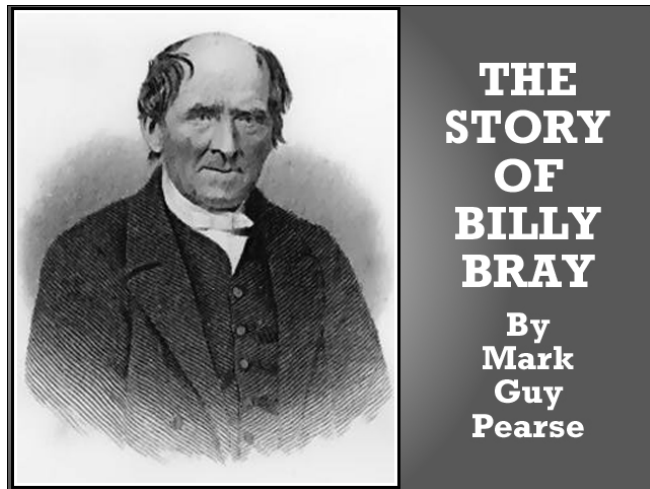


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THE STORY OF BILLY BRAY
By Mark Guy Pearse



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From one end of Cornwall to another no name is more familiar than that of Billy Bray. On Sundays, when one met crowds of strangers making for the little white-washed chapel that was perched up amongst the granite boulders, or when one found the quiet "church town" thronged by the well-dressed people, the usual explanation was that Billy Bray was going to preach.

If you had overtaken Billy on the way, you could not have been long in doubt as to who he was. A little, spare, wiry man, whose dress of orthodox black and the white tie indicated the preacher. But this was evidently no preacher made out of broadcloth and choker. The sharp, quick, discerning eye that looked out from under the brows, the mouth almost hard in its decision, all the face softened by the light

that played constantly upon it, and by the happy wrinkles round the eyes, and the smile that had perpetuated itself, -- these belonged to no ordinary man. And with the first suspicion that this was Billy Bray there would quickly come enough to confirm it. If you gave him half a chance there would certainly be a straightforward question about your soul in wise, pithy words. And if the answer were what it should be, the lanes would ring with his happy thanksgiving.

Billy's whole life was spent in praising the Lord; and for the most part aloud. He couldn't help himself; with a heart always in tune, every influence, every breath shook from its tremulous chords some note of thanksgiving. "As I go along the street," he said, "I lift up one foot, and it seems to say 'Glory! and I lift up the other, and it seems to say 'Amen! and they keep on like that all the time I walk."

But probably you would have come upon him singing. "Bless the Lord, I can sing," he would say; "my Heavenly Father likes to hear me sing. I can't sing so sweetly as some, but my Father likes to hear me sing as well as those who can sing better than I can. My Father likes to hear the crow as well as the nightingale, for he made them both."

This good, useful, quaint man was born in the little village of Twelveheads, near Truro, Cornwall, in 1794.

As a young man, he was exceedingly wicked, and indulged in all sinfulness; and after being absent from his native country seven years, he returned to it a drunkard. But throughout these years the constant danger to which he was exposed in his work, and the hairbreadth escapes, filled his mind. His conscience tormented him; dreams terrified him; at times he feared to sleep, lest he should wake up in hell.

At length there came into his hand a book written by one who would have been a kindred spirit. It was Bunyan's "Visions of Heaven and Hell." The vivid picturings of the lost roused Bray to great anxiety. That wound did not heal until he met the Good Physician. It was deepened by the words of his wife, who had once enjoyed the favor of God, but had left her Savior. She frequently would talk of the remembrance of her joy and peace: -- "O, Billy, no tongue can tell what they enjoy who serve the Lord!"

"Why don't 'e begin again, then?" asked Billy, "for then I might begin too. Get converted and show me the way, for you bean't such a sinner as I be."

Though he suffered this bitterness, "the devil had such a hold of him," as he said, that he was ashamed .to pray before his wife, and went to bed without kneeling.

What strange things men are ashamed of! And what strange things they are not ashamed of! A man is not ashamed to let his wife and children see him drunk,

but he is dreadfully ashamed for them to see him on his knees! He is not ashamed for men to hear him take the holy name of God in vain, but he wouldn't for the world be heard praying! To be told in God's Word that he is in danger of "hell fire" is nothing; but to be called religious, and told that he is in danger of getting to heaven -- this makes him blush like a child!

