



A DYAK HOUSE.

the rajah to come back. This made the Chinese very angry, so they determined to kill him. Seeing him on the verandah they rushed into the mission house. On the table lay a long gold chain of native workmanship which he had had made for his little English god-daughter, and which had come from the mines only a day or so before and been forgotten. It caught his eye, he picked it up and slipped it into his broad bishop's belt; he did not notice us, but turned and ran quickly out at one door as the Chinese pressed in at the other. A shower of bullets followed him as he ran across the garden; hotter and faster they flew: we could see them whizzing round his head, but not one touched him, and he sprang down the bank into a Malay boat which lay close underneath, and in another minute was rowing swiftly down the great river beyond reach and sight.

Then the Chinese turned on us; they gathered us all together, lit a fire, and flung us into a great smelting-pot. A moment of pain and anguish, and then unconsciousness. The next thing I recollect was the voice of one of the servants talking to the rebels, saying that he had helped them and they ought to give him a share of the plunder. In answer a pair of rough, dirty hands took me up; I was to be his share. But what was I like now? I should have cried, if silver could shed tears. All my beauty was gone, all my fine workmanship, the crowned lion, even my very shape; I was nothing but a solid lump of heavy silver. However, he took me gladly, and, hiding me in the folds of his dress, stole away behind the mission house. Taking a spade when it was dark, he dug a deep hole, and in it he buried me, leaving me to hide my shame in the cool earth and lament my ugliness.

How long I lay there I do not know, but at last down came the spade and brought me up to the light again. There was the servant, who rubbed the dirt off me, and carried me away with a look of triumph on his face. Into the mission house we went; what a state it was in! Only the bare walls were left: everything was broken, burnt, and spoilt; still there was the bishop, and I was taken straight to him with the words, "There, master, this is what I have saved for you; it is yours."

How glad I was, but it was very trying being so useless. To have to lie still whilst my dear mistress had only one spoon for the whole

family made me very unhappy, but the bishop and Mrs. McDougall were so thankful that they were all safe that they made very light of such trouble. At last we all came home—the bishop and Mrs. McDougall on a holiday, I for good.

We had spent nearly two years in a tall London house when my trial came to an end. It was the house of my dear mistress's brother, and their home whilst in England. The bishop decided to have me made into a beautiful dish, and to give me to his brother-in-law, in memory of the Chinese insurrection. When Messrs. Garrard made me they found that the Chinese had put into the smelting-pot something which spoilt my color, and so they gilded me a smooth dull gold. Now I must tell you what I am like. I am round, fifteen inches across. On my heart I have engraved a beautiful shield. The shield has on one side the arms of the See of Sarawak, a flag with a great cross on it, and on the other my dear old friend, the crowned lion of the McDougalls, and above the shield is a big bishop's mitre. I have a flat rim with a beaded edge, and on the rim is the monogram (or letters of a name twisted together) of the brother's name.

Years have rolled by. The bishop and his wife and his brother have passed away, and now I, having been unused all this while, am going to a new home. I have been dedicated, have become an alms-dish, and am going to the Church House, the place where all members of the Church can come and get help; where, when it is finished, convocation, or our Church parliament, will meet, and there I am to receive the offerings of the Church. I bear this inscription—it is written in Latin, and I will translate it for you:

"In memory of Francis Thomas McDougall,