

maculately finished, and through her hair there passed a golden rod which served for pin.

"Peace!" was her salutation, in soft accents; "peace, peace."

In accord with the best Korean form of deportment, I inquired respectfully—

"How many springs and autumns has the Princess passed?"

"Seventy-six this year," was the answer. "Just an old woman, with only a day or two left me, and I have come to talk with the teacher about the future life and how to attain unto it."

This was my princess, the famous Chillyoung Koon. Along with her came her adopted son, one of the high officers of Korea, her daughter-in-law, her grandson, and some friends. Her name I had known for years, the title of a mysterious woman, who had been honored with the high rank of Koon; the only woman in Korean history ever so elevated. The Emperor's father was but a Koon, the Emperor's son likewise,—the highest of titles, a princess of the first order.

From her refined and sensitive face I tried to read the history that had unfolded itself in her life. Strangest of histories! Thirty years ago there appeared to her in a vision, a view of a temple and His Excellency the God of War. There were the gates and the towers of the famous spirit who, in 1591, drove the Japanese from the peninsula. It was a revelation, indeed, and soon word passed that a certain Madame Kim was in communication with the God of War. She was invited to the palace, and in time became high-priestess to the late Queen Min. Under her inspiration a great temple was built (in fact, the only temple in the city), and shrines were placed here and there. By her manner she completely won the royal household, and honors were showered upon her. She was given rich lands. Her husband was dead but her son now wore gold clasps behind his ears, and she herself was invested with the title Koon, or Princess.

She said to me, "I am an old woman; all of my past life has been a piece of fleeting vanity. Now I am looking out into the future that is coming on so fast. I have read the gospels. It is the voice of God, I am sure, and I want to know just how to serve him. Sinner that I am. Alas! alas! all the praying to the gods! Just how to serve Him? Does the teacher think that if I bow low before Him with my heart, just as faithful children do before their parents, He will answer? Oh, I want Him to accept of me, I have been such

a sinner!" May the Lord bless her and open her eyes to see!

It was late when the procession, after many thanks spoken, and frequent expressions of "Peace with you," faded out into the shadows. My call from the Princess was no dream of a fairy tale, but an earnest, intense bit of life's tragedy. Yes, even an Oriental princess has her burdens that none but the mighty Oriental Chiefest of all Princes is able to bear.—J. S. Gale in Woman's Word.

REVIVAL AT MUKTI.

Extracts from the "Bombay Guardian."

"For more than six weeks a special and marvellous work of the Holy Spirit has been going on at Mukti. A large number of the girls and women had been deeply convicted of sin, and filled with joy of pardon, and many had received the cleansing and fulness of the Spirit for life and service. The accounts which follow are from letters written by some of the workers in the Home.

"One writes—This marvellous Pentecost began June 30th. On the 29th, one girl received a baptism of the Holy Spirit. She gave her testimony on Friday morning, June 30th, in the Church. On Friday evening, while Pandita Ramabai was speaking from John viii, to the praying band formed in January, (to pray for every individual in the community by name every day), one and another began to pray, until soon she had to stop, for the girls were crying and praying aloud, and the noise became like the roar of a waterfall, and our Hindu neighbors came running in to know what had happened to the girls. This loud praying still continues, unless we absolutely forbid it, which we never do unless the Lord leads us to do so, as they seem to have more freedom in prayer while praying thus....

"One night prayer went on all night in the various compounds. The Bible School was full of "the slain of the Lord," who cried out for mercy. I have never seen such repentance, such heart-searching, such agony over sin, and tears, as they cried for pardon and cleansing and a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Then a baptism, like a fire within them, came upon them. It was a time of intense suffering, and they seemed to have their eyes opened to see "the body of sin" within them. And then came a strong realization of Christ's work on the Cross; then peace, followed by intense joy. It often took a soul hours to pass through all these experiences. They cared