

take all interest in work among soldiers. The British soldier is *sui generis*, work for him differs from that among all other classes. To be a Christian he has to come right out, forsake the world, the canteen, the card-table and evil companions, and take his place among the marked men. He can't conceal it. The cannonade of boots, pillows, and oaths, that greets his first attempt at prayer by the side of his cot in barracks, immediately advertises him to the regiment as a "holy Joe." Such receptions make the cases of conversion very real, and often particularly encouraging. A soldier wears his Spiritual thermometer on his coat sleeve, and all his companions, even the non-Christian ones, know how true he may be living.

I wish I could tell you of some of the men who have been born again in our Presbyterian Church on the hill. Nothing shows better than our weekly prayer meeting, where over 30 of these young men gather to study the Word, how alive they are to Spiritual needs. I have never heard more earnest burning prayers than are put up there by some of these men for the fulness of the Holy Ghost, for power in service, and holiness in life.

This earnestness of their Spiritual life was well exhibited in a conference held among them some time ago for the deepening of Spiritual life. One of the speakers was led to speak of the necessity of giving up secret sins and setting right even half-forgotten faults of the past. The very breathing of the Holy Ghost seemed to come down upon those young men.

One who, five years ago, had borrowed Rs 10 in Mhow came and paid it back, and the Rs 10 is now in our Mission Treasury; another, went down to the bazaar and hunted up a native jeweller, from whom years before when his regiment was in Mhow he had stolen a ring, and paid the price of it; others wrote home to England to make restitution for past faults.

On Thursday evenings the men come to our bungalow for a few hours, and many a tale of trial and victory I hear from their lips.

For a year past, I have again been put in charge of the chaplaincy, and though I have but very little time to give to it with the great press of regular Mission work, there is no part of my work which is more cheering or more heart-comforting. During the cold season, when I was in the district, I sometimes had to come in Saturday night many miles to these Sunday ministrations and leave again early Monday morning, but the fatigue was amply repaid by the cheer and sustenance of a meeting with some of these people of God.

Not a few have been led through our work to devote themselves wholly to the Lord's work, and (if they get their wish), in India. Many of my warmest and best Spiritual friends have been in the ranks of the British Army. They have become soldiers of a grander and more victorious army, and in the great reunion day coming, nothing will give me more pleasure than to recall the reminiscences of chaplaincy days in Mhow.

Mhow, 29th May, 1896.

DEEP INTEREST IN HONAN.

LETTER FROM THE REV. J. GOFORTH.

Chang-te-Fu, Honan,
2 April, 1896.

DEAR RECORD,—We rejoice to say that the five months since we moved to this city, have been days of blessing. The Holy Spirit has made the people willing to hear the gospel beyond our expectations. Upwards of twenty-five thousand men and women have come to see us, and consequently have had a chance to hear the gospel.

It has been our custom to keep the gates open from morning till night, so that none who wished to hear might be turned away. It has happened that we have been called out several times to preach to the people before breakfast. Preaching has been kept up from eight to ten hours a day. Our audiences have varied from one man to several hundreds.

We have no attraction but the Gospel. As soon as any come in they are invited to be seated and are not allowed to chat, and still they come. At one time yesterday we counted thirty one in the room and to-day twenty-one. We believe that God leads them here because His time to favor them has come.

Mr. Wang, of Hsen-tsun, the converted gambler, story-teller, and opium smoker, has all this time helped us to preach. He only gets his board. He has proved himself a chosen vessel. We preach by turn throughout the day.

Around the Chinese New Year season, when the work was the heaviest, Mr. MacGillivray was obliged to give up touring and help with the men, while I helped Mrs. Goforth to speak with the women. Sometimes fully one hundred women at a time were found sitting in our yard listening to the gospel. The signs of blessing among them, were even more cheering than among the men.

I am sure it would have increased the interest of the most indifferent friend of missions to have seen the look of joy which invariably lit up the faces of these heathen women, when they for the first time saw God's plan of salvation through Jesus His Son. It has been our privilege to see from ten to twenty of these women in a crowd deeply moved, and earnestly enquiring the way to God for a couple of hours at a time.

For several weeks at the New Year season the women fairly thronged us. From morning till night we had to receive and speak to them. About the only relief we could get from them during the day, was while eating the noon meal and even then the windows were banked with female faces watching us. The mental and physical strain was very great, but God has graciously sustained. He even seemed to give the children a better disposition than usual so that they were content to play by themselves in the yard.