

though at first inclined to doubt the practicability of prayer in any language except English, his enquirer listened attentively to the Lord's Prayer in the Vol, and after further instruction, with a "So, is it?" and thanks, left Mr. Roberts "with brighter hopes."

If all the Christian women of America should learn to pray "Thy Kingdom come," in the Master's spirit, would not these fly as doves to their windows, and more incense of prayer rise from all lands? Lord, teach us to pray.—*Woman's Work.*

"YOU DO NOT BELIEVE IN FOREIGN MISSIONS?"—

"You say you do not believe in Foreign Missions; then there are certain things which you cannot believe.

(1) You cannot believe that God so loved the world that he sent His Son to save, or that it is His wish that none should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

(2) You cannot believe that the Gospel is the power of God unto everyone that believeth. (3) You cannot believe that He was the Son of God, or has any claim to your obedience who said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." For it is clear as noonday that, if you believe these things, then you must believe in Foreign Missions."

THE WORK ABROAD.

Nursamah.

A TRUE STORY.

I first became acquainted with Nursamah about two years ago. I found she could read well, and was fond of it. I took a liking to her the very first time I met her, because she read at once when asked to do so. And when she left that house, I made inquiry and followed her up, and continued to visit her. I found she could sing some Christian hymns, the tunes of which she had learned by hearing them sung on the street. I was really sorry when the time came for her to go to her husband's home, because she would be so far away from me that I could see her only at long intervals. I gave Miss Beggs her name, and she found her and visited her. She often told me (when on a visit to her mother) how much she enjoyed Miss Beggs' visits. I had made her read the parable of the lost sheep just before she left, and she ever afterwards remembered that the one that was away was thought of.

I would send her messages and tracts by the sisters and mother. Once she wrote me a little note, saying she was very anxious to see me. Soon after this she came to her mother on a visit, and I saw her two successive days, and read and talked with her. I remember it was the 11th of Hebrews we read; I was talking on faith, and when the question came up as to what it is that cleanses from sin, none but Nursamah could remember, although they had often heard it before. Her mother had told me she reads the books you gave her, and says, "Mother, why don't we do as the lady tells us and trust in the true God?"

On the 23rd of May one of Nursamah's sisters came to tell me she was very ill and wanted to see me; she said, "She may not live till I get back." She would have me come, for she wants to see her dear friends before she dies. Her baby had lived only a few hours; it was nearly a week or more now, and they wanted we should send the Doctor to her. We could not go at once, so gave her a

letter to the Doctor, and I also wrote to Miss Beggs to go to her, which she did, and I received a note from her, saying "the girl was very anxious to see me." We hurried up and got there in time to hear her last words. She was lying on the ground outside the house, right on the street, screened from the public gaze with a cot and some mats. When they saw us coming, the mother and sister set up such a lamentation, that I feared she was already dead. We found her tossing from side to side, but when they told her "Your lady has come," she fixed her eyes on me. They asked, "Who is it?" She with great difficulty said, "Dear Mrs. DeBeau," and tried to lift her hand to her head. I held her hand in mine, and she grasped mine for some time while I spoke to her. She seemed to hear me and assent to what I said; she soon got restless again and her husband would repeat the name of "Rama, Rama," in hopes, I suppose, that she would repeat it; for they believe if one says Rama or Narina, when dying, it will be well with them. I also heard him remark, "She won't say anything more than what she has already said."

Every now and again her mother and sister would begin to wail and repeat some vain thing to her, or would ask her, "Are you going to leave us? how are we to live without you? my learned sister." "Why did we not take you to our home? we have killed you, yes, we have killed you!" She was taken out of the house, because if she died in the house on a bad day, the house would have to be shut up some weeks; so she, who could not walk the streets in the daytime, and was supposed to keep within the door of the house if the men were round, was now gazed at by all who came to see what was going on. Her other sister coming in, tried to rouse her by saying all sorts of loving things to her; but she said not another word; her eyes were fixed, and they said this is the end; and finding we could do nothing more, we went to Miss Beggs to enquire what she had said to her. In answer to the question, "Are you afraid to die?" she said, "No, she was going to heaven." "Who is there?" "Jesus Christ." "What did He do for you?" "He shed His blood for me." She asked them to sing, and when asked what hymn to sing, she sang the first verse of the hymn, "The love of God." "Behold the love of God! they who learn the meaning will surely see the kingdom of God." It was the hymn, the leaflet of which had been given to her father or brother some years ago, and when I gave her a hymn book, she picked out and sang for me. The Bible woman who accompanied Miss Beggs told me that Nursamah's testimony was very clear.

We could not forget her suffering and discomfort, lying on the ground, with her head on one of her sisters' lap, breathing heavily; but it was such a comfort to know she had hopes of a better world. When I thought she might have been saved if the Doctor had been sent for in time, the next thought would be, how much better that she died, having saving faith; the Lord has done for her far better than any Doctor could. It is a great sorrow to Nursamah's two widowed sisters and mother to have the only joy of their life put out, but it is well with her. I feel the Lord has given us this token to encourage us in our work to keep on sowing the seed, and He will take care of it.

G. DEBEAU.

Of the students at the Seminary, Miss Hatch writes: "Mr. Stillwell has given me the charge of the correspondence concerning the boys, and I have sent a list to Mrs. Dadson, reserving some for myself, that I might apportion names to those who apply directly to me. These