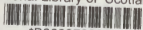


MS. 1. 27. 141-7

D. R. McDonald
Manse
Robert Harris Invernessh
Scotland

John R. 1 attach

National Library of Scotland



B000270330

D. R. Macdonald, 116
F. V. Manly,
Tashkent, Harrow;

Brown



PROVIDENCE DISPLAYED;

OR,

ANECDOTES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF PROVIDENCES

OR

MERCY AND JUDGMENT.

“ Verily, there is a reward for the righteous: verily, he is a God that judgeth in the earth.—*Psalms.*”

GLASGOW :

GEORGE GALLIE, 99, BUCHANAN STREET.

1840.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

1880

EDUCATION

1880

PREFACE.

THE careful observation of Providence, may be regarded as a duty and a privilege: "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." On the other hand, the neglect of this observation is threatened in the word of God: "Because they regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operation of his hands, he shall destroy them, and not build them up." In the following brief production, a two-fold view of Providence is given, in which we are called to "behold the goodness and severity of God." Although it be true, that generally speaking, "all things come alike to all," and that "no man knoweth either love or hatred by all that is before them," still, there are many cases of exception, in which the Providence of God is so strikingly displayed, both in a way of mercy and vengeance, that men are constrained to say, "Verily, there is a reward for the righteous; verily, he is a God that judgeth in the earth."

For the sake of order, and to afford facility in selecting appropriate anecdotes for particular occasions, the Compiler has arranged them in various sub-divisions, under two general heads. He is not aware of any work of the kind being before the Public, equally cheap in price, and comprehensive in plan, as the present compilation. He hopes it will meet with a share of Public acceptance, and its perusal prove, through the divine blessing, beneficial to the Reader.

CONTENTS.

PROVIDENCES OF MERCY

	PAGE
Providential Supply of Temporal Wants,	5
Providential Deliverance from Imminent Danger,	14
Providential Deliverance from Persecutors, Assassins, &c.,	20
Providential Prevention of Suicide,	25
Providential Interposition in the Conversion of Sinners or Comfort of Saints,	28
Providential Interposition in Answer to Prayer,	32

PROVIDENCES OF JUDGMENT.

Providential Judgments on Persecutors,	40
Providential Judgments on Sabbath-Breakers,	44
Providential Judgments on Profane and Irreligious Persons,	47
Providential Judgments on Liars, Perjured Persons, &c.,	52
Providential Judgments on Murderers, Oppressors, &c.,	56
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.	60

PROVIDENCE DISPLAYED, &c.

Providential Supply of Temporal Wants.

Whilst the cruel persecution, carried on by the Emperor Maximian, was raging, the ancestors of the celebrated Basil, along with a few servants, fled for safety to a certain cave in the side of a mountain. There they remained above seven years, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and subsisted upon bread alone. But that God who fed the Israelites in the desert with manna and quails, directed unprovided and unexpected caterers to visit them,—namely, a number of fat stags, which approached to the place of their retreat, though no person was pursuing them. Of these they killed what was necessary for their present wants, and conveyed the rest which made no opposition, but went willingly, to a place of confinement, to be reserved for future use. “So true,” adds the pious Witsius, “is that observation of the Psalmist, ‘The young lions do lack and hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.’”

During the bloody persecution in France, under Charles IX., the protestants fled in all directions for safety. A servant of Christ took refuge in a secluded spot, where no supplies could be obtained from his friends. Here he most probably would have perished, had not Providence directed a hen to lodge an egg daily for some time, in the place of his concealment.

Mr. Turner in his History of Providence, relates, that when the people of a certain sea-port town (Hastings) in England were in great poverty, and suffered much by scarcity of money and provisions, it pleased God that an unusual and great shoal of herrings came up the river, by which the inhabitants were plentifully supplied for the present; and the week after a multitude of cod succeeded them, which were supposed to have driven the former into the river before them; by which means the necessities of the poor inhabitants were unexpectedly and remarkably supplied.

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

The Rev. Mr. Nosworthy, who died in the seventeenth century, was by the persecution of the times, occasionally reduced to great straits. Once when he and his family had breakfasted, they had nothing left for another meal, and his wife asked, "What shall I do for my poor children?" He persuaded her to take a walk with him, and seeing a little bird, he said, "Take notice how that bird sits and chirps, though it knows not from whence it shall have a dinner. Therefore, be of good cheer, and do not distrust the providence of God; for are we not better than many sparrows?" They returned, and before dinner-time they had plenty of provisions brought them; and thus was the promise fulfilled, "They who trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing."

Mr. David Anderson, once minister of Walton-upon-Thames, fearing the return of Popery, went, with his wife and five small children, to reside at Middleburgh, in Zealand. Sometime after, he was reduced to the greatest distress, but was restrained by modesty from making his case known. One morning, however, after he had been at prayer with his family, when they were all in tears together, because his children asked bread for breakfast, and he had none to give them, the bell rang, and Mrs. Anderson found a person at the door, who gave her a paper containing forty pieces of gold, which, he said, a gentleman had sent her. Soon after a country man brought a horse loaded with provisions; but neither of the messengers would say from whom they were sent. Afterwards, money was regularly conveyed to Mr. Anderson to pay his rent, and ten pounds sterling every quarter; yet to the day of his death, he never discovered who was his benefactor. But Mr. John Quick, pastor of the English church at Middleburgh, in 1681, was told by a gentleman then in the magistracy, that he carried the money to Mr. Anderson, being then apprentice to a pious merchant of the place; who observing a grave English minister apparently in want and dejected, privately inquired into his circumstances; and, with all possible secrecy, made him those remittances, saying, "God forbid that any of Christ's ambassadors should be strangers, and in distress, and we neglect to assist them."

The Rev. Henry Erskine, who laboured in Northumberland in the seventeenth century, was often with his family reduced to very great straits, but had to record a number of remarkable interpositions of the providence of God in his favour. At one time, in particular, their small store was entirely exhausted. When they had supped in the evening, there remained neither bread, meal, flesh, nor money, in the house. The children, awaking early in the morning, cried for bread. The good man must have felt exceedingly for them, not having a morsel to give, and not knowing

where he was to find a breakfast, either for the parents or the children. But his faith did not fail, and his mental tranquillity remained undisturbed. With his usual cheerfulness, he did what he could to entertain the children, and to encourage the sorrowing mother and himself to depend on that gracious Providence which feeds the young ravens when they cry for food. It is even stated, that he took a musical instrument, with which he sometimes played, and began to divert them with a tune. He played and wept alternately; he being in one apartment and they in another. While he was thus engaged, they heard the sound of a horse's feet coming along by the side of the house, and immediately a country-fellow knocked hard at the door, and called for some one to help him off with his load. Being asked whence he had come, and what was his errand, he informed them that he came from the Lady Raeburn with some provisions for Mr. Erskine. They told him he must be mistaken; and that it was more likely to be for Mr. Erskine of Shielfield, in the same place. He replied, no: he knew what he said, and he was not such a sot as they took him to be; he was sent to Mr. Henry Erskine. "Come," he concluded, "help me off with my load, or else I will throw it down at the door." They therefore took it from him, and brought it into the house: and having opened the sack, they found it well filled with meal, cheese, and flesh, for the relief of the family. Thus, he experienced the accomplishment of the promise, "Bread shall be given him, his water shall he sure;" and was mightily encouraged to rely on his Heavenly Benefactor in all his future straits.

At another time, having made a visit to Edinburgh, his finances were so much reduced, that he had only three half-pence in his pocket. Though standing in need of some refreshment, consciousness of inability to pay the bill made him ashamed to enter a tavern and call for victuals. But, when walking in the streets, somewhat pensive and perplexed, he was addressed by

a person apparently come from the country, who inquired, whether or not he was Mr. Henry Erskine? He answered in the affirmative, and asked what he had to say? "I have a letter for you," was the reply. The letter, which was immediately delivered, had seven Scots ducatoons inclosed in it, and consisted of the few following words:—"Sir, receive this from a sympathizing friend: Farewell." Mr. Erskine invited the hearer to accompany him to an adjoining house of entertainment and drink with him; and no one else being present, proceeded to inquire with earnestness who his kind benefactor was, that he might return him thanks. The honest man, however, replied, that he must be excused from mentioning the name; for secrecy was enjoined, and he could not betray his trust. Mr. Erskine, anxious to form at least some plausible conjecture regarding the unknown friend to whom he was indebted for this seasonable aid, then began to ask him to what part of the country he himself belonged. But the man wishing, it appears, to get rid of Mr. Erskine's importunity, begged him to stop a little while he went out. Being once gone, however, he returned no more; and who that generous benefactor was, the grateful recipient of his bounty, could never discover.

Being on a journey, at another time, his money fell short, and he was in danger of being exposed to much inconvenience. But, as he walked on, he stepped aside towards a bush of rushes, and, when attempting to fix his staff in the marshy ground, he heard something tinkle at the end of it. On stooping down to examine the spot, he found two half-crowns, which did him good service on his way home.

The Rev. John Mortimer was an eminently pious and zealous minister, who lived in the seventeenth century, and frequently preached in some of the deserted churches in London, during the prevalence of the plague. After this he removed to Exeter, where he was so greatly reduced in his circumstances as to be

compelled to leave home on account of his being in debt.—As he was walking along the road, he met a man driving some sheep, whom he endeavoured to avoid. But the man came up to him, and put a paper in his hand, which contained a sum of money. He immediately returned to his wife, who had been greatly dejected, and gave her the paper. On opening it, they found nothing written but these words—“To Preach Providence.” The whole family, as might easily be supposed, were greatly affected on receiving such a seasonable supply in so remarkable a manner.

During the siege of the protestant city of Rochelle, under Louis XIII. and cardinal Richelieu, the inhabitants endured great miseries before they yielded to an honourable capitulation: the terms of which, however, were far from being kept by their enemies. During the height of calamity among the Rochellois, some charitable individuals, who had previously formed secret magazines, relieved their starving brethren without blazoning their good deed. The widow of a merchant, named Prosni, who was left with the charge of four orphan children, had liberally distributed her stores while any thing remained among the less favoured neighbours; and whenever she was reproached with profusion and want of foresight by a rich sister-in-law of less benevolent temper, she was in the habit of replying, “The Lord will provide for us.” At length when her stock of food was utterly exhausted, and she was spurned with taunts from the door of her relatives, she returned home destitute, broken-hearted, and prepared to die together with her children. But it seemed as if the mercies once displayed at Zarephath were again to be manifested; and that there was still a barrel and a cruse in reserve for the widow, who, humbly confident in the bounty of Heaven, had shared her last morsel with the supplicant in affliction. Her little ones met her at the threshold with cries of joy. During her short absence, a stranger visiting the house had deposited in it a sack of flour, and the single

bushel which it contained was so husbanded as to preserve their lives till the close of the siege. Their unknown benefactor was never revealed; but the pious mother was able to reply to her unbelieving kinswoman, "The Lord hath provided for us."

The Rev. Mr. Flavel informs us that a good woman, from whose mouth he received the fact, being driven to great extremity, all supplies failing, was harassed by unbelieving doubts and fears with regard to her future prospects, when, lo! at the very moment when despair had nearly overcome her, turning over some old things in a chest, she discovered a piece of gold, which supplied her immediate wants, and lasted till another door of help was opened. "If these things fall out casually, how is it," asks the pious writer, "that they observe the very juncture of time so exactly?"

The Rev. John Newton relates, that many proofs had passed under his immediate notice of the faithfulness of God in answering the prayers of parents, who had left behind them young and helpless children. He especially mentions a friend of his, a laborious christian minister, in the west of England, in whose family the Divine promise was fulfilled.—This good man, when dying, was advised to make his will, but he replied, "I have nothing to leave but my wife and children, and I leave them to the care of my gracious God;" and soon after he died happily. No prospect appeared for the support of his family; but the Lord disposed a man, who had always disliked his preaching, to feel for his destitute family; and by his means, £1,600 were raised for them; and the clergy of Exeter, who had never countenanced his ministry, gave his widow a house and garden for her life; so that she lived in greater ease and plenty than in the lifetime of her husband.