But Billy's trouble was too much for his shame. In the middle of the night he sprang out of bed and fell on his knees and prayed for mercy. "The more I prayed the more felt to pray," was his account of it afterwards; and day and night, at work and at home, he wrestled for deliverance from the guilt of sin. His companions reproached him for making such a noise -- like the psalmist of old, he was "roaring all the day long." but Billy could not be quiet until the Lord Jesus had spoken peace to him.

"You would roar out too, if you felt my load, and roar I will until I get it off," was all Billy said in reply.

There was no more drunkenness, no more oaths, no more shame, but day and night one incessant cry, "What must I do to be saved?" Work and food and sleep were forgotten in the intensity with which he sought the Lord. One day, as soon as he reached home, he went straight to his room, determined not to rest until delivered.

He prayed, "Lord, thou hast said they that ask shall receive, and they that seek shall find, and they that knock shall have the door opened, and I have faith to believe it." That instant the Lord made him happy. "I shouted for joy," he tells us; "I praised Him with my whole heart for what He had done for a poor sinner like me . . . Everything looked new to me -- the people, the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was like a man in a new world . . . I told all I met what the Lord had done for my soul. I have heard some say that they have had hard work to get away from their companions, but I sought mine out, and had hard work to find them soon enough to tell them what the Lord had done for my soul . . . They said I was a madman, but they meant I was a glad man, and glory be to God, I have been glad ever since!"

Thus, blessed be God, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent man taketh it by force. And perhaps the reason why you, reader, are not as happy as Billy, is, that you have not tried in the same way. You have sought to enter in at the strait gate you have had good desires, good feelings, much earnest seeking. The Master saith strive, for many shall seek and shall not be able to enter in. Jesus hath died upon the cross for you. He liveth now to help you, He is able now to save you to the uttermost. Go then and claim what He is so willing to bestow. Go to Him with the boldness that will have; with the importunity (Lu. 11:8,9) that can not be refused. Go to Him with the violence that taketh by force. Grasping Him as your Savior, be yours the resistless cry, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me!"

Billy Bray at once determined to possess all the privileges and gifts that this new-found religion afforded. He joined the "Brianite" or "Bible Christian Methodists." And in this he at once proved his earnestness and found much help. If the way to eternal glory is a pilgrimage, fall in with the company of pilgrims, lonely brother; it will help and cheer thee greatly. If the Christian life is a warfare, join the ranks. Shoulder to shoulder, and heart to heart, you shall find new courage, and have a strength that nobody can have alone. Billy thought he needed all the help he could get, and was not going to lose this help of fellowship with the people of God.

The earnestness of his devotion was soon felt. Such a fire as burned in his soul could not but spread. Religion to him was not a duty to be done-not a privilege to be enjoyed in leisure hours -- not a benefit-club, a comfortable provision for "rainy days," but was a life. Never left behind, never put off with the Sunday clothes, never hidden before great or low, good or bad, -- but in him, flowing through him, speaking in every word, felt in every action, seen in every look -- deep, true, abiding religion was with him altogether a life. Dead indeed unto sin, he was now living unto God through Jesus Christ. (Rom. 6:11.)

Billy had "lighted his candle," and resolved that it should give light to all that were in the house. His religion was not a safety-lamp, laid by till he should be going down into the dark valley -- nor like the chapel gaslight, that burned only on Sundays and at the week-evening services. Once lighted, it was put into perhaps a common place sort of a candle-stick, but all at home could see by it. And as the world about him was a dark world, he thrust his candle into a lantern and took it forth wherever he went, and guided not a few from "horrible pits" that threatened them, into the way of salvation. One thing about this lighted candle Billy never forgot that it burned none the worse for every candle that was lighted from it! His words on this matter deserve to be written in letters of gold:

"There were men who professed to be converted before I was, but did not love the Lord enough to own Him, and us enough to pray with us and tell us we were going to hell. But when I was converted, praise the Lord, He gave me strength to tell all I met with that what the Lord had done for me He would do for anybody else that would seek His face. There was nobody that prayed in the mine where I worked; but when the Lord converted my soul He gave me power to pray with the men before we went to our different places to work. Sometimes I felt it a heavy cross, but the cross is the way to the crown. Sometimes I have had as many as six to ten men down with me, and I have said, 'Now, if you will hearken to me I will pray for you before we go to work, for if I do not pray for you, and any of us should be killed, I should think it was my fault. Then I would pray in what people call simple language, but as I hope the Lord would have me. When praying I used to say, Lord, if any of us must be killed or die today, let it be ME -- let not one of these men die, for they are not happy; but I am . . . When I rose from my knees, I could see the tears running down their faces, and soon after some of them too became praying men."

