The True Christian's Heart-Glow

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

We count that a poor fireplace which sends all its heat up the chimney, and throws none out into the room. But around a glowing hearth people love to gather. An open fire is almost a "means of grace" to the children of a family in making home so attractive that they will not lust after some other places of evening resort. What is true of the house is always true of the heart. A cold, cheerless religion attracts nobody and wins no converts. One of the thousand strong arguments in favor of the religion of Jesus Christ is that it has a perennial *glow* in it. It is warm with the warmth of divine love; it kindles with what the Bible calls "the joy of the Lord."

Two opposite mistakes are often made in presenting Christianity. The first error is that of the preacher who dwells chiefly on prohibition and penitence, and would turn the service of God into a stern, sad, severe penance. He will tell us that "Jesus wept"; but we are never told that he ever laughed or even smiled. Yet we are told that the compassionate Man of Sorrows was "anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows." If our Lord had been melancholy or morose he never could have won all classes to himself as he did, or have held his disciples to such a tender attachment. "These things I have spoken unto you," he said to them, "that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

The opposite error is that of presenting the religion of Christ as a mere exhilarant. Such enthusiasts dwell so much on sudden, rapturous conversions, and talk so much *in italics* (as the Irishman said), that people are sometimes induced to try religion as certain invalids inhale nitrous-oxide gas for the pleasurable excitement. But ecstasies are necessarily short-lived, and are apt to be followed by depressing reactions. Holiness signifies health, or "wholth" of heart, and a healthy Christian is not always in a rapture.

Between these two opposite and equally false conceptions of Bible religion lies that calm, deep, substantial gladness which is called "the joy of the Lord." It has its perennial fountain-head in him. It is one of the most precious gifts of the Spirit. Spiritual joy is every true Christian's right. Spiritual joy is every Christian's duty. It is—or ought to be—his perpetual inspiration; the joy of the Lord is our strength. Look for a moment at the causes and sources of this heart-glow. A pile of pine shavings may kindle a blaze; but solid anthracite keeps its ruddy and radiant glow through the long, dark night.

(1.) Every child of God has a right to rejoice because he has such a Father. The contemplation of God in all his attributes of wisdom and power and unbounded love is such a source of sweet and sublime satisfaction that the Psalmist declared: "I have set the Lord always before me; therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth." In his presence is fullness of joy. This refers to the experiences of this life, and then up at his right hand will be the "pleasures forevermore." It is a bad heart that skulks away from a loving Father in terror and hatred. Then, too, what joy is kindled in our souls when we are brought into full reconciliation with God through the atoning love and perfect mediation of Jesus Christ. The Prodigal's heart thrills under every kiss of his forgiving father.

"Earth has a joy unknown in Heaven—
The new-born peace of sins forgiven,
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight."

When guilt is pardoned and the penitent soul is restored to the divine favor—when conscience no longer stings like a scorpion, but smiles its approval, then the Lord becomes our strength and our song, and we can draw with joy out of the walls of salvation. The assurance of full salvation is enough to keep our hearts aglow. "I give unto you eternal life" says our omnipotent Redeemer. "Ye shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck you out of my hands." All things work together also for good if we love God. Even sharp pruning and severe trials may only be made to yield rich clusters of peace, if we will let God have his way. And after the conflict of his school-life is over—shines this glorious assurance that "our names are written in Heaven."

All these joys God provid[illegible] brethren, and offers the[illegible] and create canary[illegible] vide cages for[illegible] [illegible] fly in [illegible] Christ, and set the windows of our [illegible] open for his coming. Every time that we perform a loving, Christ-like service to the poor, the wronged, or the neglected, another canary-birds flies back to our window. The blessedness of giving makes the heart glow.

