had plenty of this world's goods, so, you see, it is a trial to have to go into that smoking-car with such a terrible headache as I have.'

"I went into the other car with her and did what I could to cheer her, and gave them some tracts and Scripture cards, with my name on the back. When we separated, she thanked me, with tears of gratitude, for making her journey so pleasant. Her head was better, and she looked so much happier! When we parted, she said, 'I promise you that I will be a better Christian -- live a more cheerful and useful life. Do pray for me and mine; and if we never meet again on earth, I do want to meet you in heaven.'

"She wrote me after they reached their Western home, and told me of the good work the tracts and cards I gave them had done. Months afterward she wrote and told me how happy they were. She sold several of my books, which also proved a great blessing.

"How much may be accomplished by a little act of kindness! The result will be known only in eternity.

"How few there are who know the power of kindness
Or the worth of one kind deed!
And yet it's just the blessing
That human hearts may need.'

"I had a warm welcome by Dr. Dorman's on my arrival at New Haven, and was soon greeted by other friends.

"Before going to the church the pastor, Rev. B. M. Adams, and others, knelt in prayer.

"We had a very interesting meeting the next day, and I visited several sick ones with whom I had corresponded. Dr. D. and his wife promised me that they would go with me to New Hartford."

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10 -- CHLOE LANKTON

Friday morning, bright and early, we started, and arrived at our destination about noon. We took our dinner at the hotel, and then went to the house of Chloe Lankton, which stands just in the suburbs of the town. It is a small one-story house with green blinds, and a verandah in front of it. We entered a plain but comfortable room. Dr. D. first went into Chloe's room, and told her that he had brought his wife and a friend to see her.

"As I waited to see if I could have an interview, how the recollections of the past came up before me, when, an invalid upon my couch Of suffering, I had read the Life of Chloe Lankton; or, Light Beyond the Clouds, and, desiring to know if she was still living, was told if I would write to Garrigues Brothers, Philadelphia, I could get information. I wrote at once, and they returned an envelope endorsed to Chloe L., entering into sympathy with me in my suffering. This correspondence was continued until I came to Philadelphia, and which has led to such wonderful results -- my healing, my call to active labor; and now here I am, under the same roof with this patient sufferer! These thoughts passed through my mind as I waited, and I could praise my heavenly Father for all his leading. I thought, 'What histories have come from this room, where the dear one has occupied the same position' (at this date, 1885) 'fifty-five years!' Her body is all distorted by disease, except her face; every member of her family has gone since she has been afflicted.

"Her room is plainly but nicely furnished, nearly everything being the gifts of friends. It is filled with interest, for the work of her hands has been a marvel to all-that see how exquisite it is.

"She lives within half a mile of the depot, yet she has never seen a train of cars, because of the hills that separate them from her.

"Dr. D. said to her, 'How happy you seem to be, Chloe!' 'Why not?' she replied. ' Just think! I am the child of a King. It will not be long before deliverance will come. There will be no pain in heaven. And when our joy with Jesus is so great here, what will it be over there?'

"We spent a delightful season with her, and she begged us to go and see Mrs. Jewell, in Hartford, who called to see me on Chloe's behalf several years ago, at Ocean Grove.

"I shall never forget the contrast between the little home of Chloe and the elegant one of Mrs. Jewell. They were preparing for a grand entertainment that night, so everything glittered. They insisted on our taking a cup of tea before leaving for the train. She invited me to her room, where we had a season of prayer. She said to me, 'Oh that I could have the peace and joy that

dear Chloe has! I feel sometimes that I would give all I am worth if I could be as happy as she is.'

"During the time I spent with Chloe, I was so impressed with some favorite lines she repeated, on 'The Sure Refuge.

"'Oh I know the Hand that is guiding me
Through the shadows to the light,
And I know that all betiding me
Is meted out aright;
I know that the thorny path I tread
Is ruled with a golden line,
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread,
The brighter the rich design.'

"'When faints and fails each wilderness hope
And the lamp of faith burns dim,
Oh, I know where to find the honey-drop
On the bitter chalice brim;
For I see, though veiled from mortal sight,
God's plan is all complete,
Though the darkness at present, be not light,
And the bitter be not sweet.'

"'I can wait till the Dayspring shall overflow
The night of pain and care,
For I know there's a blessing for every woe--
A promise for every prayer.
Yes, I feel the Hand which is holding me
Will ever hold me fast,
And the strength of the Arms that are folding me
Will keep me to the last.'"

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11 -- RAMBLINGS HOMEWARD

From New Hartford we went to Mentor, where Brother Harrison, the Boy-Preacher was holding a meeting. We had a refreshing time there, and then took the train, and arrived at New Haven a little after midnight.

"Saturday was a busy day, between visiting the sick and places of note and receiving callers. We closed the day with a prayer-meeting.

"Monday, January 10, 1881, 8 p. m. -- 'He will give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.'

"Yesterday was a blessed day. In the morning Dr. Adams preached a strengthening sermon; in the afternoon I attended the railroad-meeting, and gave an account of my restoration, at night. They have given us an official call, and urged us to come back and labor here a few weeks.

"Miss Sherman arrived today; I came very near missing her. She expected me to go on with her to New York. I had not given her the New York address where we were to stop, so she was becoming anxious, as I was delayed in getting there. The train was about to start, when I hurried into the depot, and just had time to get her off. She will enjoy being here over-night. I know it will be a great comfort to mother for me to have a traveling companion.

"We arrived in New York in time to attend the Tuesday meeting at Dr. Palmer's. Remained all night at Bethany Institute with my dear friends. The next morning visited Mr. Bunting's Home for Inebriates, where I met a son of wealthy parents. My heart rejoiced to hear him say that he was converted; persevering faith had been rewarded in his case. He proved faithful to his trust, and has since married and lives a happy life.

