

Before us stood a woman well along in years, with gray hair drawn smoothly over the broad forehead, large blue eyes, firm mouth, strongly marked features, suggestive of Scotch or Scotch-Irish inheritance.

"We are Presbyterians," we hastened to remark in an introductory if not an apologetic way. We had not time to go further to explain what kind of Presbyterians we were, or where we came from, or why we were there. Our visiting card and credentials had evidently been passed in, for a smile like a June sunrise brightened over that round face and a handclasp that was wholly unconventional assured us of our welcome.

"Oh! but it is good to see a Presbyterian once more. It is a long time since I saw one. They don't come this way very often; but it is good to see one! Come in and sit down. This makes me think of Western Pennsylvania."

"Oh! you are from Western Pennsylvania, then. Is it a good while since you left there?"

"It's a good many years now and I think it seems a good many more than it is, for time goes pretty slow out here."

Then she told of her early life in the Keystone State, her Presbyterian training, her love for the Church and the sometimes weariness of her present isolation. Nothing was said in a complaining way, but rather in the way of acceptance of the inevitable, of the surrender of bright hopes of the past to conditions which now could not be changed and must be therefore endured.

"Do you ever have religious services here?" we asked.

"Scarcely ever. Once in a while there is some kind of a meeting at the little school-house, but not what we were used to." And again her mind reverted to the old home.

"Sometimes I go into the Mormon meeting. One has to go to meetings once in a while, but of course I don't get anything there and I do so wish we might have sometimes a minister come along and just get a few of us together and tell of the things that we used to be so glad to hear. Ah! it is a long time since I have heard a Presbyterian sermon."

Who knows the hunger of such a heart and the long weariness of such isolation, until the keenness of the pain of it leads on to an almost stolid endurance? And yet in her voice, that rose to almost buoyancy as she talked on and as memory did its work, recalling the teachings of the old times and the old comrades, what a courage for holding on she revealed! Her neighbors were few and those few were Mormons. There was no tie between them. She just kept her faith, lived on her memory with the possible hope of an occasional visitor.

The minutes fled quickly. We said, "It is time for us to go. We wanted you to know that God's children far away are thinking

about you and others like you in lonely places. We want you to remember that as one family we dwell with him, and when we come to the inheritance above, all our loneliness will be past and we will be together with the fellowship of the kingdom."

Her eyes moistened, her lips almost refused their utterance. She was carrying all the weight of memory that she could. She followed us to the gate and in a lingering way to keep the fellowship as long as possible. Then she turned back to go through the monotonous routine and to bear her burdens. But one little ray of light had come into the long night of her solitude.

As we retraced our steps to the junction we thought, "We are apt to measure our mission work by its results. Does it pay? How many churches have been organized? How many members have been gathered? How much money has been collected? But what about the forlorn places and the forlorn people of whom there are not enough to be organized—but must just be lone ones, stranded down some canyon or out on some shoreless prairie. They will never be gathered until the good Angel of God gathers them to the harvest above."

"Yet does not the Church owe them something? Shall they not be helped to keep their faith if only by an occasional missionary teacher? And will it be wasted money to now and again send a cheering voice—though the voice die to an echo—and no great result ever follows?"

HOW TO PRESENT THE GOSPEL TO FRENCH ROMANISTS.

By Rev. C. A. Doudiet.

Before saying a word about the methods, which many years' close acquaintance with French mission work, has shown to be the most effectual, it may be well to remember that without deep earnestness in the worker, the best methods will fail. Believing in the power of the Spirit of God, and in the efficacy of His Word, we may be sure that without earnest communion with God, by prayer and study of His Word, efforts to accomplish any great religious work will be in vain.

This is true, in any case, for every preacher of the Gospel, it is emphatically true, for a missionary, whether his field of labor is among the Romanists or the Buddhists. The successful reformer must necessarily be an enthusiast—not of course in that sense which implies fanaticism, but in the better one, which with unshakeable faith includes profound love. Such enthusiasts were Luther, Calvin and John Knox. Such an enthusiast was the lion-hearted Paul. Mark his answer to Christian friends in Caesarea, who begged him not to go up to Jerusalem,