

Almost as quick as a flash there passed before my mental vision, as if it had been a moving panorama, a complete outline of that sermon. And the bones of that skeleton swiftly took on flesh and sinews and muscles and soon became a living, moving thing. It glowed and burned within me. I was eager to preach it. Like an ancient gladiator I panted for the arena. My doubts had vanished. My soul throbbed with victory.

I was too full for conversation as we walked to the little church. The room was crowded to the walls. An impressive solemnity brooded over all. As I rose to preach a distinct consciousness swept all over me that I was in God's hands, to be used by him that night.

I preached in an easy, conversational manner, and God marvellously blessed the Word. It seemed to me as if, that night, I looked into the land of the lost. As I pictured the condition of a condemned soul, cast out from God, I shivered myself as the alarming and awful state of the lost rose before me in all of its terrible reality.

The multitude was as silent as death. The people leaned forward to listen with drawn, white faces, and their eyes spake the fear they felt in their hearts. We knew nothing of time till the sermon was ended. At its close the listening people who had, all unconsciously, been leaning forward in their anxiety to catch every word, leaned back in their seats with an audible sigh of deep solemnity.

The preacher who followed me, a big, good-natured, boisterous fellow, at once began a vehement and noisy exhortation. The people stared at him as if he were guilty of sacrilege. I plucked his coat-tail and whispered to him to dismiss the congregation and let them go quietly home.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced that deeply impressed congregation filed slowly out. Nobody stopped to talk to any one. They were too deeply moved for that. Each one wanted to be alone.

In the morning early I took the train for my quarterly meeting, some fifty miles away. As I passed through S— on the following Monday, on my return to my home, the two preachers and a great company of laymen met me at the station. They insisted that I stop over and preach for them again that night. And again I yielded to their entreaty.

As soon as I met them at the station I noticed that their faces shone. As we walked up the main street of the little town they told me the story of Saturday and Sunday. And everyone of them was full to the brim of it.

On Friday night that company of people had evidently gone to their homes deeply wrought upon by the Spirit of God. It came out afterward that a number of them had not slept a wink all night long. Early the next morning several were converted and the good work spread rapidly.

There was a German blacksmith in the town by the name of George Z—, an upright citizen and a man of a good deal of influence in the place. On Saturday morning he went to his shop, after a sleepless night. He put on his leather apron, kindled the fire and started to work. But he could not put his mind on his task. He closed his door and crept into a dark corner, where he kneeled before God and wrestled with him in prayer.

Soon he was tremendously converted. Leaping to his feet and rushing out of the shop, without hat or coat, and with his leather apron on, he swept down the main street of the town, praising God at the top of his voice.

His example was infectious. Swiftly the fire spread. People were converted in all parts of the town. Soon they assembled in the church and the good work went on all day and evening. It continued all through the Sabbath and by Monday, on my return, the little village had been almost swept into the kingdom of God.

As an outcome we organized a society and built a neat little church. The other little society took on new life and soon built a neat new temple. After an absence of several years I recently visited the town, now much enlarged, and found both the churches flourishing finely.

### Our Post-Office Crusade.

(To the readers of the 'Northern Messenger'.)

There has been a cordial response to my last letter regarding the post office crusade. Many thanks. If my list of names gives out and some do not receive prompt replies will they kindly have patience until an answer is received. Two cents in stamps is all that is necessary for a reply. If you enclose more, as some have done, please state if they are to be used on papers. In all cases, they are returned when what is overdue is mailed.

Thanks are due also to the editors of the 'Northern Messenger' who contributed two large parcels of beautiful clean papers, and to the Western W. C. T. U., who secured most acceptable literature for this Mission by post.

In many cases people have sent money, asking that papers be ordered direct for them from the office. As Westmount is really a part of Montreal this is easily attended to. It is to be hoped that these subscriptions will be continued. A missionary, in writing to me, says: 'Thus far I consider the Crusade a great success. Yesterday at the close of the boys' Sunday-school I distributed papers to 67 boys—all reading English, and I wish the donors of the papers could have seen the bright eyes and pleased smiles with which the papers were received. If you can manage it we would very much like two copies of 'The World Wide' for the reading rooms, also all the picture cards you can send. We have 18 schools and have hard times finding enough cards for them.' The address of this lady is:

MRS. McLEOD,  
Anakapalle  
Visagapatam,  
India.

