

the plains. At its base flows a small river. Bamboo groves surround the homes of the farmers who reside in the vicinity. The summit of this knoll was purchased five years ago by the Canadian Methodist mission, and set apart to be "God's Acre." Four solemn processions have already wended their way, through the crowded streets of Chentu, out the great east gate, along the busy suburb, across the rich wheat and rice fields, to this sacred spot.

The first was the beloved wife of Dr. O. L. Kilborn, who entered into the rest of God's people in 1892.

The second was the beautiful little daughter of Mr. Curnow. They had just returned to take charge of the Methodist Episcopal mission after the riots. Previously had spent one night in a damp Chinese inn, where their little one caught cold. A few days later, entering the home, a sad, sad scene presented itself. In one corner rested the remains of the little daughter, while in the middle of the room the mother, with tears streaming from her eyes, was tacking some silk crape around the rough edges of the Chinese coffin to make the last resting-place of her darling more cozy. We followed this little form to its resting-place upon the knoll, and placed it at the feet of Mrs. Kilborn.

The third was the infant son of Rev. H. Olim Cady, also of the Methodist Episcopal mission. He was laid beside the little girl, two spotless lambs, to rise together on the resurrection morn.

To-day the streets were again hushed, as solemnly we followed the remains of Miss Jennie Ford along the usual route to the little knoll. We marvelled in that quiet hour. But God knows best; we dare not doubt His wisdom. Friday, April 23, after a hard day's work in the dispensary, Miss Ford was suddenly taken ill. Through her sickness, when-