

in His wisdom had taken her home. Who would take the place of those who were gone? God had opened the door, who would enter? Women were now asking for instruction, and who would teach them the Way? A medical woman, to take Dr. Graham's place, is urgently asked for. Who will go? Mrs. Goforth concluded by a strong appeal for the prayers of God's people at home, and said if they ever came back with success and joy it must be as the result of such prayers.

Miss McIntosh recalled the time, six years ago, when she, in company with three others, Miss J. Graham, Miss Harris and Miss Jamieson, had appeared before the F. M. Committee and were accepted. Of these, one, Miss Graham, returned at the end of a year, broken in health; Miss Harris, after faithful service for her Lord in India, had been called to her reward; while Miss Jamieson and herself were permitted to be present at another Annual Meeting. This meeting would, she felt, be a great stimulus to them in days to come. Although she had been five years in China, it was not till the Autumn of 1892 that she had reached Honan. Two or three of the married ladies had preceded Miss McIntosh and Dr. Graham by a few months, and had received and taught any women who were willing to learn. The curiosity of the native women was unbounded at seeing two single ladies, single women being almost unknown in China. The contrast between the work of the first and second year was very marked. At first nothing was accomplished beyond making friends, the second year showed increased interest, the attendance of women at the classes was larger and the children no longer seemed frightened but came in large numbers to the compound by themselves. Twelve pupils came daily to be taught. There was abundant opportunity for medical work among the women, both in the neighboring villages and by receiving them as in-patients. Dr. Lucinda Graham's death had been a grievous loss to the Mission; she was so whole-hearted and enthusiastic in the work. What a sad scene that funeral procession had been wending its way to a little cemetery in far-off China, a little company of missionaries surrounding the graves of our beloved sisters, and as the strains of "Asleep in Jesus" died away, the voice of a brother missionary lifted in prayer, a prayer mostly of thanksgiving for the lives and triumphant death of those whom God had taken to Himself, closing with earnest pleading for the millions of China, and that God would raise up many more to take the places of those then laid to rest. Miss McIntosh asked for the prayers of those present, first, that the missionaries might be filled with the Holy Spirit; next for the native Christians, that they might be, as Paul had prayed the Philippian Church might be, blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, amongst whom they shine as lights