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AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

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The Missionary's Farewell.

I've seen bright shores of the distant sea,
And many a sunny strand;
But none of them can compare with thee,
Beloved Fatherland.

Thy frowning rocks and mountain steeps,
Clothed in eternal snows,
Whence the stormy wind of winter sweeps,
And the roaring torrent flows.

Whilst treading along the rocky path
By the trickling mountain rill,
My soul would rise on the wings of faith
To the everlasting hills.

Land of the Crown and Covenant!
Where the blood of martyrs shed
Was but the seed of a purer Church,
With Christ for its living Head.

Farewell, farewell, for never more
Thy shores shall meet mine eyes,
Unless it be in the dreams of night,
Like a vapour floating by.

Graves of my fathers, where their dust
In peaceful safety lies,
Waiting the resurrection morn,
Immortal then to rise.

Farewell, farewell, for I shall live
Beyond the distant sea;
And round my lowly tomb the breeze
Will sigh in the banyan tree.

But welcome, India! fairest spot
Of all God's beautiful earth;
But which, alas! adorns not
The land who gave it birth.

I see the myriads even now
Beneath the turbid wave,
In hopes to wash away their guilt,
In Ganga find a grave.

I see them with their victory palms
In robes of purest white,
Crowned with immortal anyruth,
In yonder realm of light;

Singing glory and everlasting praise
To Him who with his blood
Gave us these spotless robes, to stand
Before the throne of God.

Yet often 'neath the burning sun,
When toiling wearily,
Yet hoping on, my brightest thought
Shall ever turn to thee.

I go; Oh brethren, pray for me
When at the three you stand;
Once more, for ever fare ye well,
Beloved Fatherland.

—B. J. G. in the Edinburgh Witness.

His voice failed him, for in spite of his resolution, the entire improbability of what he had just mentioned rushed upon his mind, and his heart sank within him at the appalling prospect which seemed before him. He could not talk hopefully of that which seemed almost impossible; and he could not keep up a show of cheerfulness he did not really feel. "Let us thank God for present blessings," he said at length, and in a low and husky voice he did so.

Sad indeed was that morning meal. The little ones, hungry from previous privation, and unable to comprehend the situation of the family, ate greedily their portion, and then received from their parents what the latter had neither appetite or heart to retain for themselves. The meagre breakfast eaten, the miller rose from his seat, taking his old hat from its peg, and left the house.

Uncertain whither to direct his steps, and unwilling yet to beg more by accident than by design he took his way towards the mill. As he walked on, his eye anxiously searched the sky for signs of an approaching storm, his only permanent relief. A few light, fleecy clouds, such as had often lingered in the sky, only could be seen. "The Lord hides his face in anger," said he to himself; "clouds and darkness are round about him." But "righteousness and judgement are the habitations of his throne," the voice of memory whispered; and the old man silently acquiesced in the declaration of inspiration.

Sadly he surveys the scene before him. The old mill looked solitary and forsaken. Its huge wheel, dry and rusty, seemed a giant resting for ever from its labours. The little habitation brook, which hitherto bathed the under edge of the lowest bucket, seemed to say, "Never again, never again, shall I be thy servant." The door swung idly upon its hinges. Tools lay scattered about as left when last used. The miller sat down upon the door stone and buried his face in his hands. Remaining thus lost in meditation for some time, he was aroused by a familiar voice, apparently proceeding from the opposite side of the mill. It was a low, gentle voice; one that had often soothed him, when toil-worn and weary, and which he said was sweeter music to his ear than any strain from a stringed instrument. Even now it acted like a charm upon him, for he lifted his head and listened eagerly to catch each word.

"Poor, dear papa," murmured the voice, "how I wish I could do something to help him! If I was only a great strong girl, then I could work, and get money and buy bread, and do over so many things. Little book, ain't you ever going to get big and strong again so as to turn the wheel?"

It was the miller's little daughter Mary, who was slowly walking along the margin of the brook towards the place where her father was sitting. Passing the corner of the mill she saw him sitting upon the door stone. With an exclamation of joy she hastened towards him, and in a moment was nestling in his arms, while he implanted kiss after kiss on her rosy cheek. At length, looking up in his face she said,—

"Papa!"

"Well, my daughter."

"I have been thinking—"

"Why do you hesitate my child?"

