

His teaching, and your salvation shall be completed.'

At last, quite exhausted, he drew from underneath the shawl in which he was trapped, his white emaciated hand, and waved, when unable longer to articulate, a last 'salaam,' or 'peace be with you,' to those to whom he had so faithfully expounded, and among whom he had so beautifully exemplified, the gospel of peace. The children, who had so nobly controlled their feelings when beside the deathbed, and hardly reached the open air when their pent-up emotion became uncontrollable, and demanded for itself free vent in sobs and groans.

On Monday morning, the 26th, a marked change took place, and to all it seemed as if they were just about to leave us. He was quite conscious, and recognized us all, including friends from Ajmere and Beawar, and bade each of us separately a last goodbye. With deep emotion, and a profound consciousness of being in the presence of the Father of spirits, we knelt down, and bared with and for our dying brother.

The day, when he was suffering excruciating pain, he moaned aloud to his wife sitting beside him, 'Oh, Mary, pray.' She upon her knees, and prayed for his relief, and when she rose she found him in a peaceful slumber. During the earlier days of his illness he had sometimes distressing and great restlessness, and we prayed, as if it were the Lord's will to take him home, 'He would be pleased to deliver him from bodily suffering; and from that time forth, but especially at the very end, he rested, as far as we could discover, little or no pain.

After bidding us all good-bye, his mind seemed to wander, and he seemed to think he must proceed upon his journey, for he suddenly started up in bed and tried to rise. When I caught him, he struggled to get up, saying, 'Let me go; I must go,' and uttered something about 'journey.' I laid him upon his bed, and with my hand upon his, said, 'You must halt yet a while longer. You cannot go till our Father sends you home.' The word 'Father' recalled him to reason, and with a gleam of celestial repose he answered, 'Our heavenly Father.'

During the three following days he seemed for the most part unconscious, and it seemed to us strange that he should lie so long upon the border land, so near the body, and yet so little with us; yet I trust we shall all find that it has been in vain for us that we, during those days in such close contact with things unchangeable and eternal, were called to commune with our own hearts.

In the evening of the 29th it was manifest that his end was very near. We had

been waiting for him for several days on the margin of the river, and all that time its water was very calm; but at the last, when he did cross, its channel seemed hardly to wet the soles of his feet.

On the following evening all that was mortal of our dear departed brother was laid to rest in the cemetery of Nusseerabad, beside his own dear little ones, James and George, and other dear ones of our small mission party, in the presence of a very large concourse, especially of the native community, of all grades and castes, by whom he was greatly beloved.

A HEATHEN FIELD.

There are nine Provinces of China averaging a population of 17 or 18 millions, and all destitute of the pure Gospel. About one hundred Roman Catholic Priests live in these Provinces but not one Protestant missionary. This vast field of abject heathenism is now attracting the attention of godly men. An appeal has lately been issued asking all Christians to spend only one minute in earnest prayer, that God would raise up this year eighteen suitable men to go forth and labour as missionaries among these poor degraded people. How many readers of the *Record* will respond to this appeal. Shall there not be a response from many hearts? Will not many send up an earnest breathing of one minute to the Lord of the Harvest that he would thrust forth the little band of eighteen?

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION IN FORMOSA.

This mission is prospering greatly. The following letter from Rev. G. L. McKay, to Rev. Mr. Reid, Toronto, will be read with deep interest:—

About a year ago, says Mr. McKay, a middle-aged Chinaman came to our chapel at Chi-nih, and the following Sabbath three more came with him. Afterwards, from five to twelve attended until our Chapel at San-ten-po was built; they then went there because nearer. Between their native village, Sin-tiam and San-teng-po, stands a large market-town, in which are several petty officials who have been exerting themselves to the utmost to hinder the Lord's work. Two months ago they seized and imprisoned two worshippers when on