

service at midday at the small village above named. Our first meeting was around the door of a hut in which a lame man was lying unable to come out. As the day was cloudy the place was tolerable. Yesterday the sun being hot we had to select another locality for our worship, so we assembled on the public square, or dancing ground, beneath the branches of a fine old banyan tree. There, for ages past, pagan rites and ceremonies have been performed. On my right stands an altar—a rude pile of flat and oval stones about two and a half feet high—upon which pigs innumerable have been offered in sacrifice to the spirits. Upon this altar sit a half dozen young men listening attentively to the new doctrine proclaimed. Scattered around here and there close by are others upon old sacred stones, while the preacher himself occupies another. He faces the level hard trodden ground where mighty revel and debauchery have so long held sway. The preacher cannot help picturing to himself in imagination what that old banyan tree has witnessed. How many human beings have been carved beneath its branches and contributed to the ovens near by, no one can now tell. Certainly very many—for these people were notable cannibals. On this spot many of the former residents of Tangoa have been divided. Now but a feeble remnant remains of what was once a powerful village. Yesterday, for the first time, praise and prayer ascended to the true God from this interesting spot. A more attentive audience I have rarely seen. May the time soon come when all these "varea" shall resound with praise to the Most High!

I hope soon to open service at another village called "Naona," where a young friend of mine was cruelly murdered only a few months ago.

Brethren, pray for us that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified. All well. Good-bye.

Yours, J. Annand.

P. S.—This goes hence by a labor vessel to Queensland. The *Dayspring* has not yet arrived. Excuse haste. J. A.—Witness.

"LIVING waters it has been said, 'cannot be stayed unless they freeze, and the pond that has no outlet becomes stagnant. So the individual who exists for self-alone dwarfs and paralyzes his soul, and the Church that seeks simply its own upbuilding dies even while it has a name to live. 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' was the precept and example of our blessed Master."

THROUGH THE CROWD TO JESUS!

By. Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

As a flower or an ivy-plant that is immured in a cellar struggling up towards the lattice that lets in a little sunlight, so the weak and the woe stricken, the sinning and the suffering, pressed to get into the sunshine of Christ's presence. He was the divine embodiment of light and life. Sometimes access to Him was blocked up as in the case of the paralytic who had to be lowered through the broken tiles of the roof. On another occasion, as He was leaving Jericho, a great crowd surged around Him issuing from the city-gate. The day previous Zaccheus had conquered the crowd by climbing above their heads into a sycamore, he was not to be balked. And now another person—one of the poorest and most insignificant creatures in that whole community—determines that he too will press his way out of the wretched darkness into the sunshine. He is a most unpromising subject out of which to make a Bible-hero; but so is coal oil a most unpromising material from which to manufacture one of the most exquisitely fragrant of perfumeries.

Bartimeus is a model for every man who is in dead-earnest for the salvation of his soul. In the first place he realized his wretched condition; and in the next place he determined that he would be delivered from it. My friend, if you in like manner realize your guiltiness and your need of Jesus Christ to save you, then you are on the right track of salvation. The blind beggar of Jericho had an unexpected hindrance; for as soon as he began to shout out his piercing prayer for mercy, the crowd began their attempts to silence him. "Tell that beggar to hold his tongue!" I am inclined to think that the disciples had a hand in that disreputable business. They were as yet only half-finished Christians, and had been the foremost in trying to silence the poor Syrophenician mother who was pleading for the recovery of her afflicted daughter. Alas for disturbed dignity! It has killed the germ of more than one revival in a church. The very church-members who are not shocked at the sight of sinners trooping down to hell, are fearfully shocked at the undignified and "irregular" methods that are sometimes employed to save sinners from hell.

Bartimeus is not to be gagged. It is now or never with him. Jesus of Nazareth is on His way to the Cross, and will never come that way again. The beggar grasps his opportunity as a drowning man grasps a plank. He "*cries the more a great deal.*" Here is a splendid illustration of the prayer