

GREAT STORMS IN OUR MISSION FIELDS.

TWO of our Mission fields, have, during the past few months been the scenes of wild, terrific, storms.

Mrs Morton writes, "On Thursday, Oct. 6th, Trinidad, the land of sunshine and humming birds, was visited by such a storm as had not been witnessed for twenty-seven years. The rain fell in torrents, over six inches fell during the day.

At five o'clock we ventured to open a window, one remembered father Noah peeping out of the ark. All around us was a roar like distant thunder. It was the roaring of the rivers made by the storm. One valley near us had become a foaming torrent fifty yards away. For five days trains could not run.

Our faithful Bible woman Fanny, was at work, and when done came to a railway station to come home. There was no train. The water rose all around, so that she had to remain in the station house for twenty-four hours, and at length got away from it on a mule cart. One of our teachers was imprisoned in his house for two days. Not far from this two donkeys were drowned in standing water on the high road.

The current of the St. Joseph river divided, part rushed through a cane field and then down a high road by which many of the school children reach their homes. The teacher had to keep them in the school house until the flood had passed away, when it was found that several of these homes, being built of mud, had been washed away.

In Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad, boats plied in the streets; porters carried men home from flooded stores on their backs; reat damage was done to goods, and two children were drowned in the streets.

Strange to say the flood caused great want of water. A bridge forming the entrance to the town was swept away. A water famine followed; for three days the water works were stopped, and during this time clear water sold at four cents a bucket.

The other great storms were also on one of our Mission islands, lying, like Trinidad, on

the east coast of a continent, not of America however, but of Asia, the Island of Formosa.

"A terrific typhoon," writes Dr. MacKay. Doors, windows, shutters and tiles of our college smashed; we were nearly flooded out of our bungalow: six chapels were levelled to the ground and many others more or less damaged, while thousands of sundried bricks were reduced to mud. The poor converts are going to work heartily to rebuild the chapels but need some help.

HOW A BABY SAVED THEM.

A Missionary in China, Rev. James Graham, tells how their baby saved their home from destruction and themselves from what seemed almost certain death.

There was an uprising of the Chinese against the Missionaries, and a mob that found Mr. Graham outside his home began to abuse him. They pursued him to his home pelting him with bricks.

His wife, believing that innocence has power to dispel evil, seized her baby from the cradle and ran to the window, where she held it up in the face of the mob.

The baby, as if it had been trained for the scene, began to crow, and throw up its hands in the absurdly friendly fashion of babies, at the threatening faces below. The Chinese saw it, and began to grin back in return. The bricks fell from their hands, and the Missionary escaped in-doors. Nor did they leave; they gathered around the window where the baby still crowed and goo-gooed, and actually stayed until they were surprised and overcame by a rescue party from town.

Alphonso, the king of Naples and Sicily, justly celebrated in history for his leniency and mercy, was once asked why he was so lenient to all, even the most wicked men.

"Because," said he, "good men are won by justice, the bad by mercy."

On another occasion some complained that he was too kind, even for a prince.

"What then," cried the king, "would you have lions and tigers to reign over you? Do you not know that cruelty is the property of wild beasts, mercy that of man?"