

Every morning, in the chief's enclosure at Mafeking, just after the break of day, there is a bell rung. What does it mean? That means that all the members of his family, that all the chiefs who have come to visit him, that all the persons who are there as guests, must assemble in the courtyard, and must sing hymns and read a portion of God's Word; It means that solemn prayer is made to God. When the old chief returned, after having been away, our local preachers thought he would not want prayer, and did not appoint a man to conduct the family worship. In a little while the chief summoned his council, and issued what we may call a four-line whip—"If the heavens fall you must come." The council was composed of Christian and heathen men, and the old man said, looking at the Christians, "What great sin have I committed?" They said they did not know that he was any more wicked than usual. He said, "Do you consider, then, that I have got beyond the mercies of God, and that it is of no use to pray for me any more?" No, they said, no such thing. "Then," said he, "why have you left me and my family without a man to speak the Word, and pray to God?" And so the local preachers took it in turns at Mafeking, and if they failed, old Montsioa would send a guard down to fetch them up. Every day and every night the Lord is acknowledged in that heathen household.

PROGRESS IN PALESTINE.

FIFTY years ago postal communication reached the exile from Europe in Palestine once or twice a year. Now mail steamers from different parts of the world arrive daily at the ports of Jaffa, Haifa and Beirut, and telegraphic despatches can be sent to all parts of the world from any city of note in the country.

Fifty years ago the arrival of a foreigner was a matter of speculation almost all over the country. To-day the arrival of several hundreds of pilgrims and travellers per diem is no more noticed than the same event would be in London, except as an incentive to the merchant to display his most tempting wares, the hotel-keeper to offer his best accommodation, and the guide to offer his politest services.

Fifty years ago no Oriental necessities or accessories to the comfort of life were to be obtained for love or money. To-day the luxuries of Europe and America, combined with those of the Orient, may be enjoyed by any person possessed of moderate fortune.

Fifty years ago the population of Jerusalem did not much exceed 16,000. To-day we estimate the population at 65,000. Fifty years ago a few Jews dwelt in fear and trembling in their once favored Zion. To-day there are from 25,000 to 30,000 Jews clustering around and within the walls of Jerusalem, and doing the greater portion of the business.

Fifty years ago all the consular authority of the foreign powers was represented by a single individual, who was not acquainted either with the language of the different nationalities he represented, or with that of the country in which he lived. At the present time all the influential nations of the world are represented in the Holy City, and in other cities, by gentlemen of education, polish, and intelligence, and in many in-

stances with the addition of a well-drilled and well-appointed staff of secretaries, interpreters, and other attachés.

Fifty years ago there was not a school throughout the country where a child might learn to read even the native language with any degree of correctness, and a charitable institution was a thing unknown. To-day all over the land are to be found schools, in some of which all European as well as Oriental languages are practically taught, in addition to a religious as well as scientific education. Hospitals, orphan homes, churches, meeting-houses, dispensaries, and other noble institutions are almost yearly on the increase.

Fifty years ago the foreigner who undertook a journey through the Holy Land did so at the risk of losing his life, health, or property, without a chance of redress, and was subjected to the greatest inconveniences, hardships and privations. To-day the hotels, travelling accommodations and safeguards all over the country need only to be tried for their excellence to be appreciated.

There is one important feature of modern civilization, in addition to the want of railroads, that is still lacking in Palestine, and that is the existence of a newspaper conducted by and for foreigners and foreign circulation.

The great changes which have been effected during the past fifty years in Syria and Palestine, by the efforts of foreigners, few and feeble as they have been, laboring under the greatest difficulties and opposition, and all, comparatively speaking, poor in this world's riches, but rich in the faith that removes mountains, must prove something. May it not be that the time has come when the land must again take a prominent place among the countries of the world, and her inhabitants perhaps resume the influence for good which they once exerted over all nations?—*Illustrated Missionary News*.

MULTIPLIED EXCEEDINGLY.

A GRAIN of mustard seed! Can anything be smaller? Well, but when Count Zinzendorf was a boy at school, he founded among his school-fellows a little guild which he called the "Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed," and thereafter that seedling grew into the great tree of the Moravian Brotherhood, whose boughs were a blessing to the world. The widow's mite! When they laughed at St. Theresa when she wanted to build a great orphanage, and had but three shillings to begin with, she answered: "With three shillings Theresa can do nothing; but with God and her three shillings there is nothing Theresa cannot do." Do not let us imagine, then, that we are too poor, or too stupid, or too ignorant to do any real good in the world wherein God has placed us. Is there a greater work in this day than the work of education? Would you have thought that the chief impulse of that work, whereupon we now annually spend so many millions of taxation, was given by a poor illiterate Plymouth cobbler—John Pounds? Has there been a nobler work of mercy in modern days than the purification of prisons? Yet that was done by one whom a great modern writer sneeringly patronized as