"Friday, the 14th, No. 37 Second Place, Brooklyn. -- The convention opened yesterday in Dr. Lansing Taylor's church with a good attendance. I am entertained by Miss Meachem, and Miss Sherman by Mrs. Hammond. Both are lovely homes.

"They arranged for me to have charge of the afternoon meeting. I opened it, and then gave it into the hands of Mrs. H. W. Smith, who talked a few minutes, and then said, 'I feel the people are disappointed; they want to hear of the Lord's dealings with this body. Some of you may be, as I was, a doubting Thomas. I had to see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears, before I could believe. Come, Sister Jennie; the Lord has a message for this people from thee.'

"Her words gave force to what I had to say.

"The Holy Spirit gave unusual unction; we had a most solemn season, and followed it with altar-work, which continued to the evening meeting. Dr. Taylor had many of us take tea with him, as only one or two of us could come out at a time; they also carried tea to a number in the church. That night souls were saved that had been in the church for years.

"Tuesday, January 17, 1881, Ocean Port, N. J. -- What full days these have been! On Saturday I visited several families, and attended the morning and afternoon services. Rev. J. Cookman preached, and Dr. Miiller lectured.

"I remained at Brother Taylor's all night. Sunday morning took part in the services; in the evening spoke at the Baptist church, Rev. Mr. Morse, pastor.

"At the close of the meeting a gentleman came up to me and said, 'I want to thank you for the words uttered to-night. The Lord has blessed my soul. I have been in such darkness for months! Now pray for me that I may live a useful life.'

"Yesterday morning Mrs. Cleveland and her son, the minister, called. I have been deeply interested in his class of young men ever since our covenant of prayer, made the day that we visited the House of Correction in Philadelphia in 1879.

"We called at dear Mrs. Clark's; they have moved into their beautiful home. What true friends they have been! May they have a rich reward! They insisted on our staying all night with them. She will only know in heaven what their kindness has done for my work.

"Met several old friends at Dr. C. C. Moore's office. As we came to the train several railroad-men recognized me. Oh that we could do more for their interests!

"We are going to have a meeting here tonight. Brother Andrews and several sleigh-loads of people are coming from Long Branch; then we shall go home with them, Oh for a blessing this night!

"January 19, 1881. -- Home, sweet home! There is no place like home.

"How glad the loved ones are to see us! I hope Sister Sherman will feel at home with us.

"Oh that we may know clearly heavenly Father's will! This seems to be the place for us to settle in, yet we have so much to consider in all there is to do, and so little to do it with! I had to buy a stove today, it is so very cold here on the river.

"But what a comfort to see mother enjoy this home as she does!

"Everything we have accomplished so far seems as answers to prayer. How dare I falter in my faith? but oh how I need wisdom to know my whole duty!

All seems so dark! I can only persevere and trust for the way to open which now seems so obscure. There are bills that must be paid, and yet no apparent way of meeting them. The 'Macedonian cry' is coming to us from different directions.

"Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us in the moments of today."

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12 -- BLESSINGS RECORDED

One morning Miss Sherman invited brother to go with her to a neighbor's a half mile away; she did not let us know where she was going. When they returned, she gave mother a very pleasant surprise as she presented her with a cow and calf. This was a gift for which we praised

the Giver of every blessing. No one knows how I prayed for the way to open so I would be enabled to get a cow for mother. I knew this would make half the living for them.

"January 26. -- We have had a precious week at home. Started for Philadelphia, and received mail at the depot, which gives us some encouragement to hope that we can get things satisfactorily arranged.

"Brother Adam met us at the Camden ferry-boat, and took us to his hotel for lunch. We went from there to No. 608 Arch street, and met Sallie Leeds, Alice Stokes and other friends. How I long for them, as well as all others who were so kind to me in my affliction, to know that I do not forget their kindness in the past.

"We went to Mr. Wanamaker's; he very kindly took us through the store. What a wonderful place he has! and what a business faculty God has endowed him with! He has surely consecrated it. How little the world knows of the good he accomplishes, especially among his employees! So many incidents have come under my own observation.

"We took tea at Brother H. Garrigues'. They went with us to the entertainment of Mr. Wanamaker's Sabbath School.

"Friday, January 27. This morning we called at Brother Hawkins', and then at Mrs. White's, who had previously sent for me. She told me how she had been impressed to give me fifty dollars that belonged to the Lord. How wonderful this is! Tomorrow I must pay seventy-five dollars, and now I lack but a small amount of having it. Oh how my heart praises God for all this!

"We went to the Friday meeting, where my cup was filled to overflowing with thanksgiving.

"We will remain with Mrs. Lehman tonight, and tomorrow go to New Haven. May the Lord go before us!"

We arrived at New Haven about dusk on Saturday, and had a hearty welcome at the home of Brother Sylvanus Smith.

We both had a battle with self before we consented to labor with Brother Adams, it being under the very eaves of Yale College. We had a man-fearing spirit to overcome, but at our first consecration-meeting for church-members those we feared most were among the first to come to the altar of prayer, where lasting victories were gained.

Every morning we had a covenant meeting in the sitting-room, which seemed like a little paradise; for this room opened out into the conservatory, where they had a large variety of beautiful flowers and singing-birds. Memory will ever hold sacred the seasons spent in that room. Souls came there to be prayed for at our morning worship, and we have been detained with some of them until one o'clock in the afternoon.

It being very cold, the trustees of the church arranged for us to be carried to and from the church in a coupe; this was a great blessing to me, as I was not accustomed to the New England winter winds. This gave an opportunity to labor with our drivers, whom otherwise we would not have reached. We had the privilege of meeting almost every hackman in the livery-stable.

This is a class that have cause for feeling "no one cares for our souls," for they have been sadly neglected, as they have no day of rest. Could all who know the worth of prayer take an interest in the souls of those who carry them out, what a work would be accomplished that is left undone!

