

prayer. They all sat silent and attentive. He thanked me for the good book, and thanked God too. Then Mr Edgerly addressed him and them in a few very suitable sentences. Then Chisholm and Miller did the same very well. One of the chiefs asked Captain Recroft, if the lady would speak too. He said not now, but when she have a meeting with the women, she will speak to them. Those assembled were the chief men. When done, I shook hands with them, and asked them severally if they understood what we said. They said "Yes, understood; the word good." King Eyamba then began to speak about going over the land, but checked himself saying, "We talk of that to-morrow, to-day is God's Sunday." All went off very well and comfortably. Who that reads this account, can help breathing the wish, Oh that the words spoken in reference to another visit, were true here also, "to-day is salvation come to this house?" Returning to our boat, crowds surrounded us to look at Mrs Edgerly, "*bakara wan*," the white woman, as they cried out, running round her and before her. The females showed especial curiosity on the occasion.

HEATHEN EXORCISTS.

"Exorcists!" I fancy some young reader will say. "What are they, mamma? I never heard of such people before," Well, then, I will tell you.—They are persons who pretend to have power to cast out devils from those who are thought to be possessed by them. In Siberia, the priests made the poor Buriats believe that *they* had this power. But they were as false as the people were foolish, for they knew very well that they could do nothing of the kind. Yet, as they got money by it, these wicked deceivers managed to keep up this belief.

Near the Mission House which was burnt down, there lived a stout old lady. In that country fat people are thought to be better than others, be-

cause it is supposed they have not been forced to work, and have had plenty to eat. And so this lady, who was the widow of a Chief, passed for a great and a rich woman. What foolish people they must have been, to suppose that it is a bad thing to work, and a good thing to be idle! God made us for labor. He has placed us in a world where, without labor, we cannot be happy or useful; and he will soon call us to an account for the *deeds* we have *done* in the body. Though we are not to be saved for the sake of *our* works, but for the sake of what *Jesus Christ* did and suffered for us, yet, if we believe in him, and love God, we shall be sure to try to be good and to do good. But the poor Buriats knew nothing about such things; they only cared about getting rich, and living at ease. "God was not in all their thoughts." But I must tell you about this old widow.

She lived in a large tent. This tent was so near the Missionary's house, that he and his family could easily see what was going on there. One morning, they found that something unusual was to be done in it, but they did not know what this could be. They therefore watched the tent, and noticed a number of men, dressed in red and yellow, waiting outside of it. These were Buriat priests. And then, a little way off, they saw a large fire, and near the fire, a white horse, and a white lamb, tied to a pole which had been fixed in the ground. After a little time, they heard a great noise in the tent of drums, timbrels, and bells, like that which the priests make in the temples. "There is some worship," they said, "at the widow's tent." And so there was; but it was very strange worship, and for a very strange purpose. I will tell you what it was for, and all about it.

The old widow had been very ill.—The priests came to see her; and, as they knew she could pay them for their trouble, they thought it was a good opportunity of getting money. And this was their plan. They told her that she