

me to that village. She drank in the truth that day—for she had been thirsty so long. It was a heart prepared by the Lord. Every time afterwards she seemed so happy."

This devoted girl seemed to find her work growing sweeter and sweeter, as it widens with her increased experience and better command of the language. "You may imagine," she writes, "the joy it is to tell these people the good tidings, but you never could know what it is till you come. I had just begun to speak to them this afternoon, when an old woman took up my words, repeating them to the others, saying, 'She says she has come to tell us how we may have our hearts quite at rest, quite peaceful.' It was such a sweet word she used, not a very common one, and means a good deal. I don't know any joy like that which one feels when amongst the people—and the Gospel message is being given. Sitting on a dirty bench, in a dirty courtyard, surrounded by dirty people, there is no greater joy; and I would say this to every one at home who wonders if a missionary's life is happy." At another time she says: "It is such happy work! These three days we have been to eleven villages, nearly all of them never having heard the name of Jesus; those who had were the villages we visited last October, when we were here before, and then they heard for the first time."

Amid the pressure of work it was often hard to find the necessary time for private reading and prayer. "They expect us to get up early. The other morning at one of the places where we slept that night, at a quarter to seven I heard some voices outside in very astonished tones, saying, 'They have not come out yet!' They think if we don't come out we must always be in bed; as a matter of fact we were up and dressed,

but not ready for them. They little know how our power to speak to them depends on that time when they think we are asleep in the morning. There is only one reason why I like chair rides, and that is for the beautiful quiet times one can have with the Lord; and after the morning quiet time, it is beautiful to go out and meet any one and every one with the Lord. That is the secret of our happy days."

It was a great and very real sacrifice for Elsie Marshall to leave her work to obey Mr. Stewart's summons to go up to Hwa-Sang for July and August. Here it was, on August 1, 1895, that the mission houses were attacked by a lawless band of Vegetarians, and the mission party, with a single exception, were slain. Elsie Marshall would not have us dwell on the scenes of that awful but glorious martyrdom. A missionary's wife writes: "In the spring my husband was attacked by a murderer, and had it not been for the help of a native Christian, would, I fear, have lost his life. On telling Elsie of it, she said, 'How could he have died better than as a martyr for Jesus?' I feel she longed to be a sacrifice for Him, and He granted her the desire of her heart."

The Rev. W. Banister writes: "A few days ago I received an account in Chinese of the last few days in Hwa-Sang. The party had been keeping their 'Keswick week' on the Mount of Glory (for Hwa-Sang may be thus translated) soon to be for them the glorious mount of Transfiguration into Christ's glorious image. Elsie Marshall was the last speaker, and she spoke on Luke ix. 24, 'Who-soever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.' Prophetic words soon realized and fulfilled for them all."

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