

About a year afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, and Dr. and Mrs. Grant went to live among the people. They travelled seven hundred miles on horseback and arrived at Oroomiah, their future home, one rainy evening in November, 1835. They were wet and tired, and there was nothing for them to eat in the house, nor any furniture to make them comfortable. But they made a blazing fire, sent to the market for food, and slept quite well, they said, on beds of shavings.

They soon made their house pleasant to live in, and then they tried to do something for those around them. Dr. Grant was a very fine doctor, and when the people found he could cure their diseases, they came to his house in crowds—men, women and children, princes, nobles, and governors, as well as poor people. This gave all the missionaries a chance to tell them about a Saviour who could heal their souls as well as their bodies.

In a few months they started a school of seven little boys. They had cards with their lessons written on them for books, and boxes of sand for slates; but they learned quite fast, and in a year there were fifty scholars. Mrs. Grant gathered a few little girls into a school which afterwards grew into Oroomiah Female Seminary.

From Oroomiah the missionaries went into different parts of the country, making long journeys over mountains, sleeping on the ground and in desolate houses, to tell the people the blessed story of salvation. One after another schools and churches were formed. In thirty-six years from the time the missionaries arrived in Oroomiah on the rainy November evening, there were eighty-five places where the gospel was preached, and two thousand five hundred people who heard it every Sunday. More than a hundred men had been taught to be preachers and helpers, and more than nine hundred had become members of the church; hundreds of boys and girls had been educated in the seminaries, and there were more than a thousand in the village day-schools, and nearly nineteen millions of pages of tracts and religious books had been printed and sent over the country.—*Miss Day.*

#### FEAR TO BE FRIVOLOUS.

In one of Dr. Joseph Parker's latest sermons we find this excellent word on a point that demands attention, especially in these latter days:

Frivolousness will ruin any life. No friv-

olousness succeeds in business of a commercial kind. Business is not a trick in amusement, it is hard work, hard study, daily consideration, incessant planning, wakefulness that ought never to sleep.

If for a corruptible crown, what for an incorruptible? The danger is that we make light of the Gospel because of our disregard for the manner in which it is spoken. Were we anxious about the vital matter, we should not care how it was uttered. All mere study of manner and way of putting familiar truth, is an accommodation to the frivolity of the age. When we are told to make our services more interesting, our music more lively, our preaching more animated, we are but told to stoop to the frivolity of the time, that we may entrap a truant attention and arrest a wandering mind. Given an anxious people, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, knocking at the church door, saying "Open to me the gate of righteousness, I will enter in and be glad," this is the day the Lord hath made," we need not study any mechanical arrangements or urge ourselves to any unusual animation of manner; the urgency of our desire, the purity and nobleness of our sympathy, would supply all the conditions required by the God of the feast, for the pouring out of heaven's best wine, and the preparation of all the fatlings of the heavens for the satisfaction of our hunger. God makes all the universe contribute to the soul's growth. "My oxen and My fatlings are killed and ready, therefore come to the marriage." He keeps back nothing from the soul, He plucks the highest grapes in the vineyards of heaven for the soul. He seeks out the goodliest and choicest of His possessions and treasures, that the soul may be satisfied; He has kept back nothing. Last of all He sent His Son, saying "They will reverence My Son." In that act see the symbol of all that can be crowded into the suggestion, that God withholds no good thing that can minister to the soul's development, and the souls growth in truth and love and grace.

There is said to be not a single evangelical missionary in the whole valley of the Amazon, and that a gospel sermon has never been preached in all that territory.

The papers that come from Bolivia show the whole country is ripe for the gospel, and that notwithstanding all the opposition on the part of the clergy there are everywhere men ready and willing to accept the gospel and defend it.