

true light. How can they escape eternal death if they do not know the Saviour? "There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved." How can they know of the Saviour, unless preachers go to them? How can the preachers go unless they be sent? And will they be sent unless we do as the Saviour has bidden us?—pray that laborers be sent? How can we look forward to the time when we shall have to give an account of our stewardship, if we do not make every effort in our power to give the gospel to those who have never heard of Jesus and His love? Oh! that we had more sympathy with our crucified Lord, in the work of saving the souls of men all over the world! For this He left the glory that He had with the Father,—for this He bore the trials and sorrows of life among sinful men,—for this He died on the cross. And shall we who believe on Him prove faithless to the charge committed to our care by the risen Jesus? And shall we not always remember that our ascended Lord who has all power in heaven and in earth will be with us to the end of time—directing us, by His Holy Spirit, in every undertaking for the advancement of His Kingdom? If we would secure the greatest result from our labor, we must be careful that our methods of work are such as God will approve. Anything that causes division, or mars the owners of feeling that should pervade the whole denomination, will grieve the Spirit of God and interfere with the progress of our work. We want to see each church a centre of missionary influence, with its mission money flowing into the Convention Fund and men and women alike, fired with enthusiasm for giving the gospel to the regions beyond, enter with ardor upon the grandest enterprise the world has ever seen.

May the churches speedily awaken to the full extent of their obligation! May the glad day be hastened when the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord!

Looking into the future, I see the Gospel of the Kingdom preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations. God has promised to give His Son the heathen for His inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. Never shall we know the grandeur of the work we are permitted to do until we enter upon the glory of eternity, and join with the countless multitude from every nation in singing praise, unto Him that loveth us and loosed us from our sins by His blood; and He made us to be a kingdom, to be priests unto His God and Father: to Him be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

THE WORK ABROAD.

An Auspicious Time.

Down here by the sea the people of the little fishing village near by are very busy, for this is an "auspicious time." It is the proper time to get married; for have not the Brahmins consulted the Shastras? So the Hindoo mother lifts her little dusky daughter upon her knee and fastens all round her ears long golden earrings, some of which ending in chains are crossed behind the head and firmly fastened by a little hooked end into the hair. But this is not all, a small crescent of gold rests just above the forehead, the little nose holds three tiny rings, one on each side and the hanging above the upper lip. Now there is the neck; surely this was made to hold a great many pretty things, for it is so smooth and round. So the mother fits on first a narrow, thin band of gold, fastened

in front like a collar, below this hang many chains, some of gold with coins all round, some but colored beads. After the neck there are the little wrists, but the bracelets lying by the mother's side are all so small, how can she get them over the chubby hand? She knows, for so, she pulls the little fingers and softens the hand till it is quite long and thin, then the bracelets are all slipped on easily; such a variety too! glass, sealing wax covered with tinsel, copper and perhaps last of all a silver pair. Now round the waist the mother fastens a silver belt, which holds the little quaka very prettily in place (this is perhaps the first time the child has had anything on in the shape of clothing). But there are still the feet and ankles, so rings are slipped over the toes, some plain and round, others with a long silver top as long as the toe, the anklets are put on and the little Hindoo bride, her face all yellow with saffron, is ready; so the drums beat, the cymbals ring, together, the torches are lighted and for three nights the wedding goes on, but the little bride gets tired and forgets her earrings, nose rings and toe rings and falls fast asleep.

After the wedding and before the jewels are taken off and hidden away the bride often calls to see us. With a lot of girl friends she stands out in the veranda sometimes in a white and sometimes in a saffron colored quaka, but she is very shy (it is the proper thing for a Hindoo bride to be very, very shy indeed) so her friends tell us all about it while the bride stands with her head bent; and as this country is not like our own we may examine and ask all about the jewels and look at the little marriage token that now hangs from one of the many chains. One young girl took off a very heavy chain to let me feel the weight, another one with jewels in ears and nose, round neck, wrists and ankles said with a very long face "I have not enough." But the last little bride of all (a child of some four or five years) was very funny; we met her while out one evening, she ran up to us followed by quite a procession that was returning from sacrificing at a temple near by. "My marriage is ended," she cried, "it ended three days ago," and at the memory of that great event she bent her little body, clasped her hands together between her knees and danced around; when we asked her how large her husband was she became very shy and ran behind a woman who stood there holding a baby upon her hips, so we asked the woman, but she seeing so many girls could not tell which one was meant, so just shook her head, but another child some two years older lifting her hand above her own head, said "he is this high," and at this the little bride laughed and danced away.

But this is an "auspicious time" for sacrifice, for have not the Brahmins looked into their Shastras again? so night after night the band followed by a crowd of men, women and children, some leading sheep, others carrying hens, and one man with a very long knife leave the village to sacrifice before one of the fourteen temples. This village has twelve temples outside of it, three on each side, to keep off small-pox and cholera. One evening while riding alone I saw near the temple a crowd gathered to sacrifice and thought to stay and look on, but one man held such a very long bright knife ready for the little ram that was tied near by, that upon second thought I rode away.

One afternoon last week just beyond the row of palms that separate the compound from the shore on the right side, a young caste man was baptized in the rippling waters of the lagoon. The next evening just beyond the row of palms that separate the compound from a little rising ground on the left side, some heathen sacrificed a ram and a hen; so that on one hand the heathens are