

MISS AMY E. JOHNSTONE.

The following, written by one of the officers of the W. B. M. U. and read at the Annual Meeting of the W. M. A. S. held at Amherst, may prove interesting and helpful to some:

How can I speak to you of this worker, this officer of the W. B. M. U. who has fallen with the harness all girded on for work for the Lord? Were it not for her faith which she lived, and which so often found utterance in these words, "My Father can do nothing wrong," we would stop and not in rebellion but from the depth of our sorrow and loneliness ask,

"What need in a land of such blessed release
From all sorrow and ache,
Of the voice and touch, that were comfort and peace
To hearts here that ache?"

To us she was much needed—in the home, with her palsied and widowed mother; so much required in the little church in Dartmouth, and invaluable in our W. B. M. U. work. With our narrow vision, we question, why had she to go? And there comes a sweet peace with only the answer vouchsafed, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

Amy E. Johnstone was the eldest surviving daughter of the late Judge Johnstone, of Dartmouth, N.S. Never marrying, her life was spent in the home of her childhood, ever aiding the mother in its duties, and of late years bearing entirely the burdens of the home. Added to this was the care of two little motherless nieces, who were watched over by her for years with a mother's tenderness, and one of these girls now writes this testimony:—"Few people will be so much missed as Aunt Amy, for she was always going about doing good to some one." Indeed, the record is only above of the miserable homes into which she has brought cheer, the cellar homes where she has passed the night watches with malignant diseases. The many in distress of soul and body to whom she has ministered and pointed to the Saviour of the world. The following instance comes to mind:—One night she was hurriedly sent for, and hastening to answer the call found an old man very near the eternal world, and although suffering bodily agonies, the anguish of his soul was greater, and he gasped, "Tell me, what can I do to be saved?" She said, "There was only a moment to tell him, and with a prayer I gave him that verse of verses, which could save his soul, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'" In a moment he was gone, with this note of salvation ringing in his ears, and she trusted his heart.

Converted in early life, her talents, her means, all she possessed were given to the Master for His service. Her one regret being that she had not more to give Him. For years she has taught the woman's

class in Sunday School and successfully. This year, she was president of the W. M. A. S. and many years had filled this office, though not consecutively. The Mission Band was her especial care. The prayer meeting room her delight, which was hallowed by her prayers and testimonies. Indeed to the church was given her best in every line. In all this work she missed her father so keenly, and in writing at this time says, "I went last Sunday and faced the empty pew; I am trying to be brave; my hiding place does not fail."

Miss Johnstone has been Prov. Sec. of the W. B. M. U. since 1887, and as well said she has shown her devotion to the Master and love for the Mission cause, by her untiring efforts to increase the interest in Missions among old and young. The benefit of her work through all these years cannot be estimated. My first available records (1887) give number of Aid Societies in Nova Scotia as 70, last year we numbered 160, and Mission Bands almost unknown then now number 73. Many of the Societies and Bands are fruits of her direct work, and the organizing is often the least part. How much care and nourishing they have received from her. How many weak ones she has stimulated and strengthened for renewed service, by her helpful letters, or personal contact, as she has travelled through nearly every part of our Province, speaking from platform or pulpit! For this work she had peculiar ability, always gaining and holding the attention of her audience, as she would press home our right to obey Christ's command and the need a perishing world had for Christ and His salvation.

In short, strength of body and mind were given un stintingly to this service, from her pen went hundreds of letters yearly to help weak interests. Her one regret ever being the poorness of the service given.

She has been Maritime Correspondent for the LINK for sixteen years, and many can testify to her ability and faithfulness in this department, and believe that her request when first appointed to this office was granted, viz, that we pray that the busy fingers should send forth a true message.

If I mistake not she has always been a member of our H. M. Com.,—indeed it was principally through her effort that the W. B. M. U. adopted H. M. S. as a part of their work. I remember it was at our Annual Meeting in Wolfville, and how she pleaded for us to aid this cause, saying she was only redeeming promises given to little churches in need in Cape Breton. What a busy life was Miss Johnstone's; in reviewing it we say, how was it possible for one head to plan, one heart to feel and one pair of hands to accomplish so much? The following extracts from letters received from her last winter bespeak the beauty of her character. March 5th, she says, "I started out to be very brave and take up all my work; but only the dear Lord knows,