

broke in upon me, I knew the little church at Yachau had lost one of its pillars.

Yang kway woo was born fifty-five years ago in the large market village of Tsaoba, ten miles from Yachau, where for the last thirty years he has had a position of influence as public vaccinator, Yachau being in this respect ahead of many other towns. When the mission was begun he was among the first visitors, coming for medical help in an eye trouble, but he made no impression on us then.

Two years passed, and a Chinese brother went to Tsaoba to work in the gospel. Yang kway woo met him and took him home to lodge. In due course Yang came to Yachau and was introduced to the missionary. From this time his visits were frequent, and his zeal in learning and witnessing quite remarkable. Being fairly well off, thus having a good deal of leisure time, he made great progress and soon we began to hear from one and another of the new doctrine that Yang was preaching. In his family, too, there was a great change. Christian tracts were posted up about the house, the boys and girls were taught Christian truths, and family worship was made the rule. One morning when there were visitors in the house, and all much interested in talking of the gospel, his little son came and pulled his father's sleeve, saying, 'Daddie, don't you know what time it is? We haven't had worship yet.'

Many a time when he has been in the city on business, he would take opportunity to speak in the evening meetings, and it was a joy to hear the clear ring of his testimony though it might become necessary to put an arm about him in order to help him to stop.

His oft-repeated note of praise would be couched in something like the following terms: 'To think of God's great grace in sending the teachers all the way from America to tell us this good news! Oh, but it is wonderful! wonderful! My poor countrymen, they don't know! they don't know! If they knew they would never persecute this great Saviour's disciples—the utterance of a great longing for other souls.

His one standing regret was: 'Ah me! Ah me! to think that I never heard this before! It has come so late, my strength is gone and my eyes are weak; I can't see and I can't walk to do the work of witnessing such as I want to do. It has come so late, so late!' And truly it was our regret as well as his.

About a week before he died he was summoned to the city to see the prefect with respect to an application made by some outsiders for his post as vaccinator, but the application failed, and the Christians were rejoicing in God's hand in the matter.

It was a cold, raw morning when Yang left the city for his home, and a chronic bronchial affection was active, but not worse than we had often seen before, so there was no apprehension for him. He took both my hands in his at parting, little thinking I should see his face no more, and assured me of his daily prayers for me and the work, adding, 'At Tsaoba there are more than ten men who are interested in the Truth who will come with me after the new year to study the Truth—never fear, God is with us.' And so he went, his last word to me one of cheer. The sedan broke down on the way and gave him a shock; he was chilled through and fever ensued, so he set himself to die.

Calmly and with rejoicing he made his last dispositions. Calling his wife and children about him, sending for those who were not living at home, he gathered them around his bed, and said, 'I am going over, my

children, but don't be afraid, don't worry. When I am gone send for the teacher and he will tell you what to do. Don't have any kind of heathen ceremony about me, but do exactly as the teacher tells you. Promise me.' And they did so.

This was our first funeral and they didn't understand how a Christian should be laid away, hence these instructions.

Continuing his dying requests to them, as one easily imagines old Jacob did to his boys in Egypt, Yang said: 'I am happy in the Saviour, but before I pass over I want you to promise me that through all your life you will cleave to and never desert this great Saviour.' So, beginning with his wife, he passed around one by one, they, little and big, answering that truly for life they would follow and never turn back on this Saviour Jesus. Hearing this the dying saint clapped his hands in an ecstasy of joy crying, 'I am so happy, so happy,' and so passed on to be with Jesus.

Zealous in life, strong in death, Yang kway woo has bequeathed to this little church a memory embalmed in good deeds and fragrant with increasing love.

By their own request the Yachau circle of believers made the journey of ten miles, so that escorting the departed Christian to his narrow house they might honor his memory and witness to the gospel of Christ. Upon the hillside overlooking the valley where his life was spent, and just as the spring leaves were opening to the growing sun, we 'laid the pilgrim in a chamber whose window opens towards the sunrising; the name of the chamber was Peace,' and there he sleeps.

As thou reatest this, O Friend, fail not to give thanks to Almighty God for the sweet solace given to our brother in the shadow of death, and for the hope now springing in his family; pray also that his life may be as a seed cast into the ground, bringing much fruit in the region round about Yachau.—'Baptist Missionary Magazine.'

What Are Missionaries Doing?

The wise newspapers of a certain class, never more owl-like-wise than when they are talking of matters they know little about, are showing that the Chinese don't want the Gospel, that they won't pay the least attention to it—and yet that the success of missionaries in preaching the Gospel is the bitter annoyance which has incited the present disturbances. Therefore the missionaries are fools, attempting an impossible task, and also successful agitators, much to blame for war and riot, and they should be sent home to preach in the slums of New York or Chicago.

The fact of the matter is that this unnoticed self-contradiction of the critics of missionary work is a genuine tribute to the quality of the Gospel leaven. Christ called it leaven—and it works! There is nothing strange or new about that.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

Is Your Soul Insured?

'Pa,' said a little boy, as he climbed to his father's knee and looked into his face so earnestly, as if he understood the importance of the subject, 'Pa, is your soul insured?'

'What are you thinking about, my son?' replied the agitated father. 'Why do you ask that question?'

'Why, pa, I heard Uncle George say that you had your house insured, and your life insured; but he didn't believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you

would lose it; won't you get it insured right away?'

The father leaned his head on his hand and was silent. He owned broad acres of land that were covered with a bountiful produce, his barns were even now filled with plenty, his buildings were all well covered by insurance; but, as if that would not suffice for the maintenance of his wife and only child in case of his decease, he had, the day before, taken a life policy for a large amount; yet not one thought had he given to his own immortal soul.

On that which was to waste away and become part and parcel of its native dust, he had spared no pains; but for that which was to live on and on through the long ages of eternity, he had made no provision. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'—American paper.

We Are About to Live.

Ah! hush, for our feet are touching the brink

Of the great Eternity;
Let us rest a moment and try to think,
This short existence will soon be past,
And we shall burst forth into life at last;
For we are about to live.

Though our spirits are caged in a world of strife,

'Tis not for Eternity;
Though living we do not enjoy true life,
'Tis but a moment of suffering and care,
And then we'll enter the great somewhere;
Where we are about to live.

Our unanswered prayers are waiting there
In the great Eternity;
God gathered them all from everywhere,
Though we sent them out 'mid anguish and tears,

They came not back through the weary years;
He kept them that we might live.

We look at things through the light of time,
God sees through Eternity;
We cannot follow His thoughts divine,
For our thoughts are cramped in a human brain

And our lives are crushed with suffering and pain;
But we are about to live.

'Yes, we are about to live and reign
Through all Eternity;
Jesus, the Lamb of God, was slain
That all our sins might be forgiven,
And we might pass from earth to Heaven;
Where we are about to live.

Look up, sad heart, and trust and pray,
God rules Eternity;
Thousands of souls have lost their way,
Ah! see their suffering, hear their cries,
Go, quickly, point them to the skies,
Where we are about to live.

HATTIE HALL STRANG.

257 Clarkson street, Brooklyn, July 5, 1901.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

July 21, Sun.—The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance.

July 22, Mon.—The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.

July 23, Tues.—At thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

July 24, Wed.—I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

July 25, Thur.—Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

July 26, Fri.—Keep me as the apple of the eye.

July 27, Sat.—I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness.