

conies and stared. Why? Well, the priests for centuries had been telling them all kinds of queer stories about Protestants, such as that we keep murdered children hanging up by the feet in the cellars to be eaten; that we had horns and tails; and it was natural to be curious to have the first glance at such wretches. Nevertheless, it was a good thing that *the one subject* of interest was the Word of God, the Gospel of Christ, for weeks in the whole neighborhood. I may just say that we sold hundreds of Bibles, testaments and Gospels, and distributed thousands of tracts.

The archbishop drove up from Santiago to annihilate us by a series of declamations against Protestants. The people went to hear him during the day, and us at night. They went out of our meetings saying, "The archbishop tells nothing but lies." Not that we ever went into discussions. No; we kept to the Gospel of free salvation to the chief of sinners by Christ alone, and the hearers drew the inferences.

The Lord blessed the preaching to the salvation of souls. "I am of your opinions," whispered a man to us as we stood on the street one day. He whispered because newspapers were speaking against us, and we had many enemies. "To be of our opinions will do little for you. You must be born again," we answered. We had a long talk with him about his soul. The next preaching was from "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." This man was at it, and next day he came to us and told us it had cleansed him. His wife soon professed conversion.

His aunt, a bigoted Romanist, with whom they lived, was in a dreadful way about this. He spoke to her about the Gospels. One evening she was alone about meeting-time, and felt a desire to go which she could not shake off. She went, heard, believed, and brought her husband. He was soon converted. The aunt had \$42 (£5 10s.) worth of images in a glass case. She burned them, and said: "Now, Jesus only is my Saviour." Women sold the butcher meat in the market. Four of them were converted to Christ.

One, a woman over six feet high, had been a notorious character—smoked, drank, cursed and swore. She was soon known to be changed. As she sold the meat I have seen her speak to her customers about their souls. On one occasion she took up a piece of meat, gave it a chop, then looked at the customer and said: "If you don't go to church for salvation you'll be lost." Another chop at the meat and another chop at the customer, and that finished that particular transaction; and then for another.

A man was converted, and his landlord called him from his village, eleven miles from Corunna. "You must either leave the Protestant meeting or my house and land." "I'll leave the meeting," was the reply. "Do as I do," said the landlord. "I read the Bible I got from them privately." "We will," said the tenant. So the tenant and his wife read the Bible privately, and read one day that Christ would be ashamed of them before His Father and the holy angels who were ashamed of Him. They feared that word and returned to the meetings. The Landlord called them. "Yes, we have gone back to the meetings. We are afraid that otherwise Christ would be ashamed of us before His Father and the holy angels," said the man. "You must leave the house and land," said the landlord. "At once; if you will allow me anything for the labor bestowed on it, well and good; if not, take it, labor and all." The landlord was astonished, and knew he would find few such honest men as John, and said: "Well, John, you can keep the house and lands; and if any one molests you

about your religion, send him to me." John went home and offered the largest room in the house for the meetings in his village, and shortly after his wife and he gave a room all ready furnished with platform and seats for Gospel meetings; and the meetings have been held in it ever since.

Indeed, the work in Corunna and neighborhood has continued till this day; not in our hands; but after we left to preach in other towns and villages of Galicia, the converts continued the meetings till God raised up others to go on with the work.

When we came out to Spain in 1873 we had a conversation with the president of the college, that Greatheart the Second—C. H. Spurgeon—when he said: "So you are going to Spain and trusting God for support in money matters?" "Yes." "Would you not rather go under a committee?" "No." "Neither would I," said Mr. Spurgeon. We reckoned that if God wanted us in Spain He would support us there; and though many supporters have gone to heaven, others have been raised up, and we have been helped hitherto.—*Mis. Rev.*

### SQUANDERING MILLIONS.

A newspaper states that one of the wealthiest of America's millionaires is intending to spend one million dollars a year for ten years in building and beautifying a palace and its surroundings; and this while there are homeless orphans, helpless invalids, young people struggling for education and for usefulness, and a thousand million human souls, living without God and dying without hope in the world.

There is one defect in the architecture of all these palatial residences. They are *not death proof*. No matter how strongly they are built, or how beautifully they are finished; no matter how many blinds, shutters, bronze doors and storm doors they have, yet death finds its way into them. In the most unwelcome hours and at the most inopportune moments the unbidden and unwelcome stranger comes; and what is a ten million dollar palace worth when sickness creeps in at its windows, when death crowds in through its carved doors, strides across its costly carpets, invades its inner sanctuary, and drags away the one man for whose comfort and pleasure all this expenditure has been incurred, and makes him food for worms. Oh, how little is wealth worth in a dying hour. It cannot purchase ease, it cannot heal disease, it cannot bribe death.

The Saviour has said, "Woe unto you that are rich! for you have received your consolation," and the apostle has said, "Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

A great railway king was on his dying bed, and when the stock markets of the land were trembling in the balance, and prices were rising or falling, with every rumor that came from the sick man's bed, he was saying to those around him, "Sing to me, sing

"Come ye sinners, poor and needy!"

O, how poor is the man who, in the dying hour, leaves millions behind and takes nothing with him. Blessed are they who lay up a good foundation against the time to come, who send on their wealth before them, and who make ready to be received into eternal habitations when earth's vain glories pass away like dreams.