

TO THE CRICKET.

Didst thou not tease and fret me to and fro,
Sweet spirit of this summer circled field,
With that quiet voice of thine, that would not yield
Its meaning, though I mused and sought it so?
But now I am content to let it go,
To lie at length and watch the swallows pass,
As blithe and restful as the quiet grass;
Content only to listen, and to know
That years shall turn and summers yet shall shine,
And I shall lie beneath these swaying trees,
Still listening thus; haply at last to seize
And render in some happier verse divine
That friendly, homely, haunting speech of thine,
That perfect utterance of content and ease.

—A. Lampman, in *July Scribner*.

CANON LIDDOX ON MISSIONS.

Across the triumphs and the failures of well-nigh nineteen centuries, the spiritual ear still catches the accents of the charge on the mountain in Galilee; and, as we listen, we note that neither length of time nor change of circumstance has impaired their solemn and enduring force. It is a precept which, if it ever had binding virtue, must have it at this moment over all who believe in the Divine Speaker's power to impose it—it must bind us as distinctly as it was binding on the first disciples. We are ambassadors of a charity which knows no distinctions between the claimants on its bounty, and no frontiers save those of the races of man. A good Christian can not be other than eager for the extension of our Lord's Kingdom among men, not only from his sense of what is due to the Lord who bought him, but also from his natural sense of justice, his persuasion that he has no right to withhold from others those privileges and prospects which are the joy of his own inmost life. When he finds comfort in the power of prayer, when he looks forward in humble confidence to death, when he enjoys the blessed gift of inward peace—peace between the soul and its God, peace between the soul's various powers and faculties—he can not but ask the question: "Do I not owe it to the millions who have no part in these priceless blessings that I should do what I can myself, or through others, to extend to them a share in this smile of the Universal Father which is the joy and consolation of my life? Can I possibly neglect the command to make disciples of all nations?"—*Spirit of Missions*.

SCENE IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

An extraordinary scene in a lunatic asylum is thus described by the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, (London):—There is nothing, mad doctors say, more unusual than for lunatics who are together to act on a common impulse. Last Sunday, however, six inmates of the Bicêtre Asylum were so irritated and oppressed by the sultry weather preceding the hailstorm as to take an identical course in letting off their nervous excitement. The outbreak took place in the refectory, where a lunatic who has often had to be kept in a padded room complained that a new keeper had deprived him of a portion of food to which he was entitled. The complaint was well founded. As the dish was being fetched the madman lost patience and dashed the plate before him against the wall opposite. Five others followed his example, and then ran to pitch everything they could lay their hands upon out of the windows. M. Pinon, the Governor, was called, compulsion of a violent kind never being suffered unless by his order. As he entered the refectory a dish was broken on his head, and he and a keeper who was with him had difficulty in escaping with their lives. The mad people tore down the iron bars which formed a partition between their part of the hall and a section where other patients were dining. They then got to the keepers' rooms, and, seizing knives and razors, went to cut the throats of those who denied them their liberty. Troops were summoned from the fort, and arrived as the mutineers had got possession of the kitchens and courtyard. When twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets entered the latter there was a sudden collapse. The six ringleaders dropped their knives and razors, begged pardon, and submitted quietly to be taken to their cells. Nearly all the keepers were seriously injured. One, Fournier, was beaten with a chair and his arm broken in two places. A madman named Jolly rifled a desk of bank-notes, all of which he ate.

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THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

LETTER FROM SAN FERNANDO, TRINIDAD.