"Being detained," says General Burn, "on board the Cormorant at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, for nearly a month, by strong westerly winds, I grew weary, and being anxious to know something about the Royal George, I set off early one fine morning in the passage-

boat for Portsmouth, purposely to inquire at the Admiral's office if she was soon expected in port. I fully intended to have returned to Cowes by the first boat, as I had just money enough left for that purpose; but to my great sorrow, about noon it began to blow a most violent gale, so that none of the boats would venture out for several days. Never was I placed in a more distressing situation. A perfect stranger in Portsmouth, with only a few pence in my pocket, I continued walking round and round the ramparts nearly the whole of the day, till I was so completely worn out with fatigue and hunger, that the violence of the wind almost drove me off my legs. Night was approaching; finding it impossible to continue in this state much longer, and being well nigh distracted, I began to devise schemes where I should rest, and I should satisfy my craving appetite. At last I fixed on the following expedient: Having a pair of silver buckles on my shoes, the gift of an affectionate sister, I determined, though grieved at the deed, to take them to some Jew in the town, and exchange them for metal ones, in the hope that the overplus would procure me a lodging, and purchase some food. Just as I was stepping off the rampart to put my plan into execution, I was accosted in a very friendly manner by an old acquaintance, who shook me by the hand, and asked me if I had dined. When I answered in the negative, he replied, 'Then come along with me; we are just in time.' By this friend I was plentifully supplied for a few days, till the weather permitted me to return to my ship at Cowes. Thus the same compassionate God who feeds the ravens when they cry, was at no loss to find means to supply the wants of an ungrateful mortal, who did not then seek him by prayer, nor acknowledge the benefit so seasonably bestowed; but having been since several times at Portsmouth, I have walked round the ramparts with a glad heart, in the recollection of his mercy, praising the Lord under a feeling sense of his goodness."

In the winter of 1803, a poor man sent one of his

children to the sea-side, to gather the small pieces of sticks that might have been washed on shore. While thus occupied, the little girl observed a piece of paper floating on the waves, and blown to and fro by the wind; and, at length, it was cast ashore, on the exact spot where she stood. She took it home, and it was found to be a pound note! By this means, the family were relieved from the utmost want. The whole of the household, consisting of the man, his wife, and eight children, had been suffering the severest privations for some time: and, as he was a pious man he did not fail to recognize and acknowledge the hand of Providence, and to notice the fulfilment of the declaration:—"Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

The Rev. Thomas Scott, the celebrated commentator, at one time of his life was called to struggle with many difficulties, but received at the same time many unexpected helps. "I had," says he, "frequent attacks of sickness; and after one long and dangerous illness, which had occasioned heavy additional expenses, my wife, who was seldom disposed to distrust Providence, lamented to see the increase of our debts, as the medical charges amounted to above ten pounds. It was my turn on this occasion to be the stronger in faith, and I answered confidently, 'Now observe, if the Lord do not in some way send us an additional supply to meet the expense, which it is not in our power to avoid. I had at the time no idea of the source whence the additional supply was to be derived; but, in the afternoon of the same day, when I was visiting my people, Mr. Higgins, jun. called at my house, and left a paper, which he said, when I had filled up the blanks, would entitle me to ten pounds from a sum of money left for the relief of poor clergymen. This I never received at any other time, nor can I recollect the source from which it came.'

A minister in the neighbourhood of London, was at one time in very straitened circumstances. All his money being expended, and himself and his children

being in want of shoes, his mind was exceedingly depressed. He had made his wants known to God, however, and he heard him. While seated at his breakfast-table, with his family, one morning, a knock at the door announced the arrival of the post. Having received a letter, he broke it open, and found inclosed two one-pound notes, with the following kind address:—"Dear Sir,—You must be content to receive the inclosed, as the gift of God, through one of his unworthy people on earth; as I do not intend to give you my name; and should any inquiries be made upon the subject, it would only hurt the mind of one who, you may be sure, is your friend and well wisher. May God bless it to you:—August 31, 1825."

Providential Deliverance from Imminent Danger.

Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange in London, was the son of a poor woman, who, while he was an infant, abandoned him in a field. By the providence of God, however, the chirping of a grasshopper attracted a boy to the spot where the child lay, and his life was by this means preserved. After Sir Thomas had, by his unparalleled success as a merchant, risen to the pinnacle of commercial wealth and greatness, he chose a grasshopper for his crest; and becoming, under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, the founder of the Royal Exchange, his crest was placed on the walls of the building in several parts, and a vane or weather-cock, in the figure of a grasshopper, was fixed on the summit of the tower.

A credible historian informs us, that about one hundred and fifty years ago there was an earthquake in Switzerland, by which part of a mountain was thrown down, which fell upon a village that stood under it, and crushed every house and inhabitant to atoms, except the corner of one cottage where the master of

the house, with his family, were together praying unto God.

In the year 1709, a packet-boat, returning from Holland to England, was so damaged by a tempest, that she sprung a leak, and was in the utmost extremity of danger. When all the mariners and passengers were in the last distress, and the pumps had been worked to carry off the water, but all to little purpose, by a good Providence the hole filled, and was stopped seemingly of itself. This struck them all with wonder and astonishment. No sooner did they get safe into port than they examined the ship to ascertain the cause, and found a fish sticking in the very hole, which had been driven into it by the force of the tempest. But for this wonderful Providence they must all have perished.

Mr. Wesley, father of the Rev. John Wesley, was roused from sleep by the cry of fire from the street, but little imagining that the fire was in his own house, he opened his bed-room door and found the place full of smoke, and that the roof was already burned through. Directing his wife and two girls to rise and flee for their lives, he burst open the nursery-door, where the maid was sleeping with five children. She snatched up the youngest, and bade the others follow her; the three eldest did so, but John, who was then six years old, was not awakened, and in the alarm was forgotten. The rest of the family escaped—some through the windows, others by the garden door, and Mrs. Wesley, to use her own expression, "waded the fire." At this time, John, who had not been remembered till that moment, was heard crying in the nursery. The father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed that they could not bear his weight, and being utterly in deepair, he fell upon his knees in the hall, and, in agony, commended the soul of the child to God. John had been awakened by the light, and finding it impossible to escape by the door, climbed up a chest that stood near the window, and he was then seen from the yard.

There was no time for procuring a ladder; but one man hoisted on the shoulders of another, and thus he was taken out. A moment after, the roof fell in. When the child was carried out to the house where his parents were, the father cried out, "Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children; let the house go, I am rich enough." Mr. Wesley remembered this Providential deliverance through life with the deepest gratitude. Under one of the portraits, published during his life, is a representation of a house on fire, with the scripture inquiry, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

A pious old man who had served God for many years, was sitting one day with several persons, eating a meal upon a bank, near the mouth of a pit, in the neighbourhood of Swansea. While he was eating, a pigeon, which seemed very tame, came and fluttered in his breast, and slightly pecked him. It then flew away, and he did not think much about it; till, in five minutes, it came again, and did the same. The old man then said, "I will follow thee, pretty messenger, and see where thou comest from." He rose up to follow the bird; and whilst he was doing so, the banks of the pit fell in, and his companions were all killed.

John Brotherton was a soldier, and fought at the battle of Minden. When he left home, he took a small Bible, which he determined always to carry with him. When going to the battle, he put his Bible between his coat and his waistcoat, over his breast. It was the means of saving his life; for one of the enemy thrust at him with a bayonet, and the point of the weapon pierced through his belt and coat, and about fifty leaves of the Bible.

When the Rev. Mr. Abernethy, in his youth was diverting himself, with a servant who attended him, upon the great bridge at Belfast, happening to cast his eye upon something at a distance which had attracted his notice, they ran off on a sudden; and the moment

they removed, the arch, upon which they had been standing, fell down; so they narrowly escaped being crushed to death.

The punctuality of Mr. John Newton, while tide-surveyor at Liverpool, was particularly remarked. One day, however, some business had detained him, and he came to his boat much later than usual, to the surprise of those who had observed his former punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore, to inspect a ship, but by some accident the ship blew up just before he reached it; and it appears, that if he had left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

The Rev. Richard Cecil, in his childhood, was often exposed to imminent danger, and only preserved by evident divine interposition. The following is a remarkable instance. His father had in the ground, near his dye-house, several large tanks of water, one of which was sunk into the earth, and in winter was frequently covered with ice. A hole was made in the ice for the purpose of supplying the horses with water. At this hole Richard was playing with a stick, till he suddenly plunged under the ice. The men had received particular orders over night, to go to work in a part of the dye-house from which this piece of water was not visible; but for reasons which could not be assigned, they went to work at an opposite part, where it was directly before their eyes. One of the men thought he saw a scarlet cloak appear at the hole broken in the ice, and resolved to go and see what it was. In attempting to take it out, he discovered it to be the scarlet coat of his master's son, who was taken from the water apparently dead, but after long efforts, he was recovered.

The Rev. Thomas Charles had a remarkable escape in one of his journeys to Liverpool. His saddle-bag was by mistake put into a different boat from that in which he intended to go. This made it necessary for him to change his boat, even after he had taken his seat in it. The boat in which he meant to go, went to the

bottom, and all in it were drowned. Thus did God, in a wonderful way, preserve his servant—"immortal till his work was done." God had a great work for this his servant, and he supported and preserved him, till it was completed.

When the late Rev. Dr. Davidson, formerly Mr. Randall, of Edinburgh, was a child, he experienced a remarkable preservation from death, which he sometimes mentioned to his friends, and always in terms of the liveliest gratitude to the Almighty, who had so evidently interposed, to rescue him from going down to the grave. In the neighbourhood of the manse at Inchtute, where his father, Mr. Randall, was for some years minister, there was an open well, which often gave rise to much apprehension and dread in the minds of parents, lest their children should fall into it. One day, Thomas Randal, when amusing himself near the well, fell in. There being no person at hand when the accident occurred, the child must have perished but for the following remarkable circumstance. The parish schoolmaster, Mr. Peebles, and his wife, both worthy persons, and who had a large family, happened to live in the immediate vicinity. Mrs. Peebles one forenoon missed one of her children, and expressed great alarm to her husband that their boy might perhaps be drowned in the well. Both parents ran together to the well in quest of their child, and on descending the few steps that led to it, Mr. Peebles observed something in the water. With a trembling heart he pulled it out, when to his astonishment and that of his wife, it was not their boy, but the minister's son, Thomas Randall. On mentioning this striking event to an intimate friend, Dr. Davidson remarked the preservation was of God. Can a sparrow fall to the ground without our Heavenly Father?

Formerly when the natives of Eimeo felled trees on the mountains, after lopping the branches, they paused, offered a prayer to one of their gods for a safe passage, and then launched the trunk down the side of the slope,

standing in silence, holding their breath, and with their eyes following its course till it reached the valley. Once when Mr. Henry, missionary there, was assisting some of his people to procure timber for building the brig Hawes, having descended from the mountain to refresh himself at a brook which ran at the foot of it, he sat down on the bank, and was about to drink, but refrained in the instant, and removed about two yards off, where access to the water seemed more convenient. While drinking there, a tree, which had been felled above, came thundering down with such velocity and force, as scarcely to have been perceived by him before it had plunged with the fore end deep into the earth at the very spot from which he had just risen. He could not regard his escape as otherwise than strikingly providential.

Samuel Procter, a class-leader in the Methodist Society, was formerly a grenadier in the first regiment of foot guards, and took part in the struggle on the plains of Waterloo. He always carried a small Bible in one pocket, and a hymn book in the other. In the evening of June 16th, his regiment was ordered to dislodge the French from a wood, of which they had taken possession, and from which they annoyed the allied army. While thus engaged, he was thrown a distance of four or five yards, by a force on his thigh, for which he could not account at the time; but when he came to examine his Bible, he saw, with lively gratitude to the Preserver of his life, what it was that had thus driven him. A musket ball had struck him where his Bible rested, and penetrated nearly half through the volume. All who saw the ball said that it would undoubtedly have killed him had it not been for the Bible, which served as a shield. The Bible is kept as a sacred deposit, and laid up in his house, like the sword of Goliath in the tabernacle.

Some time ago, about thirty persons were engaged in hay-making in Yorkshire. At a time when the rain was pouring down in torrents, the lightning awfully

vivid, and the thunder rolling with tremendous crashes over their heads, they were all hastening with one accord, to the offered shelter of a beautiful large oak tree ; but by the persuasions of their master's brother, who happened to be with them, and who had heard of accidents frequently occurring from the attraction which trees afforded to the lightning, they were induced to forego their first intention, and to take shelter under some of the hay. Scarcely had they reached the hay, when they saw that tree, under which they had been so eager to shelter themselves, struck with the lightning, the large trunk split from the top to the bottom, and all the leaves blasted and withered. How merciful the Providence, that by the instrumentality of this person, directed them away from the place of danger !