(2.) Now with all these pure and substantial joys within our reach, it is a sin, and a shame, and a crime for a genuine Christian to be wretched. Is not disobedience to God a sin? Yes; well he commands us to rejoice. It is a Christian duty. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice. Rejoice evermore. The joy of the Lord is your strength." To disobey these injunctions is dishonoring to the best of Fathers, and to him who stooped to Calvary in order to lift us to glory. If a young lady who was always cheerful before her marriage should wear a sad countenance during her honey-moon, everybody would think that she had made an unhappy choice. A cold, gloomy Christian attracts nobody to Christ, any more than a cold heart draws any one to it on a winter day. Do you say that you cannot control your feelings? To a certain extent it is true that you cannot; and we admit that to sit down and force yourself to be happy would be an absurdity. But you can control your position toward God. Instead of hiding in the cellar of sloth or down in the coal-hole of dogged unbelief, nursing your doubts, you can come out into the bright sunshine of God's promises. You can fill your soul with inspiring, warming thoughts, and you can occupy yourself in such deeds of love, and acts of obedience as will kindle your soul into a glow. A noble woman of my acquaintance makes rainbows on the cloud and tear-drops of her widowhood by ministrations of mercy to the poor and destitute. Such men as Spurgeon and Moody never have the blues. Every Christian has a "godly sorrow" over sins and short comings, and over the woes of others. But the sorrow is upon the surface and joy of the Lord is down at the core and center of the soul.

Dr. Maclaren beautifully says that "the sorrow and the joy blend into one another, just as in the undrinkable sea, there well up some fountains of fresh water from a deeper depth than the surrounding ocean, and pour their sweet streams up into the salt barren waste. So I as a Christian have gladness, because I love, and love is gladness; because I trust, and trust is gladness; because I obey my Lord, and obedience hath meat to eat that others know not of. My troubles are transient, but my joy is solid and endureth forever."

All the coal-beds in Pennsylvania are only solidified sunshine. The love of Jesus in your soul, streaming down from him makes the central heat; that heat generates power. So doth the joy of your Redeemer become your perennial strength. An aguish Christian cannot do much but shake. A backslider is on the road to Doubting Castle and the clutch of Giant Despair. But "he who is nearest to Christ is nearest to the fire." Close contact with him, and constant work for him, will keep your heart up to a red glow. If joy is love counting its treasures, then count up your golden mercies, every day, your precious hopes, your previleges of doing good, your jewel-promises, your victories over the Devil; and as you journey on toward your Father's house, let your soul wax warm its blaze of eternal glory!

What it Was That Woke Rob Barkham up.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"Oh-h-h!"

It was Rob Barkham whose big eyes made you think of soup-plates, and his mouth now open in wonder suggested a third. "Soup-plates!" Very little soup or food of any kind had Rob tasted in the last twenty-four hours, but just now under the sign, "J. Blodgett, Birds Mounted and Animals Stuffed," he saw such a wonderful sight that it almost made him forget his hunger.

"Pi-jins, see 'em! Can stand all day, and a whole year, I guess, too, on one leg!" exclaimed Rob. "Ducks, owls— don't know what the next be—quirrels, and oh, my! Don't I wish I could get in that door?"

Looking in past the door half-open he saw a deer that turned soft, staring, big eyes toward him, and a fox with its sharp little nose, and an old brown bear that had such a surly, ugly look. A boy's curiosity can't stand everything. It was too much to expect that Rob would stay outside this shop. Stealing forward into this marvelous collection, conscious that a hundred birds, fifty squirrels, several deer, a dog, a lamb, two monkeys and the above brown bear, directed strange looks of wonder at this invader, who dared face them in their seclusion. Seclusion? Who was it that bobbed up quick as a Jack-in-a-box, and scowled across a counter? A funny old man, carrying in one hand a swan, sightless now, but in a minute to be supplied with as fine a pair of glass eyes as could be bought in all Chicago.

Rob started. He did not expect to see this object in the wonderful menagerie. His heart beat wildly. He felt cold, hungry, wretched. An air of business returned to him. He was no longer Robert Barkham, the sight-seer and boy of leisure, but Robert the place-hunter, and boy of business, who did so want to find somebody who would hire him and give him a job.

"Who—who—what—you want?" demanded the man with a fierce air.

"Could—could—you give me something to do?" asked Rob in hoarse solemn tones.

The old man shook his head, and Rob hurried to the door. How disdainfully looked bird and beast!

"Can you stick a swan's eye in?" shouted the old man, following Rob to the door.

His boy-heart leaped up in hope. Could he? His heart went down. Oh, no, he couldn't! Once he made a mistake and put out the cat's eye with a stick. Alas! that cat's eye never went in again, and what could he, or any boy, be expected to do with a swan's eye? Rob shook his head and murmured:

"N-n-n-o, sir."

