

truly spoke the truth." Thus, besides the great blessing of an ample supply of good fresh water, the sinking of this well has taught the natives many lessons. I had to dig, pick, and cut through the coral rocks with my own hands, and then build it all from bottom to top with great blocks of coral, which was one of the heaviest jobs I have ever undertaken, but the result is an ample reward.

We have lately had two christian marriages in the church, which awakened considerable interest among the large company that assembled on the occasion, and had a nice effect upon the people.

With God's blessing we have been able to prevent war since we came to Aniwa, and the men are now expending their whole time and strength assisting their wives to extend and work their plantations, so that if the season is good we may hope that they will soon have a reasonable supply of food.

Many of the people are constantly about us now, and we hope soon to have a boarding school for boys and another for girls, so that for a time we may take them under our own care and training.

Jim, a Zulu.

This truly remarkable narrative (which we condense from the *Presbyterian Monthly*) shows that the presence and grace of Christ are with his servants in South Africa. It shows also, we think, that the choice gifts and graces of the best social position and culture are by no means wasted in missionary life among the heathen. And we are sure the striking example which it gives of the duty and encouragement of prayer, will be highly prized by our readers:—

It was the first week after Mr. L. died, that in Sunday school one afternoon, I was astonished at the magnificent voice of some one in chapel. It was a voice that carried me back to New York and the concerts in the Academy of Music, when some great singer came from Europe. I listened in astonishment at such a voice *there*, and it almost made me fancy myself at home again. Looking to see whence it came, I saw a young man, perhaps twenty-five years old. His face was not as good-looking as those of many of our natives, but his forehead was so large and full, that a stranger would say he must have more brains than most people, and altogether there was something striking in his appearance.

When we came out I enquired who he was, and they told me he was called Jim, and was a very hard-hearted person; or, as we would say in English, a wild, hard man.

The next day I called the young men to begin their school, and in the evening after nearly all the others had come in, the door

opened and he appeared. I spoke to him and he seemed pleased, said he knew how to read and write, had taught himself, but he was anxious to learn arithmetic and many things. His home was three miles away, but as school was in the evening, he would come over every day, and stay with a friend at night, so as to attend. So night after night he came and advanced rapidly in whatever they were all learning.

I selected some of the best readers to form into a bible class for Sabbath evenings, and when I was talking to some of the young men I casually said, *Jim* was one of those selected for this class. They began to laugh and said, "He won't come. Why, he knows the Bible from beginning to end, and there is not a person, christian or even missionary, who can reason with him; he has too much brains to be good, and besides he does not think much of *women* for teachers."

Time passed on and I became more and more interested in my scholars, and saw them improve in every way. With *Jim*, however, I continued just in the place where I began. He was always at school, always interested, but I had no more influence over him than I have this moment over the Emperor of France. The universal opinion was that in religious matters he was as learned as any white man, and was an intelligent, thoroughly studied and open skeptic, perhaps *infidel*.

At this time the religious interest appeared amongst us, and you know a very large proportion of the young men became christians; all of his class within a few weeks of each other. With all my efforts to see him, I never could succeed in meeting him, excepting his regular attendance at school. I heard of his boasting to one of the people that if I were not a *woman*, he should like to reason with me, for he knew that he could prove to me from the Bible many things, and that if it were not for making me feel badly, he should like to try.

One Sabbath evening in our Bible class the Spirit was very near us, it was at these times when one and another had come forward to ask the way of salvation. Of the ten, I had hope of eight as being Christians. On this Sabbath evening *Jim* came in for the first time. After the lesson was over, they began talking among themselves. As they sat in a circle the first spoke, and said, "This week I hope I am a Christian." The second also spoke, and so each in turn, the class showed deep feeling and there were many tears. The ninth that night expressed his love to Christ for the first time, and *Jim* was the *tenth*.

When it came to *Jim* I was standing near him, and turned and said, "*Jim* what have you to say, you have heard the others speak?" He did not answer, so I began talking to him, and long and earnestly I