"I was thinking, dear papa, this morning when you and mother seemed so troubled, what we could do to help you. I thought and thought a long while, but couldn't find a way to earn any money. At last I came 'out doors' to see if the sky looked as if there would be any rain, and all I could see was those little clouds over the hill, there, and they didn't seem like rain. Then, father, I remembered that story in the bible you were reading Sabbath-day, about the drought where Elijah was, and I thought it seemed just like this. And then I wondered if you were to pray to God as Elijah did if God wouldn't make it rain as it did then. Don't you think he's just as kind as he was then, father?"

"The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," rose spontaneously to the old man's lips. The suggestion of his child fell upon his heart with singular power. So unexpected was any thing of the kind from such a source, that as he looked down into the earnest depths of her clear, blue eyes, raised so anxiously towards him, it seemed as though an unseen spirit from his, it seemed as though he had placed the thought in another's mind, and prompted the words from the lips of his daughter. "Ask and it shall be given you," was the sentiment which a new and most powerful hope suggested as its foundation; and opening the well-worn pocket Bible which he always carried with him, he sought for something which might still more increase it. A leaf turned down to mark some passage of interest arrested his attention. Unfolding it he read—

"If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them which ask him?"

"It is enough," he said devoutly, as he closed the sacred volume. "Let us pray, my child," and as he spoke, father and daughter knelt upon the turf by the moss-grown doorway. With uncovered heads, reverently they raised their cloaked eyes towards the blue sky, and the miller poured forth in simple earnest words the strong desires of both their hearts. He prayed that the Great Father might look down upon the earth and pity his feeble children in their great distress. He poured into His ever ready ear the story of poverty and want. And as he proceeded in this narration, the confidence he felt in Him to whom he prayed grew stronger and stronger. His Father—his Father, who is in heaven—seemed stooping to listen to his harassed child's supplications. "I know," cried the old miller, "I know, my Father, that thou wilt not desert me in this hour of trial and of need. Didst thou not send food from heaven to supply the hunger, and make water to gush forth from the rock to quench the thirst of thine ancient people? And art thou not as full of love for thy redeemed children as thou wast for thy chosen ones? Oh,

yes! Thou wilt never leave nor forsake them that put their trust in thee."

The remainder of our story is best told in the words of the miller himself. "I rose from my knees," he says, "with a calm, happy mind, from which the burden I had been for so many days hearing seemed to be removed. My little daughter, too, looked up into my face with a quiet smile, exclaiming in a tone of strong assurance, 'Now God will make it rain, father!' I could but acknowledge my own strong belief in what my child had said, and from time to time I sought in the sky signs of an approaching storm. Nor was I disappointed. Before an hour had passed, dark clouds gathered in the eastern horizon, and the thunder heralded the coming of the storm. With almost childish delight I hailed the first welcome drops, and when at length the rain descended in torrents I cared not to seek a shelter, but, standing beside the bed of the mill stream, watched for its rising. Thicker and faster the showers descended, and ere long the little brook began to swell. Higher and higher it rose, faster and faster it ran, until at length the foaming, tumbling torrent reached its usual level. Then with a glad heart I gave the word; the wheel once more revolved, and amid the creaking and the rattling of the gears, we sang an anthem to our Father's praise." — *Watchman and Reflector.*

From the Christian Observer.

"Go, Scatter the Seed."

"Go, scatter the seed,"—by the highway side,
In the open field—in the shaded nook;
Go, sow it well all waters beside—
By the ocean strand—by the pebbly brook—
For some will grow to reward thy toil,
Though cast by chance on an arid soil.

"Go scatter the seed," tho' the winged bird
May seem to gather as fast as they fall;
Not void shall return that precious word,
Which the sower's hand would dispense to all.

For the yielding heart may receive some grain,
That may spring to life in "the latter rain."

Go, scatter it well, with a liberal hand,
On the barren rock—in the fertile glade;
Go, break the depths of the fallow land,
With the broad plough-share which truth
has laid.

For the human heart, in every clime,
Has its winter gloom and its harvest time.

Go, scatter it there, in the "grand old woods,"
Where the unwhim temple of nature stands;
And there, mid the dim, wild solitudes,
Fling the golden grain with a sower's
hands.

For the miner may turn from his lumps of
dross,

To gather the seed ye may count but loss.

Go, scatter it there,—neath the humble spire,
Where the sons of labour are crowding in;
Where the feast but waits for the "tongues of
fire."

To waken the soul to a sense of sin—
Where the "smoking flax," and "the bruised
reed,"

Will find the heat and the balm they need.

Go, scatter it there, mid freecold wades,
Where fashion hath reared her costly fane;
And the free sun-light discolour'd falls,
Thro' the rich stained window's violet
pane.

For many a heart 'neath a jewelled zone,
Pants for the peace ye can give alone.