Within a week his wife recovered her lost joy, being led by her husband's hand to the Savior whom she had forsaken.

The secret of Billy's wonderful success was this -- he kept himself always ready for the Lord's work, anywhere and in any way. And as the Lord has much work to be done, Billy was always busy.

Why may not we look for that which came to the Evangelist Philip in the olden time? The Spirit said to Philip, "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot." If our ears were opened to the Spirit's whisper should we not thus be directed oftentimes? Billy never doubted it. His simple faith heard and at once obeyed the Divine direction. Take one instance that he records: -- "I worked with a man before I was converted called William Bray, and he was, like myself, a very wicked man. Both of us were promoted at the same time; for he was made 'Captain' of the mine, and I was adopted into the Royal Family of Heaven, and made a child of God. I had not seen him for a long time, when one Monday evening it was impressed upon my mind that if I went to see him he would be saved. And I went nothing doubting, and found him at home.

"I prayed with him; told him what the Lord would do for him; and soon he found the Savior and was made happy in His love. I saw him many times in his last sickness, and he was very happy and full of faith. Just before he died he sent for me, as he wanted to tell me that Christ was his. These were his last words to me."

To him everyone he met was a soul redeemed and whom he might lead to Jesus. At any rate he would try. From the time of his conversion to the day of his death Billy's zeal for souls was "a flaming fire." It seemed never to be checked by any difficulties, never turned aside by any opposition. Hindrance only summoned a stronger faith and insured a mightier triumph.

Of many stories that illustrate his usefulness, perhaps the most interesting is one that I give simply as I heard it from the clergyman himself.

Billy was one day walking over a hill near which he lived, "when the Lord said to him," for so he spoke of the impression, -- "I will give thee all the souls that dwell upon this mountain."

"Thank'e Father, he replied, reverently, and at once fell on his knees and prayed for the people, and for wisdom that he might win them. As a miner he had some time every day at his disposal, the work of those who go underground not extending over eight hours. These spare hours he devoted to the people who had thus been given to him. He visited them constantly, reading, talking and praying, until every one was brought to Jesus and savingly converted. The promise was fulfilled -- the Lord had given him every soul that dwelt upon that hill.

With great joy he told the Lord of what had been done, and as it was a wisht little mountain with only three houses 'pon en," he prayed for a larger field of labor. He rose from prayer satisfied with the assurance that soon there would be work enough upon his "mountain." It came in a way Billy had not expected -- first with an intimation that they were building a church school-house on the hill, then that they had begun to build the vicarage there.

At once Billy began to pray for the new comers, and with great expectations came to church to hear the new "passon." He left the service with as much disappointment, by no means concealing his opinion that "they had a Pusey preachin' there and he reckoned he should have more trouble with the new passon than with all the whole lot on 'em beside."

He went home to pray for these souls, above all praying that he might be permitted to go and speak to the clergyman. He prayed for some weeks, but no answer came -- no direction that he should call and see him. He was so accustomed to look for this Divine guidance in everything that he would do nothing without it, ever keeping his mind open for such impressions. Though it was his prayer day and night, permission was withheld. He had soon after to leave that neighborhood, and removed some miles away without seeing this one unconverted soul on his mountain.

But day and night he wrestled in prayer for him, at work and at home he besought the Lord for this one remaining soul.

Meanwhile the clergyman continued to preach as he had done. He taught that there was no salvation for anybody out of the National Church except by some unrevealed and uncovenanted mercy -- that the Sacraments alone were able to save, that besides these nothing was needful. Certainly, as the most advanced of the High Church school at the time in those parts, he was looked upon as the last man to be influenced by such an one as Billy Bray.

By his zeal and devotion to his parish he succeeded in making many of his people strongly attached to him, and not a few held his notions as firmly as himself. So the weeks and months passed, Billy pleading still for this one soul, and though he was several miles away, pleading that he might go and speak to him. Finally his prayers were answered, but in the Lord's own way.

