

thus definitely 'recollecting,' the eternity of the Rock beneath her feet. There, then, always, not only at some past moment, but 'even now,' she was accepted in the Beloved—'Just as I am.'

As the day wore on, her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. V. Elliott (Julia Marshall, sister of Mrs. Whewell, Mrs. F. Myers, of Keswick; and the late Lady Montague, herself a true Christian poetess), came in to see her, and bring news of the work. She read the hymn, and asked (she well might) for a copy. So it first stole out from that quiet room into the world, where now for sixty years it has been sowing and reaping, till a multitude which only God can number have been blessed through its message. Through it the invalid believer has done indeed a work for her Lord; a work living and growing still, surely not to be completed till he comes again.

The hymn first appeared in print in 1834, in 'The Invalid's Hymn Book,' compiled originally by Miss Kiernan, and now rearranged by Miss Elliott. In 1835, it was printed, unknown to the writer, and without her name, as a leaflet. One of the first copies was given to her by a friend, with the words, 'I am sure this will please you.'

Among the numberless recipients of grace, mercy, and peace through 'Just as I am,' was Dora Quillinan, the 'one and matchless daughter' of William Wordsworth. In her last illness—I think in 1849—the hymn was sent to her by a friend. With hesitation, in her weakness, she allowed it to be read to her; but then said at once, 'That is the very thing for me.' At least ten times that day it was repeated to her. 'Now my hymn,' was the request each morning during the two remaining months; and she would repeat it after her husband, 'line for line, many times, in the day and night.'

A few years ago I visited for the first time the churchyard at Grasmere. On Mrs. Quillinan's simple headstone I found traces of that message; a lamb engraved on the stone, and beneath her name and date the text, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'

May that hymn be to us all now, and to the end, 'the very thing.' And may our spiritual theology always find room for that vital part of it, sometimes strangely omitted, the stanza—

'Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot.'

A Missionary's Faith Tested.

(Remarkable Answer to Prayer.)

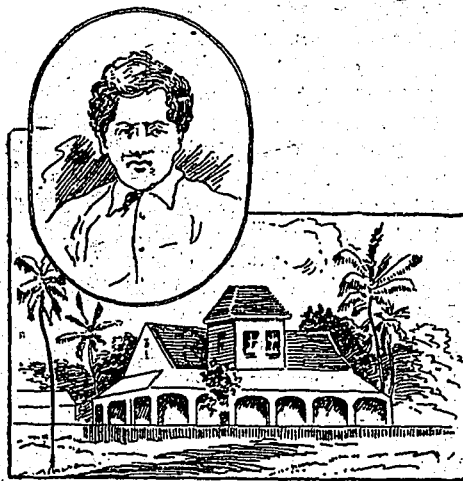
The life has just been published in book form of the late Mr. John Barnabas Bain, for some years a missionary in Spain, but latterly superintendent of the Liverpool Town Mission. We quote the following from it:

In the summer of 1873 Mr. Bain was married to Miss Isabella Wood, of High Head Farm, near Carlisle. In this noble woman he found a true helpmeet, who did much to make the great work in Spain a destined success. Of these times and their trials Mr. Bain once told his Liverpool missionaries a characteristic story. The theme of the morning's study was the Lord's providential care of His people, and he illustrated it by narrating how on one occasion his wife and he had been working in a Spanish town, until called upon to leave for another place. Accordingly they proceeded to make arrangements for departing, told the hotel-keeper on what day they would give up their rooms, and hired the mules and attendants to convey them to their next field of operations. Nor were they at this time greatly concerned because they had no money, for their coven-