Mr Jonathan Scott was once riding near Shrewsbury, his native place, when his horse fell under him, and the rider's neck was dislocated. A person of surgical skill coming by at the moment, and perceiving the accident, immediately replaced it ; a circumstance which he was accustomed to repeat with the greatest sense of gratitude to the God of his life. Thus at the very moment when death appeared, help was provided by a gracious Providence, and a valuable life was prepared for the great work which was afterwards wrought in and accomplished by him.

*Providential Deliverance from Persecutors,
Assassins, &c.*

Augustine, going on one occasion to preach at a distant town, took with him a guide to direct him on the way. The man by some unaccountable means, mistook the usual road, and fell into a bye-path. It afterwards proved, that by this means, his life had been saved, as some of the Donatists, who were his enemies, had way-laid him with the design of killing him.

One Mr. Barbour, a protestant, was, in the reign o

Queen Mary, condemned to the flames. The morning of execution having arrived, the intended martyr walked to Smithfield, and was bound to the stake. The faggots were piled round him, and the executioner only waited for the word of command to apply the torch. Just at this crisis, tidings came of the Queen's death; which obliged the officers to stop their proceedings, until the pleasure of the new queen (Elizabeth) should be known. In memory of so providential a deliverance, by which the good man was as a *brand plucked out of the fire*, he was no sooner released from his imprisonment and troubles, than he got a picture of Queen Elizabeth made, decorated round with significant ornaments, and ordered in his will that the picture should be transmitted as a memorial to future times, in the eldest branch of his family.

When the Rev. Bernard Gilpin was on his way to London to be tried before the popish party, he broke his leg by a fall, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The person in whose custody he was, took occasion from the circumstance to retort upon him an observation he used frequently to make, "That no thing happens to us but what is intended for our good." He answered meekly, "He made no question but it was." And indeed so it proved; for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died. Being thus providentially rescued, he returned to Houghton through crowds of people, expressing the utmost joy, and blessing God for his deliverance.

Mr. John Knox, the celebrated Scottish Reformer, was accustomed to sit at the head of the table in his own house, with his back to the window; yet, on a certain night, such was the impression on his mind, that he would neither sit in his own chair nor allow any other person to sit on it, but sat on another chair with his back to the table. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window, purposely to kill him, but the conspirators missed him; the bullet grazed the chair in

which he used to sit, lighted on the candlestick, and made a hole in the foot of it, which, it is said, is yet to be seen. The Earl of Morton, who attended Mr. Knox's funeral, when the corpse was put into the ground, said, "Here lies the body of him, who, in his lifetime, never feared the face of man, and though often threatened with dag and dagger, bath ended his days in peace and honour."

Archbishop Bancroft having received information that Mr. Robert Parker, a puritan divine, was concealed in a certain citizen's house in London, immediately sent a person to watch the house, while others were prepared with a warrant to search for him. The person having fixed himself at the door, boasted that he had him now secure. Mr. Parker, at this juncture, resolved to dress himself in the habit of a citizen, and venture out, whereby he might possibly escape, but if he remained in the house he would be sure to be taken. Accordingly, in his strange garb he went forth; and God so ordered it, that, just at the moment of his going out, the watchman at the door spied his intended bride passing on the other side of the street, and while he just stepped over to speak to her, the good man escaped. When the officers came with the warrant to search the house, to their great mortification he could not be found. After this signal providential deliverance, he retired to the house of a friend in the neighbourhood of London, where a treacherous servant in the family gave information to the Bishop's officers, who came and actually searched the house where he was; but, by the special providence of God, he was again most remarkably preserved; for the only room in the house which they neglected to search was that in which he was concealed, from whence he heard them swearing and quarrelling one with another; one protesting that they had not searched that room, and another as confidently asserting the contrary, and refusing to suffer it to be searched again. Had he been

taken, he must have been cast into prison, where, without doubt, says the narrator, he must have died.

A gentleman in an extensive line of business in a distant part of the country, left his house with an intention of going to Bristol fair, but when he had proceeded about half way on his journey, he was seized with a violent fit of the stone, which detained him several days at the place, and as the fair was by this time nearly over he was induced to return home. Some years after, the same gentleman happening to be on business at some place where the assizes for the county were held, was present at the execution of a criminal who was then about to suffer. Whilst he was mixed with the crowd, the criminal intimated a wish to speak with him, and signified that he had something to communicate to him. The gentleman approached, and was addressed to the following effect:—"Do you recollect having intended at such a time to go to Bristol fair?" "Yes," replied the gentleman, "perfectly well." "It is well you did not," said the criminal, "for it was the intention of myself and several others, who knew that you had a considerable sum of money about you, to way-lay and rob, and, if I mistake not, murder you, to escape detection."

A poor woman near Edonderry, in Ireland, who owed her landlord L.14, with difficulty was able to save only L.7, which she brought him; but he absolutely refused to take less than the whole, yet detained her in talk till the evening; she then set out in a car. When she was within a mile of home, she overtook a soldier, who said he was exceedingly tired, and earnestly entreated her to let him ride with her on the car, to which she at length consented. When they came to her house, finding there was no town within two miles, he begged he might sit by the fireside till the morning. She told him she durst not suffer it, as her's was a lone house, and there were none in it but herself and her little girl; but at last she agreed he should lie in the girl's bed, and she and the girl would lie together. At mid-

night two men, who had blackened their faces, broke into the house and demanded her money. She said, "then let me go into the next room, and fetch it." Going in, she said to the soldier, "you have requited me well for my kindness by bringing your comrades to rob my house." He asked, "where are they?" She said, "in the next room." He started up and ran thither. The men ran away with all speed; he fired after them and shot one dead, who, being examined, appeared to be her landlord; so that a soldier was sent to protect an innocent woman, and to punish a hardened villain.

Mr. Ruggles, one of the American Missionaries in the South Sea Islands, related the following anecdote respecting his father, who was a minister of the gospel: One day, while he was preaching, a party of Indians came suddenly upon the congregation, scattered them, and carried him away into the forest. At night he was left under the charge of two women, while the men went to rest; but his female keepers, as well as the faithful dogs, falling asleep also, he took the opportunity to make his escape. He had not fled far before he heard the alarm-cry, and the clashing of the bushes behind, warned him that the enemy were already in close pursuit of him. In his distress, he crept, with little hope of safety, into a hollow tree, at whose foot there happened to be an opening through which he could squeeze his body, and stand upright within. The Indians soon rushed by in full chase, without stopping to search his retreat, and what is more extraordinary, their dogs had smelled about the root of the tree, and ran forward without barking, as they had discovered nothing.

A few years ago, a good man at Gravesend had retired to rest late on the Saturday night, having first secured the doors and windows of his house and shop. Weary, however, as he was with the labours of the week, he found it impossible to sleep, and having tossed about his bed for an hour or two without rest, he resolved to come and spend an hour in the perusal

of the Bible, as preparatory to the engagements of the Sabbath. He went down stairs with the Bible under his arm, and advancing towards one of the outer doors, he found several men who had broken into his house, and who, but for this singular interruption, would probably, in a very short period, have deprived him of the whole of his property. Unbroken sleep, in general, is a blessing, but sometimes the want of sleep is a mercy. The King of Persia was thus led to the knowledge of facts that, in the end, prevented the massacre of all the Jews in his empire, which had been decreed to take place.

A servant, belonging to Sir Henry Lee, had formed the design of murdering his master and robbing the house. On the night in which the dreadful deed was to be perpetrated, a dog, belonging to Sir Henry, which had never previously received many marks of attention, followed the knight up stairs to his bed-chamber, and placed himself under his bed. This was quite an unusual movement, and the good knight, regarding it as an invasion, endeavoured to expel the intruder. Finding too much difficulty in the attempt it was abandoned, and the masterly cur was permitted to remain. In the dead of night the servant entered his master's room, in order to execute his horrid design, when he was instantly seized by the dog, and being secured, confessed his guilty intention.

Providential Prevention of Suicide.

It is recorded of Mr. John Dod, that one night, at a very late hour, he felt strongly moved to visit a gentleman of his acquaintance who lived at some distance. Not knowing what might be the design of Providence in this, he went. Having come to the house and knocked at the door, the gentleman himself opened it, to whom Mr. Dod said, "I am come to you, I know not

why myself, but I was restless in my spirit till I had done it." The gentleman replied, "You know not why you came, but God knew why he sent you." On which he pulled out the halter with which he intended to take away his own life, which, by this means, was happily prevented.

Cowper, the poet, who was subject to mental derangement, once resolved to throw himself into the Thames. For this reason he got into a hackney coach, and desired the man to drive him to Blackfriars' Bridge. The man drove all over London, but could not find the place. This was unaccountable, as the driver was well acquainted with London. "O!" said Cowper, "you have driven me quite far enough, drive me home again." He went into his room, and composed that beautiful hymn—

" God moves in a mysterious way, o
His wonders to perform, &c."

A few years ago, a young gentleman, who had spent his fortune in riotous living, was reduced to poverty. For some time his friends supported him, but at length they all forsook him. When wandering about as a vagabond he determined to terminate his miserable life by drowning himself. Being in a strange place, he put lead into his pockets, and went to the side of a river for this horrid purpose. Waiting till it was dark, that he might accomplish his design unperceived, he observed at a little distance a light in a house, and felt disposed to go to it. On his arrival there he heard persons singing psalms; he listened at the door while a chapter of the Bible was read, and a prayer offered up; he then wished for admission, and knocked gently at the door, which was opened by one of the company, who inquired what he wanted. He signified his desire of being admitted, but was told that it was not customary to receive strangers into their meetings; however if he behaved decently he might come in. The passage of Scripture under consideration that evening, was Acts xvi. 28—"Do thyself no harm." After several

persons had made their remarks upon the subject, they concluded, as usual, with prayer. This they had no sooner done, than the stranger asked them how they came to know his thoughts, for he had not mentioned his intention to any person on earth. This surprised the whole company, who declared they had neither seen nor heard of him till that evening. He then told them of his design of taking away his life, and how he had been prevented by seeing a light in their window. This remarkable providence affected his mind to such a degree, that by the divine blessing, it was made the means of his conversion; he became an eminent christian, regained the favour of his friends, and lived in reputation and comfort.

An English clergyman, who had been preaching in a certain parish church on Sabbath, took a walk next day in the church-yard, and while engaged in reading the inscription on the tombstone of a departed saint, he observed a woman passing by the church-yard, whom he called to him, and desired to read the lines which had so delightfully affected his own heart. She did so; but told him they contained nothing suitable to her, for that she had no interest in the blood of Jesus. He requested her to read them again; but she answered as before, that the blood of Christ brought no benefit to her. Being under much concern for the woman, the clergyman asked her where she lived; and she told him that it was at the distance of nearly three miles and a half. He called on her a few days afterwards, and found her in the deepest distress, having a mother dying of old age, and two children ill of the small-pox, without any means of support or relief. He took occasion, from their afflictive circumstances, to impress upon them a sense of the wise and gracious dealings of God in all his dispensations towards his helpless creatures; and, after recommending their souls and bodies to the mercy of God and the care of his providence, he gave them a few religious books, and a little pecuniary assistance, and took an affectionate leave of them. About

twelve months after this, the clergyman again visited the same parish, when he preached as before, and the following day he went to the poor woman's house to learn the condition of the family. As he drew near, the woman saw him, and knew him, and, with pleasure in her countenance, went forth to meet him. After expressing her gratitude for his former kindness, she informed him, that at the time he saw her pass by the church-yard, and called her to read the inscription on the tombstone, she had been to ask help of her brother, who kept a draper's shop in the village; but his unnatural refusal, with the prospect of its sad consequences to her mother, had thrown her into such a state of distraction and dispondency, that she was hastening to a neighbouring river with a determination to drown herself. She further informed him, that soon after his late visit one of her children died, and the other was restored to health, and that, about the same time, God had blotted out all her transgressions. She said, that she had been happy in his favour ever since, and that her mother died six months after, in the full assurance of future blessedness.

