

long been one of the stoutest opponents of the missionaries. When nearly all the members of the tribe were at home Shenksh summoned the men to his house. He was arrayed in a scarlet robe, bedecked with mother-of-pearl, and curious embroideries, and when all were assembled he rose and said :—‘ I wear the outward sign of former ignorance and of ancient customs that never changed until the white man’s faith was preached. I thought I ought to keep them, for I am not wiser than the ancients who kept them and did great deeds. I loved them. So did you. I have struggled to maintain them. I have defied the Queen’s officers. They threatened me as late as this last springtide with prison and disgrace. I told them I would not avoid them. I also resisted the Bishop, and suffered not his teachers to land. I concealed not the wish of my heart. You know to what lengths I went. Most of you approved my doings. But the end has come. Let the waves tell the story of our fathers. Our children’s lips will form no fit words. Where do dead things go? This goes with them.’ Here he threw off his scarlet robe and the other insignia of a heathen chief. ‘ I am naked, but can clothe my body with the white man’s clothes.’ This he there and then proceeded to do. ‘ What will cover my heart? I can wrap nothing round it. God sees it and he knows all the past and the present. He knows I am ignorant and sinful. He has this summer made me know it. I am now dressed like a Christian. Those tokens of the dark past I will never touch again. What shall I do next? I am too old to go to school. I cannot read. I am like a child, knowing little but wanting to learn. Will Jesus Christ have me? Will he help me? I will never turn back. I give myself to God. Now pray for me—pray, pray! I want to know what will please Him. I must know. Begin at once to pray!’ In the scene which followed prayer and praise and Holy Scripture followed in succession for seven hours and a half. The Bishop adds :—‘ Not a shred of outward heathenism exists in what till lately was its one stronghold. Not a soul remains that is not pledged in this wonderful manner to live and die as a Christian.’ ”

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR :—We are a little afraid that we have not very much of general interest to record this month.

You may be glad to know that on Good Friday we had a special service for children at 10 a. m. which was very encouragingly attended. We were glad to see a fair number of adults present. A striking feature of the service was the reverent devotion with which the little ones sang “ The Story of the Cross.”

The Cathedral was well filled throughout the day.