ant God had always provided for their needs, and they were confident that He would not fall them. However, as the day drew near and no remittance came to hand, they were led to much prayer about the matter. The day of their departure arrived at last, but the remittance had not come. When Mr. Bain heard the postman's horn, he ran out to him and asked him if he had any letters for them. After looking in his bag, he told him there were none, and went his way; but Mr. Bain's heart nearly broke, and he wondered if he had proved himself unworthy of his Father's confidence. His good wife, however, refused to be thus cast down, and remonstrated with him on his want of faith. 'John! John!' she said, 'this will never do. We have been asking our dear Father for supplies, and are we to doubt His love? I won't anyhow! I mean to go right on with the packing, for I know that God is able to send us help, and I believe He will.' As she was speaking, a knock came to the door, and Mr. Bain, hastily drying his tears, answered it. He found the postman there, with his hat in his hand, begging a thousand pardons. He had an important letter for him, sealed with seven white seals, and had for safety put it in an inner pocket of his bag, and had quite forgotten the circumstance when Mr. Bain asked him if he had any letters for him. Mr. Bain took the letter, and was proceeding to open it, when Mrs. Bain took it from him, and said, 'John, we must thank God for this before we open it. We have been dishonoring Him by our doubts: let us make amends by our faith now.' When the letter was opened, they found it contained a draft for £25, drawn at sight—the only one he ever received in Spain so drawn.—'Christian Herald.'

A King Who Married a Policeman's Daughter.

King George II., of Tonga, who rules that little corner of the British Empire, has taken unto himself a wife, and his court is concerned, because the king, in defiance of the wishes of a large number of his people, has married Lavinia, the daughter of Kubu,



KING GEORGE II. OF TONGA, AND HIS ROYAL PALACE.

his Minister of Police. Tonga is the latest bit of Pacific territory to be joined to the British Empire, and the action of the king in marrying a policeman's daughter, is considered by some not in keeping with the dignity which should surround a court over which the Queen's flag floats. The story of Tonga is very interesting. Seventy years ago the Wesleyans were instrumental in converting the people to Christianity. The king set a good example by burning his idol-house to the ground, and sitting by the side of the preacher in the chapel. Schools were opened for the children, and

books were prepared in the native language. An old boiler was struck to call the people to worship, and they came in thousands. The king was baptised, and five hundred people joined the church. In six years from eight to ten thousand renounced their heathen ways. Four thousand people attended a missionary meeting in 1838, at which the king presided. The meeting lasted six hours. On the jubilee of the introduction of Christianity into the islands, the king sent £100 from the thanksgiving fund to the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England.

King George I., the great-grandfather of the present monarch, was a zealous Christian, and often preached in the chapels. He was probably the only active Wesleyan king in the world. He was an ardent admirer of Great Britain, and even proposed to abdicate the throne in favor of the power he so much admired: Lord Palmerston, however, declined it with thanks. In 1879 and 1892, treaties of friendship were concluded between the two governments, and Great Britain accorded a limited jurisdiction over British subjects to the Tongan courts. Since then Tonga has become part of the British Empire, and the islands are of considerable strategic importance. King George II., known in the islands as Tautafahu, is very popular, but his recent marriage, to Lavinia has offended some of his most loyal subjects, while others are highly pleased at his condescension.—'Christian Herald.'

Ministers in the Ball Room.

Smart young men in a Missouri village, in making up the invitation list for a ball, included the name of every minister in town, never dreaming one of them would attend. At 10 o'clock, however, while the dance was in full swing, and was making a record as one of the most successful ever held in the city, Rev. T. H. Brigham, Methodist, and Rev. Frank Russell, Cumberland Presbyterian, both earnest opponents of dancing, put in an appearance. The music stopped, the waltz ceased, and while the merry-makers wondered, Mr. Russell produced a bible and commenced reading. When he had finished, Mr. Brigham dropped to his knees, signalled to the dancers to do likewise, a signal which many obeyed, and then offered up a fervid prayer for the salvation of the souls of the worldly young people. The services lasted half an hour, and practically broke up the ball. It is said no more invitations will be sent to ministers. And we prophesy that if more ministers had similar courage to carry the war for righteousness into the enemy's country, there would be fewer public dances to catch the feet of the unwary.—'Ram's Horn.'

Shining.

Are you shiring for Jesus, dear one?
You have given your heart to Him;
But is the light strong within it,
Or is it but pale and dim?
Can everybody see it—
That Jesus is all to you?
That your love to Him is burning
With radiance warm and true?
Is the seal upon your forehead,
So that it must be known
That you are 'all for Jesus'—
That your heart is all His own?
Are you shining at home, and making
True sunshine all around?
Shining abroad and faithful—
Perhaps among faithless—found?

—Frances Ridley Havergal.