The interest of the meetings daily increased. We received so much help and strength in waiting upon the Lord in covenant-meetings that we felt it would be profitable to have an All-Day Meeting.

This was the first we ever held. I quote from my journal:

"Wednesday, February 16, 1881.--

"Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,

And warm and warmer glows.'

"We have had an all-day meeting. Commenced at 9 a. m., and continued without closing until 9 p. m.; any one at liberty to come and go without any disturbance.

"At the close of each hour the last two minutes were spent in silent prayer; then Brother Adams said, 'The Lord is with us,' or 'The Lord hath been with us,' and his voice would be heard in prayer in a manner that impressed us all with the importance of time.

"Sister Sherman had a struggle, as this is the first meeting held since we have been together. She has been an efficient missionary and had no thought of doing public work; but I believe she was baptized today for future work, as I trust we all were.

"Brother Adams told us tonight she would have to aid me in my public as well as personal work.

"Persons spoke and prayed today that never heard their voices in a public congregation, so the day has closed with victory.

"I have promised to visit a brokenhearted mother in the morning whose noble sons are going to ruin. Oh for power to reach the mothers' boys!

"Every time I see the groups of young men over at Yale College my heart yearns for the tempted and tried ones.

"Had a talk with two young men of promise whose parents have cause for anxiety.

"Monday Night, February 21, 10 p. m. -- Yesterday I felt unusually exercised at the morning worship for the choir of boys and their leader, Brother Eddie Smith. It is so impressive to hear them sing!

"I attended Rev. W. R. Webster's church at 11 a. m.; he said to me, 'You don't know how our lives are linked together. Your restoration was made a blessing to us;' and then they told me of their wonderful experience of being shipwrecked."

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13 -- THE BURNING VESSEL SEAWANHOKA

He and his wife thought they would perish as they were clinging to a spar; had committed their loved ones and all their interests into the hands of our heavenly Father, then began to sing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
Oh, receive my soul at last.'

"The singing of this hymn attracted the attention of a passing vessel, and was the means of rescuing them from a watery grave.

"Oh that this old hymn may continue to be as efficient in rescuing souls from perishing!

"We had a large congregation, and I had much liberty. Dear Lord, let the seed sown bring forth fruit, and bless all that we met there, and at the railroad meeting last night.

"I must not forget the visit of Mr. Henry Horne, whom I met for the first time. How the memory of other years came up when he gave me the agency of the Bible Looking-Glass, the first book I ever sold! I remember when he sent me a dozen books. One morning the last penny was gone, and scarcely enough in the house for another meal. I begged of heavenly Father to send some one to buy a book, as that was all I had in the world to bring in anything. Within an hour a lady called, who said she was so impressed that while she was out, she must come and get one of those books.

""Tis the blessed hour of prayer,
When the Savior draws near,
With a tender compassion his children to hear

When he tells us we may cast at his feet every care.'

"Mr. H. never knew what a blessing he was to us. I was so glad to meet him and his wife!

"Today we visited Mr. John Barber, the author who makes his own pictures; his work-room is a curiosity. He is over eighty-one years of age.

"Had a pleasant call this afternoon from Dr. Barber, pastor of Yale College.

"This visit to New Haven will increase our interest in the young men of our land.

"The morning we left, attended the chapel service at Yale, and talked to the students.

"We spent more than three weeks here, and trust we shall meet in heaven the scores of souls saved.

"The day before we left a brother said, 'I was opposed at first to your coming, and did not believe in woman's work, but the Lord has called you; and if you will only stay a week longer, I will give you forty dollars out of my own pocket.'

"I answered, 'My brother, gladly would we stay if we could, but our engagements will not permit.'

"The interest was such they gave me eighty dollars for our service.

"Our farewell meeting was sealed with special blessing.

"We paid another visit to Chloe Lankton, then went on to New York, and from there to Paterson, New Jersey where we labored with Rev. Mr. Hammond in Grace M. E. Church. We were quite at home in a church by this name.

"Some time previous we felt it was a coincidence to meet our pastors together at Ocean Grove -- Dr. Upham from Grace Church, Boston, and Dr. Hys from Grace Church, Dayton, Ohio, where our letters remained until this month.

"We held two meetings every day, visited families, also the silk factory, mosquito-net factories, locomotive and other works. We found many who never went to church anywhere, and some told us no one cared for their souls. Others had been church members, but had wandered away. We assured them of the day of grace.

"Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls today;
Tomorrow it may be too late:
Then why should you delay?"

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14 -- A NOON-HOUR IMPROVED

One evening we took tea where the wife and mother had done all in her power to help the husband and father, and could only hold on by faith; but nothing seemed to touch him. After prayer, just as we were leaving, Sister Addle felt prompted to step back and appeal to him once more, saying, 'Brother, so many are praying for you; your mother, wife, children and others are so anxious to see you saved. Have you ever thought the time will come when they won't care?'

"'Come back into the house,' he cried, 'and tell me when my wife won't care for me. She would give her life for me.

"She answered, 'Why, brother, does not Jesus love you better than even that precious wife?'

"'Yes; that Good Book says so. But when will she not care for me?'

"'It will be when Jesus will say, "I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity"' (Matt. vii. 23).

"He had no words to reply but 'It's enough; you may go.'

"He was made a special subject of prayer.

"At one of our all-day meetings the question came up, Was it best to hold the noon-hour, as so few could remain? We felt impressed to claim the promise, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them' (Matt. xviii. 20). While there were few, no hour of the day was more precious, as is always the case.

"This husband came during that hour and brought another with him. Neither had been in church for a long time. A personal appeal was made; they both came forward, begging of us to pray for them.

"'Man can but work: God can create; But they who work and watch and wait Have their reward, though it may come late.'

"When the victory was gained, they gave their experience.

