

fessed. After our little cabin-meeting broke up, we went forward: all were around him; and God magnified His own name. We heard the penitent cry for mercy; and before we left him he professed to have found a Saviour. This man ran from the presence of God twice; yet he was brought to repent. "O my soul, for ever praise, for ever love his name!" None but God such grace can show. All appear to be growing in grace; many of them have delightful, and all have penitent, prayers.

Saturday, 25th.—A day of rich blessing. We met in the cabin in the morning, and enjoyed much of God's love: all the converts joined in prayer; many of them are growing fast. The afternoon was set apart by all to plead for the only hardened sinner left. All but one now profess to have found a Saviour; but I trust our prayers will yet be answered for him. Our ship has now become a house of prayer; the songs of Zion are night and day ascending from some part of her.

Sunday, 26th.—Another happy day. We had service in the forenoon and afternoon. In the evening, there were a few down in the cabin; at eight o'clock, an old man of fifty-three, who had resisted every entreaty, now came down, and knelt with us; and it might be said, "Behold, he prayeth."

Our meetings after this were continued day by day; and the result is, that on arriving in London, on Sunday, June 23rd, I am enabled to record the mercy of God in giving us reason to believe that eighteen conversions took place on board the ship in the course of one week; and that the whole ship's company, of twenty-two, are now following the Lord Jesus towards the rest which remains for the people of God.

#### HOW A KAREN WOMAN BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

HOW A KAREN WOMAN BECAME A CHRISTIAN.—The first Christian woman I met, says Mrs. Mason, in Burmah, told me this story:—

Sixteen years before, she was one day by the Salwen river, when she saw a ship coming up. She ran to see it, when a tall, handsome, white foreigner stepped on the shore. He came up to her, and gave his hand.

"Mahalah" ("How do you do") "Mah, Th'kyen," ("Well, my lord") was asked, and answered; when enquired where she was going, he bade her go in peace. The white foreigner returned to the ship, and stood gazing after it. Soon her thoughts came up, and she said,—

"I have seen one of the sons of God."

"And what did he say?"

"Why, he gave me his hand."

"And did you take it?"

"Yes, I did; for he looked like an angel, and I am not ashamed of it."

That night her husband beat her, giving her hand to a stranger, and she was then ordered to go to heathen festivals as usual. Guapung towered (and she was a most noble-looking woman:). "No," she said; "now twenty years I have been making offerings to Guadama, and he has not stopped my husband from beating me. Hereafter, I pray only to this white man's God. The white foreigner looked like an angel; he spoke to me gently and respectfully, as if I had been a man! His God must be the best God." She began that night to pray. This was her prayer:—"Father God, Lord God, Honorable God, Righteous one! in the heavens, in the earth, in the mountains, in the sea, in the north, in the south, in the east, in the west, pity me, I pray!"

This prayer she prayed for five years, utterly refusing to make offerings to the idols. After that time, a Missionary went into her region. As soon as she heard another white foreigner had come, she ran and sat down at his feet for nine days. She was converted, and was the means of converting her husband and all her family, and raising up three churches. She was a deaconess, sexton, and everything. She became a *Bible-talker*. She never stops to learn herself, but had her children taught; and she taught up the scripture in a most wonderful way. For months this woman has been with me over the burning platform, when I have been compelled to wear a towel for a turban, dipped in every cool spring we came to; I reading the Bible in her language, and she talking it.

This woman had been a fortune-teller; and one day a woman came five miles to get a charm for her husband who had run away from her.