

tion of the Spirit and of power." That ambassador of Christ, who knows not of this power, has mistaken his calling, and is one that "beateth the air."

Now, for the sequel: My, brother and I were obliged to remain for days—going from house to house, and holding services in private dwellings for the benefit of the various neighbourhood—answering that question, most cheering to every minister of Christ—"What shall I do to be saved?" I hardly ever met a person who did not seem to have been deeply impressed by the services.

On the next Friday afternoon—being obliged to return to my own parish work—I rode out into the country to take leave of the old lady, who had besought me to come to them. Her extreme age and bodily infirmities had prevented her attendance at church. As I entered the wicket gate leading to her cottage, I saw her seated in the porch—the rays of the setting sun glinting her silvery hair. Because of her deafness, she did not hear my approach on the gravel-walk leading to the house. So I stood for some minutes behind her, without her knowledge of my presence. It was a beautiful scene. Her sun was setting, and her whole form was lit up by the light of the departing day. In her lap was one of those large old Prayer Books, so dear to the old Virginia Churchwoman of that day. I could see the tears trickling from her glasses, and falling upon the book before her. Dear old lady, she was shedding tears of grateful joy. All those dear grandchildren and friends for whom she had been praying these many years had come home, and were rejoicing in the Father's love. I was reluctant to break the spell, so beautiful was the scene. Were I an artist, I could paint it now, so ineffaceably was it impressed upon my vision. At last, as the sun went down, I touched her shoulder. She turned and looked at me with tearful eyes, but could not speak. I could not speak, but, following the motion of her hand, seated myself on

a little settle near her side.

When she was sufficiently recovered, and could speak, she said: "My son, you have just entered upon your ministry, and I want to tell you something you ought to know.

"Some two months ago I was reading our Saviour's words in the Gospel, and my attention was arrested, as never before, by His precious assurance—'If any two of you agree on earth as touching anything ye shall ask of my Father, He will give it to you.' The words came to me like a new revelation; I had been longing for some such sweet assurance from above.

"I called my daughter"—she had living with her a widowed daughter, a saintly woman—"Come here, my daughter, and see what our Saviour says. Look at the condition of our poor little church, and our loved ones straying like lost sheep. Let us two agree together, plead this promise before our Father, who tells us in His Word that 'He is more willing to give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him than parents are to give good gifts to their children.'"

"My daughter responded to the thought with all her soul, and we prayed together for a blessing from on High. One day my daughter said: 'Mother, we are doing right, but something more is necessary. God works through His ministers, through the preaching of His Word. Let us try to get some of our clergy to come and hold a mission here!' That suggestion induced me to write you that letter and the one to your brother." Then, at the remembrance of all that followed, the dear old lady broke down, and with choked utterance exclaimed, "Oh, how good, how true, how loving is 'Our Father'!" I could but join her, and that hour thus spent was worth years of worldly pleasure.

There was a large class for confirmation soon after. They have all passed into Paradise. I knew of them for more than a half century and I never heard of one who had back-slidden from his holy calling. The reason was

that "the Lord," not I, but only through me, "had added to the Church such as should be saved." Ah, if it were always so now, there would not be such a lax membership of "lovers of pleasure" more than lovers of God.

FUH-KIEN MISSION—CHINA.

The following, read before the Gleaners' Union, Lindsay, and prepared by Miss M. Johns, will, we trust, help to stir up an interest in missionary work:

This mission has a remarkable history, as for the first ten years not a single convert appeared and two of the five missionaries had died, two had resigned, leaving a new-comer, the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, in charge, and now, thirty-two years later, we find a Christian community of more than 13 000 souls beside the native clergy.

All will remember this province of Fuh-Kien as being the scene of an event which will forever stand prominent in our minds, that of the massacre of Ku Cheng, in which Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and others lost their lives. "Sad and terrible as was this it was no doubt destined to be a source of rich and abundant fruit to the glory and praise of God." Many men have given their lives to this good work of saving the souls of those poor heathen in China and are following the command given so long ago, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," but as yet the labourers are too few, and the want of labourers can be shown better by the following extracts from letters received from the missionaries there:

"Archdeacon Wolfe, in his letter speaking of the Fuh-Kien Conference of European and native workers, says the speeches of the native brethren were most touching. 'One after another got up and declared how their hearts have been touched, and how this sad event (the massacre) had awakened in them such a burning desire as they never felt before for the salvation of their people, and a determination to work