

evening, and he told them some very plain truths, which the audience listened to without disorder, though the moulti always said "he could not accept the answer." Again they appointed another meeting, the argument still waging around the passages which they contended foretold Mohammed. Mr. Armstrong opened the next meeting by saying that his contention was that Mohammed was not a prophet at all, and that the Koran was not from God. He asked them to prove him a prophet if they could. This they declined to do, or rather would not undertake; so he said that with their permission (it was their turn) he would prove the negative proposition. He did not spare them, but preached Christ as the true prophet and Savior, and then by numerous passages from the Koran showed its follies and inconsistencies. It seemed marvellous that they sat there and listened to it all. But it grew so late that they had to close with his unanswered speech. (The fifteen minute arrangement they had given up the first night.)

He agreed to another meeting to give them a chance to reply. They asked for one a week later; then they postponed it for a week, and again for another week, evidently preparing something to meet the arguments brought forward. Another crowded house greeted us last Monday. Again they allowed Mr. Armstrong to begin and then they brought forward an elaborately written paper, which was almost wholly a repetition of the passages used before. But my husband had his paper also this time, translated word for word and written out in Hindustani. He had the last half hour of the meeting also, and made havoc of the part of their paper which argued that the Comforter promised in John xiv. was Mohammed.

They were still eager for another meeting, and it was agreed that we should have one as soon as my husband returned from convention. This is a hasty sketch of the meetings, but gives no idea of the intense interest created throughout the town and especially among our large Mohammedan population. Plainly as Mr. Armstrong has spoken to them, they all are respectful and friendly. Whenever they meet us, they bow and greet us as friends, when formerly they were the most bitter opponents in all gatherings for religious discussion. It has changed the whole attitude of Mohammedans towards Christians. Instead of angry opposition it is earnest inquiry and eagerness for discussion with out bitterness.

We have a Tamil Sunday school held in a native house in a Hindu quarter on Sunday afternoons. The Mohammedans gather there now every time—not children, but eight or ten men who come and seat themselves and talk eagerly over Bible truths for as long as I can stay. These men understand Tamil, and I reach them through the Tamil Bible. Last Sunday, after a lengthened talk on the Atonement, in which there was no bitterness, one said to me, "Tell us how you became a Christian."

I answered, "Do you think I was born one?"

"No," he said, "but tell me how you came to Christ."

I cannot remember ever being asked such a question by a native before.

I told him simply and plainly the story of my own conversion, and they listened very attentively. Then I told him I had been given a Tamil Testament that week, and as he had asked me for one the Sunday before, I thought the Lord had sent it to me specially for him. He took it and bowed his head over it as if in prayer. He had before said he would read it through if he had it. Five of these men promised to come the next Sunday. Surely the Spirit of God must be at work among them. *Baptist Miss. Magazine.*

SCOTCH JEAN.

Let our thoughts turn to a little cottage in Biggar, empty now, but for many years the home of a woman who found her chief delight in work for the Lord, who had redeemed her. To many, Jean McLean's life would appear narrow and

meagre, but its hidden springs were by the throne of God, and its interests extended to the ends of the earth. Poor, as this world calls poor, Jean was rich, for God Himself had taught her wherein the true abundance of life consists, and she had learnt the lesson well, how to love and how to give.

Jean had to work hard all her life to earn a living. In her early days she was a farm-servant; latterly she devoted herself to nursing, and proved herself to be most efficient and tender. She spent little upon herself, dressed with the utmost plainness, and denied herself frequently even the necessities of life. She lived thus that she might give. Every penny that she laid aside was consecrated to the Lord's service. She was ever ready to help the poor; and, like the Master, she quietly went about doing good, succouring those in distress; but the chief purpose of her saving and absorbing desire was to further the coming of Christ's kingdom in heathen lands. Even when she was a poor field worker, she regularly gave £2 to the anniversary collection of Mount Park Church in aid of missions, and in other ways she continued to give with equal liberality to the last. Some times, when she would bring a pound to her minister for some good cause, he would say "Oh, Jean! can you afford so much?" Brightly she would answer, "Me, that is as strong as the work; I wonder who should give if I didna."

But money was not all that Jean desired to lay on the Lord's altar. One day, a few years ago, she called at the manse, and announced her intention of going to China as a missionary. She was then considerably more than sixty years of age. Her minister, the late Mr. Miles, tried at first in vain to dissuade her, for not even was the brave-spirit daunted when a Hebrew Bible was shewn, and she was told that Chinese was far more difficult. Had she not been studying French all the winter, and would not the Lord help her over all difficulties? At last Mr. Miles succeeded, as he thought, in convincing her that the home-land was a more suitable sphere for her missionary enthusiasm and work, and Jean left the manse with the intention of taking home her box and bed, which had already been deposited at the station in readiness for her projected start for China on the morrow. However, three days after this, Mr. Miles heard that Jean had actually set out. He wondered much what would be the result of this perilous undertaking to an old lonely woman, who had never been far from her native village before; but in a very few days this suspense was ended, for Jean had returned to her cottage home.

When asked to give her experiences, Jean said, "Eh, sir, when I got tae London station, I was in an awful confusion; but I jist said tae mysel', 'I'll sit doon a wee, an' it'll gang by; but no, it gots waur an' waur; and, would ye believe it, there was na a cabman, or a man or woman, that could tell me the road to the China Inland Mission house.'" But the Master she was so anxious to serve was watching over Jean, and by and by a good Samaritan came along, who, by the help of a directory, found the needed address for her. The friends at the mission-house listened kindly to Jean's story, took the situation in at once, and, by means of Chinese books, got Jean reluctantly to admit that Chinese was likely to prove too much for her. In telling this part of the story, Jean's native humor found vent in these emphatic words, "Eh, sir; it maun ha been the deevil himsel' that invented yon, to keep folk oot o' China."

Jean came home to take up "the trivial round—the common task" cheerfully. She found consolation in what the Lord said to David—"Whereas it was in thine heart to build an house for My name, thou shalt dwell that it was in thine heart. Nevertheless, thou shalt not build the house." Her desire for more direct and active service in the mission field was very real, and, no doubt, when the Lord of the Harvest inspects the sheaves, Jean's will be found to be full of golden grain, though it was not given her to reap them direct in the great field of China.

(God had called Jean home, and her end was peace. She who loved the Lord's house, and was ever first to arrive there, received the summons to come up higher on the Sabbath.