"After we left our friend that evening, he thought and pondered over what we had said in regard to his family not caring for him. The arrow had gone home to that heart. He said to himself, 'Why, it would not be heaven to my wife if she could know that I was lost.'

"He went to his silk-factory; as the shuttles flew with lightning-speed, they seemed to say, all day long, 'they don't care! they won't care!'

"At night he said, 'I will hush this with whiskey;' but he could not. The more he drank, the more he heard the words ringing in his ears, until he was so convicted he could not sleep, and resolved, if his life was spared until noon at the meeting next day, he would attend.

"He had a terrible struggle with his appetite for beer; had felt he could not live without it, and yet thought he was drinking so moderately that it could not hurt him; but when he attempted to give it up, found he was a slave to his beer. This is not an unusual experience.

"Several such cases have come under our observation, of both gentlemen and ladies, who have commenced taking their beer for medicinal purposes, but were slaves to the appetite before they were aware of it.

"He wrote the history of a silk pocket handkerchief, and presented each of us with one we saw them weave.

"The friend he brought with him confessed he had been a Christian in his foreign home -- at one time a class-leader. Came here, went to church, visited several churches, but no one spoke to him or gave him a welcome. Being homesick, he yielded to the hands of temptation, stretched out to him on the wrong side; so he had wandered far away. Yet he acknowledged there had never been a day but the Spirit of the Lord had been striving with him to come back.

"He was gifted; and when the joy of salvation was restored unto him, he gave very impressive testimony, and, we trust, thereafter led a useful life.

"KIND WORDS.

"Not upon the field of glory
Are the greatest actions wrought;
Though they're not renowned in story,
Never e'en to notice brought,
Little words in kindness spoken,
Gentle acts of mercy done,
Crown us more than victor's token
On the plain of battle won.
Every day comfort one,
And a blessed deed thou'st done.

"Noble 'tis when wealthy labor
In the cause of want and woe,
Feeding, clothing, poorer neighbors,
Reaping blessings as they go;
But not only through the wealthy
May the balm of comfort come:
Rich and poor, and weak and healthy,
Every day might gladden one.
Strive to cheer if but one,

And a blessed deed thou'st done.

"Pass by rude and loud complaining
Rather than forget to heed
Those in silent sorrow pining,
Faces calm and hearts that bleed;
Sweeter far than choicest honey,
Kind words fall on grief oppressed;
Oh, believe that without money
We may help the sore distressed.
Every day comfort one,
And a blessed deed thou'st done."

* * * * *

15 -- JOTTINGS HERE AND THERE

As we came to the last night we had a blessed meeting; a number of ministers present.

"One United Presbyterian had visited me years ago in Bellefontaine, Ohio, but never met me on my feet until this hour. While he was referring to those scenes of my simple trust I was kneeling beside seeking souls at the altar of prayer, and seemed to live over those days again. I lifted my heart in prayer for the same faith that I might trust heavenly Father as simply now, for the present necessities of life, as I had at that time.

"I little knew what was in the next hour for me.

"He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love"

"After service closed, the Sabbath School superintendent made a touching speech; he impressed the fact that 'a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver' (Prov. xxv. 11), then presented each of us with an apple. They insisted upon sharing them with us, mine in particular, as it was the largest, but Addie's was the prettiest.

"Sister Addie was in the secret; up to this time she had never accepted a dollar for service in the Master's work.

"When my apple was cut open, the core proved to be very valuable, as fifty dollars in gold was deposited therein.

"My heart was too full for utterance. No one -- not even Addie -- knew how much this was needed.

"When we reached home, she was surprised to find a ten-dollar gold-piece in her apple.

"February 30. -- Came to New York; Wednesday attended the ladies' union meeting at Dr. Taylor's tabernacle. Several hundred were present; the leading ladies of the city are here represented.

"This was the Mothers' Day.

"The requests for prayer coming from burdened hearts were touching; some were rejoicing that prayer had been answered. One son was going to ruin, and for him prayer had been frequently offered; but since their last meeting he was converted through the faithful perseverance of a praying mother.

"There is welcome for the sinners,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior,
There is healing in his blood.'

"My dear friend Mrs. Schenck invited us to go home with her to lunch at The Westminster Hotel.

"A lady met me, saying, 'Is this Miss Smith, that I have so longed to see? Mrs. Schenck induced me to read your Valley of Baca and its sequel. I am so glad to tell you it has been a great blessing to my soul. Life is so much brighter than ever before.'

"As I looked at this richly-dressed lady I thought, 'How much meaning this expression has, "of life being brightened"! With all the fashionable life she has been surrounded with, her heart has not been satisfied until she found peace in accepting Christ as her Savior!' By request, we had a season of prayer before separating.

"Mrs. Mead sent for me to call at her sister's, Mrs. Beale's; had a precious season there. She gave me five dollars; I spent part of it for tracts.

"I never enter the Bible House but I get a blessing; dear Julia Colman always has a cheering word.

"A gentleman met me on the street corner and thanked me for a card I had given him some time ago while he was on duty.

"Went to Jersey City for the night; stopped at Brother Richard Grant's, and next day went back to New York, with Mrs. Grant, to visit Mrs. Bella Cook, the dear invalid whose life had been such a blessing to hundreds in the sickroom. Her benediction was worth much to us.

"Mrs. G. drove us to the train. Went to Ocean Grove; spent the night at the Trenton House with Brother Davidson. Met many dear friends; so glad to see dear Sister James and Sister Saunders!

"Came via Long Branch to see Brother Andrews. We must decide now about taking the place. I have no doubt of our duty, but, as there is so much repairing to be done, we must take it for two instead of one year. How impressive the words I just read! -- 'Then the disciples went away unto their own home' (John xx. 10).

"Where burns the fireside brightest,
Cheering the social breast,
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hope possessed,
While grief itself has sweetness
At home, sweet home.
There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silvery links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief.
No place like home, sweet home.'

