

—"Fear of death," says Dr. KROFF, "encompasses the Caffres their whole life long. They cannot endure to hear a word about dying, and run away if any one speaks of it, or else hide their faces and tremble; even the sight of gray hair inspires them with the fear of death. This explains Cetewayo's embassy to Queen Victoria, to solicit a remedy against the hair's turning gray."—*Zeitschrift für Missionskunde*.

—Miss Fineley, writing in the *Church Missionary Gleaner* from Uganda, says: "On Sunday, October 6th, we went to our first service in the big church at Mengo. What a wonderful church it is! Its size is immense, and all built of reeds in the same way as our house. There are over 200 trees in it as pillars to support the roof. When you think that each of those trees took 100 men to drag it up the hill, you get some idea of the labor expended on it. It reminds one of the old pictures of the building of Nineveh. Then look at the rows and rows of beams in the roof, which are not beams at all, but bundles of reeds and grass bound round and round closely together, making a firm support, not so heavy as a beam, which the walls could not bear the weight of. This church is always full, but this Sunday it was packed. I shall never forget the impression when we went in. It brought tears into one's eyes, the immense sea of black faces and the quiet, reverent behavior. The men sat on one side, the women on the other. They say there were quite 7000 present in the church and in the veranda of the church, where they hear as well as in the church itself. We sat on the women's side. How nice they all looked in their bark cloths; no odd, gay colors, as you see at the coast, but wherever the eye turned this universal terra-cotta color. There is a great variety in the shades of them, the darker ones being the best and most expensive, and the cloth itself is always darker on one side than the other. They were worn very elegantly, round under the

arms, reaching down to cover the feet; they hold them up as they walk. The bishop preached, the archdeacon interpreting for him.

"Another day we paid a visit to the Namasole, or queen-mother. She is a regular heathen princess, with a grim, hard face, that made one quite believe her capable of all the many acts of cruelty which they say she has committed. She sat in state on an embroidered Indian rug spread on the ground, holding a large knife in her hand, made of copper and brass mixed, and was most autocratic in the way in which she ordered us to stand up and sit down, that she might get every possible view of us. One could not help contrasting her with the Christian women here; the difference is most marked."

English Notes.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS.

Presbyterian Missions.—So far as can be judged at present, the election by the Free Church of Scotland of Dr. Miller, of Madras, to be its moderator for the present year has tended to the clearing away of misunderstanding and the increase of the missionary sentiment. It has been felt that uniformity of method need not be striven for, and that as there is "a diversity of administration, but the same Lord," so there may be a concurrency of method without sameness. Such, in effect, seems to be the summing up of the able editor of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*. He observes: "With Dr. Miller's chief guiding principle, that educational work in India is part of God's preparation, long and slow preparation, we have no quarrel at all. It embodies a grand and indisputable truth. Only there is another truth alongside it which ought never to be forgotten, but upon which Dr. Miller" (tho we are sure he holds it) "has not always laid equal stress; and this is that a Christian educationist is *also* to seek the immediate conversion of individual souls."