

them. Presently they said: "This is a clever man. He must know a great deal." "Oh, yes; I know a great deal. I can tell you about the Lord of Heaven" (*Oepoe lanyit*), "who made and sustains all." At last he told them they must rest on Sunday, the Lord's great day, and talk and think about Him. On the following Sunday, accordingly, a great number assembled, and he talked about sin and forgiveness. "This is very good," said the people, "but it cannot be that God wishes us to rest on Sunday. Our fathers never did so. All days were alike to them. Indeed, Sunday was the great hunting day." "Yes, but this must cease, and you must stay at home and talk about God." "Well," they said, "we will put you to proof." Next Sunday we will go to the hunt, and, if we catch nothing, we shall believe you." It was a trying time for the young man, for they started off in large numbers when Sunday came, and went to the place where they were wont to find most game. Meanwhile, the missionary laid the matter before God, and, to his delight, when they returned the next day, they had taken nothing. The natives were greatly struck by this fact, but said: "We must put you to one more test. We will go out again in a day or two, and, if we get plenty of game, then we shall believe in you and your teachings." Accordingly, they went off shortly after, and this time the young man accompanied them. He had again laid the matter before God, and, to his delight, there was plenty of sport that day. The Alfoers at once evinced their delight, and pledged themselves to keep the Sunday for the Lord; and to honour and serve Him.—*Translated and abridged from "De Macdonell," 7 de Aftervernig, 1892. Chronicle of the London Miss. Society.*

Work Abroad.

TUNI INDIA, February 8, 1893.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of success," in India whether it be a preacher, teacher, cook, coachman, horse, cow or cat. In the case of the preacher, the missionary rejoices that a man for that particularly needy part of his field has at last been found. But he must be looked after, taught and prayed with.

If it be a teacher, the joy is even more, perhaps, to think that the school need not be closed as was at first feared. But every day his work must be looked into, he must know you are coming, or else benches will be crooked, the children sit hunch-backed, their books up to their noses, while he lounges in a big arm chair and the work will not be done. In both it is "Eternal vigilance."

A good cook has come and the missionary's wife is the one to rejoice this time, for a week his lovely soup gladdens her heart, and she smiles upon him gratefully. But one morning, up unusually early and as consequence unusually bright, she thinks she will have all the shelves in the dining room dusted; so plates, cups and saucers are brought down, and put upon the table. Of this dozen there are only six, of that ten there are only five, the knife for beating eggs and the spoon for lifting flour are nowhere to be found, she lifts her voice, "Sub," no answer from the cook house, so putting on her hat she runs out and there in that place are the other six dinner plates, the other five tea cups, all the last week's towels, the knife for eggs and the spoon for flour, most of them on the floor and all of them dirty, (not what we

call dirty at home, dirty at home would be thought clean here.) The plates are covers for pots, the tea cups hold something of everything, the towels are for straining soup, the knife to clean the fish and the spoon for ghee. If this were all it might not be so very bad (as we count badness here), but his wife, a child of thirteen summers, is using the corner behind the door for storing up *parda* for her own future use both for house cleaning and cooking purposes. This is the last straw. But "Eternal vigilance" is the price of future success.

The coachman has a family, and so (for he knows very well nobody would ever dream of his doing such a thing) he feeds them to a—well we'll say a limited extent upon the horse grain, and they—his dear little brown babies—grow fat and nobody has such nice shiny babies as the missionary's coachman. The pony of course does not look so bad, for there is the whole compound to stray over, and it is only when the coachman and cook fall out on the back verandah and call each other names, that the cook tells on the coachman, and so ever after he measures the grain and feeds the pony at the back door. But, "Eternal vigilance," or the brown babies will get that grain yet.

The horse, the cow and the cat come next. But what about them? nothing, only it is an Indian horse, an Indian cow, and worst of all an Indian cat. Now the horse should be kept tied up, for is not the monthly rope bill long? But it has for all that been found in the dining room standing by the lamp table waiting for some one to give it a plantain, and the missionary hearing the noise has gone there and, (fearing it might if turned about to go out the way it came in, perform its usual feat when glad—shake its hind heels high in the air)—has led it right through the dining room into the sitting room, and down the front steps.

Well, what about the cow? A real little Indian cow will break every rope it is ever tied with (at least this is the kind up here) and eat everything it sees. The young trees carefully planted and watered, will not be allowed to have on any leaves for months at a time, it will be found in the vegetable garden (and our vegetable gardens are very precious here, for we cannot buy any English vegetables but depend altogether on what comes up), on the verandah or with its head in the water pot. But you may say you get its milk and it does not really matter so much: that is true, when we get its milk we do not mind anything, but for an Indian cow of this kind to give milk is only a great event that happens now and again, for if the calf—Oh, but you must hear about the calf first. Here a cow always has its calf right beside it, no one ever dreams of killing a calf and having some nice veal, no indeed, for the cow would immediately refuse to give another drop of milk, so when you think of the cow in the garden remember the calf is there too, for it no sooner sees its mother break her rope than it does the same, and this is why the getting of the milk is such a great and rare event, for when the cow does not break its rope and go over to the calf the calf breaks its rope and goes over to the cow. But when nothing has happened and in the morning the boy brings the half a quart the cow is supposed to give daily it is a time of great rejoicing until,—well, it is the cat this time, for a cat that has descended from generations of cats that have lived upon the plains of India is very tall and thin with a long narrow tail. And even though it be adopted into a proper family and be made the house cat, even though it gets its breakfast, dinner and tea at the proper time, it has