

son with me, set out on a twenty-five mile ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with the spirit which any woman ought to exhibit toward one who had so wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said (and her words were like arrows to my soul): 'he may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish.' Had it come to this, I said to myself, that the man whose labours had, through Christ, brought me into His fold, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, until designing men had alienated us, been to me a brother—that this man could not die in peace with my face before him. 'God pity me!' I cried; 'what have I done?' I confessed my sins to that meek woman, and implored her, for Christ's sake, to let me kneel before His dying servant and receive his forgiveness.

"What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not? I would gladly have taken his whole family to my home forever, as my flesh and blood: but no such happiness was in store for me.

"As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armor was falling from his limbs, he opened his eyes and said, 'Brother Lee! Brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed out, 'My pastor!' Then, raising his white hand, he said, in a deep, impressive voice, 'Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm.'

"I spoke tenderly to him, and told him I had come to confess my sin and bring some of his fruit to him (calling my son to tell him how he had found Christ). But he was unconscious of all around him; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his troubled spirit. I kissed his brow and told him how dear he had been to me. I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless little ones; but his only reply, murmured as if in a troubled dream, was, 'Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm.'

"I staid by him all night, and at daybreak I closed his eyes.

"I offered his widow a house to live in the remainder of her days; but, like a heroine, she said: 'I freely forgive you, but my children, who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused it. He has left us all with his covenant God, and He will care for us.'

"Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin, and from that grave. When I slept, Christ stood before me in a dream, saying, 'Touch not Mine anointed, do My prophet no harm.' These words followed me till I fully realized the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for His sake, and I vowed to love them evermore for His sake, even if they are not perfect.

"And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before, and have supported my pastor, even if he is not a very extraordinary man. My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget its cunning, before I dare to put asunder what God has joined together. When a minister's work is done in a place, I believe God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here; and, moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask the brethren to deal with you as with one who causes divisions.

"I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago.

"Stop where you are, and pray God, if perchance the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

This decided reply put an end to the new-comer's efforts to get a minister who could make more of a stir. There is often great power in the little word "no;" but sometimes it requires not a little courage to speak it so resolutely as did the silent deacon.—*Selected.*

Mission Notes.

THE FRENCH IN THE PACIFIC.

A MISSIONARY'S TESTIMONY TEN YEARS AGO.

The English Protestant missionary and his native assistants are to this day excluded from the large and populous island of New Caledonia, on which the London Missionary Society had teachers many years prior to the advent of the French and the Jesuits.

Sixty miles east of New Caledonia lies the low lagoon island of Uvea, with a population of about 2,000 souls. Eighteen years ago a Protestant mission was started on Uvea. The year after, two French priests landed on the same island. One tribe embraced Popery; but the majority of the inhabitants, occupying six villages, embraced Protestantism. Portions of the Bible have been translated into the native language, and most of the Protestant natives can read and write. Yet a steady, relentless system of religious persecution has been carried on for many years past. On one occasion an old chief and a child, who lay sick in a house, were burnt to death. I have in my possession a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel in the Uvean language; the corner of the book is cut off by the axe that split the skull of the owner, and the first page is besmeared with his blood. The French civil authorities have been repeatedly appealed to without effect. An earnest appeal on behalf of the suffering Protestants of Uvea was made by the Evangelical Alliance to the late Emperor Napoleon, with but slight results. The houses of all the Protestants on the island have been burnt; thousands of cocoanut-trees