

he set out for his appointed field, *Nagpoor*, accompanied by his wife and by one of the most accomplished missionaries and linguists of his time, Dr. Murray Mitchell, who is still doing good service to the church at Nice. They relieved the tedium of the long overland journey by preaching the glad tidings of the kingdom in towns and villages where it was heard for the first time—travelling on horseback, with a numerous retinue of servants and camels.

Arrived at Nagpoor, Mr. Hislop met with a warm welcome from Sir William Hill, an accomplished resident government official, who, in terms of the dying request of his wife had handed over to Dr. Wilson a sum of \$13,000 for founding a Christian institute at Nagpoor. Commencing with a school of 30 boys, the work grew in his hands. In 1848, he was joined by Rev. Robert Hunter—a true yoke-fellow. In 1856, he was visited by Dr. Duff, then on his way to Scotland, who made such an effective appeal in behalf of the mission as secured means for erecting suitable educational buildings. Soon after the founding of the mission there arose one of the “cases” peculiar to India, connected with the conversion of a native named Baba Pandurang, who was imprisoned for three months as “the victim of Brahminical intolerance and British indifference.” But eventually Hislop proved himself equal to the situation, securing liberty of conscience for the captive and permanent relief from this species of tyranny in all that part of India. In September, 1863, his presence and counsel were sought by the Chief Commissioner of the district, Sir Richard Temple, residing at Bori, some 40 miles south of Nagpoor. After some days of delightful Christian intercourse there, Mr. Hislop set out on horseback to a neighbouring village where he examined the schools and taught Christ for the last time. On his way back to Bori he was drowned while crossing a swollen stream. No one was with him to render assistance, and the first news of the sad calamity was the return of the riderless horse to the government bungalow. The mission was plunged into the deepest grief, and the natives of all classes lamented the loss of a tried and trusted friend.

Household Words.

THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.
Isaiah XXIII: 17.

“A little while” for winning souls to Jesus,
Ere yet we see His beauty face to face;
“A little while” for healing soul diseases,
By telling others of a Saviour’s grace.

“A little while” to tell the joyful story
Of Him who made our guilt and curse his own;
“A little while” ere we behold the glory,
To gain fresh jewels for our heavenly crown.

’Tis but “a little while”—the way is dreary,
The night is dark, but we are nearing land:
Oh for the rest of heaven, for we are weary,
And long to mingle with the deathless band.
Frances Ridley Havergal.

MYRRH, ALOES, AND CASSIA.

“All Thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.”—PSALM XLV, 8.

In my text the King steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as He advances. His garments not worn out, not dust-bedraggled; but radiant, and jewelled, and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred years amid the flowers of heaven. Do you not inhale the odours? Ay, ay! They smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.

MYRRH.

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright-leaved Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans, and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh, thrown on his infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of His crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odours. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ’s garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus. I know that to many He is only a grand subject for a painting; a heroic theme for a poem; a beautiful form for a statue; but to those who have heard His voice, and felt his pardon, and received His benediction, He is music, and light, and warmth, and thrill, and eternal fragrance. Sweet as a