

LORD SHAFTESBURY'S WORK.

He helped those who could not help themselves.

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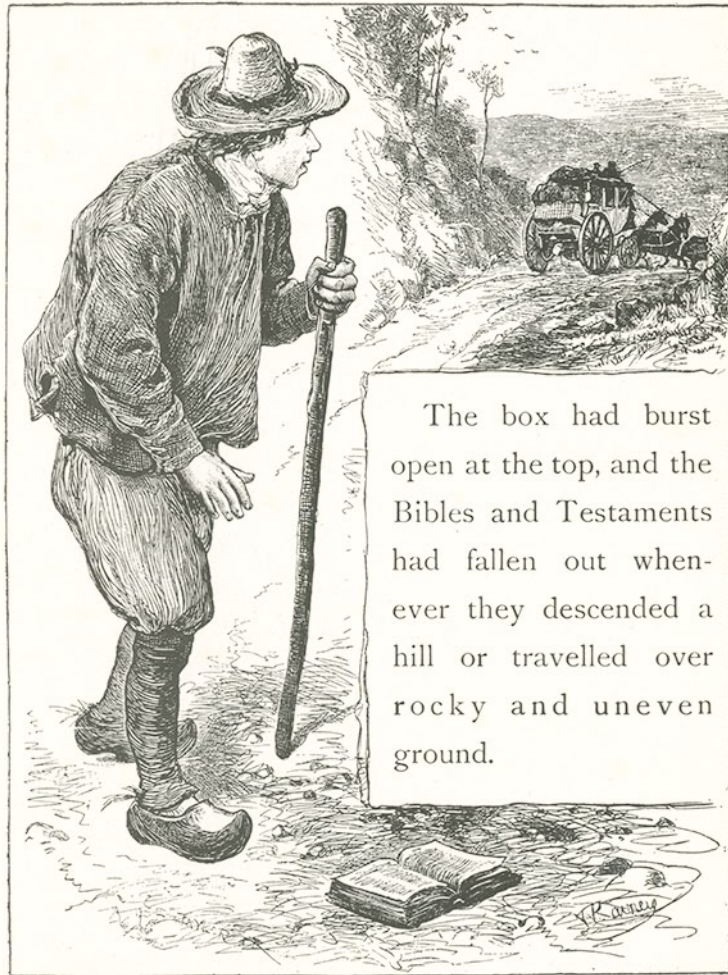
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this district, Mr. Wilder prepared a large case of Bibles, Testaments, and tracts, which was set up on end in the basket attached to the back of the diligence. The road lay through a part of the country inhabited by Roman Catholics, where the year before Mr. Wilder had distributed a number of Bibles and tracts, the reading of which he subsequently ascertained had been forbidden by the priests, who had consigned most or all of them to the flames. He thought it desirable, therefore, in this journey, not to give any more books in that neighbourhood. But the providence of God so ordered it that, without the help of men, the sacred records were spread among that people.

On reaching the place of his destination at the foot of the mountains, and alighting from the diligence, Mr. Wilder discovered that the box had burst open at the top, and that Bibles and Testaments had been scattered along the way. These were picked up by those who were passing along the road. Both travellers and the inhabitants had been supplied by the diligence, as the books had fallen out whenever they descended a hill, or travelled over rocky and uneven ground.

For several days afterwards, Mr. Wilder was waited upon by those who had thus accidentally become possessed of the Word of God, willingly





BIBLE DISTRIBUTION IN THE MOUNTAINS.

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departments. He was received in all the rooms with manifestations of great interest by the groups surrounding him ; and the strong men in the forge, the dye-house, and the engine-room, vied with the little children piecing the endless threads in soliciting the tracts, hundreds of which he distributed during his visit. With his own hand he wrote a notice, and posted it in the principal entrance : ' Mr. Knill will give an account to-night of A Yorkshireman's Funeral.'

" I shall never forget the scene. The great bell rang out at seven o'clock, the last beat of the throbbing engine was heard, the gates were thrown open, and the people were free to go or to remain. In one room, of immense proportions, a platform was raised, and on that platform stood a home-made pulpit, fresh from the carpenter's shop. Rushing in like a mighty tide came the congregation. Pious Sunday-school girls led the way ; old women, to whom the blessed Word had long been a strange story ; little children, attracted by the novelty of the scene ; and behind them all a compact body of men. Catholics, and plenty of them infidels, and not a few men of every creed—and more, I fear, of none—mingled in that promiscuous throng. The magic power of love had won that congregation.





RICHARD KNILL IN THE FACTORY.

Few engaged in the mill were absent when he stood up to sing "Come, let us join our cheerful songs."

