

United States. On three occasions in her earlier work, she visited Nova Scotia and New Brunswick with hardships and difficulties. Having been led to sympathize with the poor African race, in 1851, she and her husband embarked on a journey to Liberia in Africa. This was a hazardous undertaking, on account of her worn and feeble condition, but she was cheerful and hopeful.

The commander of the Baltimore packet, on which she had taken passage, advised her not to go, fearing she could not endure the sea voyage, but her reply was,—"Death to her, whether by sea or land, seemed but the portal of glory."

The visit was fortunate, and Pres. Roberts welcomed them as his own guests. "Ethiopia was ready to stretch forth her hands to God."

"In 1852," says Mr. Jacob, "these devoted servants of Christ crossed to Europe and, on their arrival in Ireland, Mrs. Jones was three months prostrated upon a bed of sickness." Then she was borne on a litter to the steamer, and sailed for Liverpool, where a council of physicians decided that she must abandon her mission, and seek rest in a more congenial clime. But she persisted in her onward course, and, after six weeks, visited the rugged coast of Norway instead of some sunny shore. There, notwithstanding the chilling blasts of the North, she took delight in illustrating the story of Christ to the frank Scandinavians with what strength her frail form would afford. Not only Norway, but Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, and France heard, from the lips of these faithful prophets, the glad tidings of the love of God in Christ Jesus. The plain-hearted pastors of Southern France received them eagerly, and cried,—“Do tell us how we may better preach the gospel of Christ!” Their escapes from icebergs, on their return home in 1854, by steamer, and all their other deliverances were, to them, a theme of joy, gratitude, and wonder, as often as they recurred in after life.

Sibyl Jones on her return from Europe continued her labors in this country, both at the North and South, until the States were convulsed with war. It was a terrible grief to her. But she seemed to hear the wail of the wounded soldiers. Her sensitive heart was moved, and obtaining the requisite credentials, she entered upon the most arduous service of her consecrated life.

To the sick and wounded, she was an angel, visiting the hospitals of Philadelphia, Washington, etc., where she deeply touched the hearts of the boys in blue, alleviating distress, and, like a kind mother, consoling the friendless and dying with words of love and the promises of eternal life.

She has recorded, that thirty thousand soldiers had heard, from her lips, the tidings of Christ's Gospel. She also carried her messages faithfully to all dignitaries, as well as others in her progress. Secretary Stanton received her affectionately, and the family of Lincoln, when in their deepest sorrow and bereavement.

To Pres. Johnson, she addressed words of unvarnished candor, and reminded him of his great responsibilities.