"In March we closed the lease for two years. I said to those present, 'Now this is home until we have a permanent place provided. I don't know whether it will be North or South, East or West; but somewhere in this broad land there is a spot that heavenly Father will give us to locate upon.' As they laughed at me, I said, 'You can laugh; but if life is spared, you will see that spot will be provided.'

"April 10, 1881.--

"Our Father's hand is everywhere!
How could we live at all
Did not his ever-watchful eye
Mark e'en a sparrow's fall?"

"Nothing too small to carry to the Lord in prayer.

"I knew it was in answer to our faith that I was able to make such purchases at the auctions yesterday in Philadelphia. We bought three nice marble-top stands; did not pay over one dollar and a half for either of them. Bought a bright, cheerful Brussels carpet for sixty cents a yard; also chairs and many other things as cheap. And as I came here called at Mr. Brewin's, in Burlington. He let me have several sets so cheap! We find in him a kind friend.

"May the Giver of every blessing abundantly reward each kind friend that favors me in any way! I know he will bless Sister Addle for the way she is working to help get the house in order.

"We have been painting, papering, and brother is getting fences made; so everything begins to look cheerful. But how much there is to do yet! and so many things to get! Addie's

green furniture makes the parlor look nice; it is a comfort to see two rooms completed. How the words strengthen! -- 'onward courageously.

"Bend thee in action, nerve thee to duty;
Whate'er it may be, never despair.
God reigns on high; pray to him truly:
He will an answer give to thy prayer.'

"It is wonderful how prayer has been answered in so many little things.

"We must take mother to the city tomorrow to have her teeth extracted. How I long to have her relieved of toothache! And we may be able to get her a new set soon. Dear faithful mother! How she deserves all we can do for her!

"When we arrived at Philadelphia, I expected to go with mother to the dentist; but Addle, knowing how I dreaded it, took advantage of a call I had to attend to, and I found they had arranged it all, so all was over before I knew it. I felt so grateful for her thoughtfulness; it was such a relief not to witness it."

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16 -- THE POWER OF PRAYER

Mrs. Hannah W. Smith invited us to her home in Germantown, where she had a little company of friends.

"She placed in my hand, as I left her home, an envelope with twenty-five dollars in it; she desired me to get a dress with part of it.

"We met here a Mexican lady. I discovered by the conversation that she was a missionary going to New York, but did not know where she would stay. I felt impressed to give her a letter of introduction to Bethany Institute; and when I did this, a deep conviction seized my heart that I must invite her to our home to rest, for she was a homeless one that had many warm friends, yet needed to retire from all, in order to regain her strength. I said to her when I had opportunity alone, 'I feel constrained to ask you to come to my home from New York and take a rest. Can't you come?'

"She gave me such a look as she grasped my hand with a tear in her eye, saying, 'Why do you invite me thus? Have you been so impressed from anything said?'

"No, I can't say that I have, but felt directed of the Lord to ask you.'

"Oh, my dear sister, only the dear Lord knows my need of such a rest.

Surely this is in answer to prayer. Will you permit me to see you in the morning?'

"Yes; I believe the Lord has brought us together for mutual good.'

"The next morning she called; gave me some of her experience. She was converted from heathenism. Never saw one of our Bibles until twelve years ago; her conversion was brought about by the Holy Spirit through that Bible, without human instrumentality. Her knowledge of the word of God proved to be wonderful. She had been a traveling-companion of a lady for one year in Europe, then with her labors in the Master's work she had become almost prostrated.

"In May she came to us, and remained until October. The day she came was ever to be remembered -- the first guest in our home. Our friend Elizabeth Nicholson came with her. I trembled at the thought of friend N. coming, for I knew her peculiarities. If she was favorably impressed, she would be a blessing in her report to my friends; if not, I felt her visit would be a detriment. But she was so delighted with the place and prospects that she at once said she and Miss Jones would furnish one room. It was not long until the carpet and furniture came, and the room looked lovely. Then my friend that gave me one hundred dollars in Boston sent another, which furnished another, and helped to get the carpets.

"I went to New York. Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Saunders went with me to the carpet-factory, where Messrs. Higgins & Co. favored me by very great reductions.

"Mrs. S. said, 'Miss Jennie, you must please us and take this carpet; if you will pay five dollars more, we will pay the balance.'

"Indeed, I don't see how I can.' ""Your parlors will look so much nicer! And, besides, it is worth double the others you have selected.'

"They finally prevailed, and I never regretted my bargain; always remembered their kindness gratefully.

"Mrs. Field presented me with five dollars, so I had the amount to replace that which I could hardly spare.

"It seemed wonderful how, little by little, I was able to get the whole house completed. Yet I had scarcely an article but I had prayed about before the way opened to get it.

"We could not see what to do about a cook-stove, but through Mrs. Lever the way was opened to get one at wholesale.

"The day before I ordered this I lacked considerable of having sufficient, yet prayed that I might sell books to make it up.

"Next mail a letter came from Mrs. H. and Miss T. expressing a deep interest, saying they felt constrained to send the enclosed check for twenty-five dollars to help in the Master's work.

"Then came a ten-dollar-bill I had given up ever getting; supposed it was lost. Brother Burdett Smith, thinking it would be a help, sent us a type-writer. These were surely providences in our lives.

"One of the encouragements was the improvement of my brother's health and his success on the place.

On The Boat Columbia

"Monday, July 11, 1881. -- Addie, Miss Nesbit, Rockia and I are starting for Round Lake, N. Y., to the National Camp-meeting. I leave home feeling deeply the responsibility of going. I trust it will not be in vain, but to the glory of God.

"I am so glad Sister Mary has come from Ohio; she will be a real care-taker, and relieve mother when I must be away.

"I do praise the Lord for all we have been able to do, and will trust him to fill our home with those who may be benefited by it. It rejoices my heart to know those in our home are happy.

