

sary to ride on horseback. Away we went along the hillside, through the fields, and then a river was reached; the water was the color of coffee. The horseman was not near, and I did not know how deep it might be, but in plunged "Jack" and stumbled against some stones, and then waded through to the other side. Is there not a poem which says? "Sermons in books and stones in running brooks" If it does, it is quite true, for I read a sermon in a book the other day, and to-day my horse nearly fell because of the stones in the brook. This morning of which I write, was literally a morning without clouds, not the faintest speck of a cloud could be seen anywhere.

There were plenty of birds, the doves were cooing on every side. Now and then a "roller," or as some call it, a blue jay was noticed. This bird is graceful and beautiful in motion, but most ungraceful in repose, when its color seems to be just brown and black, but when it flies it unfolds a pair of most brilliant blue wings. John Lockwood Kepling says, that when he sees it, the line: "Undreamed of wings be lifted" is suggested to him. Where is this line to be found? Really, children, I do not remember ever reading it in any poem. Another bird noticed was the crow pheasant, a bird with black body and brown wings, and a fine long tail. It is called the "hot weather bird" by some people, but in this part of the country we meet with it in the cold weather as well as the hot season. Overhead the swallows were flying, and ——— Hallo!, what is this? Along comes a girl her clothes all wet and dirty, just crying and sobbing, while behind a man walks with a big stick, followed by some women. "What are you doing?" I asked of the man. "This is my wife" he replied, and he pushed her along. Then came Abel the Naudor preacher to meet me, and explained that this young woman had run away from her husband and returned to her mother, as she did not love her husband, that she had jumped into the river and so was wet, and now her husband was taking her home. Poor child! it seems hard for you to go where you don't want to go, and to live where you are so unhappy.

Naudor was soon reached, and here we held a prayer-meeting in Abel's house, where 1 John, 3rd chapter was read, and I said a few words about the joy of being called children of God. There are some ready for baptism in the village, but it is harvest time now, and so it is hard to get away from work.

That night I saw the lights of the watchers, who are guarding the crops in the fields high up the hillsides, and heard the drums which are beaten to frighten away the deer and wild boar, and the jackals came and howled around the bungalow to put me to sleep.

R. GARSIDE.

Camp Polavarum, India, Dec. 6, 1893.

MISSION BAND LESSON NO. 5.

A TRUE HERO.

What boy or girl does not like a story about a hero? The following short sketch is of the life of a true living hero, whose name is John Paton.

He was the eldest of a family of eleven children. His father and mother were very good Christian people. The father had desired to preach the Gospel, but as he could not do so he promised God to consecrate his sons to that service. He lived to see three sons successful preachers.

John Paton's parents were poor and he had to struggle along as best he could to get an education, but he was determined to have one. When he had succeeded in entering college he did work out of studies hours in a Mission in Glasgow.

There he had great success and saw hundreds believe in the Saviour. This work seemed to prepare him for something greater still. After he was ordained as a preacher he heard about the need of a missionary in the New Hebrides Islands. Do you know were they are? If not find out when you go home. This name was given by those who first discovered these islands and means "Land of the Holy Ghost." A very strange name indeed, for the people inhabiting it were fierce cannibal savages. The first two missionaries who were sent to those islands in 1839 were killed and eaten as soon as they landed. A few other missionaries had gone since that and had been allowed to live there, but more were still needed, and John Paton longed to go. Many tried to persuade him to remain at home. One old gentleman would always say "The cannibals! You will be eaten by the cannibals!" At last he replied, "Mr. Dickson you must soon die and be eaten by worms, and I confess it makes no difference to me whether I am eaten by cannibals or worms, because in that Great Day my resurrection body will be as fair as yours." After that they left him alone. In 1858 accompanied by his young wife and another missionary he set sail for the New Hebrides. As they neared their destination they got on-board a small schooner called John Knox. A stiff wind came up and threatened to drive them on Tanna Island where they would soon have been cooked and eaten; but Dr. Inglis a missionary saw them far out at sea, and took his boat and brought them safely to land.

It was decided that Mr. Paton should live on the southern part of Tanna. There they built a house, as they supposed in a healthy spot, but in less than a year it caused the death of Mrs. Paton and her baby boy. In that strange land he made a grave, and with a heart nearly broken with grief laid his wife and baby in it. He was now alone with only savages for com-