"Humph!" muttered old Mr. Blodgett. "How did ye expect ye could without larnin? [illegible] in this way, and let [illegible]o. [illegible] old man's face. He [illegible]rt of his head as he [illegible]e old gentleman was [illegible] was thinking if nose [illegible] eyes were marked on the [illegible]ead, how stern he would look. [illegible]ld have seen the other side of [illegible]! Just the pleasantest face in [illegible]! Old Jonathan Blodgett was saying to himself:

"I ought not to have scared the little feller so, jumpin' up behind that counter at that rate. Dear me! To see how his face changed! I wonder when 'Old Blodgett' will stop bein' a boy! Never, Mr. [illegible], never!"

[illegible] you think you can give a swan an [illegible] give you one to start with, a good [illegible]ay?" asked the old man. The glass eye [illegible] the swan's eye was now different problem [illegible].

"Might try," [illegible] said Rob, timidly, hardly daring to hope.

Jonathan Blodgett [illegible] watched the slender, little fingers, with their quick movement, as they inserted the bit of glass, and gave the swan his sight, such as it was.

"I'll try you for a week," said the old man.

Oh, such joy as that occasioned in the Barkham household! They were so straitened in their circumstances, that food had been given out by the crumb-measure. On the strength of Rob's good luck, Mother Barkham sent out at once, and engaged of the butcher a big mutton-bone for a broth! At the end of a week, Rob was established in Jonathan Blodgett's employ, and soon made nothing of making even a dead bear's eyes look as lively as a bruin's running in the woods.

"I like my new boy," thought Jonathan. "If he just proves to be honest!"

Honest? He meant to be. He was tempted one day. Rob's old pants would tear in the knees. In a week his mother intended to buy new ones. But he did want them at once, and a dollar would place on those troublesome knees a new covering. One evening, while doing extra work, furnishing several owls, eagles and canary birds with eyes, he chanced to see a dollar on the bench near him!

"Take me!" the dollar seemed to say.

How Rob did want that dollar! He was firm, though.

"No!" he said, resolutely, gaping at the same time, for he was very tired.

"Take me!"

"N-n-o!" replied Rob, nodding now. In a little while, though, he began to waver.

"I'll take a peek at that dollar, he softly said, rising for a closer view. "I'll just feel of it," he concluded. How nice the feeling of that powerful dollar.

"I'll—I'll—"

Here, what an outcry was raised by all that bewildering crowd of birds and beasts in the shop! A hen began to squawk, a duck to quack, a goose to hiss, a monkey to angrily chatter, a lamb to bleat in terror, a watch-dog to bark, while the bear growled and scowled, looking as if he would make a mouthful of the thief! In addition to all this, a voice was shouting, "Rob!" It sounded like a dreadful voice.

Rob opened his eyes, and there was old Mr. Blodgett, not thundering in terror, but saying, pleasantly:

"Guess you got asleep, Rob. I must not keep you longer. Ah, there is a dollar I left on the bench. I am glad to see, Rob, that you are honest. I ought to give you suthin' for extra work, and I won't keep you waiting for the extra pay till pay-day. You take this now."

Oh, the delighted Rob!

Before another night came, those troublesome knees were duly shingled.—*Exchange.*

Mark Lorimer.

A STORY OF QUEEN MARY'S REIGN.

On a bright summer's evening, about three hundred years ago, two young men—scarcely to be called men, the one sixteen, and the other a year or two older—walked down Cheapside together.

Business was over—people kept early hours then—the clumsy shutters were for the most part closed. Tradesmen lounged at their doors, pretty faces looked out of lattice windows, and apprentices played at clubs, and quarter-staff, or single-stick, in the road and woke up quiet people with their clatter. While things were thus, the two young men—Mark Lorimer the younger, and Edward Dawmer the elder—walked down Cheapside together. They were talking very earnestly, and did not seem to heed the boys at play, or the loud laughing that ran through the Chepe, and made the rooks upon St. Mary's Arcubus come out of their homes to see what was the matter.

"I am sorry that it should be so," the elder observed; "and sorry that our lot should be cast in such troublesome times."

"Would God," returned Mark, "we knew when they would end!"

"I understand," went on the other, "that there is to be another burning in Smithfield to-morrow, and that Queen Mary and her husband will be present."

"God pity them!" said Mark; "may they find more mercy in the last judgment than they have meted out upon the earth."

"Amen!"

"Why," said Mark, and his face flushed crimson; "I heard, and know it for a truth, that they burnt a child not many days old in the flames with its mother: they drove another frantic, and then slew it for its mad words. They are crowding the streets with orphans, and offering up, in the fires that are daily kindled, the best and bravest of the land—"

"Hush, hush!" cried Dawmer; "there are ears everywhere—be careful, for both our sakes."