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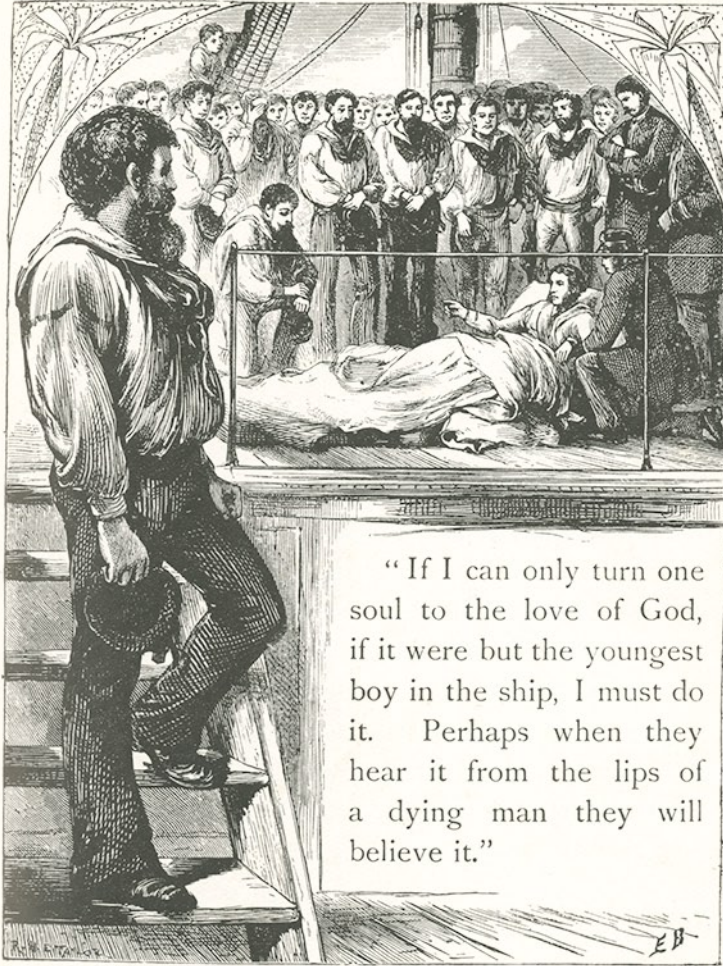
feared at first that it might hurt him. He said, "If I can only turn one soul to the love of God, if it were but the youngest boy in the ship, I must do it. Perhaps when they hear it from the lips of a dying man they will believe it."

He was carried out in his chair, wrapped in blankets, and laid on a bed on the quarter-deck, the ship's company being all around him. He begged the men to smile at him, and not to look sad. He told them that he was dying, and therefore he wished to say good-bye to them. He told them that he had had a very happy life, and now God was taking him away before he had any sorrow.

He told them how happy he was in the sense of God's love, and exhorted them most earnestly to confide in God, saying, "The love which God Himself will give you if you trust Him is very great; it will guide all your goings and doings." He begged them to try and resist when on shore the temptations to sin, which led them to break their leave and desert. "When you are tempted," he said, "think of the love of God."

"As to those poor natives," he added, "don't think about them and what they have done. It is not worth while; they couldn't know right from wrong. Perhaps some twenty or thirty





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THE LAST HOURS OF COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.

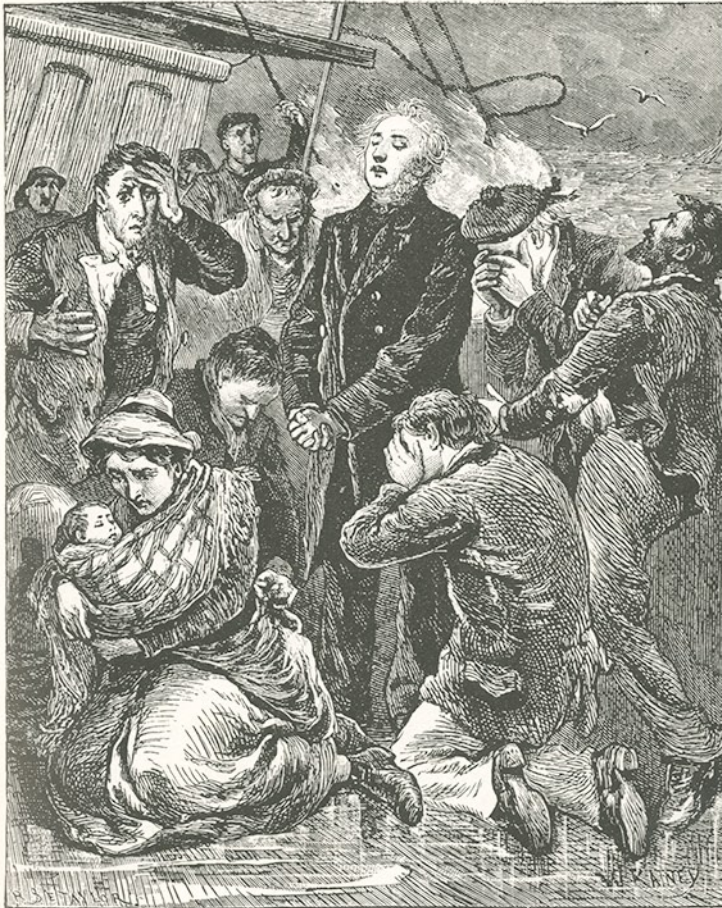
“Pray for us! Oh, minister, will ye not pray for us?” And stretched out to him in supplication were hands which a short half-hour before were ready to buffet him, but now would have touched him, “as though,” says the narrator, “mere contact with the person of a human being could shield another—and that other an unpardoned sinner—from the righteous vengeance of a holy God.”

A man of like passions, and also of like infirmity, with his fellow-passengers, Mr. Brown was suffering from the effects of the terrible storm, when the loud, agonising shrieks of the despairing wretches reached his ear from every quarter of the deck; for the cry had been caught up and repeated as soon as heard.

“Oh, sir, pray! Pray for us! Pray for me! I am a great sinner! Oh, minister, pray for me! pray, pray!”

And forgetting his own weakness, banishing, too, from his thoughts all recollection of the taunts and insults and persecutions he had just before suffered, or rather bearing in mind the injunctions of his Master, “Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you,” the good man, standing in the midst of the terrified passengers,





JOHN BROWN OF HADDINGTON.

While he prayed the wind began to moderate its force, and the waves abated in their fury.