

1857, 2,000 were put to death for their faith. But the church that went under the cloud with a few hundred souls and God's Word in their hands came out a host of 37,000! Now the London Society alone has more than 60,000 church members, and about 230,000 adherents. Sixty-five years ago not a native of the islands could read, now 300,000 can read. Madagascar has more than 5,000 ordained and native preachers.

The Friendly Islands fifty years ago had not a native Christian. Now there are more than 30,000 church members, who give annually from their scanty store \$15,000 for religious objects.

In the New Hebrides fifty years ago there was not a Christian. Now it is said there is not a heathen!

The Fiji islands fifty-five years ago had never seen a missionary and were peopled by ferocious cannibals. In 1879 Sir Arthur Gordon, the first British governor, said on his return to London: "Out of a population of about 120,000 102,000 are now regular worshippers in the churches which number 800, all well-built and completed. In every family there is morning and evening worship."

The Sandwich Islands in 1820 were peopled by naked savages, living in the surf, eating raw flesh and practising human sacrifice. In fifty years they were regarded as Christianized. Already these native churches have trained up more than seventy-five foreign missionaries to be sent to the islands beyond.

Micronesia saw her first Christian baptism but a little over a quarter of a century ago. Now there are over forty-seven self-supporting churches and about 5,000 church members.

Pomare, the South Sea Island queen, died at the age of seventy years. At her birth the first missionaries were just landing; at her death, 300 of the South Sea Islands had become Christianized.

It is not yet seventy-five years since the first convert was gained in Polynesia. Now the converts number 750,000. A band of 160 young men and women from Tahiti and the neighboring islands are going forth as evangelists to other benighted tribes. Of all these native workers not one, it is said, has ever proved recreant or faithless. Yet these are the cannibals of less than a century ago who had lost all idea of any God save that of some strange, tyrannical despot.

INDIA.

A LETTER FROM MISS LING.

THE Wynaad is a large district lying on the western slopes of the Nilgiri Hills in the Madras Presidency in India, entirely devoted to the cultivation of tea, coffee and chinchona. Besides these plantations, which are mostly the property of

Englishmen, and on which they employ large gangs of native laborers, there are gold mines, small villages where the local markets are held on Sundays,—and shops, kept by Mahometan and Hindu traders, supply the wants of the people at other times.

The native population is largely composed of coolies employed on the estates who come up from the plains when there is work to be done, and when it is finished return to the cultivation of their own fields in the low country. But besides these there are some of the hill tribes peculiar to the Nilgiris, the Todas, Thotas, Thurumbers and Badagas, whose languages, manners and customs differ materially from the better known races of south India.

My fellow worker, Miss Wallinger, and I have just returned from a ten days' missionary tour in this district, and though the population is so scattered I think I have spoken of Christ to many more people during the last few days than I often do in the same time in Ootacamund.

We have encountered three of the hill tribes, the Todas, Thotas and Thurumbers, have sold or given books to Mahometans in Hindustani, to Malayalis, Canarese and Tamils in their respective languages, have been inside a Toda hut, sat on the floor or doorstep of many native houses while the women gathered round to hear me sing or read, held services for the servants at European bungalows, addressed coolies on their return from work, held a Bible-class for native Christian women at our halting place on Sunday, an evangelistic meeting for heathen at another place, a children's service for the boys attending one of our mission schools at a third; so you see my work has plenty of variety.

We went first to a place called Pykara, twelve miles distant from Ooty, to a lonely little bungalow away amongst the hills with a small village clustered round it, and a river rushing and tumbling at a little distance below. Soon after my arrival I went out to try and see some of the women near by, but my first attempt was unfortunate, for approaching too near the cooking vessels in which the evening meal was being prepared, I drew down on my head the wrath of the mistress of the house, as they regard the presence of a European as defiling. So she told me to go to another house she pointed out to me on the top of the hill and promised to come and listen up there, but on arriving at the door I found the occupants out, and the door locked and my guide nowhere at hand, and when I heard a laugh of derision arise from a little group of men in the valley who had been watching my fruitless pilgrimage I realized that I had been duped. However, I found a group of listeners a little further on who for over an hour stood and listened most attentively, while by means of pictures, and as short and clear a narration of the creation, the fall, the promise of the Saviour,