

sign field through deep waters. Our comfort is that the work is His, that the "government is upon His shoulders," and that "He knoweth the way we take." Let us be faithful, that is all.

Below we print an account of the "Medical Mission at Grenelle," France, taken from the Quarterly report of the McAll Mission. Miss Johnstone is a daughter of the late Judge in Equity for Nova Scotia, and a sister of the present Judge Johnstone.

Let earnest prayer go up for our Associational gatherings. We want meetings that will be not merely pleasant, but meetings that will tell for Christ our Lord through all the year.

A private note from the Secretary of the "Willing Workers" brings a deal of gladness with it. Secretaries of Mission Bands, do not forget to write. Your letters will be printed in *THE LINK* as fast as they come. Only they must reach Dartmouth the last week in each month, as my manuscript for *THE LINK* is mailed to Mrs. Newman some time during the first week of every month.

The total amount received for the Famine Fund in India, by the Treasurer of our F. M. Board amounts to \$2,357.24. (April 13th.)

THE MEDICAL MISSION AT GRENELLE.

The work at the Medical Missions is most encouraging. We greatly enjoy the talking with the patients as they wait their turn to go into the doctor's room. With the rarest exceptions, they listen with eager attention, and while conversing with one person, another will slide up and say, "I would like to hear, too;" and then one or two more will do the same, until often one has a little group gathered around one, and sometimes some very zealous listener will even follow you from group to group, so as to lose nothing of the conversation.

There are delightful little surprises awaiting the worker, and which I sometimes think are foretastes of what will be enjoyed by us at the great "Harvest Home;" for one comes unexpectedly across perfect strangers and finds that seed sown long ago and forgotten, perhaps, by one's self or by some fellow-labourer, has sprung up, "one knoweth not how," and borne real fruit.

I noticed one day at Grenelle a young fellow at some distance from where I was seated, who was making desperate efforts to hear what I was reading. At last he succeeded in placing himself within range of my voice, and he gave evidence by sundry nods and jerks that he was thoroughly appreciating what he heard. So attentive an auditor was worthy of all encouragement, so I got into a chat with him, and his answers astonished me. He understood and quickly grasped my meaning as I spoke to him of the Gospel, and greatly puzzled, I asked him, "Where did you learn all this?" "Well, you see, when I was a little boy, I used to go every night with my mother to a *salle*, where they talked just the same as you do here, and where they sang the same hymns. I have a book, too, with the same things in it that you have been reading, only it cannot be quite the same, for mine is little and square and black."

It needed no great effort of genius to recognise in the description the little New Testament given in the schools, and on further questioning, the *salle* where he had so

regularly attended proved to be the old *salle* in the Rue de la Tacherie, which was opened so many years ago, and which was replaced by that on the Boulevard de Sebastopol, and later still by the *Salle Rivoli*.

Another day, turning from a woman who declared that what she desired most of all was bodily healing, beyond any spiritual blessing, I asked her neighbor, "And would you make the same choice?" "Oh, no, I would rather have pardon and Jesus," was the answer, given with a bright smile, showing how true was the statement. "You love Him, then?" "Oh, yes; and I have a big Bible at home which I read as often as I can."

On questioning her as to when and where she had thus found the Saviour, I found that it was in a hall we had had in former years in the district of Vaugirard, which had never succeeded well, as the quarter was too clerical—an immense Jesuit college being the prominent feature of the neighbourhood. Yet the time spent had not been in vain, for she had a vivid remembrance of what she had heard in that little *salle*.

The way in which the sick folk delight to hear the Bible stories told in the simplest way, and with the most elementary explanations, is very touching. "Why have I never heard this before?" exclaimed one poor woman; "it is all so plain that one can understand it." "Yes," replied a neighbour, "they never explain things like that in our church. I should be better now if they had done so." And a third, to whom I had been reading a while before, and who was, alas, far gone in consumption, joined us, saying pathetically, "And may not I come too?" One felt that the Spirit of God was working and awakening dead souls, for more that day confessed their need of salvation than I have ever known so to do before at one time. Here, more perhaps than elsewhere, does the conscience need readjusting, deadened as it has been by centuries of false teaching. The self-righteousness met with would be truly ludicrous were it not so intensely sad. Accustomed as one is to people who "have done no wrong," who have "nothing where-with to reproach themselves," we occasionally meet with giants in self-delusion who tower above the dead level and astonish even us. After listening placidly to a list of the virtues of a person whom I was vainly endeavouring to convince of her need of pardon, I thought I would try the effect of a little personal testimony, and so spoke of the time when God's Spirit had opened my eyes to see my heart's sinfulness. She was evidently most uncomfortable at finding herself in such questionable company, and remarked: "Well, you may be like that; I have heard that there are such people, but I am quite different. I have never any wrong feelings; I do nothing but good."

"How long have you been in this state of perfection?" I ventured to ask. "I never remember being otherwise!" Truly one gets heartick with all these righteous that need no repentance, and it is a real joy to meet with a prepared soul. Such was Madame P., whose acquaintance I made at the Grenelle Dispensary. From the beginning, her eager interest in the Gospel story attracted my attention. She came to attend my Mothers' meeting for a time, and then I suddenly lost sight of her. On going to call on her, I found she was in the hospital. I visited her there regularly, and as the hectic flush grew deeper, and the thin form more shadowy, thank God her simple faith grew more and more deep and childlike. What a smile always greeted me when I made my appearance in the ward! The poor, weak voice always found