Miss Graham writes: Mr. and Mrs. Grant and family left for New York on the 31st ult., and are now, I suppose, in Nova Scotia. Ere this reaches you, you will doubtless have heard of the pleasant surprise given Mr. Grant a few evenings before his departure. As we neared the beautiful house of Mr. T. Serju, where the gathering was held, I could not help wishing that the Church at home—just the missionary part of it, I mean—could for a moment view the scene before us, for I am sure they would feel that in supporting a mission among the East Indians in Trinidad they had "cast bread upon the waters," which already was returning to them, and will doubtless continue to do so "many days" hence. The house has a charming site. In front is a garden which when further cultivated will charm all lovers of tropical flowers and foliage; behind it are beautiful palms through which you have a splendid view of the harbour. The front of the house, which is surrounded by a gallery, was beautifully decorated with Chinese lanterns, and as we entered and were shown to our places at the Oriental table, a march was played on the harmonium and tea was served, but being a tea totaler I did not indulge therein, until told that it was not ordinary tea, when, always ready for something extraordinary, I was persuaded to take a cup of what they told me was real Chinese tea. But "why prolong the tale, casting weak words." The address, which was read to Mr. Grant, gives you but a faint idea of the Indian people's love for Mr. Grant and their gratitude for his unselfish labours for them. It is also pleasant to notice in the address that Mrs. Grant's kindness and care for her people has not been forgotten by those to whom she has not only spoken loving words, but for whom she has faithfully done many acts of kindness. Having enjoyed their pleasant home for six months, I expect to find the six months that Mr. and Mrs. Grant will be absent very long indeed for I have not the contented disposition of my companion at Princetown, and do not like being alone. She—Miss A—came down on the Saturday that our friends left us, and did her best to comfort me, but I have not seen her since. As Saturday is the only day we can get away we do not see each other as often as we would like. Our school has been very well attended since the beginning of the year. In April the average was 151, and in May 169, so you see it is getting better all the time. In January, Mr. Grant succeeded in getting over twenty children from Toruba estate, but lately several of them have been sent to work in the cane fields, so you see how difficult it is to get the estate children to school. The children in town attend more regularly, for by continual coaxing we can "gather them in." Last Sunday, after Sabbath school, I walked to Union Hall estate about two miles distant, taking with me a number of Sabbath school papers which I distributed to the children who seemed delighted with them, although many of them could not read. Quite a number of the children on this estate come to our school, and next morning I was delighted to see two new children who on Sunday had promised to come to school if I gave them papers. I also visited the hospital, but only found one or two who could understand English. In Mr. Grant's district there are a larger number of Indians who speak English than in any other part of the mission field, so I generally get along very well with the young people, although, of course, I often met many older ones who cannot understand me, nor I them.

THE SANTHALS OF INDIA.

The Santals occupy a small hilly portion of India called Santhalistan, about 150 miles northwest of Calcutta. They have descended from the aboriginals of the country. According to tradition they lived in the Punjab long before the Hindus entered India, but were gradually driven back by them to their present location.

They are of darker complexion and stronger build than the Hindus, and are divided into twelve tribes, each of which is subdivided into twelve families. They live in villages presided over by a chief and four other officers, besides two priests. One of the officers looks after the morals and etiquette of the young, and of the old, too, when necessary. Courting is not allowed without his knowledge and consent. If he sees an unmarried young couple engaged in conversation he asks the young man whether he will marry the young woman. If he says "yes," he is brought before the court, and his father must treat to a drink; if he says "no," the officer thrashes him well with a stick, and says: "You have no business to talk to that girl if you do not want to marry her."

They do not intermarry in the same tribe. If the elder brother dies leaving widow, children, property, they all fall to the brother next younger. If a man is the youngest of ten sons, with nine married brothers, and the nine should all die, the youngest of the ten sons is liable to be saddled with nine widows and all their numerous children. An old bachelor is despised by both sexes. He is classed next to a thief or a witch, and is termed "no man."

In the marriage ceremony, instead of using a ring, the bridegroom puts five horizontal streaks of red paint on the forehead of his happy bride. She is then showered with rice and other grain before the people sit down to partake of the wedding supper. She cares more for weight and number of ornaments than for fine workmanship and costly material. She is happy with about five pounds of brass bangles on each ankle. She is not married in childhood as are the Hindu girls, and she stands higher in the family circle. Polygamy is not exactly prohibited, but is unpopular and rare.

The Santals worship many gods, which are spirits, and may inhabit for purposes of worship a bit of stone picked up on the mountains. They sacrifice fowls and goats and make other offerings to malignant spirits, so as to keep them on good terms, and thus prevent many evils.

Like the Hindus, the Santals burn the human body after death, but they have some peculiar customs of their own. A live fowl is fastened and burnt with the corpse. From the breast of the corpse a bone is removed and preserved for the most solemn rite of all. A portion of this bone is taken home by the friends of the dead. A small piece of it is thrown into their sacred river in the belief that it will thus pass on to heaven, where it will become the living man from whose body it was taken.

