

## FED BY RAVENS.

**M**RS. Howard Taylor related some time since the following experience of one of the Chinese converts:—

"Soon after Mr. Li's conversion he heard an impressive sermon from Mr. Stanley Smith upon the words, 'Covetousness which is idolatry.' He was greatly concerned to think that, having given up idolatry, he might be betrayed into the same sin through allowing a covetous spirit to have any place in his heart. To avoid this danger he determined to keep no money of his own and to possess no property. His little house and farm he handed over to his nephew, and devoted himself entirely to making known the Gospel, sustained by the simple hospitality of those to whom he ministered, and to whom his prayers brought help and healing for body as well as soul. His labors were wonderfully owned of God, and resulted in building up a church in the Yohyang district, which he has long shepherded with loving care. As time went on he opened a refuge for the cure of opium smokers, and in this way also was made a blessing to many. This work, of course, could not be carried on without expense, and there were times when supplies ran short, and dear old Li was enabled to prove in very special ways the faithfulness of God.

"After some years a breath of what we may call, perhaps, 'higher criticism' reached this far-away province, and the old man heard in connection with the story of Elijah's being fed by ravens that they were not real birds that brought the bread and meat, but some kind of dark-skinned people, probably Arabs, who shared with him their supplies, for it was absurd to suppose that birds would ever act in the way described. It would be miraculous. But this way of explaining the matter did not at all commend itself to the old man's simple faith. Miracles were no difficulty to him. He had seen far too often the wonder-working power of God put forth in answer to prayer. And, besides, in this very connection he had an experience which no amount of arguing could gainsay. The story has been so carefully verified on the spot, by Mr. Lutley and others, that one has no hesitation in passing it on, strange as it may seem to our ears.

"At one time, in his refuge work, old Li had

come to an end of all his resources. There were no patients coming for treatment; the refuge was empty; his supplies were exhausted, and his faith was a good deal tried. Quite near by, in the large temple of the village, lived a cousin who was a priest-in-charge, and who when he came to see his relative from time to time would bring a little present of bread or millet from his ample store. The old man on receiving these gifts would always say, 'Tien-Fu-tih entien'—'My Heavenly Father's grace'—meaning that it was through the care and kindness of God that these gifts were brought. But the priest did not approve of that way of looking at it, and at last remonstrated:

"Where does your Heavenly Father's grace come in, I should like to know? The millet is mine. I bring it to you. And if I did not, you would very soon starve for all that He would care. He has nothing at all to do with it."

"But it is my Heavenly Father who puts it into your heart to care for me," replied old Li.

"Oh, that's all very well," interrupted the priest. "We shall see what will happen if I bring the millet no more." And for a week or two he kept away; although his better nature prompted him to care for the old man whom he could not but esteem for the works of mercy in which he was constantly engaged.

"As it happened, this was just the time in which dear old Li was specially short of supplies. At last there came a day when he had nothing left for another meal. The refuge was still empty, and he had not the cash to buy a morsel of bread. Kneeling alone in his room, he poured out his heart in prayer to God. He knew very well that the Father in heaven would not, could not, forget him; and after pleading for blessing on his work and upon the people all around him, he reminded the Lord of what the priest had said, asking that for the honor of His own great name, He would send him that day his daily bread.

"Then and there the answer came. While the old man was still kneeling in prayer, he heard an unusual clamor and cawing and flapping of wings in the courtyard outside, and a noise as of something falling to the ground. He rose and went to the door to see what was happening. A number of vultures or ravens, which are common in that part of China, were flying about in great commotion above him, and as he looked up a large piece of fat pork fell at his very feet. One of the birds, chased by the