Another missionary writes asking if I can supply some of the native teachers with up-to-date educational journals. Perhaps some school teacher who has read his or her educational journal will kindly consider this matter. I have the addresses. Again, if any one has a paper covered or otherwise new book which they have read and which they would like to pass along for a missionary's lending library, will they please send them to

Mrs. CRAIG,  
Samulcotta,  
India.

Lately I bought one of Ralph Connors's books for ten cents. Frequently we have interesting books which we have read. It cheers the missionaries to get fresh, bright literature. Up-to-date magazines will be acceptable at either of the addresses I have given in this letter. But to the addresses I sent you will please remember to send only UNDENOMINATIONAL Christian papers. The 'Northern Messenger' and 'Sabbath-Reading' always preferred.

In your correspondence, children, could you not be more distinctly Canadian. When the Editor asked for letters from those who

saw the Prince in Canada, I expected a perfect avalanche of patriotic epistles. Do you know that Lady Tennyson, wife of the poet laureate said to Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, regarding Canada: 'No country ever had such founders, no country in the world. No, not since the days of Abraham.' Now, couldn't we write bits of history in our letters. For instance, here is a touch of mine. I had two great grandfathers with Wolfe at the conquest of Canada for Britain. Both were Highlanders, and one was wounded on the Plains of Abraham. I have had two kinsmen Canadians who have received the D.O.S. for skill in South Africa. Regarding the Prince, I saw him twice, but if the Editor will let me tell you a short story next time, it won't be about him, but about the Princess and a little Canadian girl. It's a 'truly story,' as one wee maiden used to say. I have to thank the publishers of the 'Messenger' for contributing nearly all the numbers of 'Picturesque Canada' and securing for us many beautiful pictures of Canadian scenery. These have been sent to India on their imperial mission of brotherly kindness. Thus by our 'Northern Messenger', we, too, through the post office crusade, are seeking to bind more closely the great Empire of which we are a part. Faithfully yours,

Mrs. M. E. Cole,  
112 Irvine Ave.,  
Westmount, Que.

P.S.—The subscription price of 'World Wide' is \$1.00 a year, post-paid.

### The Graves at Gierku.

On seeing a picture in the 'Northern Messenger,' of the graves of the young Canadian Missionary Gowans, and the Rev. Claud Ryder, practically the only witness for Christ in the whole of that land.

Far, far away in remote Hausaland,  
Inside the village of Gierku there stand  
Two lonely graves, in its shadow somewhere  
Gowans and Ryder lie peacefully there.  
What do these graves in dark Hausaland  
tell?

Glorious tidings of heroes who fell  
Ere they could gather a bounteous yield  
Bearing no sheaves from that white, needy  
field.

Buoyant, whole-hearted and eager to win  
Some sable soul from the thraldom of sin,  
One of them dying on entering the land  
Buried by heathen and Mussulman hand;  
Far from the home and the friends of his  
love

No one to soothe but the Saviour above;  
Sweetly, submissively sinking to rest  
Knowing the will of the Father is best;  
No altar lit by his heart's fervent fire  
Naught but a seemingly fruitless desire.  
What do those graves in the Hausa State say  
With their rude cross pointing upward to-  
day?

'Come, for the harvest is wasting around,  
Hasten lest blood on your soul should be  
found.'

Yonder the mission house tenantless, bare;  
'Fill up the ranks,' their expiring prayer.  
No one to care for the brave Hausas now  
Still at the shrine of their idols they bow.  
Christians awake: is such sacrifice vain?  
Say not 'The loss hath exceeded the gain.'  
Send out contingents for Christ who will  
bring

Africa under the sway of our King.  
Forward who will! from their powerless clasp  
Seize the stained standard with reverent  
grasp.

Be it not said that our Canada fair  
Has but a grave for a witness there.

H. ISABEL GRAHAM.

Seaforth.

### Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is January, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.