

Protestants!" was changed, as there was heard an awful, roaring sound. The would-be murderers fell on their knees in the street crying for mercy, for the Lord had sent an earthquake to save His servants. The house in which they prayed was sound, but every other in the city was more or less injured.

Again, this same servant was stricken with disease, and all hope of his recovery was given up. His wife says she saw him die three times. The poor people of his charge gathered and prayed, offering their children to the Lord in place of their pastor. The dear Lord saw the earnestness of their hearts, and restored the shepherd to the flock.

There came into our church a poor little ragged girl asking membership. When examined, and the pastor satisfied that she understood the importance of the step she was taking, she was duly received. When she returned home it was to meet severe persecution from her Catholic mother, who was most cruel to the child. She came to me asking that my husband and self would join her in praying for her parents. We agreed to do so. In a little while, so unhappy was her home, I asked for and obtained the child, and got her in a good school. The first Sabbath after her departure the mother was at church, and after my husband preached she rose in the congregation and asked to be received into the church. The father came forward, too, and was received with his wife, and has been faithful since; all in answer to the prayers of this little Mexican girl, who is now mine, having been given to me by her parents.

Several months ago, after I had employed as a Bible-woman in Toluca, a poor widow, who had a family of children, her relatives and friends began to persecute her in various ways to force her to give up her work, which she refused to do. As she had no means of support, she had to be separated from her children. So, failing in other ways to make her surrender, they began to try to force her daughter, a girl of fourteen years, and her son of eight to go into a school of nuns. They refused, and were turned into the street. They managed to find their way to their mother. She came at once to me, with her children clinging to her skirts. When she entered my room she fell on her knees and said, "Let us ask our God for light and help; I know not what to do." After we had wept and prayed I told her I would write some letters and see if I could not get the children into a Christian school. The poor mother said, "Oh, if God will only hear this prayer, I'll bless Him for the trouble caused me by my children being cast off." God did hear. The little boy is in our college in San Luis Potosi, and the girl in the college at Laredo, both well and happy, and the mother more successful as a Bible-woman. She is supported by friends in Livingston, Ala., one of whom is Mr. C. K. Pickens, who is posted in regard to the experience of this woman.

A few weeks ago one of our native Protestant Episcopalians, Rev. Luis G. Prietor, was telling us his experience as a Christian, and how God had answered his prayers. He said he married a Roman Catholic, and he began