Amongst the clergyman's hearers there was one to whom he was especially attached. A zealous Churchman and a regular communicant, strict and ritualistic, he was a man after the minister's own heart. He was taken suddenly ill, and very soon was evidently sinking in rapid consumption, and in prospect of death he longed for a more distinct and assured hope. Others had been able to sing of sins forgiven, of titles clear. Others had told triumphantly of victory over death, and exulted as being more than conquerors through Him that loved them. In much distress the sick man sent for a Methodist of the place to pray with him and very

soon he saw himself to be a poor helpless sinner without hope or plea, -- then saw in Jesus the one true Savior of all, and coming penitently to the Cross found pardon and peace through the blood of Jesus. His peace brightened into joy; so rapturous were his feelings that he rose from his bed and walked about the room praising God.

Whilst he was in this state the clergyman called. He was astonished to find this proper and quiet Churchman shouting, "Glory!" and with a face beaming as if heaven shone upon him. He looked in amazement and grief.

"O, Sir!" the man cried, "I know that you love me and I love you. You don't know this peace and joy; I'm sure you don't, or you would have told me about it. O, Sir, pray the Lord to give it to you! I will never rest praying for you. Don't be angry with me. The Lord bless and convert your soul."

The minister left him bewildered. Here one of the best and most hopeful of his flock had been led astray by these "wretched Dissenters." And yet he could not help feeling, and was candid enough to acknowledge, that -- call it enthusiasm, or excitement, or anything else -- it was a very blessed thing that could lift a man out of the shadow and gloom of death and make him cry with such assurance: "The time of my departure is at hand . . . Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." (2 Tim. 4:8.)

It made him miserable. Was it all a mistake? Was there a mighty power and life to which he was a stranger? Did he know what it meant to be converted? -- being justified by faith to have peace with God -- did he himself understand these things?

His wife suggested that he should visit a godly clergyman who lived in an adjoining parish. But the visit only troubled him the more. "If you had been converted yourself, you would have rejoiced in the man's salvation, and would have praised God with him," said this plain-spoken friend; and added as a parting consolation, "You'll never do any good in your parish until you are converted yourself?"

He returned more cast down than ever. The approach of the Sabbath filled him with dread. What could he tell the people if he himself were not converted?

The Sunday came. The bell was tolling for the service. Trembling from head to foot he entered the church, and managed as best he could to get through the prayers. He could not dismiss the people without a sermon, yet he had nothing for them. He announced his text, "What think ye of Christ?" As soon as he opened his mouth the glory of the Lord shone upon him, Christ as the only foundation, Christ as the only salvation, Christ as the all and in all, was revealed to him. His soul was at once as full of joy as it had been of mourning; and he preached with such fervor and earnestness a present salvation by simple faith, that there arose a general cry

for mercy, and that day many of the people were savingly converted -- the beginning of a work that spread on every side. Thus Rev. W. Haslem was converted in answer to Billy Bray's prayers.

Now it was that late one cold winter's night, as Billy was pleading with God, the answer came. He might go and speak to the parson. So, as he said, "I put up my clothes agen and hitched in the donkey, and comed singin' all along the road."

The next morning early the clergyman heard some man arrive, whose first salutation was, "Bless the Lord!" Presently the man came through the hall, repeating quietly his favorite phrase. He opened the door of the breakfast room to see who this strange visitor could be and there stood the little man with twinkling eyes and beaming face, praising the Lord. Half suspecting who it was, he asked him: "What is your name?"

"I be Billy Bray, sir. Be you the passon?" he asked in reply. The vicar told him he was.

"Convarted be 'e sir" and an eager look drove the question home.

"Yes, thank God, I am," said the clergyman.

In a moment Billy was filled with a delight that knew no bounds. Throwing his arms around the vicar, he lifted him up and carried him round the room, shouting, "Glory, glory, the passon's convarted! Glory be to God!"

The Clergyman thought that submission was the only safety, and rode round the room in this fashion until Billy should set him down again. But now the vicar's wife came in.

"Be the missis convarted?" cried Billy.

"Yes, thank God," was the gentle answer.

Either courtesy or exhaustion prevented him from repeating the proof of his delight, and he said only, "O, I be so happy I can hardly live!"

His new friends persuaded him to sit down and and get some breakfast. Then he told them how the Lord had given him all the souls upon the hill; and how he had prayed for months for them -- prayed that he might come and speak to them, and now the answer was given -- they were both the Lord's.

But suddenly Billy checked himself. "All the souls 'pon the mountain," he said to himself. Perhaps some had been overlooked.

"Bean't there some maids in the house, mum?" he said, turning to the lady.

"Yes, Billy, there are three."

"Be they converted too, for they do live 'pon my mountain?"

