# CHRISTIAN TRIALS. A NARRATIVE FROM REAL LIFE

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Christian Trials. A Narrative from Real Life by Anonymous

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# **ANONYMOUS**

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## A NARRATIVE

### FROM REAL LIFE.

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### BY THE AUTHOR OF

'THE BEEAD OF DECEIT;' 'THE WAY OF PEACE;'
'THE FIRST LENT LILIES;' &c.

"I gree be represented for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God restath appa yea; on their part he is evil spiken of, but on your part he is glorified." I Pater is, 18.

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## CHRISTIAN TRIALS.

### CHAPTER L

A WORD SPOKEN IN DUE SEASON, HOW GOOD IS IT !-- Prov. xv. 23.

THE following narrative is drawn from real life. With the exception of a few trifling particulars, and a change, for obvious reasons, in the names of individuals, I have neither added nor omitted any thing that could affect its faithfulness: and I trust that the example it conveys of the mercy of Providence and of Christian faith, will be brought home to the hearts of many readers. For myself, I

desire to acknowledge that a personal acquaintance with the man whom I have distinguished by the name of Alfred Travis, has afforded me lessons equally useful and affecting.

At the period when I propose to commence my humble history, Alfred was honest and industrious, and generally speaking, affectionate towards his family. But the world was his chief concern; and any thing that interrupted the course of his ordinary pursuits and enjoyments, provoked him to anger or drove him to the public house.

Martha his wife, was happily under the influence of different feelings. Although her education had been neglected by her parents, a Sunday School was the means of communicating that religious knowledge which has been blessed to thousands, and was in her case at last, it is hoped, the source of everlasting comfort. For

some years, however, the fruit of these instructions was not evident, but was like bread cast upon the waters. It was only a short time previous to the date of my acquaintance with the family, that the seed thus sown, was beginning to yield its spiritual harvest. Reading, as she did but imperfectly, the many portions of Scripture, which, as a Sunday Scholar, she had committed to memory, now returned with a power and consolation not to be described.

Autumn had commenced its course with its usual rich and varied productions. Already the vine displayed its clustering fruit, and the orchards their ripening stores. In some fields the standing corn still waved in the breeze, while in others the grain had yielded to the sickle, and now stood in compact sheaves. Old age and youth were alike employed in gathering the fruits of the season, and the