*Providential Interposition in the Conversion of Sinners
or Comfort of Saints.*

Dr. Owen, when a young man, having been for a considerable time in distress of mind, went one Lord's day, with a cousin of his, to hear Mr. Calamy, a celebrated preacher in London. From some occurrence, Mr. Calamy was prevented from preaching that day. Being uncertain whether there would be any sermon at all, Dr. Owen was solicited by his relation to go and hear another eminent minister, Mr. Jackson. Being indisposed to go farther, however, he kept his seat, resolving if no minister came to return to his lodgings. After waiting some time, a country minister came up to the pulpit, a stranger not only to Dr. Owen, but to

the congregation, who, having prayed earnestly, took for his text these words, Matth. viii. 26—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The very reading of the words surprised Dr. Owen, on which he secretly put up a prayer, that God would be pleased, by the minister, to speak to his case. And his prayer was heard; for in that sermon the minister was directed to answer those very objections which he had commonly formed against himself; and though he had formerly given the same answers to himself without effect, yet, now the time was come, when God designed to speak peace to his soul; and the sermon (though otherwise a plain familiar discourse) was blessed for the removing of all his doubts, and laid the foundation of that solid peace and comfort which he afterwards enjoyed as long as he lived.

It was customary in Cromwell's time for his soldiers to carry each a Bible in his pocket; among others, a profligate young man, who was ordered out to attack some fortress. During the engagement, a bullet had perforated his Bible, and gone so far as to rest opposite these words in Ecclesiastes—"Rejoice, O, young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee to judgment." These words, so appropriate to his case, powerfully affected his mind, and proved, by the blessing of God, the means of his conversion. He used to observe, that the Bible had been the happy means of saving both his soul and his body.

During the ministry of the late Mr. Willison of Dundee, a serious woman who had been hearing him preach from Psalm lv. 22—"Cast thy hurden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee"—came to his house in the evening, with a broken and oppressed mind, in order to make known to him her perplexed case. The poor woman, as she passed through the house to his room, heard a little girl repeating the text, which came with

such power to her heart as effectually dispelled her fears and set her at liberty. When she was introduced to Mr. W., she told him that she was come to make known her distress, but the Lord, by means of his grand-child repeating the text, as she came through the house, had graciously dispelled her fears, and removed her burden, and now she only desired to give thanks for her spiritual recovery.

The late Rev. John Pattison of Edinburgh, having occasion to preach on a Sabbath day in Dundee, had, previously to his leaving home, laid aside, and ordered to be packed up with some other necessary articles, a certain note-book, which contained a sermon on which the good man had bestowed considerable pains, and which, he hoped, might not be unacceptable to a congregation of Christians, who then enjoyed the stated labours of the late excellent Mr. M'Ewen. On his arrival in Dundee, however, which was not till the Saturday evening, and on examining the contents of his saddle-bags, he found the note-book wanting, nor had any other been substituted in its place. He was, therefore, late as it was, obliged to make choice of a new subject, and to cast his thoughts together upon it, in the best manner he could; and, after all his pains, and all his prayers, was not a little apprehensive that such defective preparation would not only affect the respectability of his appearance in the pulpit, but in some measure mar the success of his work. "Not by might," however, "not by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." It happened in adorable providence, on the afternoon of Sabbath, that a poor fish-woman, notorious for clamour and profanity, stumbled into the meeting, and felt the sermon, particularly at the application, come home with such life and peculiar energy to her soul, as instantly to produce the most happy effects on the disposition of her heart, and tenor of her conduct. On Monday she attended with her fish-basket as usual; but, O, how changed! Instead of her former noise and profanity, she was quiet and calm as a lamb—instead of

asking from her customers double or triple the value of her fish, she spoke to them with discretion, and told the lowest price at once. Surprised at this new behaviour of the woman, some who were present, judging she might be indisposed, began to inquire for her health; one of them in particular said to her, "Dear Margaret, what is the matter with you? you are not at all as you used to be." "No," replied Margaret, "and I hope I never shall. It pleased God to lead me yesterday to Mr. M'Ewen's meeting-house, where I heard words I will never forget, and found something come over me the like of which I never knew before." The woman lived to give the most satisfactory evidence of the soundness of her conversion, by a walk and conversation becoming the gospel.

The conversion of Dr. Vanderkemp was preceded by a very remarkable interposition of the providence of God in the preservation of his life. He was sailing on the river near Dort, in company with his wife and daughter, when a violent storm arose, and a waterspout broke on the boat, by which it was instantly overset. Mrs. Vanderkemp and her daughter were immediately drowned, and the survivor, clinging to the boat, was carried down the stream nearly a mile, no one daring, in so dreadful a storm, to venture from the shore to his assistance. A vessel then lying in the port of Dort was, by the violence of the storm, driven from her moorings, and floated towards the part of the river in which he was, just ready to perish, and the sailors took him from the wreck. Thus remarkably was a life preserved, which was afterwards to be employed for the advantage of mankind, and for the propagation of that faith which he had laboured to destroy. The sudden loss of his earthly comforts, and his long struggle against a painful death, softened his hard heart, shook the infidel principles he had hitherto cherished, and ended in the consecration of his life to the cause of God.

Lady Huntingdon once spoke to a workman who

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

Providential Interposition in Answer to Prayer.

It is well known that many of the good men who were driven from this country to America, by persecution, in the seventeenth century, had to endure great privations. In the month of June, 1623, their hopes of a harvest were nearly blasted by drought, which withered up their corn, and made their grass look like hay. All expected to perish with hunger. In their distress they set apart a day for humiliation and prayer, and continued their worship for eight or nine hours. God heard their prayers, and answered them in a way which excited universal admiration. Although the morning of that day was clear, and the weather very hot and dry during the whole forenoon, yet before night it began to rain, and gentle showers continued to fall for many days, so that the ground became thoroughly soaked, and the drooping corn revived.

The magistrates of Seven-oaks in Kent, sent their officers to the congregation of Mr. William Jeffrey, a Puritan minister, then meeting at Bradburn; who took all the men into custody, and carried them up to the town, where they were kept prisoners during the night. The following day when the justices were assembled, the prisoners were brought before them, and they

underwent an examination, after which they were dismissed. They all, with one heart, full of wonder and joy, returned to the meeting-house, whence they were carried, to return their united thanks to God for this unexpected deliverance. When they entered the place, to their great surprise and inexpressible joy, they found the women there, who had not departed from the house of God, but spent the whole night, and following morning, in fasting and prayer to God in their behalf.

The Rev. Edward Snape, having been cast into prison by the bishops for nonconformity, and all his money being expended by his long confinement, he met with much unkind usage from the jailor. The good man being one day on his knees in fervent prayer to God, and the window of his chamber being open, observed something thrown into the room; but he resolved to finish his prayer, before he examined what it was. When he rose from his knees, he found to his great surprise, a purse full of gold lying on his chamber floor. By this unexpected supply, he was more comfortable in his situation, and enabled to make his keeper *better natured* ever after. The Lord heareth the young ravens when they cry; how much more will he hear his afflicted people!

Mr. Alexander Peden, a Scottish covenanter, with some others, had been, at one time, pursued, both by horse and foot, for a considerable way. At last, getting some little height between them and their persecutors, he stood still, and said, "Let us pray here, for if the Lord hear not our prayer and save us, we are all dead men." He then prayed, saying, "O Lord, this is the hour and power of thine enemies, they may not be idle. But hast thou no other work for them than to send them after us? Send them after them to whom thou wilt gi'e strength to flee, for our strength is gone. Twine them about the hill, O Lord, and cast the lap of thy cloak over pair auld Saunders, and thir pair things, and save us this a'e time, and we will keep it in remem-

brance, and tell to the commendation of thy guidness, thy pity and compassion, what thou didst for us at sic a time." And in this he was heard, for a cloud of mist immediately intervened between them and their persecutors; and in the mean time, orders came to go in quest of James Renwick, and a great company with him.

The Rev. Oliver Heywood, who was one of the ministers ejected in 1662, was, after the loss of his regular income, reduced to great straits, so that his children were sometimes wanting food. On one of these occasions, he called a servant, who adhered to the family in its adversity, and said, "Martha, take a basket, and go to Halifax, call upon Mr. N. a shopkeeper, and request him to lend me five shillings. If he is kind enough to do it, buy such things as you know we most want. The Lord give you good speed; and, in the mean time, we will offer up our requests to him who feedeth the young ravens when they cry." Martha then went, but approaching the house her courage failed her, and she passed the door again and again, without going in to tell her errand. Mr. N. at length called her to him, and asked her if she was not Mr. Heywood's servant. On her replying in the affirmative, he said, "I am glad to see you, as some friends have given me five guineas for your master, and I was just thinking how I could send them." She now burst into tears, told her errand, and received the money, with a request that, should the family be again placed in similar circumstances, she would come to him again. She procured the needful provisions, and returned home; the children eagerly examined the basket, while their father heard the servant's narrative, and gratefully said, "The Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious; his word is true from the beginning; they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

The Rev. Hansard Knollys, after having fled to America, in consequence of being prosecuted in the High Commission Court, returned to England, at the desire

of his aged father, and lived some time in obscurity in London. While in London, he says, "I was still poor, and sojourned in a lodging, till I had but sixpence left, and knew not how to provide for my wife and child; but having prayed to God, and encouraged my wife to trust in God, and to remember former experiences, and especially, that word of promise which God had given us, and would perform to us. Heb. xiii. 5. I paid for my lodging, and went out, not knowing whither God's good hand of providence would lead me, to receive something towards my present subsistence; and about seven or eight doors from my lodgings a woman met me in the street, and told me she came to seek me; that her husband sent her to tell me, that there was a lodging provided and prepared in his house, by some christian friends, for me and my wife. I told her my present condition, and went along with her to my house, and there she gave me twenty shillings, which Dr. Bastwick (a late sufferer) had given her for me, and some linen for my wife; which I received, and told her and her husband, I would fetch my wife and child and lodge there; and so I returned with great joy. My wife was very much affected with this kind interposition of providence; being so suitable and seasonable a supply to us. She said, "O dear husband, how sweet it is to live by faith, and trust God's faithful word!—Let us rely upon him whilst we live, and trust him in all straits."

Mr. M—, a pious and zealous curate in Yorkshire, was in circumstances of pecuniary distress: but at the same time, he had frequent experience of the Lord's goodness to his family in their straits. Once, when in great want of the necessaries of life, a five-guinea note was sent them by the carrier, but from whom, they never could learn. On another occasion, their stock, both of coals and money, was exhausted. Having no prospect of a supply, they retired to rest that evening—"Cast down, but not in despair." In the morning, after praying with his wife, Mr. M. took a walk out

on the highway, still continuing the devout exercise of prayer, when he was met by the post. Without being able to assign a reason why, he felt an impression which led him to ask, "Have you a letter for me?" To which the person replied in the affirmative. Upon receiving the letter, he immediately opened it, and found it to be an anonymous epistle, with five pounds enclosed. Soon after this, a friend brought a cow for their service; and towards evening, another friend sent them a cart load of coals. Thus, without making known their case to any one, except the Lord God of Elijah, they received in one day a seasonable supply of money, milk, and coals.

In a large and populous village in Yorkshire, lived a poor but pious man, whose christian name was Jonathan, and who had a wife with several children to support. During the time of harvest, while employed in gathering the fruits of the earth, he accidentally slipped from the top of a barley-mow, and sprained one or both of his ankles; in consequence of which he was unable to work. His family being much reduced, his wife on one occasion went up stairs into his room weeping. "What is the matter?" said Jonathan; "what is distressing thee?" "Why, the children are crying for something to eat, and I have nothing to give them," was the affecting reply. "Hast thou faith in God?" asked Jonathan. "Dost thou believe in his providence, and in his word? Has he not said, 'Bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure?' Kneel down," he continued, "at the bed-side, and pray to God. Tell him how thy children are circumstanced; that they have no bread; that thou hast nothing wherewith to buy them any; and I will also pray. Who can tell what God may do? He heareth prayer."—Jonathan and his wife prayed earnestly together; they pleaded the promises of God and waited the result. Soon after a person from the immediate neighbourhood, came to the door with a loaf of bread. No sooner did the good woman receive the loaf, than she ran to Jonathan to tell him how God

had answered their prayer. "Now," said he, "before any thing else be done, kneel down at the bed-side, and return thanks to God for having heard our prayer." She did so: they praised his name together; and then ate their food with gladness, and with singleness of heart. Not many hours elapsed before another kind interposition of providence presented itself. A second visitor brought them a joint of meat. When this was told Jonathan, he replied to his wife, "Aye; see! God is now better than his word! He promised bread, and he sends flesh in addition. Kneel down and thank him again."

