

crazed. All Indians have an awe and reverence for the insane, as one on whom some spirit has set his mark.

Judge of their joy when the bishop rushed out with his face radiant and his hands full of the precious leaves, which he scattered to the people, and said: "See here! see here what God has done for you!"

For more than forty years this brave Christian hero has lived amid the solitudes of Hudson's Bay, and of him more than any man since apostolic times has it been true, "He who now goeth forth bearing precious seed, and weeping shall come again, bringing his sheaves with him."

Few men have had more deferred hopes than I have in my labors for the redmen. All that the malice of the devil or the cupidity of bad white men could do has been done to hinder the work. The long history of robbery, the neglect of government, the evil example of white men, the deadly fire water, have dragged many of this people into a gulf of misery their heathen fathers did not know.

It has often happened that in the darkest hour I received a letter from Bishop Horden which quickened hope, and bade me work on and faint not. I remember one letter in which he said: "I am rejoiced to hear good news of your Indian work. I have not had to encounter some of your trials. The influence of the few white men in the country is with me. I have only to meet heathenism, the hardness of the human heart, and God has wonderfully blessed my labors. Most of the Indians in my vast jurisdiction can read in their own language the Word of God. That tribe of which I have told you such sad stories have many Christians, and these sad stories of the murder of parents and cannibalism have long passed away."

For some years the dear bishop had been engaged in translating the Holy Scriptures, which he hoped to finish this winter. In his last letter to me he spoke of the good progress he had made in the work of translation, and how thankfully he looked forward to the end.

The bishop's children are in England with Mrs. Horden. We have no particulars of his death; it must have been with kindred far away, alone; no, not alone, for his Master, Jesus Christ, who passed this way before him, was surely with him and guided him safely "to the land afar off, where they see the King in His beauty." Easter will be dearer as we think of the dear bishop with our own loved ones in paradise.

I trust some one may write the life of this missionary hero, that it may kindle in young hearts the same passionate devotion to Christ and love for the souls for whom He died.

NOTHING that is excellent can be wrought suddenly.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A FRUSTRATED DACOITY.



LADY in India gives the following description in the *Bellary Magazine*, published at Madras, of an adventure with dacoits, or robbers:

Whilst travelling in Burma a few years ago, with the intention of joining my husband in Mandalay, I met with rather an exciting accident. It was during the dacoit scare; the districts around Rangoon and the country through which we should have to travel, being infested with these "wild men of the woods." I left Rangoon at 9 p.m. on the 30th June, 1888, in the mail train, which not only carried a goodly amount of passengers, but also considerable specie for the different treasuries in Upper Burma. Being alone in my compartment, I made myself comfortable for the night, as I should not, in all probability, arrive at my changing station, Promie, till early next day. About 3 a.m. I was disturbed by the sudden stoppage of the train, and the continual whistling of the engine. At first, making sure we were in some station, I did not stir; but, on hearing shots fired, and a confused mixture of loud, excited voices outside, I quickly rose and dressed. Venturing to peep out, I could discern, as well as was possible by the faint light of dawn, that the telegraph wires had been destroyed, while two or three linemen, terribly wounded, were strapped to the stumps of the telegraph poles. A little farther on, towards the engine's side, a great number of people moved animatedly about, amongst whom several of the Burma police were conspicuous.

On enquiring of a passing gentleman, I heard that we had, indeed, had a narrow escape from a horrible death. The dacoits, it appeared, had had intelligence given them of the valuable nature of our goods, and so they determined to wreck the train, massacring and plundering the passengers, and to make off with the booty. Had they not been thwarted in their nefarious design, I am certain they would have met with very little resistance, as none of the passengers were in possession of weapons of any kind, with the exception of a carving knife which an old lady afterwards utilized to carve a cold fowl—to my great envy, for I was simply starving—whereas they were "armed to the teeth." Moreover, they had selected a most wild and isolated place for the execution of their purpose, twenty miles from any station either way, and, in the meantime, had taken the precaution of destroying all means of communication, and had almost murdered the linemen to prevent any attempt at signalling.

They were, however, frustrated, thank God, as the police authorities, who are ever on the alert, received secret information as to their diabolical intent, and despatched, in advance of the mail, a special train with a strong body