"I am not afraid," Mark answered, with all a boy's heroism: "I say again that these things ought not to be."

"Yes, yes, that is all very well," Dawmer returned; "but it is not a pleasant thing to be tied to a whipping-post as more than a score of lads were not many days ago, and a lad almost to death."

"I would not deny the truth," said Mark, "if the whips were scorpions, and the whipping-post the stake."

"But supposing now," Dawmer asked—oh, so slily and softly!—"they were to come to you, and say, 'What do you think about the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper?'"

"What do I think of it?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Bread and wine."

"But after the prayers of the priest?"

"Bread and wine."

"Why; don't you know," said Dawmer, "that it would be flat heresy to say so?"

"Why?"

"After the words of the priest, it is bread and wine no longer."

"The young man laughed. "What is it then?" he asked.

"The body, blood, soul, and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"That I deny," said the young man; "and always will deny."

"Well, you know it is better to be cautious," said Dawmer. "Nobody can tell what may happen in these troublous times. Better, I should think, try some cunning way of getting out of it."

"What!" said Mark smiling again; "frame some pet verse, like poor Princess Elizabeth; God save her!—

"'Christ was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it:
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe and take it.'"

Thus talking the young men passed on, crossed the Stocks market and shaped their course for London Bridge, where they parted.

* * * *

Mark Lorimer lived with his father on this famous old bridge; for in those days it was covered with houses, and had the appearance of a regular street. It was evening, and the sun was setting when Mark reached home. In a small room, which overhung the river, sat his old father; he was watching the stream as it flowed rapidly onward, gurgling and struggling against the piles of the bridge, as it dashed wildly under the narrow arches. The old man turned his head as Mark entered, and clasped his hands. They sat and talked together about the troubles of the period, about the cruelty of Queen Mary, and the dread that was on all those who held the Reformed faith. They talked of those whom they had known, with whom they had often worshipped, but who had suffered death by fire or sword for the faith they held so dear. They sat and talked together till the last rays of the sun had glided away, and the pale moon had arisen in the heavens, and cast its flood of mellow light on the picturesque old city. Then the old man summoned his servant—a godly woman, stricken in years; the cloth was spread, a frugal meal spread out, and they sat down to supper. The old man asked God's blessing on their food; and, as he ended there was a loud knock at the outer door. Margery withdrew to open it. A few moments more, and a tall, well-made man strode into the room. He lifted his cap, as he did so, with a courtly air; then, pointing to a paper which he held in his hand, said: "*In Queen Mary's name.*"

They saw it all. The old man arose, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Margary wept aloud; but the young man was gone. The few moments which had elapsed between the knock and the entrance had been sufficient to apprise the old man of his son's danger. The other knew and felt it, and at his sire's command had concealed himself in one of those secret closets with which old houses then abounded.

"Sir," said the officer, "I have come here, commanded to arrest your son. Let him come forth."

"Sir," returned the old man, "my son is but a child; yet do your errand if you list."

"Your son was seen to enter here—he is here now—surrender him at once!"

The old man refused. The officer called aloud to his men, who waited outside; and five or six stout fellows, in leathern jerkins and half-armour, came at his command. They searched and searched in vain; and when every effort proved fruitless, they turned fiercely on the old man, who watched their every movement.

"Old blood shall make way for young blood, if you conceal him longer," said the officer. "As I live, you shall taste the rack for this?"

"Spare the green and take the ripe," the old man answered; and God be judge betwixt us!"

What needs it to repeat all that was said—how oaths were mingled with the holy Name of Jesus; and how they roughly used the venerable man, and were about to test him, as they said, by holding his hand over a burning lamp. But at that moment the secret door was opened, and the young man came forth.

He was thrown into prison that night, and the old man with a heavy heart was left in his home. The next and the next he sought to see his son, but sought in vain; on the third he was condemned—that he who had betrayed him had borne witness against him—conclusive evidence, they said, of guilt. This fellow was but a lad himself, no other than Edward Dawmer—Judas that he was!—he had sold his friend for the blood money, and he had left him now to die.

