

OUR GOD IS A PRAYER-HEARING AND PRAYER-ANSWERING GOD.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

BY MRS. S. G. WEEMS, MEXICO CITY.

I left my native land and all I loved best on earth except my husband, with whom I came to this beautiful and historic capital of the Montezumas—as a missionary. In a short time I was prostrated on a bed of pain, being strangely afflicted. After weary days and weeks of suffering the physicians decided that my last and only hope for life was removal from the city. Before this could be effected I was so low they feared I'd die on the way. My husband persisted in trying it, while the native Christians prayed without ceasing, begging God that I might not lay down my life for them, but live to work in the Church in this field. I stood the journey to another city, and the natives continued to have special prayer for my restoration. After five months of suffering I began to recover, to the astonishment of many; but it seemed I was destined to be a cripple. The natives then asked God that I might lay aside my crutches, never doubting that He would regard their petitions. In a short time I was on my feet, and *now* do as much mission work as any one in the field. I feel that I live and am able to work in answer to their prayers.

This year my husband was given a very important work, though his ignorance of the language caused him serious difficulties; however, he asked this faithful band of Mexicans, who prayed so persistently for me, to join him in asking the Lord to give him three hundred souls for his hire. They did so, and he has received three hundred and twenty and the year is not ended.

Brother G—, a missionary in our church here, while living in San Luis Potosi had a fearful attack of typhus fever—was given up by his physician to die. A glass was held to his lips to see if the breath had left him, and all things were arranged for his expected death. However, the natives continued to pray and ask for his life. When he rallied the physician (not a Christian) said, “It is a miracle; not *my* medicine, but the prayers of those people saved you.”

Some years ago, when to labor in this field was even more difficult and dangerous than now, the life of our missionary, Rev. D. F. W., in Guadalajara, was threatened by an infuriated mob. He, with his wife and little babe, were clinging together, expecting the next moment they would have to die. Brother W— said to his wife, “God is able to save us;” but his wife replied, “Though He has brought us safely through many dangers and difficulties in the past, I can see no chance for Him to save us now. Hear the cries of the advancing mob drawing nearer.” She and her husband knelt together, clasping their babe to their hearts, to resign themselves into the hands of God. Suddenly the cry of “Death to the