

have often heard my great aunt Sara Noyes describe the sensation produced by the eloquent divine. My great grandfather, Dea. John Noyes, fully sympathized in the disapproval evinced by his pastor, and issued a strict edict forbidding any of his family attending what he termed "those disorderly assemblies." Aunt Sara, then a girl in her teens, entertained, as was natural, a strong desire to see and hear one whose name was on every tongue, and whose words and their effects were the chief topic of conversation on every side. At last, after much fear and trembling, she mustered courage to make a clandestine attempt to satisfy her curiosity. An evening meeting was to be held at a house in the vicinity, and she determined to brave her father's displeasure, if her absence was discovered, and go. It was a dark, cheerless night, when, with a throbbing heart, stealing down the stairs and noiselessly opening the door, she ran lightly down the gravel walk. Her hand was on the latch of the front gate, when a voice, in an authoritative tone, exclaimed "Go back!" Startled, affrighted, she stopped, turned, and peered into the darkness. No one was in sight. Through the uncurtained window she could see her father and the other members of her family seated around the bright wood fire. Concluding that, owing to the nervous timidity which this disobedience to paternal mandates had caused, imagination had conjured up this voice, with another long and searching look around, she opened the gates. "Go back!" reiterated the voice, even more decidedly than at first, just in her ear. What could it mean? Again she stopped, waited, looked and listened. Nothing unusual could be seen, and not a sound could be heard save the wind sighing through the trees. Sarah Noyes was a resolute girl, not easily turned from any purpose she had deliberately formed, neither had she much belief in the supernatural. Thrusting back her fears, with a strong will she stilled her throbbing heart, and with a firm step, she again started forward. "Go back, go back," thundered the voice, in such a powerful and authoritative tone, that, thrilling in every nerve, the astonished girl, completely subdued, hastily turned, and fled into the house. Though she lived to a great age, and could never be reckoned a credulous person, to the last hour of her life she firmly believed that this was a Divine interposition to keep her from evil."