"Mrs. Cowan, the Jewess, thanked me yesterday for so kindly reading from the Psalms and singing the hymns at family worship when she was present, that she could enter into the spirit of them.

"We have four missionaries, God's own chosen ones, all homeless, but such blessings as they bring to us! Mrs. Lever is mighty in faith; I gain strength every day through our covenants of prayer.

"On Wednesday, Mrs. L. brought a little orphan-girl eleven years old. We have both prayed earnestly for guidance in the matter. The child must have a home, and I felt so clear in taking her in for a year, at least. She is a sweet singer, and, while they thought she was a child of little affection, I find her hungry to be loved. I trust we will have wisdom to train her aright. Mrs. D. put into my hand a piece of gold to keep up the child's wardrobe.

"A lady sitting near me heard a gentleman call my name; she came over and said to me, "'Are you the lady that was cured?' "'I am,' I answered.

"I heard you speak two years ago at Wharton Street church. I was converted after that through reading your books.'

"Just then the boat landed, we were separated, with no time for further explanations, as we had to make haste to reach the train. Shall we ever meet again?

"We made good time; spent an hour in New York, and now are on our way up the Hudson River, on the City of Troy. Have had a grand reunion of friends; a large company are on board. Brother Inskip and party are with us. Have had a blessed season of singing and prayer. Most of the company have retired.

"Captain A. and crew remember us from last year; all accepted cards, with thanks. I was shown several cards I gave them a year ago. In the morning they invited us to the pilot-house, where a work was done, and we enjoyed the scenery.

"How rejoiced I was to find a Y. M. C. A. Reading-Room at Troy depot, with prospects of a new building! and seven men that I conversed with last year have all been converted. I promised to be at the railroad-meeting on the next Tuesday night. Filled this engagement, and had a meeting ever to be remembered. One of their number was killed that day, and all felt it deeply.

"We had a glorious meeting at Round Lake; were entertained at Brother B.'s. lovely home.

"When we returned to New York, I fulfilled my promise to look after the interest of the new building. I went to the Grand Central depot; inquired for Colonel Tousey. A gentleman said,

"'There he is coming out of his office, at the far end of the hall.'

"I approached him, gave my name. He said, 'Ah! this is Miss Smith. Mr. Clark has told me about you. I presume you want to know something about that building?'

"'Yes, Mr. Tousey; I am anxious to know if they will have a R. R. Y. M. C. A. building at Troy.'

"I am happy to tell you that building will be completed; it is going up soon.'

"With this assurance, I wrote them when the building was dedicated we would be there if possible, according to their request.

"I made engagements all along the Hudson, with a proviso, if we went to Troy, these would be filled, but not until that building was completed.

"September 11. -- We went to Ocean Grove with our friends; called at Rev. G. R. Alden's -- 'Pansy's;' they arranged to spend several weeks with us, also Mrs. Livingston. Quite a party are coming.

"I had word from home that I must bring a cook; sister was sick, and we would have about twenty in family. I was obliged to go home, so I left Miss Sherman to look after help. I said to her,

"'Whatever you do, don't come without a girl. There was one converted at Cassie and Louis Smith's meeting yesterday; perhaps you can get her. Telegraph me tonight.'

"She told us her experience when she came home."

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17 -- TRUSTING IN LITTLE THINGS

I found the girl you referred to was only a nurse. After spending nearly the entire day, every one in the hotels told me it was too late: all had gone from the grove, and it would be impossible to get a servant.

"As I stood under the shade-tree I prayed about it with confidence; I could tell heavenly Father the extreme need in the case, and asked for direction. I then thought I would use the first means and ask the first person I met, and that was a little colored girl with a baby in the carriage. I said to her, "Do you know of any woman that wants work?"

"She looked at me a moment before answering:

""Yes; if you will go with me, I will show you a woman that wanted work t'other day."

"I followed her a long way; then she went into a cottage, saying,

""Please, mum, just wait a minute, until I feed the baby; then I will show you the way."

"I waited patiently, as I had a seat on the porch, until the baby was fed, then started again. We had not gone far when she said,

""There she is, coming out of that house.'

"The moment I saw her I felt she was the one. Went to her; laid my hand on her arm, saying,

""That little girl told me you want a place. I need a woman to go with me to a good Christian home."

"I then explained to her what she would have to do and what you would give her. She had been getting ten dollars a week; I told her you could give only three or four. She answered,

"... Oh, missus, if only I can be where you'll help me to be a child of the Lord, I am willing to do any way. Well, now, this may be just what I have been praying for. I have not been able to attend any meetings this summer. Can you help me to get nearer to God if I come?"

"Just then her son, a very intelligent looking young mulatto, came out; she told him. They agreed she could come, but he said to her,

""Mother, don't be like the baker and butler. Don't forget me when you get a place. Remember how much I want to study for the ministry."

"At that moment the lady came out of the hotel. I said to her,

"... I heard you were through with this woman, so I have hired her."

"She replied, ... You have one of the best workers in the grove. If I kept my house open, Sarah should not leave here."

"They arrived at home next day; she proved to be a valuable servant. Her husband was a minister, and it was not long until she was restored to the peace she once enjoyed. We interceded in getting her son a place.

"If our faith were but more simple,
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.'

"We held a meeting every Sabbath afternoon. When very crowded, we were compelled to go out under the trees; so a friend presented us with a small tent, which we used for this purpose in the yard. The interest increased.

"Our missionaries, we believe, did a good work with the shad-fishermen. One associated with them was converted through a tract, and, from what we learn, a change wrought in his whole life.

"They visited families that never went to church.

"One day a man and woman called to rent the little house on the place; it was evident to us all, they had seen better days, but the mark of dissipation was written upon their countenances. We did not let them have it; after they were gone we felt it was a mistake. That night all agreed to pray for them, as they were doing for many special cases.