"Yes, the good Lord has led us all to himself," said the lady. Then all together knelt and gave thanks to God for His wonderful goodness.

The answer to Billy's prayers has issued in the mighty preaching and fruitful ministry of this converted clergyman.

No account of this quaint, warm-hearted Cornishman would be complete without some allusion to the wonders he did in the way of chapel building.

* * *

Chapel Building

To the Apostle's list of the triumphs of faith he proved that yet another could be added. By faith he built chapels and paid for them too. His faith did not believe in works that wanted credit. He took far too proud a delight in working for God to work with borrowed money. He was in the service of the Almighty, and he lived every moment believing that that power could bend all things to the Divine Will.

Once as he went on a begging expedition, his companion suggested that as they were going to call at a gentleman's house, it would be more seemly to knock at the back door. "No," said Billy, I am the son of a King, and in my Father's name and for His cause I'll go front ways."

With many persons this perhaps would have been but a conceited impudence; with Billy Bray it was a conviction that ever inspired him.

Amidst very many difficulties and hindrances he commenced with his own hands a chapel near the place where he lived. "The Dear Lord," he tells us in an account of it, "raised me up many friends who sent me money to pay the masons; we got the chapel walls up, and timber for the roof. But we had not got enough by one principal, and so I asked my Heavenly Father to send me some timber, or money to buy some."

Here then was the little place, the last bit of timber used, the last penny spent. What is to be done, but close it for want of funds. Want of funds! that was an utter impossibility in Billy's mind. "The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of hosts;" and kneeling in simple, earnest, believing prayer, Billy ever had access to Him; how, then, could he doubt?

The next morning Billy came down to his work without timber or money, but with faith in God. He didn't wait long. A man who lived near there came up to him and asked abruptly,--

"What do you want a pound note for?"

"Just the money I want to put up a principal on that end of the chapel," said Billy, with twinkling eyes.

"Well," said the man "I never know such a thing in my life, for all the morning it has kept coming into my ears, Go down and give Billy a pound note; and now here it is."

So off went the happy little man to buy his principal, blessing the Lord all the way.

At this time, whilst engaged in this work, his youngest child was taken ill. Very touching is the story he used to tell, how that when she was dying Satan tempted him severely. "I had but two pounds left to cover the chapel, and it would take seven; and now if the dear little maid were to die, it 'ud be a pound to bury her; and he tempted me that the child would be sure to die." Off went the man of God to tell his troubles to "Father," and it was applied to his mind, "I will save thy child's life." He returned home and told his wife that the child would live -- the Lord had told him so.

The wife replied, "Don't say so; all the neighbors say she'll die, she is so very ill."

"But," says Billy, "I went to the mine to work, believing in the Lord. When I came home the child was no better, and had eaten no meat. That night she was very ill; and the next day got no better at all till I came home to dinner. I was afternoon 'core' at the mine; and ever since the Lord converted my soul I always kneel down and pray with my wife and children before leaving my home to go to work, So now we knelt down to pray. The little maid was lying in the window-seat; we had had for dinner what was very plentiful at that time, fish and potatoes; and in my prayer I said, 'Dear Lord, Thou hast said that my girl shall live, but she has not eaten any meat yet.' She began to eat there and then; and, bless the Lord, she is living now, and has grown up to be the mother of ten children. So the Lord made the devil a liar once more."

He managed to get the reed and spears for thatching the roof. Then he says, "I put a man to work at it, -- that would cost one pound ten shillings; and when the man came to be paid I had but one pound, so I wanted ten shillings more. The Lord put it into my mind to go into a high road near, where a great many people went up and down to work. The first man I met was P.B. I said to him, 'You haven't given me anything yet for my Father's house.'

"No, I haven't' says he, 'and sha'n't neither.'

"What,' I replied, 'are you amind for the Lord to say to you in that day, You saw Me an hungered, and gave me no meat; thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; a stranger, and ye took me Dot in; naked, and ye clothed me not?'

"Well,' says he (frightened rather, we suspect,),' I doan't mind if I do give 'e ten shillings.'

"So he gave me the ten shillings, and I went home and paid the thatcher."

But Billy's troubles were not at an end when the house was finished. Some of the "Society" who had held themselves aloof from his efforts, opposed his having preaching there, and sought to prejudice the ministers against taking it on the Circuit-plan.

