

we could sing softly a lyric about Jesus' love and death. The people sang on their knees. Each seemed to sing, as each had prayed, oblivious of one another. Over and over we sang it, tears streaming down the faces of men and women, big lads and little children :

"He died—Jesus Christ,
For me—sinner."

The lyric runs "for thee, sinner," but we instinctively changed it to "for me." Then the prayer books out again, waves and waves of prayer, and for hours that passed like minutes these strange waves rose and fell, and all the perplexity passed, the reiterated "Do nothing" ceased in one's ears, and instead came a new word, and one knew one was not meant to be just a spectator, looking on, praying for it, so to speak, but in it, praying in it, part of it, caught by the same power, swept by the same wind. Oh, how cold one felt beside those glowing people—a stone, an icicle! I have no words to describe the sensation of coldness by comparison.

Meetings of a similar character went on for over a fortnight. There was no preaching. All the conversions during that time took place during prayer, and prayer usually of that tumultuous sort. It was not as intense after the first fortnight, and gradually and naturally things became more normal, but prayer-meetings which for life and power were very different from anything we had ever known before continued for months and in some cases still continue. We are praying now for the real Revival to come and complete the reviving.—*Missionary Review.*

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A little girl expressed to her parents one day a wish that they would give her two New Testaments. To the question of her parents why it must be two, the child replied that one was for herself and the other to send to the heathen. She was given the two volumes, and in one of them she wrote: "A little girl who loves the Lord Jesus wishes with all her heart that whoever reads this should also love and believe on him."

The New Testament went to India, and found its way to a station in the interior. A Hindoo lady obtained it. She could read, but was unable to write; and as she longed to be able to write, her attention was immediately drawn to the inscription of the fly-leaf. The large and distinct characters of the child's handwriting attracted her so much that she tried to imi-

tate them again and again. Gradually the sense of the words made an impression upon her, and the question arose: "May not those words have been written just for me?" She began then earnestly to read the New Testament: her eyes were opened, and she learned to know and love her Saviour.

Years passed. The little girl had meanwhile grown up and thought no more of the New Testament which she had sent once upon a time to the heathen. But her love for missions had grown with her, and it was her deepest desire to serve the Lord among the heathen. She was accepted as a missionary, and sent to a rather out-of-the-way station in India. There she one day entered the house of a Hindoo Christian lady. In the conversation the Hindoo lady showed her visitor a book, a New Testament, and told her she, a Hindoo heathen, had been by its means brought to Jesus her Saviour.

You may imagine the joyful astonishment of the lady missionary when she recognized in the book the same New Testament on whose fly-leaf she had many years ago, as a little girl, written those words which had served to show the poor Hindoo lady the way to Jesus. Together they knelt down, praised God's wonderful ways, and thanked him who had drawn them both to himself. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."—*French paper.*

CHINA THE GREATEST MISSION FIELD.

China is the grandest mission field on the face of the earth. Here is the mightiest number of homogeneous people ever ruled by one monarch. No bitter caste divides the people into irreconcilable factions. The highest office in the land is open to the poorest scholar who can pass the examinations. Christianity is tolerated by imperial edict, and the people who profess this religion are not, on that account, to be molested. By treaty right, missionaries are permitted to reside in the interior of China, and the assertion recently made by a high official that the missionaries are China's best friends, is rapidly gaining belief among all classes. Thousands of great towns, cities, and countless villages are open to Gospel effort, and the church throughout the world will rejoice in the glorious responsibility of bringing to these hundreds of millions unspeakable blessings of Christian civilization.—*Rev. J. R. Goddard.*