"Many a blessing came to our own souls in our covenants of prayer.

"Our butcher was a very nice young man, but he confessed to me his bad habits were growing upon him; begged us to pray for him. He seemed much affected when I told him we could not eat his meat without praying for him -- that he had been the subject of prayer for some weeks. During the revival at the Baptist church in Florence he was happily converted, and lived an earnest Christian life for two years, then very suddenly went home to heaven. He was a young man of much promise; left a loving wife and many friends to mourn his loss, but all knew their loss was his eternal gain.

"Two days after we agreed to pray for the husband and wife they came back, saying they would take the house at our terms and she would do the washing for the guests. Our ladies at once made them feel they were interested in the salvation of their souls. Not long after they gave up their beer drinking habits, and ere long there came a change in the little cabin: it began to look cozy, with a new stove, table, chairs and carpet. They made their little home a place all enjoyed peeping into. After they were converted it was wonderful what a change it wrought.

They were a comfort to us all, for they became very useful, and she has since been restored to her family relations, of excellent standing.

"Another instance where 'the poisoned arrow shot from the devil's tongue of slander' caused the blighted hopes of a daughter.

"If we would but check the speaker
"When he spoils his neighbor's fame;
If we would but help the erring
Ere we utter words of blame,--
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame!

"Oh the wrong that might be righted
If we would but see the way!
Oh the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray!

"Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift the falling ones,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

"In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still we shrink from souls appealing
"With a timid "If we could!"
But a God who judges all things
Knows the truth is "if we would.""

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18 -- A MAN WITHOUT HOPE

One Sabbath afternoon, at the close of service, a lady said to Addie, 'Do you visit the sick? There is a man a half mile from here very sick; he cannot live, and is unsaved.'

She answered, 'Yes, we make a specialty of such cases. Will you go with me?' "After hesitating she said, 'It is a peculiar case. You may not get into the house, and, if you do, may not get to see the sick man.'

"Well, if we make a persevering effort, that is all that is. required of us. We will do our duty.'

"Sister Addle gave us the experience as follows:

"We went; found them in the large kitchen, where she was washing dishes. She at first paid no attention; did not stop her work, as we entered the open door, even to look up, until we began to tell her how sorry we were that we did not know of her trouble before. A cord of sympathy was touched, and she began to be interested; her countenance changed. I did not approach the husband until I saw the tear in his eye. He was a terrible sufferer. I then tried to comfort him, and after a time talked gently about our sympathizing Savior, who could do more for both soul and body than any human being. (The lady had not told me he had driven the minister out of the house a few days before because he asked if he might pray.)

"As I told him what a friend he could have in Jesus, the tears began to roll down his cheeks. I then said, "May I not ask Jesus to come and comfort and help you to bear your sufferings?"

"He answered, with sobbing, ... Oh, yes, do, do!"

"When in my prayers I asked God to wipe out his past influence of evil, he groaned so he could have been heard quite a distance.

"I visited him every day; he was converted three days after this. While alone he said to his wife:

""Oh, my sins are all forgiven; my peace is made with God. Oh how I love everybody!"

"He lived two weeks after his conversion, which was very clear, but his constant regret was, his worse than wasted life; that he had not lived a Christian longer; that his life might have been useful on earth. His wife and daughter were both converted. He died a peaceful death.'

"With all the comfort there is in a death-bed repentance, we cannot help but shudder at the thought of what a risk is run in putting off the one thing needful to a dying-hour, and the impressive thought is, Even if saved, there will be no fruit for eternity."

Dear reader, are you giving any thought to this matter? I beg of you to consider it seriously. Get ready to live well; then you will be prepared to die well.

The Shadow Of A Great Rock
By Mark Trafton

When all we hoped is passed,
When all we feared is come,
And life's last sands are dropping fast
Into the sounding tomb,

Behind are bitter tears
Sprinkled on all our way,
Around are dark and gathering fears,
Excluding light of day,

Then where, where shall I hide
When storms my soul shall toss?
My Savior, where but in thy side,
And sheltered by thy cross?

My tears shall there be dried,
My darkness pass away;
My fears and doubts shall all subside,
And night give place to day.

-- Zion's Herald

"As we came to the close of the summer season we felt grateful for the blessings that had crowned our efforts with success.

"All that came to our home seemed to enjoy the place; letters received proved that souls had been blest through the morning and evening worship, and other services and associations. All who manage a boarding-house know how difficult it is to establish this rule, but with perseverance it can be done very easily.

"We had felt the need of an organ, but could not think of getting one. Rev. G. R. Alden kindly proposed sending one for a time, so Pansy's Organ would send out the call to worship. Before this came, as they began to sing, all knew what it meant. We invite all to worship, then leave it optional with the guests; but they generally desire to be present. I was so impressed with the hymn sung before we started to our first field of work:

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask--
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray."

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19 -- COVENANT PRAYER SOLICITED

Ocean Port, N. J., Oct. 14, 1881. In pastor's study. -- Blessed place of prayer! Here, Lord, I consecrate myself anew to thy service. Do aid us as we launch out again into the white harvest-field. May Brother Pearne and Sister Addie have thy special blessing in the visiting of families this morning. Arouse every parent. So many are not alive to the interest of their children's salvation. Do bless our meeting to-night in behalf of young men. I am more than ever convinced we do not half appreciate the temptations with which they are surrounded, nor reach out as we should, the helping hand of sympathy.

"One year today since mother came to our new home. We can surely say, 'The Lord hath led us through this year,' and never have I had deeper yearnings for greater power to reach souls, and such a longing to be able to reach the railroad work; but we can only be obedient and believe our way will in some way be opened.

"At the close of ten days with Rev. Pearne, we were obliged to leave in the midst of a good work. The last night several were converted, but still there was such an exercise about souls in that house!

"I could not tell who, but felt most solemnly the last appeal was being made to some one present. The power of God was felt by all.