Go, scatter it there, 'mid the haunts of sin,
Where landed together the doomed ones
dwell.

While Promethean anguish rends the soul,
With vulgar gnawing none may tell;
Go scatter it there,—for the blessed seed
May spring on the soil of the vilest weed.

FLORENCE.

fort reigned so evidently, it was hard to believe that the evil spirit had entered there to remain. But I moved myself to the task, and gently waiting to receive and return his cordial greeting, rushed at once into the subject and began, "Neighbor M.—I called to have a little talk with you this afternoon." At a glance I saw that he understood me, and in a instant he answered, "You are welcome, but fear me first." He then began, and in language, the eloquence and power of which I have never heard surpassed, portrayed to me the evils of intemperance, its blighting effect upon the soul and body, the ruin to its subject not to family and friends, the loss of health and wealth and happiness, of peace of mind, all hope in this world and the hope of Heaven beyond. Only bitter experience could have supplied such a portraiture. I was moved even to tears; "and yet," he added, "but a bitter groan," and, yet, knowing all this, I could refrain."

There was despair in his tone, the despair of the man in the resistless fangs of the serpent. I could not utter one word, he had said all more than I could have said, and had added motives, the power of which I could not have moved. I turned away in silent sorrow, with the prayer, "Heaven help thee, for there is to help in man."

And I recognized in this dreadful appetite a fearful physical, more than moral malady. The stimulated and overworked nerves are in a diseased state, and crave the same stimulus to relieve their burning irritation. The suffering is torture, such as only time can allay, while the craving cannot be resisted, so strong is the power of appetite, and nothing can restrain, but the impossibility of obtaining the poison.

And I longed to hold up this fearful example as it was before me, to warn all against the first step, against ever tasting the poison, as the only safe and sure course.—Tough not, taste not, handle not. And then I would add it as an argument in favour of keeping temptation out of the way of those who have lost all self-control. How many would bless you now and forever, if you placed it out of their power to indulge so dangerous an appetite.—*Independent.*

The "Free-Love" Movement.

(From the N. Y. Tribune.)

Having been publicly called to expose the "Free-Love" convulsion in our city, and having seen that our contemporaries do not scruple to publish all they know concerning it, we have for the last few days applied ourselves to the gathering and arranging of all the facts we could obtain bearing on the subject; and the result is presented in our columns to-day. It is mainly given in the language of our opponents, who are necessarily supplanters of greater or less degree with the movement; since we could not honestly obtain information only of those who were honestly in possession of it. We believe the candid adherents of the doctrine will admit that our narrative and corroborating testimony to-day given are more than fair; they are positively kind,—toward the "Free-Love" movement and its champions. In the main, these are permitted to speak for themselves, with very little correction or touting down from any quarter. If their system were not a very bad one, it might seem too attractive in the account we publish of it this morning.

But it is bad,—diabolically, horribly bad—and so it only makes the worse appearance by being permitted to array itself in its blindest colors. Having discussed it and read its errors repeatedly during the last half dozen years, we propose now only to indicate a few of its radical vices—namely:

1. Its basis is unalloyed selfishness. It appeals directly to the love of personal enjoyment. It ignores God, defies Revelation, scorns the experience of the Race, and tends directly—no matter how dimly its apostles may labor to gild and refine it—to universal lechery and sensuality.
2. It ignores the Divine purpose of conjugal union—Children. Free-Lovers seldom have children, and still more rarely desire to have them. The woman who has changed her paramour repeatedly, and is likely to change again and again, is neither fit to be a mother or likely to desire it. Happy the child of such a mother who is called in mercy to an early grave.
3. The universal consciousness of all men who have ever pretended to such a thing as conscience, recognizes Incest as a foul, revolting, hideous crime. "Free-Love" would necessarily brand this an idle prejudice or weak superstition.
4. It has never yet been our fortune to meet a Free-Lover willing to avow that his practice conformed to his theory. On the contrary, nearly every one had who had it understood that he was satisfied and happy in his wife; but that he would not consent to be a legalized adulterer. In the eyes of each other—still more of the general public—most Free-Lovers prefer to be accounted remarkably chaste and continent. "Hypocrisy," says the French sage, "is the homage which Vice pays to Virtue."
5. We do not perceive that our Free-Lovers are one whit less selfish than the rest of us. Thus our correspondent, "A Member of the Club," says:

Mr. Barker, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society at Constantinople, in a letter dated July 14th, states that he had recently called upon our Ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, with a letter from the noble President of the Society, and had met with a very cordial reception. His lordship was exceedingly surprised to hear that the Turks are now purchasing the Scriptures publicly, and remarked that this must be owing to the present state of things. "I took the liberty to observe to his lordship," writes Mr. Barker, "that, as every one had more or less an opinion relative to the present state of Turkey, nine was, that all efforts to civilize and strengthen the empire will prove a failure, until the Koran gives way to the Bible. To which his Lordship, without assenting to my way of thinking, simply replied, 'It has commenced to do so.'" Mr. Barker was able to inform his lordship, that not only in Constantinople, but also in the distant town of Diarbekir, and elsewhere in those parts, the Turkish Scriptures are in increasing demand, being sought after both by Turks and by Kurds; and whereas, formerly, it was found difficult to give away three or four copies in a year, now hundreds are sold. At Constantinople, two *colporteurs* and a Turk sold, in the course of a month, three or four Turkish Bibles, and upwards of seventy *Farsi* New Testaments and Psalters. The Bishop of Jerusalem, in a letter from that city, dated July 7th, states that several Moslems had applied for Bibles; and having none left, he had borrowed the copies in the hands of some native converts, to supply three Moslems, on the promise of replacing them. The Bishop adds:—"The Popish priests continue to burn all the Bibles of which they can get hold." We learn through other channels that, at Constantinople, Smyrna, Beirut, and throughout Syria, "Jesuit missionaries are earnestly labouring to instil the poison of French infidelity into the national mind, when they cannot delude by their obsolete superstitions." [Surely Popery is the anticrist!]

A Leaf from a Minister's Journal.

Our neighbor M— has lived for many years on his fine farm, one of the best in the valley of our beautiful river. Every thing around him has prospered, and his barns are full of plenty, and his fields are covered with the golden harvest. He has long borne witness to his skill and faithfulness in the cultivation of his faithful acres. But the trail of the serpent is on them all. Of late a cloud has come over him, his air is anxious and care-worn, his wife looks sad, his son, formerly his ablest assistant and partner on the farm, has left for some other business, and the eyes of his beautiful daughter, once bright and joyous, now look as if often dimmed with tears. I knew that M— had been sometimes fond of a social glass, and had heard of one or two of his "sprees," but I knew not the extent of the evil till I had a call from his daughter Mary, a lovely girl, and once the idol of her father's heart.

She was evidently desperate, and came to me as a friend. "Doctor," said she, "can't you do something for father?—Poor girl, she knew she need not explain herself, that I could not fail to know in what he needed help. It seems of late, the evil had been growing upon him, the appetite increasing, the demon gaining stronger hold upon his soul, till his affairs were suffering under depression and neglect, and more than this, the man who was the loving husband and kind father on other times, was but the ruthless villain when excited, and had at last even threatened the lives of his wife and child. Often he would groan for months and they would begin to hope the appetite was conquered, and then the demon once aroused took stronger hold of him than ever.

Thus appealed to, I could not refuse, and promised the weeping daughter that for her father I would do what I could. The next day I resolved to do my duty to the old man, with whom I had ever been on the most friendly terms, though how to approach him on the subject I hardly knew. I fulfilled my resolution, and, in my rounds, stopped at his gate just as the summer sun was setting.

The old man sat in his porch, all around was calm and peaceful, and plenty and con-

know their statements to be incorrect, but the assertion of "A Member" that Catholics, Evangelical Protestants, and great numbers of Unitarians and Universalists are members of this "Free-Love" Club, is outrageously incorrect. Most may possibly call themselves by one or another of these names; but they are no more members of any Christians sect than the devil is an archangel. There is not a Christian church of any name or nature in this city which would not expel any member who was known to belong to this Club; and we are sure there are not twenty persons in New York who even pretend to believe in the Christian Religion who give any sort of countenance to "Free-Love" in any shape.

7. We will thank those who have just now so much to say against "Compulsory Morality," to tell us just what they would have done with these Free-Lovers. We believe that the deliberate violation of marriage vows is a heinous crime—that Seduction is another—that simple Lewdness is a grave misdemeanor, and should be dealt with by law accordingly.—What say those who abhor the idea of "making men moral by statute?" The case seems clearly under their rule—how do they propose to deal with it?

The Bible in Turkey.

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Words of Consolation to the Bereaved.

