

our coal and place our guns, and they are now quite friendly, appear no longer with spear and matchlock to take our lives, but with bits of coral, ostrich feathers, Antelope horns, &c., to fleece us of as much money as possible. The Somali is the principal tribe—all Mussulmen, proud, brave and tyrannical, when they dare, as Mussulmen ever are. There is a colony of Jews in the neighbourhood who claim to have been settled there for 2,000 years. They are a fine looking set of men, much superior, physically, to the Somali, yet stand in constant terror and abject fear. I was standing by one of them, a true descendant of the Patriarch, trying to get as much as possible out of him as to the life, feelings and expectations of this isolated few, when a young strippling Somali, in the most contemptuous way, jumped up and struck off the little round hat which the Jew wore, and then looked at him with a most provoking grimace. The Jew looked around in a frightened, deprecating way, picked up his hat, brushed and replaced it,—evidently afraid of worse happening. "Why don't you slap that fellow?" I asked. "No, no! not now—not yet. Messiah soon come—then we *kill* them." For one moment the hand was clenched and the eye glared, as he thought of the longed-for outpouring of the vials of vengeance, and then again he was the same meek Jew, with the downcast eye and frightened look. But the young Arab had heard my question, and, throwing himself into a warlike attitude, and using a little stick like a sword, with ineffable contempt, replied to me: "Him! a Jew! me kill ten, a hundred, Jews myself—Jew coward—Jew no man." How have the mighty fallen! The chosen people! Lord, Thy word is true, and Thy judgment just "A hissing and a reproach."

But I am afraid this is already quite long enough for your space. In my next I will give my first impressions of India, along with some account of what we are doing in the way of Missionary work.

C. M. GRANT.

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### MISREPRESENTATION EXPOSED.

UNDER this title, Mr. A. Russell, the energetic agent, in this Province, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has issued a well-written pamphlet of 50 pp., "Being a defence of the British and Foreign Bible Society from the attacks of Rev. A. Sutherland and Rev. John Munro." We have read the pamphlet with much interest and much satisfaction. For two or three years these Rev. gentlemen have been putting forth strenuous endeavours to disparage the claims of this noble Society in the eyes of its subscribers and the public generally. Last year they published a pamphlet in which they crowned all their other misrepresentations by their famous declaration, "It is beyond all doubt that Popery is a constituent element of the very Committee itself!" by which declaration they have earned for themselves the compliment of being the authors of "as gross a libel and falsehood as was ever penned." Mr. Russell enters into the question at issue quite fully and quite successfully—demolishing the many imaginary grievances and visionary causes of complaint which the Rev. gentlemen have brought themselves to believe in, and would fain bring others to believe in also. They assert that the British and Foreign Bible Society "circulate versions of the Scriptures containing nearly all the essential doctrines of Popery;" and they plainly insinuate, farther, that the Society would rather circulate these than faithful versions. The pamphlet of Messrs. Sutherland and Munro proceeds somewhat after this fashion: They select De Sacy's (French) translation of the Bible as the chief subject of criticism. They overlook the fact, well known in this Province, that Father Chiniquy (who can scarcely be supposed to have any leanings to Rome) used this identical version. They overlook the further fact, that De Sacy's version was *condemned* by two Popes, and pertinaciously assert that this translation contains