

step forward with a gift of \$500 to relieve the sufferers. His success came by perseverance.—*Selected.*

## THE DESERTED CAMP.

BY MRS. BOMPAS.



HE wigwam is deserted, the camps forsaken all ;  
No more at evening hours the hunter's footsteps fall ;  
No more the watch-dog bays, his master's voice to hear,  
But silence reigns supreme with its deepening sense of fear.

But yesterday the voices of children there did ring,  
The mother crooned her babe to rest in its moss bag or its swing,  
The father smoked his pipe of peace, and dark skinned youths did tell  
Of many a bold adventure which mid their sports befell.

But yesterday that wigwam was dear to one and all,  
The sturdy poles for frame work, mooseskin for plastered wall,  
The brushwood for their carpet, or their couch by night and day,  
Where, wrapt in fur or blanket in dreamless sleep they lay.

Now on that camp deserted, they look with fear, not pride,  
Far from its sacred shelter with hasty steps they stride ;  
The smoke no longer curls aloft, nor sparks at evening soar,  
For on that spot the Indian will kindle fire no more.

For there a step has halted, a grim, pale form has been ;  
No warning marked its coming—its presence felt, not seen.  
At morn the woods rang sweetly, and children's shouts were gay,

At eve one little blossom in death's long slumber lay.

Well may the stricken mother, bowed low beneath the blow,  
In cry of bitter anguish, bewail her hopeless woe ;  
Well may her words re-echo throughout the forest lone,  
" ' Se yaze, se yaze, ' my child, my sweet, my little one. "

Yes, and that cry of anguish speaks with unconscious power,  
The minstrel can the patriot stir with visions of an hour,  
The preacher wakes the slumbering soul to a remorseful sigh  
But the cry of a broken heart wells up to the throne on high !

For to the Indian ever is death with horror drest ;  
He recks not of the sleep wherein the weary rest,  
He thinks not of the spirit from its cruel bondage free,  
Crowned, by the Saviour's blood, with Immortality !

No, strong and brave and tender,—patient mid earthly storm,  
He owns in death's dread image but the destroyer's form ;  
And to the stern and fixed decree will unresisting yield  
His victim, then with boiling tain as from polluted field.

But yesterday their darling was their glowing hope and pride,  
Now tremblingly they hasten the sleeping form to hide ;  
And, clothed in blankets, lay her within the new made grave,  
With gay cloth streamers fastened above her form to wave.

They take each childish relic from her safely hoarded store,  
The little, well worn garment, with quill and bead run o'er,—  
The toy with which she played, the robe on which she had lain,—

And hang them safe on lofty bough never to be moved again !

Perchance her dog at evening around that camp may rove  
And track the tiny footprints with quickening sense of love,  
And where his little playmate sleeps may weary lay him down,

And wake the slumbering echoes with fitful bark or moan ;

But only he ; not e'en the mother with heart so strong  
To suffer, and so serene un pitying hosts among,  
Not she, nor yet the father, brave, fearless, thro' fields of blood

Would tread again the spot where the angel death has stood !

TRANSFORMATIONS of character, such as take place among individuals and races under Christianity, are more encouraging than would be a statistical table of larger figures relating to persons whose light was not shining before men. The boy sprung from a degraded tribe of Kohls, living formerly by rapine and pretended magic, and notorious as drunkards, who, a few years after the conversion of his family, could write in English to the Missionary, and tell of his gaining a Government allowance at the end of his school career to enable him to continue his studies, and of his formerly thriftless father possessing twenty-five cattle ; and the idle, lying Kaffirs, who have been taught handicrafts, and learnt candour, straightforwardness, and honor at such stations as Keiskamma Hoek and St. Cuthbert's, show that they have not merely substituted one set of beliefs for another, changing the false and absurd for the true, but have learnt to cast off evil, and to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things. Such as these are not mere numerical conversions.

MAHANORO is a Mission in Madagascar, which was opened only four years ago, and in one of his quarterly reports the Rev. A. Smith mentions 192 baptisms there, and several times describes how the opportunities offered by the work exceed those which can be seized by the workers. At Phokoane, in Basutoland, forty-three adults were baptized on Easter Eve. At Tokyo no less than 130 Japanese were baptized in twelve months. On the Skerang River, and in other parts of Sarawak, numerous conversions have taken place. At Kalsapad, in the Diocese of Madras, the baptized Christians have, in but ten years increased from 779 to 2,514, and the communicants from 200 to 834 ; while all other details of the statistics show a like character. At Ramnad, in the same diocese, the 361 baptized Christians of fourteen years ago have become 3,146, and instead of 91 communicants there are now 741. We do not think we lay undue stress upon such facts as these, which it is our privilege every month to record. Each of the many thousands of baptized converts has caused rejoicing among the angels, and should prompt us to utter thanksgiving and praise.

THE JOURNALS of David Brainerd, who did such a wonderful work among the American Indians, were the means of making William Carey and Henry Martyn into missionaries to India.

## THE MEASURE OF SACRIFICE.

" Do you imagine that the Lord will be satisfied with what you can spare—the 'strait' of your full measure? Has it never occurred to you that God demands, not what you can spare, but what you will miss ; that He requires a real sacrifice at your hand?"—*Pollock.*