Dr. Judson once wrote to a friend in the hour of trial thus:—"So the light of your dwelling has gone, my poor brother, and it is all darkness to you, only as you draw down by faith some faint gleams of the light of heaven, and coldness has gathered round your heartstone; your home is probably desolate, your children scattered, and you a homeless wanderer over the face of the land. We have both tasted of those bitter cups once and again, we have found them bitter, and we have found them sweet too. Every cup stirred by the finger of God becomes sweet to the humble believer. Do you remember how our late wives and others used to minister round the well-curb in the mission premises, at the close of the day? I can almost see them sitting there, with their smiling faces, as look out of the window at which I am now writing. Where are ours now? Clustering around the well-curb of the fountain of living water, to which the Lamb of Heaven shows them the way, reposing in the arms of Infinite Love, who wipes away all their tears with his own hand. Let us travel on and look up. We shall soon be there. As sure as I write and you read these lines, we shall soon be there. Many a weary step we may yet have to take, but we shall get there at last. And the longer and more tedious the way, the sweeter will be our repose."

Piedmont—The Excommunicated.

The decree of excommunication issued by the Pope on the occasion of the promulgation of the Convent Suppression Law had given rise to a secret correspondence between his Holiness and the Sardinian episcopacy. The bishops were often perplexed with regard to the application of ecclesiastical penalties. A definitive decision has been at last come to by the Court of Rome respecting the different categories of persons who have incurred excommunication. These categories comprise the Ministers, the members of the Ecclesiastical Board, the agents of the public revenue, the mayors, municipal councillors, and workmen who took part in the different expeditions against the convents, the journalists who advocated the Ritzau project, and the signers of petitions to Parliament in its favour.—Paris! priests are accordingly forbidden to administer the sacraments to that numerous class of persons, if they do not previously sign an explicit retraction. Notwithstanding the excessive prudence with which the clergy deposited itself in this affair, a serious collision between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities is considered inevitable.

nothing; and St. Paul, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengthens me." Striking contrast between *nothing* and *all things*. Nothing out of Christ—every thing in Christ! This, then, was the true way to accomplish a blessed work—let us be in Christ, and then the strength, the life, the activity of St. Paul would be ours. It was ordinarily said, "He who wills the end, also wills the means." This was often, too often the point wherein Christians failed. They desired to attain the end, the salvation of souls by conversion; but they did not will the means, namely, their own intimate union with Christ, the indispensable condition of the manifestation of His strength in our weakness. This union with Christ was the soul of all the rest. "Let us try our hearts," said the speaker, "according to the example and precept of Paul. He says, 'None of us liveth to himself.' "Night and day praying exceedingly;" and many other things besides. Let us thus act. We sometimes say, "O! why does God not sanctify us? Why does he not make us grow?" It is that we do not use the means he has appointed; like a man at table who refuses to eat the food placed before him, and dies of hunger. The fault is his. God wills the means, and when we neglect them, our complaint is an accusation against ourselves. Let us all rise the means pointed out in Scripture for possessing Christ; for it is not enough to *know* Christ, we must also *have* him. Then will show by our fidelity as servants of the Lord, that we are his children. Let us honour God by the obedience of our service."

As Ye Go, Preach.

Once, while on a missionary tour, on crossing the Cheviot hills from Northumberland to Scotland, I called at a shepherd's house to visit his wife, a Christian woman, who was at that time under affliction. Not being acquainted with the hill road from that place, the good woman, on leaving, sent her servant girl with me to direct me the way. She was quite a young person, and careless about her soul.—As we parted, I thanked her for her kindness in showing me the way to get into Scotland; I bethought me that probably she was ignorant of the way of salvation, and put to her this question, "Have you yet begun to care for your soul?" The poor, simple thoughtless girl looked surprised, and confessed she had not. I simply quoted Isa. lv. 6, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near," and asked her to think seriously about it.

Years passed away, and I heard no more of the girl, until, in prosecution of my missionary work, in a hill district in the south of Scotland, I providentially met with her, a grown woman, who had been married for some time, and was now a widow. But now her "Maker was her husband," and she, as far as man could judge, was a "new creature in Christ Jesus." In conversation with her about Divine things, I found that that text I had quoted to her, and to which I had called her earnest attention, had never left her, and that by it she was awakened to seek Christ Jesus, until she found him as her own Saviour.

Dear, Christian reader, be careful never to allow Christless souls to leave your company unwarned and unconverted with regard to their everlasting salvation. Be ever sowing, and in due season ye shall reap.

My dear wife, and you, my children, let us continue to trust in the Lord, who has hitherto never failed to supply our wants. Eat thankfully what we now have, nothing doubting that a kind Providence which supplies the sparrow's wants will not fail to bring us succour. I may be able to obtain money or food in some way, and—

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