So there was another high holiday. Crowds thronged the way again from Newgate to Smithfield; thousands gathered in that open space; and city officers and soldiers kept guard about the stakes, which were ready for the victims. Six or seven were to die that day, and huge bundles of fagots were being brought together for the burning. At the hour fixed, the prisoners were brought through the street—four men, two women, and the lad Mark Lorimer. They were exhorted by the priests to repent, but remained true to the Gospel; and were fastened by strong chains and iron rings to the stakes, the fagots piled about them, and at a given signal fired. So the black smoke curled up, and the fire leaped and danced, and some of the people wept. It was more than an hour before it was all over, and then the people went their way. So perished young Mark Lorimer—a victim to the persecution of Queen Mary's reign.

If you had entered the old house on the Bridge, and gone with Margery to the little room that overlooks the Thames, you would have seen the old man kneeling down. If you had touched him, you would have found him—dead!

Two Cowards.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

"Faugh! girls is such simpletons; 'fore I'd be 'afraid!'"

And Fred, armed with a shovel, marched valiantly into the pantry, where Maud—who was housekeeper for the day—had just spied a mouse.

"Don't let it bite you, Freddie!" pleaded Maud through the key-hole of the closed door.

"Don't you be a goose; and it's such a teenty-weenty mouse, too," he replied, as he caught sight of it dodging behind the flour barrel.

"Can you catch it, Freddie?"

"Of course I'll catch it; and then I'll make you hold it in your hand to break you of being a coward."

Suddenly there was a vicious whack of the shovel, and Fred appeared with the flattened body of the little innocent thief suspended by the tail in his fingers.

"Now, Maudie," he cried; but no Maud was to be seen, and after a vain search, he threw the body of the little victim in the ash-barrel and seated himself on the porch.

After a while he saw his sister's head peering around the corner of the wood-house.

"Oh, you can come on, baby! I've thrown the terrible beast away, and little dear shan't be hurt, so it shan't.

Fred loved to tease, but he was truthful; so Maud came fearlessly and sat down beside him and listened to a long lecture on the folly of being a coward. He explained to her how ridiculous it made one appear to be afraid, and that cowards are not trusted and respected. Finally he pictured numerous scenes in which he would figure as a hero and win undying laurels if he only had a chance, and ended with the gallant remark, "Girls is so 'fraid!"

Maud assented meekly to all his sage remarks, but would not promise herself to be brave in any future crisis where a mouse might be concerned, or snakes either.

The long day finally wore away without farther disagreement or mishap; but the twilight, usually so pleasant, seemed strange and eerie, and so Fred lit the lamp very early. But having turned the wick far above the burner, the treacherous thing began to act in the peculiar way that lamps will when mismanaged.

"Good gracious! the old thing is going to burst! Run, Maud, or you'll get blowed up!"

"Throw it outdoors, so it won't burn the house up!" screamed Maud; but Fred's flying feet had already borne him half way to the barn.

So Maud—brave little coward—grasped the lamp with its flaming chimney and hurled it as far into the yard as her strength would send it. Fortunately the air extinguished the blaze, and the oil ran out harmlessly on the ground.

Fred reached a place of safety, and found that his sister was not at his heels. Hearing no explosion, he ventured back to the house just as Maud got another lamp lighted, and the welcome rumble of wheels was heard at the gate.

Later in the evening Fred whispered, "Say, Mandie, how did you dare touch that sputtering, blazing old thing?"

"'Cause I'm such a coward," she answered demurely. "Girls always is!"

And Fred, without another word, meekly ascended to his bedroom with a candle.

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The Candle of the Lord.

Fred was taking off his shoe and stocking, getting ready to go to bed. His shoe was wet, and five little water-soaked toes, with seams and wrinkles all over their pink faces, looked at him accusingly. If they could have spoken they would have said: "You got us wet, you did. You told a lie; you said you did not step into the brook."

O! that beautiful brook, so near the school-house, with such lovely stepping-stones, such pretty little lucky bugs skipping about over the water, such charming mud in which to paddle! Why could it not run in some other part of the town, so little schoolboys would not be tempted?

Fred threw his shoe and stocking under the bed, said his prayers, without mentioning the lie, and went to bed.

"I know I told a lie about the brook, but I don't believe I will think of it," he said to himself, and while he was trying to give his whole mind to some other subject he fell asleep. He dreamed that a beautiful angel stood by his bed, with a bright sandle. He said:

"This is the candle of the Lord. I have come to search out all the sins that little boys keep hid away in their hearts, and do not confess. This candle shines right upon them."