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

"In the year 1784," says the Rev. Mr. Pawson, "there was an extraordinary drought in the middle of summer, so that the pasture-grounds were exceedingly burned, and the meadows also began to suffer much from the extreme heat of the weather; and what was still more distressing, in many places there were such swarms of caterpillars, that they devoured all before them, and left the ground behind them nearly as bare as the high road. They cut the grass off close to the roots, and then devoured it; so that they cleared the ground as they passed along. The country people were seriously alarmed, and the farmers used a variety of

means to destroy them. But all their attempts were in vain; there were such astonishing numbers of them, that they covered the face of the earth where they came. Our people at the New Mills, in Derbyshire, kept a day of fasting and prayer on this distressing occasion; for the fruits of the earth were in danger of being utterly destroyed. This was on Wednesday, and they continued in prayer the whole day. On Thursday, the drought continued just the same; so that their ungodly neighbours laughed them to scorn, and said, God has not regarded your prayer! On Friday, in the afternoon, I was upon a short journey, and came into that neighbourhood; and I well remember the weather was exceedingly hot indeed. There was not a cloud upon the skies, but the heavens were as clear as possible; and I never saw a greater prospect of continued drought in all my life. Yet, notwithstanding this, before noon the heavens were covered with clouds, and the Lord sent abundance of rain, to the inexpressible joy of the people. But still the caterpillars continued; and how they should be delivered from them they knew not. However, the Lord sent a whole army of crows, and they soon cleared the ground of them to the astonishment of the inhabitants.

The Rev. Dr. Lathrop of America, illustrating in a sermon the sentiment, that "God often answers prayer in a way we do not expect," introduced the following facts:—"A poor African negro was led, while in his own country, by the consideration of the works of Nature, to a conviction of the existence and benevolence of a Supreme Being. Impressed with this fact, he used daily to pray to this Great Being, that by some means or other he might more distinctly know him. About this time he was taken, with many others, and sold for a slave. For a while he hesitated as to the view he had taken of God, and thought that if there did indeed exist a just and good being as he had supposed, he would not allow fraud and iniquity to prevail against innocence and integrity. But after a while this poor

slave was introduced into a pious family in New England, where he was instructed in Christianity, and enabled to rejoice in God as his friend. He was now persuaded of the fact, that adverse providences are often the means of answering our prayers, and conducting us to the greatest happiness.

Mr. P., a pious minister in England relates, in a letter to a friend, that being at one time in great want of money, and knowing not to whom he should apply for aid, he betook himself to prayer, committing his case to the Lord, and seeking direction from him. In a day or two after, a servant called, telling him, that a gentleman wished him to dine with him at N——. The gentleman had come from B——, after his marriage, to see Mr. P., as he had been formerly acquainted with him. He presented the minister with ten pounds as a marriage present, which relieved him from his embarrassments, and filled him with gratitude to God for so seasonable a supply of his wants.

A pious couple, in a small way of trade, were once very much embarrassed for want of a small sum of money, which they did not know where or how to procure. As they sat one day at breakfast, (affairs appearing likely to draw to a close very soon,) their difficulty of course became the subject of their conversation. The husband said, "My dear, there appears to be no way but to look upwards. Let us therefore now apply to God in prayer about it." They accordingly both kneeled down immediately. Many sentences had not been offered in prayer, before a person knocked at the door. The man went and opened it; and he found that one of their best customers had called for several articles; and, without hesitation, he laid out with them exactly the sum they so greatly wanted.

About the time when the gospel was beginning to make its way in Raiatea, one of the South Sea Islands, a canoe, with four men in it, was upset at sea, and the people were thrown into the water. Two of the men having embraced christianity, immediately cried, "Let

us pray to Jehovah, for he can save us." "Why did you not pray to him sooner?" replied their Pagan comrades, "here we are in the water, and it is useless to pray now." The Christians, however, did cry mightily unto their God, while all four were clinging for life to the broken canoe. In this situation, a shark suddenly rushed towards them, and seized one of the two idolaters. His companions held him as fast and as long as they could, but the monster prevailed in the tug between them, and hurried the unfortunate victim into the abyss, marking the track with his blood. After some time the tide bore the surviving three to the reef, when, just as they were cast upon it, a second shark snatched the other idolater with his jaws, and carried off his prey, shrieking in vain for assistance, which the two Christians, themselves struggling with the breakers, could not afford him. This circumstance made a great impression on the minds of their countrymen, and powerfully recommended to them the "God that heareth prayer."

Providential Judgments on Persecutors.

The disease of which Herod the Great died, and the misery which he suffered under it, plainly showed, that the hand of God was then in a most signal manner upon him; for not long after the murders at Bethlehem, his distemper, as Josephus informs us, daily increased in an unheard of manner. He had a lingering and wasting fever, and grievous ulcers in his entrails and bowels; a violent colic, and insatiable appetite; a venomous swelling in his feet; convulsions in his nerves; a perpetual asthma, and offensive breath; rottenness in his joints and other members, accompanied with prodigious itchings, crawling worms, and intolerable smell; so that he was a perfect hospital of incurable distempers.

Persecutors, or others who have unjustly shed the blood of their fellow-creatures, have often, in the righteous providence of God, met with a violent death, or been visited by signal judgments. Nero was driven from his throne, and perceiving his life in danger, became his own executioner; Domitian was killed by his own servants; Hadrian died of a distressing disease, which was accompanied with great mental agony; Severus never prospered in his affairs after he persecuted the Church, and was killed by the treachery of his son; Maximinus reigned but three years, and died a violent death; Decius was drowned in a marsh, and his body never found; Valerian was taken prisoner by the Persians, and, after enduring the horrors of captivity for several years, was flayed alive; Dioclesian was compelled to resign his empire, and became insane; Maximinus Hercules was deprived of his government and strangled; Maximinus Galerius was suddenly and awfully removed by death; and Severus committed suicide.

In the reign of Henry VII., Dr. Whittington, a bishop's chancellor, having condemned a pious woman to the flames at Chipping, Sodbury, went to that town to witness the courageous manner in which she set her seal to the truth of the gospel. On his return from that affecting scene, a furious bull passed through the crowd, none of whom suffered from him, gored the chancellor, and suddenly inflicted death in a most awful manner.

John Felix, Earl of Wurtemberg, one of the captains of the Emperor Charles V., being at supper at Augsburg, in company with many who were threatening the sorest punishments on the persons of the pious Christians of that day, swore, before them all, that before he died, he would ride up to his spurs in the blood of the Lutherans. That same night he was choked, probably by the bursting of a blood-vessel, which filled his throat, and at once removed him from the world.

Charles IX. of France was a cruel and persecuting

monarch, (witness the massacre at Paris in 1572,) and died in a very wretched state. He expired bathed in his own blood, which burst from his veins, and in his last moments he exclaimed—"What blood!—What murders!—I know not where I am!—How will all this end?—What shall I do?—I am lost for ever!—I know it!"

Mr. Joseph Sherwood, one of the non-conformist ministers of England, having preached, "I will avenge the quarrel of my covenant," was carried to a petty session of justices, where Mr. Robinson sat as chairman, who greatly reviled Mr. Sherwood, and called him a rebel, &c., which he bore patiently, only making this reply, "That as he was a minister of the gospel, and at the church where there were so great an assembly, he could not but have compassion on the multitude, and give them a word of exhortation." Mr. Robinson said, "But did ever man preach from such a rebellious text?" "Sir," replied Mr. Sherwood, "I know man is a rebel against his Creator, but I never knew that the Creator could be a rebel against his creature." On which Robinson cried out, "Write his mittimus for Launceston Jail." And then turning to Mr. Sherwood, said, "I say, Sir, it was a rebellious text." Mr. Sherwood looked him full in the face, and addressed him in these words: "Sir, if you die the common death of all men, God never spake by me." He was then sent to prison, where he found favour with the keepers, and had liberty to walk about the castle and town. Robinson returned home; and a few days after, walking in the fields, a bull that had been very tame, came up to a gate where he stood, and his servant-maid before him, who had been milking, when the creature turned her aside with his horns, ran directly upon Robinson, and tore out his bowels! He was carried home in this miserable state, and soon afterwards died.

In 1682, some soldiers came to break up a meeting where Mr. Browning, who had been ejected from Des-

borough, in Northamptonshire, was, and to apprehend him. The constable of the place, who was present, admonished them to be well advised in what they did. "For," said he, "when Sir —— was alive, he eagerly prosecuted these meetings, and engaged eight soldiers of the country troop to assist him, whereof myself was one. Sir —— himself is dead; six of the soldiers are dead; some of them were hanged, and some of them broke their necks; and I myself fell off my horse, and broke my collar bone, in the act of persecuting them. This has given me such a warning, that for my part, I am resolved I will never meddle with them more."

About the year 1738, when some of the ministers of the Secession were preaching^d at Braid's Craigs, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, a man had the hardihood to set fire to some whins in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where a numerous audience was assembled, concluding from the direction and force of the wind, that the smoke proceeding from the burning whins would exceedingly annoy the Seceders. It so happened, however, in the good providence of God, that the wind immediately veered about to another quarter, and the assembly suffered no inconvenience. The impious project, in the meantime, attracted the notice of the ministers as well as the people. Mr. Ralph Erskine publicly remarked, that the person who had been guilty of that deed, would perhaps live to repent of it. That same individual, it is credibly related, was afterwards three times driven from his own dwelling, by means of fire. First one house he occupied on Clerkington estate was burned down, and then another; on which his master dismissed him, saying, "That man would burn all the houses on his property." He removed, in consequence, to Prestonpans, where a similar calamity befel him, the truth of which was attested by a very old woman in Edinburgh, who affirmed, that when a child, she made a very narrow escape from the flames of that house, being let down from a window in a blanket.

Providential Judgments on Sabbath-Breakers.

Mr. Clarke gives an account of a godly minister, who one day was preaching, and earnestly pressing the sanctification of the Sabbath; and who, in his sermon, had occasion to make mention of that man, who, by the special commandment of God, was stoned to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath-day. A person in the congregation wickedly rose up and laughed, and made all the haste he could out of the church, and went and gathered sticks, though he had no need of them. But when the people were coming home from church, they found him lying dead, with the bundle of sticks in his arms. "These instances of divine vengeance," adds Mr. Willison, "inflicted on profaners of the Lord's day, may contribute very much to confirm us in the belief of the divine institution of this holy day; and likewise may serve to warn all ranks and degrees of persons, to guard against the contempt and violation of the Lord's day. The Lord indeed exerciseth great long-suffering and patience towards many notorious Sabbath-breakers, to show us that there is a judgment-day to come. But nevertheless he makes monuments of some, to let us know that verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

The same author relates the following instance of Divine Judgment:—In the year 1634, on a Lord's day, during the time of a great frost, fourteen young men, while they were playing at foot-ball on the ice, on the river Trent, near Gainsborough, meeting together in a scuffle, the ice suddenly broke, and they were all drowned.

Mr. Abberly, a godly minister in Burton-upon-Trent, took often occasion to reprove and threaten Sabbath-breakers, especially such as sold and bought meat on the Sabbath-day mornings, a practice too common in that place: nevertheless, there was a tailor in that town, a very nimble and active man, dwelling at the upper end

of the town, who would go through the long street, as it were in a bravado, to the other end of the town, and fetch home meat on the Lord's day before morning prayer; but as he came back with both his hands full, in the midst of the street he fell down stark dead. "I was," says Dr. Teate, "an eye witness both of his fall and burial; and it pleased God thereby to work some reformation both amongst the butchers and others."