Would that the stubborn faith that can work well were always softened and beautified by such submission as Billy showed now! He locked the chapel door, and carried the key home, and hung it on a nail behind the door. Then kneeling down he said, "Lord, there's the key. I have done what thou hast told me to do; the chapel, is built, and there is the key. If it is Thy will that the key should stay there seven years, or that it be taken down every minute of the day, Thy will be done, my dear Lord."

"That very day," Billy adds, "our preacher appointed services at my chapel even oftener than I should have asked him if I'd done it. The Lord soon revived his work, and we gathered a great many members. A large new chapel has been built there since then. No wonder that the devil was so much agen me while I was building, and put his servants to hinder me so, for I have seen at one time fifty down asking for mercy, and mercy they had."

The next chapel he built was at a place called Kerley Downs. Billy has himself written the account of it.

"I mid the preacher we could have a spot for a chapel, and if he did not call a meeting of trustees, I should begin about the chapel myself. So he appointed a day, and got trustees; but all that promised to help left me to myself.

"My little son and me went to work and got some stone; the good friend who gave the land lent me his horse and cart, and soon we set the masons to work.

"Those who read this must remember that I was a very poor man, with a wife and five small children at that time, and worked in the mine underground. Sometimes I was forenoon 'core,' and when I had taken my dinner, I would go to the chapel and work as long as I could see, and the next day do the same. The next

week I would be afternoon 'core;' then I would go up to the chapel in the morning and work until the middle of the day, and then go home and away to the mine. The week following I would be night 'core;' I would then work about the chapel by day, and go to mine by night. I have worked twenty hours in the twenty-four. Had not the Lord helped me, I could not have done it. Bless and praise his holy name, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength!"

When the chapel was about half-way up, Satan tempted Billy: "They are all gone and left you and the chapel and I too would go and leave the place."

His answer was like himself, -- "Devil, does'n' thee know better'an that? by the help 'o the Lord I'll have the chapel up or lose my skin on the down."

Billy's argument against every objection was this: "If this chapel should stand one hundred years, and if one soul were converted in it every year, that would be a hundred souls, and that would pay me well enough; for 'they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'"

Of many remarkable incidents that occurred in connection with this chapel building we must content ourselves with this:

The little place at Kerley Downs was up, but it wanted a pulpit. Billy began to think within himself where that could come from. At last, as he looked about among some furniture at an auction sale, his eye fell upon an old three-cornered cupboard.

"The very thing," cried Billy, "the very thing. I can cut a slit down the back of un, and strengthen the middle of un, and put a board up in front of un, and clap a pair o' steers behind un, and then the preacher can preach out of un pretty."

With much glee he turned to some one near him and asked, "What do 'e think they'll want for that there cupboard?"

The man looked, and gave it as his opinion that it would go for six shillings. Billy told him what he meant to do with it, and the man said,--

"Why, you're Billy Bray. Here I'll give 'e the six shillings to buy it."

After awhile the cupboard was put up, Billy knew nothing of auctions. All eager to have his pulpit, he cried, holding out his hand,--

"Here, Mr. Auctioneer, here's six shillin' for un, I do want un for a pulpit."

Of course there was a great laugh at Billy's expense. As it passed away the auctioneer cried, "Six shillings, going for six."

A nod from behind Billy was quickly caught. "Seven," said the auctioneer, "seven shillings." "No, 'tis on'y six, there's the money," said Billy.

Of course, down went the hammer, and much to Billy's astonishment the cupboard was not his.

"Well Father do know best," said he, in a rather disappointed tone; but anyhow I must give the man back his six shillin'."

The man was gone nor was Billy likely to see him again. This was a new and even greater trouble.

"I'll be gone down an' tell Father about it," said Billy, as he started off for his little chapel.

With faith renewed, and a comfortable assurance that it would be all right, he was coming from the chapel, when he saw the cupboard going up the hill in a cart.

"I'll follow un, anyhow," he whispered "an' see the end."

They carried it to a house, and tried to take it inside, but it was just too big to get in. They twisted and turned, they pulled and pushed, but it was no use.

"Here's a mess," said the purchaser, angrily; "I've given seven shilling for en' an' shall have to skat en up for firewood."

Then as his eyes twinkled, Billy stepped over and put his hand on the man's shoulder as he stood hat in hand, wiping his forehead.

"I'll give e' six shillin' for un if you'll carry un down to my little chapel."

"That I will," said the man, pleased at being so well out of it.

"Bless the Lord!" cried Billy, "'tis just like Him, He knew I couldn' carry en myself, so he got this man to carry en for me."

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