Then Fred's heart was all lighted up, and there was found the lie, unforgiven, unconfessed.

"This is very sad," said the angel. "The good Lord loves him, and is ready to forgive that sin if he will confess it. It grieves him so much to have little Fred cover it up," and the candle shone very bright, and the sin looked very black.

"I hope," continued the angel, "that now this little boy knows that he cannot hide the lie any longer he will ask the Lord to forgive him."

Fred woke with a start, and knelt down, and confessed his sin. He went in his nightgown to his mother's room, and as he clasped his arms around her neck, and told her all about it, he promised, with God's help, never to tell another lie.—*Christie Pearl, in the Pansy.*

A True Story of Frontier Life.

TOLD BY THE GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE HEROINE.

It is a stormy afternoon in the winter of 1792. A woman sits alone in a log-house in a clearing near the shore of Cayuga Lake in Western New York. She gazes sadly out of the window at the charred tree-stumps half buried in the snow which encircle her new home; then her eyes turn slowly and wearily to the unhewn logs of the wall and to the damp earth of the floor; finally with a long-drawn sigh she seats herself before her spinning-wheel. She spins industriously, but her eyes keep their far-away look, and her thoughts are busy with the home she has left. There, in the heart of the gay city, in her father's house, are wealth, comfort, and elegance. Here in the depths of the pathless forest, in the new home which she and her young husband have sought to create, are privations, suffering, and danger. Now the tears stand in her blue eyes, and her whole attitude betokens discouragement, almost despair.

What is this sudden change? She glances out of the window, she listens intently. A look of mortal terror overspreads her face, a deathly pallor, which seems the forerunner of a swoon, but no! a desperate courage takes possesion of her, her features stiffen to a look of stony calmness, she sits bolt upright in her chair and rapidly whirls her wheel and draws out the thread as though her life depended upon it; and surely her life does depend on it, for well she knows that the one slight chance which remains to her that she shall ever see the light of another day, ever see her loving husband again, is to be won by coolness and bravery, and by that alone. Suddenly the door of the cabin is thrown wide open, a hideous savage stands upon the threshold, frightful war-paint stripes his brawny chest, tall feathers crown his head, a bright tomahawk gleams in his hand; he advances into the room followed by another, and another, and still another of his murderous tribe, untill the house is filled. They stand in silence, and in silence the brave woman pursues her task. No sound is heard save the whir of the wheel; her cold impassive face betrays no sign of fear, her firm hands do not tremble, she appears unconscious of, or indifferent to, her visitors. The stoical chief, accustomed to the shrieks of his "pale-face" victims, gazes at her in dumb admiration, as at a kindred spirit. Now, he will try her still further; he strides behind her chair and brandishes his gleaming hatchet in the air over her her head, but she does not flinch, and now he cuts the skein of flax from the back of her chair, fastens it in his belt instead of the long fair hair of the scalp he intended to place there, and with one wild ringing war-whoop, the Indians leave the cabin.—MARY J. TABER, in *Watchman.*

Prince Bismarck at Home.

A North German periodical gives the following story of the great Chancellor at home as told by a Bible colporteur: "In one of my journeys I came to Varzin while the Imperial Chancellor was residing there. After I had done a long day's work—it was generally understood that my object was to spread abroad the Word of God—I went to the inn. I was there asked if I would go to evening prayers at Bismarck's house, as the daughter of the host was going. I accepted the invitation, and when I got there I found myself in a spacious and very suitable room, which had been built for the purpose. It was well filled with servants, farm laborers, and villagers, some whom, having seen me before, greeted me kindly and invited me to sit beside them. Soon afterwards Prince Bismarck made his appearance, and went through the assembly to the reading-desk, nodding kindly right and left as he passed. I was delighted to see him take the place as master of the house in such a way. He then commenced, 'I hear we have a Bible-man among us;' and he looked me straight in the face in a kindly way, whereupon, of course, all eyes were turned upon me. 'You will be so kind as to conduct service for us this evening.' I rose up and answered, 'It would be displacing your highness for me to——' I could not say any more, when the Prince interrupted me with, 'Ah, my good man, what does highness signify? Here in God's sight we are all poor sinners; so come here and take my place this evening, and conduct the service for us.' So, of course, I accepted his invitation, the prince taking his place amongst the audience; and when it was over he shook me warmly by the hand, and wished me God's richest blessing on my way."

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