In that part of the country of Grisons, which adjoins to the state of Venice, formerly stood the ancient town of Pleuers, built on a rising ground near the foot of a mountain. The situation was considered healthy; the gardens were delightful, and hither the neighbouring gentry used to come on Sabbath, and spend the day in all manner of riot and debauchery. Their voluptuousness was great and the enormity of their crimes was aggravated by their abuse of the blessings of Divine Providence. A lady told Bishop Burnet, that she had heard her mother often repeat some passages of a protestant minister's sermons, who preached in a little church in the neighbourhood of the place. He intimated in his discourse, that nothing but a timely repentance, and the forsaking of their evil ways, would screen them from divine justice, which would soon be executed upon them in a most signal manner. This was good advice, but, alas! it was slighted, and the people continued to go on in the same manner as before. On the twenty-fifth of August, 1618, an inhabitant came, and told them to be gone, for he saw the mountain cleaving, and that it would soon fall upon them; but he was only laughed at. He had a daughter, whom he persuaded to leave all, and go along with him; but, when she had got out of the town, she recollected that she had not locked the door of a room in which she had left several things of value; she accordingly went back; but in the meantime the mountain fell, and she was buried in the ruins, together with every person there present, not one escaping. The fall of the mountain choking up the river that ran near the bottom, first spread the alarm over the neighbour-

ing country. "I could hear no particular character," says Bishop Burnet, "of the man who escaped, so I must leave the secret means of so singular preservation to the great discovery at the last day, when these steps of Divine Providence, which we cannot now account for, will be disclosed."

The following fact, communicated by a respectable merchant of New York, is well worthy of notice:—"I have particularly observed," says the gentleman, "that those merchants in New York, who have kept their counting-rooms open on the Sabbath-day, during my residence there, (twenty-five years,) have failed without exception."

Some time ago, at the village of Ampleworth, in Yorkshire, two young men were playing at fives on the Lord's day morning. J. W., a pious man, reprovèd them, and warned them of the impropriety and danger of their conduct, as they might draw down God's judgment upon them. The reproof, however, had not the desired effect, as the eldest of them swore, by the God who made him; and at the same time added, that if he lived until the following Sabbath, he would call three or four of his companions together to play near the chapel-wall at the time of service. On Sabbath morning he was taken dangerously ill, and in spite of all medical aid, expired in the course of the day!

A man at New Orleans, set out on a Sabbath morning to cross a river, on some worldly business. As he could find no boat but one which was fastened to a tree by a lock, he attempted to get that. Some persons who were present requested him to desist from his purpose; but he replied, that he would either go to the other side of the river, or to hell. He therefore broke the lock, and entered the boat. He had not gone far, however, when it upset. The spectators were so impressed that it was a judgment from God, that they stood amazed, till it was too late to afford him any help, and he was launched into a boundless eternity in the midst of his impiety.

One Lord's day morning, in June 1825, six young men took a boat and a waterman on a party of pleasure to Richmond. Upon their arrival there, they drank freely, and became intoxicated. When on their return, they reached that part of the river opposite to Old Swan Stairs, Thame Street, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, Beane, the waterman, made for the shore; but on attempting to land, they began to swear in a shocking manner, declaring that they would not pay him for his day's work unless he would take them through London Bridge. The waterman, finding they were resolute, and fearing they would carry their threat into execution, consented to their wishes, and accordingly put off his boat. He had, however, only just entered beneath the arch, when the boat became unmanageable, and upset. Assistance speedily arrived; but, alas! two of the unhappy young men sank to rise no more. How awful to meet death, amidst intemperance, blasphemy, and Sabbath profanation!

Providential Judgments on Profane and Irreligious Persons.

When Mr. Joseph Woodward, one of the non-conformist ministers of England, was settled in Dursley, he vigorously set about the reformation of many disorders in discipline and manners that existed among the people. In particular, he declared his resolution to admit none to the Lord's Supper, but those who, besides a visible probity of conversation, had a competent knowledge of divine things. A certain person said, "He would not submit to examination, and if Mr. Woodward would not give him the sacrament, he would take it." In pursuance of his impious resolution, this man was coming to church on the sacrament day, but he had scarcely set one foot over the threshold, before he fell down dead.

A labourer, employed in a stone quarry in Yorkshire, was much addicted to the sin of profane swearing, though many attempts had been made to convince him of its criminality. Having one day fastened to a rope, a stone of more than ordinary weight, the person at the mouth of the quarry observed, that he feared the rope was not sufficiently strong to bear it. The man answered, with a most dreadful oath, "Then let it crush me to atoms!" The wretched individual had scarcely uttered these words, when the stone fell, and hurried his unprepared soul, into the presence of his offended Maker.

A lady in the south of England, had a little boy who was very ill. On being told there was no hope of his recovery, she became almost frantic, and opened her mouth, not in prayer to God for her own submission, and child's salvation; but in positive declaration that her child should not be taken from her. "O God! thou shalt not take my child—He shall not die!" was her prayer. The prayer was answered. The child did not die. He recovered; and his mother lived to see him taken to the gallows!

There was in a populous Swiss village, a pious and excellent clergyman, who preached and lived with such holy zeal and exemplary piety, that many were converted under his ministry. But there lived in the same place a wicked and abandoned character, who not only slighted all the means of grace, but turned the most serious matters into ridicule, and made a laughing-stock of the preacher's expressions. One morning, he came very early to the public-house, and began to intoxicate himself with liquor, profaning the name and word of God, and ridiculing the term of conversion. "Now," says he, "I myself will become a convert," turning himself from one side to the other, and dancing about in the room with a variety of foolish gestures. He quickly left the room, fell down the stairs, broke his neck, and expired, exhibiting an awful monument of God's most righteous vengeance, which sometimes, even in this life, overtakes those that profane his holy name.

A person with not very ample means of support, was burdened with a large family. A neighbour had just called to tell him of a friend who had got a prize in the lottery, when he was also informed of the birth of his twelfth child. He exclaimed, peevishly, "God sends meat to others, children to me." It so happened, that God, at whose government he had so impiously murmured, sent him those riches he longed for. But as he sent him the wished for wealth, he deprived him of the children he had complained of. He saw them one by one go to the grave before him; and in advanced life, and great affluence, when he endured the stroke of having his last beloved daughter taken from his eyes, he bitterly remembered his former rebellious murmurings against God.

A minister praying for a child apparently dying, said, "If it be thy will spare ——." The wretched and distracted mother interrupting him, cried, "It must be his will; I will have no ifs." The child, to the surprise of many, recovered, but lived to break his mother's heart, and was publicly executed at the age of twenty-two.

A fond father was in great distress for a favourite child, whom he apprehended to be dying in infancy. Several of his friends endeavoured to assuage his grief, but he refused to be comforted. At length the minister on whom he attended offered to pray with him, and desired him to compose his mind, and give up his favourite son to the divine disposal, since there was no probable hope of his recovery. He replied, "I cannot give him up; and it is my importunate request that God would spare this child to me, whatever may be the consequence." He had his desire; the child recovered, and grew up, if possible more and more his darling: but he lived to be a thorn in his side, and to pierce his heart with many sorrows. For just as he came to maturity, he robbed his excellent master, whom before he had so often injured, he was seized by the hand of justice, tried, condemned, and died one of the most

hardened wretches that ever went out of life in that ignominious manner. Upon the fatal day of execution, the mourning father was made to remember his former rash petition with grief and tears; and humbled in the dust, confessed his folly and his sin.

At Liverton, near Bath, a few days before Christmas, 1824, Charles ——— was in company with several young men at a public-house, when, after getting intoxicated, they quarrelled, and Charles, on leaving his companions, uttered the dreadful imprecation, “If I ever enter this house again I wish God may strike me dead upon the spot!” or words to that effect. On Christmas-day, however, he entered the same house, and sat down, to drink and smoke as usual. When some one reminded him of what he had said a few days before, he made light of it, observing that *he did not regard that*. The words however, were scarcely uttered, when he fell back in his chair, and instantly expired!

J. H. was through life a notorious swearer, quite an adept in this species of iniquity. One peculiarity in his case was that of cursing his eyes, or rather calling upon God to do so. It is remarkable, that for nearly two years he experienced a heavy affliction in his eyes, which baffled all human skill, and terminated in total blindness. This affected his general system so much that he gradually sunk under it, till at length he expired. During his illness, he was visited, spoken to, and prayed with, but without much hope.

An old man who lived at Castlereagh, an habitual neglecter of public worship, and a notorious drunkard, being at a person's house where he had been an inmate for many months, he joined with them at family worship in the morning: soon after which, he told one of the servants that he would go to the house of a certain person in the neighbourhood, to procure some rum that was promised him the day before. He immediately repaired to the place, and in the course of the day drank himself into a state of intoxication. In the afternoon, he observed to a little girl, “I am now sixty-six years old;

can you tell me how many hours I have lived?" Having made the calculation she told him. He then said, "I'll give any one a bottle of rum to tell me how many hours more I have to live." The girl, with apparently equal presumption and unconcern, but as though inspired to "answer a fool according to his folly," replied, "You have now three hours more to live." Soon after this he showed a disposition for sleep, and was laid on a bed. A few hours afterwards, some one going to rouse him, he was found a breathless corpse.

A mason at Bromyard, in England, was one evening playing at cards in a public house in that town, where he was heard to exclaim, "God damn my soul to hell flames!" Soon after this he went home; and while going up stairs to bed, fell down, and was taken up dead!

When Bonaparte was about to invade Russia, one who had endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, finding he could not prevail, quoted to him the proverb, "*Man proposes, but God disposes,*" to which he indignantly replied, "*I dispose as well as propose.*" A christian lady, on hearing the impious boast, remarked, "I set that down as the turning point of Bonaparte's fortunes. God will not suffer a creature with impunity, thus to usurp his prerogative." It happened to Bonaparte just as the lady predicted. His invasion of Russia was the commencement of his fall.

An inhabitant of the county of York engaged to drink sixteen glasses of spirits, or of brandy-and-water, at one sitting, in consideration that his friend would pay for them. After drinking nine or ten, he was asked if he thought he could get through the whole, when he profanely replied that he would, *or go to hell.* These words were scarcely uttered before the messenger of death called him to his account.

Providential Judgments on Liars, Perjured Persons, &c.,

The Duke of Buckingham, having by an unfortunate accident lost the army which he had raised against the usurper Richard II., was forced to flee for his life without page or attendant; at last he took refuge in the house of Humphrey Bannister at Shrewsbury, who being one of his servants, and having been formerly raised by him from a low condition, would, he trusted, be ready to afford him every possible protection. Bannister, however, upon the king's proclamation, promising £1000 reward to him that should apprehend the Duke, betrayed his master to John Merton, high sheriff of Shropshire, who sent him under a strong guard to Salisbury, where the king then was, by whom he was condemned to be beheaded. But divine vengeance pursued the traitor and his family; for, on demanding the £1000 that was the price of his master's blood, King Richard refused to pay it, saying, "He that would be false to so good a master, ought not to be encouraged." He was afterwards hanged for manslaughter; his eldest son fell into a state of derangement and died in a hog-sty; his second became deformed and lame; his third son was drowned in a small pool of water; and the rest of his family perished miserably.

Mr. Philip Henry relates a remarkable story concerning a good old friend of his, who when young, being an orphan, was greatly wronged by his uncle. His portion, which was £200, was put into the hands of that uncle, who, when he grew up, shuffled with him, and would give him but £40, instead of his £200, and he had no way of recovering his right but by law; but before he would engage in that, he was willing to advise with his minister, who was the famous Dr. Twiss of Newberry; the counsel he gave him, all things considered, was, for peace sake, and for the preventing of sin, and snares, and troubles, to take the £40, rather than contend; "and Thomas," said the doctor, "if thou dost

so, assure thyself, that God will make it up to thee and thine another way, and they that defraud will be the losers by it at last." He did so, and it pleased God to bless that little which he began the world with, that when he died in a good old age, he left his son possessed of some hundreds a-year, whilst he that had wronged him fell into poverty.

Some years ago, a man who with several others worked for a generous master, received a donation of half-a-crown, to be equally divided among his fellow-workmen. The man did not acquaint them with his having received it; and, on being questioned on the subject, denied it. His denial was disputed; and he, designing to exculpate himself from the charge, lifted up his right hand in the midst of them, and said, that he wished it might rot off, if he had received the money. The circumstance was passed over by the workmen; but that God who trieth the heart, and who heard the impious wish, did not forget it; for one night shortly afterwards, while this wicked man was in bed, his hand literally rotted off, just above the wrist.