One of the first missionaries among them had his coat eaten by white ants the first night, and had to renew his journey without a coat next morning.

It was a difficult matter to acquire the Santhal language, as it is hard to pronounce and has twenty-seven tenses. After over a year of hard work and earnest prayer three boys embraced Christianity and were baptized as the first converts. One of the later converts was a man forty years old. After an absence of three or four days he returned to the missionaries and reported that all the people where he lived wanted to become Christians. In great surprise the missionary replied, "Why, we have not preached to them." "But I have preached to them," the convert replied, with beaming face. And it was so. He had been home and had not given man or woman in his village any peace until they had heard the good word of salvation by faith in Jesus. Many of them approached the missionary with weeping eyes and said: "Yes, sir, we want to become Christians, because these excellent things this man has told us never reached our ears before." Within a month that man brought several villages to Christ. Eighty-five of the converts were baptized in one day, their chief standing by in perfect amazement at what he saw and heard. They were organized into a church, and immediately set about the work of building a house of worship. One old man said: "If I should go to heaven and had never been instrumental in bringing any one else to Christ, I would go into a corner and not be able to look at Jesus Christ or any of you." Thus those poor "ignorant savages," as they were called, began to experience the saving power of divine grace, and confessed the necessity of showing their faith by working for their precious Saviour; for, as one says, "It is not the deep mysteries that save, but Jesus Himself."

The missionaries gave the people medicine for their bodies as well as Gospel truth for their souls. A Santhal once told Mr. Boerresen that he had "very great pains in his stomach." Mr. Boerresen gave the man a double dose of Pain-Killer. After taking it the man remarked that it was "awfully strong," and added, "By the bye, I am not the sick person, it is my son at home."

A Mr. Campbell, writing amid those scenes of ignorance and heathenism, says: "What a terrible thing idolatry is! If all the believers in the Christian Church could, by any possibility, be brought for one month to India, what a mighty change we might expect to see in it! What a deeper interest they would take in mission work in the future! How is it that the claims of the heathen lie so lightly on God's redeemed people? How is it that the command of the Saviour to carry the Gospel to every creature is so lightly regarded? The millions of India are perishing for lack of the knowledge of Christ. How long is the bread of life to be denied them? How long are they to be allowed to wander, groping in thick darkness, seeing no light?"

JOSEPH RABINOWITCH'S WORK.

In a letter received by Dr. Alison, of the Church of Scotland Jewish Mission, Mr. Rabinowitch tells of the extraordinary interest shown by the Jews of Kischineff in the services conducted by him at Easter. The quiet reverence of their demeanour, so different from their manner in their own synagogues, is as notable as the crowding to hear. He says:

Now I am able to share with you the great joy which our Lord gave us here during these days past. You have already learned from my letters that after my return from England I observed among the Jews of our country a more lively yearning toward Christ. But in the past Feast of Passover it revealed itself in a wonderful way. Both Jews and Christians are astonished by the movement they have seen during this time here. I preached Christ three days together—Good Friday, Easter Eve, and Easter day, and every day there flowed numberless crowds of Jews into our meeting-house to hear my sermons about Jesus Christ, who was raised from the dead, according to the Scriptures. Besides the house, the pavement round the windows has been filled with Jews. Nevertheless the stillness and veneration were exemplary. It is for me very difficult to picture to you in detail all the sweet moments which the Lord has granted me and those who believe in Him, when we have seen hundreds of Jews now, in the nineteenth century, talking together of all these things which happened, like the two disciples going to Emmaus. "Marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well" (Ps. cxxxix. 14). Will you remember me and the word trusted me by our Lord, in your daily prayers, that the Word of the Lord should be sounded out, far from Kischineff and Bessarabia, in every part of Russia, that Israel may be enriched by the Holy Ghost in faith and in all knowledge.

I thank you for your interesting information about your school at Beyrout (referring to the fact that the Girls' School there is crowded to its utmost capacity, as is also the case at other stations). Oh what a pleasure it would be for my soul if, by the mercy of God, I could see again the Holy Land, Palestine—preaching there to the Jews, Jesus the King of the Jews. With God nothing is impossible.