"At the close a man came to me trembling like an aspen-leaf, with the sweat-drops standing upon his brow. He said,

"'Oh, I know I should have taken the step. Won't you pray for me?'" We replied:

"'Come now; we will gladly pray for you, late as it is. I beg of you don't put it off another hour. You may go out of here a saved man if you will only surrender that stubborn will, but this must be done.'

"The answer came, 'I know it -- I know I ought to yield tonight; but I will not now. Yet won't you pray for me?'

"This was his last opportunity: three men who were there that night were killed before ten days. Oh the importance of improving time while it is called today!

"Philadelphia, Pa., Monday, Oct. 24, 1881. -- How I praise the Lord for our Monday-morning covenant of prayer!

"My journal, you have been neglected. "Came to the city Thursday; attended to business; remained all night with Mrs. E. T. Fieberger at the 'Magdalen Home.' I am so deeply interested in the great work she is doing for the fallen of our own sex! Here in this home are met together

the young, many of them the only children of their parents, with Sabbath-school training and much to encourage them to right and proper living."

Where lies the fault of the downfall of these dear girls? Christians, are we blameless? Sabbath-school teachers, "whatsoever your hand findeth to do," are you doing it with all your might, that they may be saved from the temptations that surround our young of these days?

In this home I have seen some glorious conversions, and how faithful many have been to the light given them! My mind reverts to one in particular who for two years was an inmate of this home. In one of our visits there she was converted, and since she has left -- now more than six years -- has lived a consistent Christian life. Not without many hard conflicts with the world, and with much to depress and discourage, with but little sympathy, because she was a "sinner," yet amidst it all has stood firm, and today is winning souls for heaven.

Before me lies a poem written by one of these dear redeemed ones, and it tells its own story of her love for the Master who said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

Not My Way

Though my way is sometimes lonely,
And the darkness gathers, too,
Yet I know there's One who's with me
That will bring me safely through.

Often doubtful, often questioning
What to do or how to go,
Till a voice within me whispers,
Just ask Jesus: He will know.

Oh for faith to trust him fully!
Oh for grace that I may say,
Not my will, but thine, dear Father;
Ever lead me in thy way.

For thy way is so much better
For a weak and erring one;
When the path was of my choosing,
Each step, farther led from home.

Lead me on through cloud or sunshine
As my hand in thine I place;
Bring me safely home to glory,
There to see thee face to face."

"Attended Friday-afternoon meeting, which was to my soul a feast of fat things. Visited the sick and prayed with a penitent. Remained all night with Mrs. Edis; she sent for me. Found a lovely bonnet awaiting me. They have been such kind friends to me!

"Saturday, by request, visited the Home For Reformed Men, where my heart was touched by the experiences given. Yet what a work is being done through that home!

"Attended Wharton Street M. E. church at night, where old memories were revived. I never can enter where I was wheeled on my cot for the last time into a church, but I seem to live over the past; it brings me into a very humble place before the Lord in the realization of my indebtedness to him.

"Sabbath had a refreshing season at worship, then went with Brother Garrigues and wife to penitentiary service. Hundreds of prisoners could hear every word we said, yet we could not see a face. Most solemn of any place I ever talked. We were permitted to shake hands and give tracts through the bars.

"Eleven a. m. went to Friends' meeting, where we had much liberty, then to the place where a sick one begged us to go -- to the Home For Incurables. My heart could enter into full sympathy with the dear ones as they grasped my hand and looked up so pleadingly. I felt my mission to them was to endeavor to make them feel resigned to be fully submissive to God's will; then whatsoever he willeth can be accomplished through them.

"Quite late went into the W. C. T. U. temperance meeting at Ninth and Spring Garden; a good meeting. One soul, we trust, delivered from bondage of tobacco. He has, it seems, been fighting the matter for months with his own conscience, but today gained the victory he has long been seeking.

"At night had a crowded interesting Railroad-Meeting. So cheering to hear testimonies that prove a little card given in the name of the Lord is not in vain, conversions resulting from it!

"Nothing stirs my heart more than the experience of railroad-men.

"After a few days at home we started to the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention, at Washington, D. C.

"The day before going we had a party of friends from Philadelphia -- Rev. Rice, members and officers from his church, the First Moravian. They invited us to their church, but I could hardly think they were in earnest, until they convinced us they were. Finally I said,

"If your Board unites in the invitation, we will go for a week; but where there is one dissenting voice in a Board, we do not feel it is our place.'

"We went on to Washington. My heart was so burdened for the railway work! i said to my mother before leaving home,

"This burden must be removed, or the way opened to do something. I cannot bear this pressure longer.'

"During the convention at Washington a Railway Department was created, and the prayers of years answered in the providential openings for labor among and in behalf of those who are so deserving of our sincerest interest and sympathy -- they whose faithfulness the traveling public are so dependent upon."

And I would solicit the prayer of faith for all in our field of labor, which is now a vast territory; also for our home, at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, Md., on the Allegheny Mountains, a religious summer resort. The spot we were directed to by Him who hath led us thus far, and all is consecrated to his service.

It is becoming established as a training-home for Christian workers, as well as a summer boarding-house. My hopes have been more than realized, and I trust, if life is spared, I shall yet be able to complete my plans and accomplish a more effectual work for the blessed cause of Christ.

Dear reader, our ramblings must close for the present, but we will resume them in No. 2, that you may have the benefit of what follows.

My prayer is that a blessing may rest upon each immortal soul -- they that even pick the rags; those that make the paper, or print the pages, or bind the books, or in any way handle them; also those who sell, buy or read the "Valley Of Baca," "From Baca To Beulah" and "Ramblings In Beulah Land."

May our covenant of prayer be a blessing to all who unite with us! Eternity alone will reveal the result. May we all come with sheaves to lay at the Master's feet!

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THE END