

back from joining our dear Y.W.C.A. for some time, lest her work should be brought too prominently forward. But very soon she wrote to the secretary that she was more than willing to join "such a blessed association," and the union with other earnest Christians proved most helpful through her after life.

Her work lay chiefly among thirty poor families, and she made it her object to set Christ first in every visit; while succoring the body, all knew that her aim was to heal the far more precious soul; but a need for more complete training in nursing led Agnes to decide on spending some time in the Deaconess' Home at Kaiserswerth, hoping the change would at the same time revive her health and strength, worn down by incessant work.

Of her life in Germany I have not space to tell very much. The daily routine was full of labor and full of interest, and Agnes profited so well by the teaching that before six months were over she was put in charge of the boys' hospital, a position of much difficulty and responsibility. Work began at 5 a.m. and continued with little intermission to 9.30 p.m., and this in cold so bitter that, when writing, the ink had to be held in the hand to keep it thawed.

She had no time for fretting, and as she watched by dying beds, and assisted in painful operations, the memory of green fields and pleasant luxuries at Fahan were only cause for thankfulness to one who could say from her heart, "Thou, oh, Christ, art all I want." Even scrubbing floors and cleaning grates were sanctified labor, done in His spirit who said, "I am among you as he that serveth."

1861 found her in London, eager to complete her hospital training, and devote herself to the nursing work which Miss Nightingale urged upon her; but Mrs. Jones did not agree to this decided step until September, 1862, when Agnes left her lovely home for the busy wards of St. Thomas' Hospital.

"I trust and believe that I am a Bible woman as well as a nurse," she wrote to a young friend, "and I can sometimes see fruit which shows me God is blessing me here. My heart is ever in Ireland, where I hope ultimately to work; but I think thorough training for a special sphere of work more than doubles one's future powers."

She was permitted to visit her beloved country once more, when a few quiet months were passed in gaining strength for her last and greatest work—the reforma-

tion of the Liverpool Workhouse Infirmary, where she was invited to go as lady superintendent in 1864. There had been much mismanagement, and the trouble of constant watchfulness over every department was very great, but so also was the scope for service for her Master, and she wrote with hope and faith to Mrs. Pennefather, asking only for the help of prayer offered on her behalf by all her friends. Her own quiet meetings for reading and prayer were attended by patients of various religious beliefs, and all found comfort and peace in those blessed words. The young nurses were specially aided by a Sunday Bible-class. Old and young loved her, and the year's labor was ended in gratitude and hope. In the beginning of 1868 an unhealthy season brought an outbreak of illness to Liverpool. 1487 persons—patients, nurses, and servants—were more or less under Miss Jones' supervision, and strength began to fail. Fever increased alarmingly in the hospital, and the crowding was so great that Agnes gave up her own room to a young nurse who showed symptoms of typhus, content to sleep on the floor of her sitting-room.

She had prayed for a death met in the performance of duty, and the wish was fully granted. Only thirty-five years had passed over the brave woman, but her work was done, and the "Master called for her." On the 6th of February the doctors decided that she was in typhus fever, and she laid down the reins of government, with calm submission to the divine command. A few more days, a few whispered words of peace, and the end came. They carried the dear body back to Ireland, and laid it in the quiet graveyard at the foot of the Enniskillen hills, waiting until that day when "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead be raised incorruptible."

THE WILLING WORKER.

RICHLY the grapes in Thy vineyard, O Lord!
Hang in their clusters of purple delight.
I have attended the call of Thy Word,
Working for Thee since the dawning of light;
Sweetly the sunset gleams over the sea;
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee!

Ripe are the fruits in Thy garden, O Lord!
Fair are the flowers Thou lovest to twine;
Master! no labor, no pains I have spared—
Long have I wrought in this garden of Thine.
Many the stars that in heaven I see;
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee!

Deep wave Thy harvests in acres untold;
Gladly I reaped in the heat of the day;
Now the moon rises in fulness of gold;
Slowly the reapers are moving away;
Wide is the plain, and not many are we,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee!

Dim grow mine eyes 'mid the fast fading light,
Falters the heart from the toilsome constraint;
Scant on my forehead my locks have grown white—
Lord! 'tis the body grows weary and faint!
Finished the task Thou hast given to me;
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee!

—Arthur John Lockhart.

A MESSAGE FROM GOD.

YEARS ago while pastor of a church, preaching Sunday morning and evening, I carefully prepared a discourse, for the second service on the story of Ananias and Sapphira. Sunday afternoon the heavens were covered with clouds, the chilly east wind crept through the streets of the city, and as the day began to darken a cold, drizzling rain came pattering down. An hour before service, I began, according to my custom, to go mentally through my sermon, that I might be sure that every thought was fully within my intellectual grasp; but to my dismay I found it impossible to recall in any logical order what with great labor I had wrought out during the preceding week. Every attempt which I made ended in mental confusion and darkness. With consternation I looked forward to the moment, near at hand, when the church-bell should strike and summon the evening worshippers. "What shall I do, what can I do?" cried I in the solitude of my study. On the eve of service and no sermon! I fell on my knees and prayed in agony of spirit. My fear and agitation fled. Calm trust and ineffable peace pervaded my soul. Into my mind flashed this text, "For if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law." The subjects, the proposition, the divisions of the discourse in a twinkling were before my mental gaze. The church bell pealed out its last musical call to service, and, conscious that I had a message from God, I entered the pulpit with firm, undaunted step.

Was this the manifest providence of God? Let us see. Full two miles from the church, on that cloudy, rainy, cheerless, Sunday afternoon, there sat a business man, alone in his house. The political paper, which he had been mechanically holding before his face, had no interest for him, and at last it fell from his hand upon the floor. He looked out of his window on the dreary, deserted street. The scene seemed to be consonant with the gloom and hopelessness of his soul. The evening was near. He stepped into the hall, put on his overcoat, took his umbrella, and walked out into the storm and the thickening darkness. The wind seemed to cool