Some years ago, a poor woman in the work-house at Milburn Port, being charged with having stolen some trivial article which was a-missing, wished God might strike her dumb, blind, and dead, if she knew any thing of it. About six o'clock she ate her supper as well as usual—soon after her speech faltered, her eyes closed, and before seven she was a breathless corpse, without any apparent cause.

Not long ago, a young girl having stolen a silver spoon from her mother, who was blind, was taxed by her with the fact, and repeatedly denied it. On being pressed with the charge, and conceiving what she had further to say might silence any more inquiry, she exclaimed, "May God strike me dead if I have the spoon!" Judgment was visited on her instantly! She fell dead. On stripping the clothes from the body, there was, to astonishment, found the very article of which she had so positively declared her ignorance.

A woman, an inhabitant of Sydney, in New South Wales, was accused of stealing a sum of money, and was tried for the offence at the criminal court, where she declared in the most solemn manner, that *if she had taken the money, she wished her right arm might rot off her body*. In a very short time afterwards, without any visible cause, she was seized in the right arm with a violent swelling, which produced a rapid mortification. Surgical aid being called in, it was found necessary to amputate the diseased member; but the operation was useless, as the mortification had reached the shoulder, whence it extended with an amazing rapidity all over the body. This miserable woman soon expired in the most excruciating pain, and with the most dreadful remorse and horror of mind—her own impious wish being answered.

A young lad, who had been guilty of stealing, upon being charged therewith, most solemnly denied the fact; and upon being more closely interrogated upon the subject by those who were well satisfied of his guilt, he appealed to God as witness of his innocence, and wished that if he was not, his right arm might rot off. Very soon after this, to the astonishment of every one, he was taken with a mortification in his right arm, which spread all down his right side, until his bowels were visible through his ribs. In this dreadful condition he lay for some considerable time; and there were many, who out of curiosity went to see him, and became witnesses of the awful judgment of God. "I also," says Mr. Pawson, "might have seen him, but declined it, because the smell was almost intolerable, which, as I lodged exactly opposite to him, in a very narrow lane, I but too plainly perceived, even in the room which I occupied: He died at last in great agonies, and, I fear, without any real change wrought in him."

Providential Judgments on Murderers, Oppressors, &c.

When Dr. Donne took possession of his first living, he took a walk into the church-yard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and throwing up a skull. The doctor took it up and found a rusty headless nail sticking in the temple, which he drew out secretly, and wrapt it up in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull that was. He said it was a man's who kept a brandy shop, an honest drunken fellow, who one night having taken two quarts, was found dead in his bed next morning. "Had he a wife?" "Yes." "What character does she bear?" "A very good one; only the neighbours reflect on her, because she married the day after her husband was buried." This was enough for the doctor, who, under the pretence of visiting his parishioners, called on her, he asked her several questions, and among others, what sickness her husband died of. She gave him the same account he had received: upon this he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in an authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly owned the fact, was tried and executed.

Early one morning, a person of some distinction was found, by some peasants, lying dead, in the midst of an unfrequented wood in the neighbourhood of Lyons, in France. By the side of the corpse stood a mastiff dog that used to attend upon the deceased, and who was now bemoaning his master's fate. The monarch was at this time in the adjacent city, and being informed of the circumstance, he instituted a rigorous inquiry after the murderer. An ancient animosity having existed between the deceased and a certain man of fortune in the vicinity, he became suspected; but he strongly asserted his own innocence, declaring that the old dispute had been amicably arranged; and his servants came forward to swear that their master was in bed very early

on the evening of the unhappy affair. Notwithstanding these assertions, the king felt grounds of suspicion; and being a man of shrewd discernment, he read the lineaments of guilt, as he thought, in the features of the accused, in the midst of his vehement protestations. The King accordingly ordered the suspected person, and twenty others, to be placed before him next day, and, introducing the faithful animal which had been found by the side of the corpse, the noble creature instantly singled out the murderer, (who was the very person suspected,) and springing upon him, would have torn him to pieces on the spot, had not the culprit confessed the fact, and thus obtained a change in the mode of punishment which was justly awarded to his guilt.

A woman, supposing that her husband, who was a soldier in the Prussian service, had been killed at the battle of Jena, in 1806, married another man. It turned out, however, that her husband had only been wounded and taken prisoner by the enemy. A cure was soon effected, and he joined one of the Prussian regiments which had entered into the pay of France. After serving three years in Spain, he was discharged, returned forthwith to his native country, and appeared greatly rejoiced to find his wife living. She received him with every mark of affection, but did not avow the new matrimonial connexion she had formed. After partaking of some refreshment, he complained of being quite overcome with fatigue, and retired to rest. The woman immediately conferred with her new husband, and they agreed to dispatch the unwelcome visitor in his sleep, which they accomplished by strangling him,—and they then put his body into a sack. About midnight, in conveying it to the river Oder, the weight of the corpse burst the sack, and one of the legs hung out. The woman set about sewing up the rent; and, in her hurry and confusion, sewed in, at the same time, the skirt of her accomplice's coat. Having reached the bank of the river, and making a great effort to precipi-

tate the load as far into the stream as possible, he was dragged from the elevated ground on which he stood, into the river, but contrived to keep his head above water for several minutes. The woman, not considering how important it was to keep silence, filled the air with her cries, bringing to the spot several peasants, who, at the hazard of their lives, extricated the drowning man from his perilous situation, at the same time discovering the cause. The man and woman were charged with the crime, made a full confession, and were consigned to the awards of justice.

Sometimes murders, secretly committed, have been brought to light in a very remarkable manner. The following is an instance, taken from an American newspaper: "In the village of Manchester, Vermont, several years since, R. Colvin, a man of respectable connexions and character, suddenly, and mysteriously disappeared; all search and inquiry proved futile and in vain, until within a few weeks, a person dreamed that he had appeared to him, and informed him that he had been murdered by two persons whom he named, and that he had been buried in such a place, a few rods distant from a sapling, leaving a particular mark which he minutely described. The same dream occurred three times successively before he awoke, and each time the deceased seemed very solicitous for him to follow. Upon awaking, his feelings were wrought up to such a degree, and he was so impressed with a belief of the fact, that he determined to collect some friends, and follow the directions laid down in the dream. He did so, and discovered, to his great surprise, not only a tree marked precisely as described, but also the appearance of a grave; and upon digging found a human skeleton! After this discovery, Stephen and Jesse Brown, the persons implicated in the dream, were apprehended and put in confinement, and, after a few days, confessed the deed. They were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be executed on the 10th of January last." (1820.)

Many years since, a seafaring man called at a village

inn, on the coast of Normandy, and asked for supper and a bed. The landlord and landlady were elderly people, and apparently poor. He entered into conversation with them, invited them to partake of his cheer, asked many questions about themselves and their family, and particularly respecting a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead. The landlady showed him to his bed-room; and when she quitted him, he put a purse of gold into her hand, and desired her to take care of it till the morning; pressed her affectionately by the hand, and bade her good night. She returned to her husband, showed him the gold, which they resolved to secure for themselves by murdering the traveller in his sleep; this they accomplished accordingly, and hurried the body. Early in the morning two or three relations came, and inquired, in an exulting and joyful tone, for the traveller who had arrived on the previous evening. The old people seemed greatly confused, and said he had risen very early and was gone away. "Impossible!" said the incredulous relatives; "*It is your own son, who has lately returned to France, and is come to make happy the evening of your days. He resolved to lodge with you one night as a stranger, that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct to wayfaring mariners.*" Language cannot describe the horror of the murderers, when they found that they had dyed their hands in the blood of their long-lost child. They confessed their crime; the body was found; and the wretched murderers expiated their offence by being broken on the wheel.

John Cameron, bishop of Glasgow, was so given to covetousness, extortion, violence, and oppression, especially upon his own tenants and vassals, that he would scarcely afford them bread to eat, or clothes to cover their nakedness. But the night before Christmas-day, and in the midst of his cruelties, as he lay in bed at his house in Lockwood, he heard a voice summoning him to appear before the tribunal of Christ, and give

an account of his actions. Being terrified with this notice, and the pangs of a guilty conscience, he called up his servants, commanding them to bring lights, and stay in the room with him. He himself took a book in his hand, and began to read, but the voice being heard a second time struck all the servants with horror. The same voice repeating the summons a third time, and with a louder and more dreadful accent, the bishop, after a lamentable and frightful groan, was found dead in his bed, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, a dreadful spectacle to all beholders. This relation is made by the celebrated historian Buchanan, who records it as a remarkable example of God's judgment against the sin of oppression.

Unnatural and disobedient children, are often, in the righteous retributions of providence, punished for their wickedness. Mr Clarke mentions the case of Adolf, son of Arnold, Duke of Guelders, who, dissatisfied that his father should live so long, came upon him one night as he was going to bed, took him prisoner, obliged him to go on foot in a cold season, bare-legged as he was, and then shut him a close prisoner in a dungeon for six months. Such disobedience and cruelty did not, however, go long unpunished; for, shortly after, the son was apprehended, kept for a long time in prison, and after his release, was slain in a battle with the French.

The history of a respected citizen of the town of A——, is remarkable, on account of his seven sons, who, though not otherwise deformed, were quite dumb. The father was constantly sorrowing over his sons, and could not comprehend why God visited him so dreadfully, more than other fathers. One day he accompanied them to a neighbouring farm, and where an old Swiss sold refreshments. The afflicted father looked with much feeling at his sons, who sat blooming and healthy round the table. The tears started in his eyes, and he exclaimed, "O God! why have I deserved this?" The old Swiss, who had overheard him, drew him on one side, and said, with honesty, "I see you are

downcast at the affliction of your sons; but I do not wonder at it. Do you not remember (I knew you from your youth) when a boy, how you laid snares for the birds, and when caught, tore their tongues out of their mouths, and then, with malignant joy, let them fly again? How often have I not warned you? Oh, the birds under the heavens have accused you, and you shall never hear the sweet name of father from the lips of your children."

John Ardesoif, Esq., was a young man of large fortune, and passionately fond of cock-fighting. He had one favourite bird, by which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he laid upon this cock, he lost, which so enraged him, that he had the poor bird tied to a spit and roasted alive. The cries of the suffering animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere, which so enraged Mr. Ardesoif, that he seized a poker, and declared, with the most furious vehemence, that he would kill the first man who interposed. But in the midst of his passionate asseverations—he fell dead upon the spot!

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

English Fleet Driven Back, and Relief from Perplexity.

The late Mr. James Meikle of Carnwath, when employed as Surgeon's mate, on board the Portland man-of-war ship at Leghorn, had occasion to remark the interposition of providence in a very singular manner in his behalf. Several of the gentlemen belonging to the ship had formed a party in order to visit the city of Pisa, which is about twelve miles distant, and entertain themselves with the sight of its famous hanging towers, and

the other curiosities of the place. Mr. Meikle, starting on the morning of the 12th of April, went on foot by himself, and enjoyed, he says, by the way, "pleasant meditations on the love of Christ;" the rest followed on horseback. The afternoon was far advanced before they had sufficiently gratified their curiosity. In the evening Mr. Meikle's companions returned; but he being fatigued and observing that the wind was foul, so that the fleet which the Portland was to convey could not sail, ventured to remain in Pisa. Early next morning, he set out for Leghorn; but the wind had changed during the night, and before he could reach the city, the fleet had weighed, and were already several leagues on their way.

By this occurrence he was thrown into great perplexity. In a strange place, ignorant of the language, with no clothes except what were on his body, with little money in his pocket, without one personal acquaintance, and even few Englishmen being left in the place, to take interest in the distresses of their countryman; afraid, besides, of the fate of his papers and other property on board, of the loss of what was due to him on the ship's books, and of being detained long before he could find an opportunity of getting home; what was to be done? In his distress he applied to the English Consul; but every expedient suggested by him and some others whom he consulted, misgave. After thus spending the remainder of Friday, and the whole of Saturday, in fruitless contrivances how to extricate himself from the embarrassment of his situation, the Sabbath came, on which he resolved as much as possible to banish care, and to commit himself to God. Early on the morning, therefore, of the sacred day, (15th April 1759,) with his Bible in his pocket, he retired to a forest at a considerable distance from the town, and spent the day, in devotional exercises. He sung the sixty-third psalm, "a psalm written in a wilderness, which," says he, "gave me great comfort in my wilderness." He read the hundred and second psalm, which

“well suits the afflicted when he is overwhelmed, and poureth out his complaint before the Lord.” He engaged repeatedly in prayer, and in meditation on God, and the dispensations of his providence towards his people, and himself in particular. As the day advanced the wind sprung up, and it began to rain. He took shelter from the storm in the trunk of a hollow tree, and standing within it, wrote the following lines :

“ A stranger in a foreign land
I throw myself on thee :
There’s help in that Almighty hand
That made both land and sea.

