

ESCAPE IN INDIA.

During Dr. Eugenio Kincaid's passage down the Irrawaddy he was again captured, and from the very outset treated in a brutal manner. He barely escaped being choked to death. His clothing was torn from him; but when his assailants began to tie his arms as he had seen Burman criminals tied, his brave spirit asserted itself, and he declared he would *never* be tied; he would resist it till death. The wretches grinned fiendishly, but let his arms remain free. Dragged to a certain spot upon the shore, he was told, if he valued his life, not to step outside a line which they drew around him in the sand. There for six days and nights he was left with no shelter from the hot sun or the night chill. One of his boys divided with him his waist-cloth, and occasionally Burman women passing to and from the river gave him a little food. His boatmen and three of his Burman boys contrived to escape, and the fourth was taken as a servant to a certain chief. Dr. Kincaid's distresses were heightened by the sight of the agonies borne by unoffending Burman women brought from plundered villages.

During the sixth day he resolved to attempt an escape to the mountains, although the risk was very great, and discovery would bring instant death. He prevailed on one of the more humane robbers to restore to him his pair of breeches. Night came. His tormentors, after the excitement of the day, slept soundly. Their leader lay but twelve feet from him. Scarcely daring to breathe, Kincaid crept cautiously beyond the guards, and then made his way as fast as his enfeebled state would allow to the entrance of the jungle, and by noon had reached the mountains. He was two hundred miles from Ava. Stiff and weak, often burning with thirst and suffering the pangs of hunger, he was tempted to cease his efforts; but with a prayer to the Lord, he urged himself onward. On the fifth day he came across a man whom he had met before, and induced him to take him in his boat to Ava, where within a few weeks his Burman boys joined him, all feeling that their preservation was almost miraculous.

DANGERS IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Bishop Coleridge Patteson in the South Seas was delivered many times from the hands of those who sought to take his life before he finally received his martyr crown. For example, while on a tour, he landed on an island, and on inquiring where the chief lived, the natives offered to conduct him thither. From their excited words, some of which he caught, and especially from their expressive gestures, he became convinced that they meant to take his life. He could do nothing in defence. God alone could protect him. Wishing to escape for a little from the burning sun, he entered a small hut. There, on bended knees, he pleaded for his life, adding, "Thy will be done." Knowing that his own soul was safe, he besought the Lord for the souls of these darkened ones. Then, rising, he calmly told the natives that he was ready.

God heard his prayer, granting him such peace and serenity of countenance as disarmed his foes. He heard them say, "He does not look like a murderer; he cannot have been a party to our brother's death, therefore we will not hurt him." And he received only kindness at their hands.

DELIVERANCE IN FIJI.

Nownere has the offering of human sacrifices and the practice of cannibalism been carried to such an extent as in Fiji, and consequently the attempt to evangelize its miserable natives was at great risk of life.

In 1839 Messrs. Hunt and Lyth, with their families, stationed themselves on the island of Somosomo, one of the darkest spots in Fiji. It is hardly conceivable that a refined person could endure the horrid sights and sounds to which they were subjected. They soon passed through a terrible experience. During a time of great excitement, when many victims were slaughtered and prepared for their cannibal feasts in near proximity to their abode, they were told that their turn would come. The savages became more and more insulting and defiant, and there seemed to be little reason to hope for escape from this dreadful fate. On a certain night it was felt that the end was near. How helpless they were unless the Almighty should interpose!

Mosquito curtains were hung around the room to hide the little band from brutal eyes that might peep through the reed walls, and they gave themselves up to prayer, determined that their enemies should find them on their knees. In continuous audible prayer hour after hour was passed, until wild cries from outside were heard, and "each voice was hushed and each head bowed lower." But their prayers had been heard. These cries were a call to the savage women to join a dance. God's children again were spared by the interposition of Him who holds the hearts of all men in His hand.

MOFFAT AMONG THE BECHUANAS.

In laboring among the Bechuanas of South Africa, Robert Moffat at one time had nearly been the victim of their gross superstition. A terrible drought had continued so long that many cattle died, and human beings were forced to live on roots and reptiles. A renowned rain maker was sent for, but his remedies had no effect. Then all, sorcerer and people alike, charged their troubles upon Moffat and his associate, Hamilton. They said of these servants of God: "They bowed down their heads and talked to something bad in the ground. The clouds were afraid of their chapel bell, and when they did show themselves the missionaries looked at them and frightened them back."

At last a native council was held, and a chief and twelve of his men were sent to them. He met Moffat with his spear in his right hand, and declared that the missionaries should be tolerated no longer. "They might leave if they would, but if not, they should be put to death."

Moffat, looking into the eyes of the savage, calmly said, "We are resolved to abide by our post. . . . You may shed our blood or burn us out. . . . Then shall they who sent us know that we are persecuted indeed." Mrs. Moffat stood by with her babe in her arms. Moffat threw open his waistcoat, and said, "Now, then, if you will, drive your spears to my heart." The Lord again heard prayer. The chief was confounded. He shook his head significantly, and said to his followers, "These men must have ten lives when they are so fearless of death. There must be something in immortality."

How many similar proofs of a Divine interposition might be gathered from the experiences of missionaries! Many and amazing as are the recorded answers to prayer, the unwritten history is far more wonderful.