Though far from friends, and far from home,
I am not far from God :
He will not stand aloof; he’ll come,
And surely do me good.

Upon thy power, Lord, I will lean;
Why should I bound thy ways ?
Thy power the hardest things can bring
To pass with greatest ease.

Oft have I seen thy former love,
Still will I trust in thee ;
Thou canst not cease from heaven above
Kindly to look on me.

How to relieve thou always know’s’t,
Thou art as wise as true ;
And what infinite wisdom plans,
Infinite power can do.

Why doubt my Father’s love ? for though
His providence now frown,
To me with kindness overflow
His word and ways each one.

The world is thine ; and everywhere
Thou’rt present, O most High !
I cast myself upon thy care ;
I on thy word rely.”

Faint and hungry, he returned to the City, and calling at a house to which he was kindly invited, he had not sat long before information was brought him that the English fleet had been driven back by contrary winds, and were arrived in the Roads. Animated by this delightful, but unexpected intelligence, of an event which so evidently marked the care of Providence, he

made all possible haste towards the shore ; but it was late, it blew hard, and it was morning before he could get aboard. As he rowed towards the ship it fell calmer, the wind became fair the signal for sailing was hoisted ; and, within two hours after he entered the Portland, the fleet were under way with a fair wind and a fresh gale.

“ This interposition of Providence for me,” says Mr. Meikle, “ was astonishing ; that God should send a contrary gust of wind out of his treasures, and turn a whole fleet out of their intended course for one poor worm ! and, whenever that end was accomplished, ordered a fair wind to blow, so that we were obliged to put back no more.” It appears to have struck even the thoughtless sailors with surprise ; for they hailed him as he approached the vessel, in their rough and irreligious manner, “ Come along you praying d——l ;” adding that the winds would not permit them to leave Leghorn without him.

A Young Infidel Reclaimed.

A clergyman in North Carolina mentions the case of a young infidel in that State, who was walking by the side of a pond, when he discovered two leaves of a book partly in the water, which he took up, and soon perceived another fragment lying at a little distance before him, and still farther on, a third. He took up the whole, and putting them together, they composed an entire tract, the perusal of which so arrested his attention, that he read it again and again ; and such were the impressions created in his mind, that he felt an unconquerable desire to read the Bible. He was ashamed that this wish should be known to any one, and devised a plan for procuring a Bible in his grandmother's book-case. He went and paid her a visit, and while looking at and praising her library, secured the Bible for himself ; returned home, and read it in secret ; embraced the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour ; and is now a member of the Christian Church, and an active christian.

Suicide Prevented.

The commander of a Revenue Cutter, a most profligate man, having attempted self-murder, was prevented by his wife, who was a pious woman, from committing the fatal deed. With considerable difficulty, she prevailed on him to accompany her to the church. The minister, not knowing the circumstances, was led, in the course of his sermon, to describe the case of a wretched sinner, who, under the pressure of extreme trouble and disappointment, and with the delusive hope of an expeditious release from his painful feelings, dares to plunge himself into remediless woe!—who, to effect this dreadful purpose, has recourse to a knife, to a rope, to a pistol, &c. All this was listened to by the stranger with astonishment, who, whispering to his wife, said, “You have been telling this gentleman.” A happy change took place on this once profane, abandoned sinner. His house and cabin became temples of God, and having joined the church, together with his wife, henceforth walked in all the commandments and ordinances of God, blameless.

Singular Deliverance from a Bear.

Some years ago, as a young man and his father were travelling in the woods of America, they came to a very large old tree, on which there appeared a kind of pathway to the top. This appearance excited the young man's curiosity to examine the cause. He ascended to the top, but observed nothing particular, except that the tree was hollow in the heart. He sat down on the edge of the opening, but had not sat long when part of the edge gave way, and he fell to the bottom of the excavation. What must have been his horror when he found himself in the midst of a bear's den, consisting of two young bears, and knew not how soon he might be visited by the old ones!—His father, unable to extricate him from his perilous situation, left him in search of help. While he was gone, the old bear entered this

cell at the top, and let herself down, with her hinder parts towards the bottom. When she came within the young man's reach, he had presence of mind to take hold of her tail; she was so alarmed by this unexpected reception, that, under the greatest perturbation, she scrambled hastily to the top with the trembling youth suspended by her tail. On arriving at the top, by a strong push he caused the bear to tumble headlong to the ground, which, from her fear was not difficult to effect. The fall completely disabled her; but the young man took refuge in one of the houghs, till relieved from his disagreeable situation by the arrival of his father and some countrymen.

Remarkable Preservation.

In the year 1561, the Moors having made a descent on the island of Majorca, committed the most horrid devastations. A woman seeing them seize her little daughter, then only seven years old, and that her assistance was not sufficient to rescue her from the hands of the enemy, began to think how she could save her own life, and thus made her escape. Her agitation and confusion were such, that she took the road that led to the sea side, whither the Moors bent their course to make to their shipping. The sight of them made her perceive her error; and to screen herself from their fury, she concealed herself among the bushes of a neighbouring hedge. In the meantime the pirates advanced, one of them carrying the child on his shoulders, till tired out with her cries, they at last flung her with violence into the hedge, and left her there. By an admirable and special direction of Providence, the child was thrown exactly into the place where the mother lay concealed, and fell directly into her arms!

The Debtor Delivered.

A poor woman, who had recently lost her husband, was advised to administer to his effects, as it was supposed he had left some property. But when a full in-

quiry into his circumstances was made, it proved that the supposition was without foundation, and that instead of having property, he was greatly in debt. It was not long after his burial, that a person came to her house and said, "Mrs. Chadsey, you are much indebted to your landlord; and he has sent me to demand the rent that is due to him." She answered, "Sir, I have not so much money in the world; indeed, I have none at all." "But," said he, "have you nothing that will fetch money?" She replied, "Sir, you see all that I have: I have nothing in the house but these six children." "Then," said he, "I must execute my writ, and carry you to Newgate. But it is a hard case, I will leave you here till to-morrow, and will go and try if I can persuade your landlord to give you time." He returned the next morning, and said, "I have done all I can; I have used all the arguments I could think of; but your landlord is not to be moved. He vows, if I do not carry you to prison without delay, I shall go thither myself." She answered, "You have done your part: the will of the Lord be done." He said, "I will venture to make one trial more, and will come again in the morning." He returned in the morning and said, "Mrs. Chadsey, God has undertaken your cause; none can give you any trouble now, for your landlord died last night. But he has left no will; and no one knows who is heir to the estate."

Life Preserved.

The late Mr Newton of London, when engaged in the slave trade off the coast of Africa, relates, that one day, having dined on board, he was preparing to return to the river, as formerly; he had taken leave of the Captain, received his orders, was ready in the boat, and just going to put off, and sail from the ship. In that instant the Captain came up from the cabin, and called him on board again. He went, expecting further orders; but he said he had "taken it in his head," as he phrased it, that Mr Newton should remain that day

in the ship, and accordingly ordered another man to go in his room. Mr N. was surprised at this, as the boat had never been sent away without him before; and asked him the reason. He could give him no reason, but that so he would have it. Accordingly the boat went without him, but returned no more. She sunk that night in the river, and the person who had supplied his place was drowned. He was much struck when he received news of the event next morning. The captain himself, though quite a stranger to religion, as far as to deny a particular providence, could not help being affected; but he declared, that he had no other reason for countermanding him at that time, but that it came suddenly into his mind to detain him. Mr. Newton used always to consider this as one of the most extraordinary circumstances of his life.

Prayer Answered.

The same worthy minister, when referring to his settlement in Liverpool, as Tide Surveyor, says, "When I think of my settlement here, and the manner of it, I see the appointment of providence so good and gracious, and such a plain answer to my poor prayers, that I cannot but wonder and adore. I think I have not yet told you, that my immediate predecessor in office Mr. C——, had not the least intention of resigning his place on the occasion of his father's death, though such a report was spread about the town without his knowledge, or rather in defiance of all he could say to contradict it. Yet, to this false report I owe my situation. For it put Mr. M—— upon an application to Mr. S——, the member for the town; and, the very day he received the promise in my favour, Mr. C—— was found dead in his bed, though he had been in company, and in perfect health, the night before. If I mistake not, the same messenger who brought the promise, carried back the news of the vacancy to Mr. S——, at Chester. About an hour after, the Mayor applied for a nephew of his; but, though it was only

an hour or two, he was too late. Mr. S—— had already written, and sent off the letter; and I was appointed accordingly. These circumstances appear to me extraordinary, though of a piece with many other parts of my singular history. And the more so, as by another mistake I missed the land-waiter's place, which was my first object, and which I now see would not have suited us nearly so well. I thank God I can now look through instruments, and second causes, and see his wisdom and goodness immediately concerned, in fixing my lot."

The Poor Man Relieved.

"Who else was it but the God of Elijah," says Dr. Krummacher, "who, only a short time ago, in our neighbourhood, so kindly delivered a poor man out of his distress; not, indeed, by a raven, but by a poor singing bird? You are acquainted with the circumstance. The man was sitting, early in the morning, at his house-door; his eyes were red with weeping, and his heart cried to heaven, for he was expecting an officer to come and distrain him for a small debt. And whilst sitting thus, with his heavy heart, a little bird flew through the street, fluttering up and down, as if in distress, until, at length, quick as an arrow, it flew over the good man's head into his cottage, and perched itself within an empty cupboard. The good man, who little imagined who had sent him the bird, closed the door, caught the bird, and placed it in a cage, where it immediately began to sing very sweetly, and it seemed to the man as if it were the tune of a favourite hymn. 'Fear thou not when darkness reigns;' and as he listened to it, he found it soothe and comfort his mind. Suddenly some one knocked at the door. 'Ah, it is the officer!' thought the man, and was sore afraid. But, no, it was the servant of a respectable lady, who said that the neighbours had seen a bird fly into his house, and she wished to know if he had caught it. 'O yes,' answered the man, 'here it is;' and the bird

was carried away. A few minutes after, the servant came again. 'You have done my mistress a great service,' said she, 'she sets a high value upon the bird, which had escaped from her, she is much obliged, to you, and requests you to accept this trifle, with her thanks.' The poor man received it thankfully, and it proved to be neither more nor less than the sum he owed! And when the officer came, he said, "here is the amount of the debt; now leave me in peace, for God has sent it me."

A Drunken Frolic Over-ruled for Good.

During the period when the Protestants were besieged at Beziers, in France, a drummer was one night passing through the town in a state of intoxication, and, under the impulse of a mischievous frenzy, he rang the alarm bell, by which the inhabitants were aroused from their beds at the silent hour of midnight. This man's drunkenness, however, was over-ruled for good; for it happened that at this very moment the besiegers were attempting an assault. Thus, by an apparent chance, but a real providence, were the inhabitants preserved.

Pious Exhortation Blessed.

On one occasion, Mr. Erskine, when travelling from Edinburgh to Ormiston, to attend a numerous gathering of Presbyterians on a week day, fell in with some country people on their way to the meeting; and began to converse with them about their high privilege, in having such a minister, and such stated opportunities of public worship continued with them, when so many others were deprived of these advantages; and to remind them how greatly this distinguishing mercy, if not suitably improved, would aggravate their final condemnation. The journey being accomplished a considerable time previous to the hour of meeting, a wealthy man in the company invited him to take some victuals with him; and, while they were sitting together, he proceeded to say, "God has given me an abundant share of worldly good, yet formerly I never had a heart to give

any part of it to his people in want ; but since I saw and heard you, the Lord has opened my heart and disposed me to open my purse for the relief of the godly." At the same moment, he verified his profession by his conduct, and urged the man of God to accept of a considerable sum ; which both served to relieve his necessities, and gladden his spirit, as a fruit and evidence of the divine blessing that had rendered his instructions effectual for producing a salutary change on the heart of a worldly man.

Unexpected and Seasonable Relief.

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



735

Algebra

X

18-3-58

