

Lost His Hand. But perhaps it was the means of bringing him to Christ, who is better to him than any hand. One of the heathen on the island of Efate, New Hebrides, where Rev. J. W. Mackenzie labors, went out in his canoe along the coast some distance with a charge of dynamite, which he intended exploding in the water to kill fish. When lighting the fuse it exploded and blew off his hand. He could not paddle his canoe home, so he left it on the shore and started to walk home. After a time he came to a sacred spot, over which they dare not pass, and, leaving the land, he took to the water and swam until he got past the sacred spot, using the well hand to swim and holding the bleeding stump out of the water. Of course he had to go to the missionary for help, and he has since joined the worshipping party, and is now astonished at his former superstition. Formerly at his village every fifth day was sacred, and no one would dare to go to his garden on that day. Now that sacred day is disregarded and few of them leave their village and go to work on the Lord's Day.

A Sante Chief. I have just come in from visiting one of our old chiefs at the village," writes Rev. J. Annand in the *Message*. "Coming out of church this morning a young man told me that the chief, who has been ill for more than a year, wished to see me. I went over and found him really wishing to see me and hear about the way of salvation. He, to whom I had spoken so often, and from whom I had got so little grounds for hope, had apparently at last been constrained to yield so far at least as to wish to hear more about life eternal and the way whereby it can be obtained. With joyful heart I pointed out the way to him. When I prayed he repeated my words with energy. This may seem a small thing, but my dear friends it is worth coming all the way to the New Hebrides for, even to see one poor sinner crying to God for mercy.

For some days past I had been feeling depressed and sad at the hardness of heart manifested all around us, and to-day God has lifted us up, and filled our mouths with praise. We shall yet see greater cause to praise Him, for doubtless His spirit is working. Prayers ascending to heaven from His own people in Nova Scotia must bring down the blessings even here.

The Women Approved. Of Dr. Morton's first 25 converts at Tunapuna 22 were adults before they ever heard of the Gospel; half of them were women, and at their communion season Dr. Morton reminded them that, though Hinduism and Mohammedism considered women of no account, Christianity said that women were of account as well as men. At this statement nearly every woman at the communion table nodded satisfaction, and when he further stated that in love to Christ and readiness to help His cause, he felt sure the women would never be behind the men, the upturned faces seemed to express approval and resolution.

RAMKISSUN.

A STORY FROM TRINIDAD.

The following story is by a minister from the United States who recently visited our mission field in Trinidad, and it shows a phase of the missionary's work which often severely taxes patience and strength.

RAMKISSUN was an East Indian, born in Trinidad. His father was a laborer on Waterloo sugar estate. He was employed by the Presbyterian mission as a school helper, his duty being to collect children every morning and bring them to school in a donkey cart. He was a handsome, straight, bright-eyed young Indian of about 25 years of age; and an active, capable worker in the mission.

Every day in collecting the children, he passed the house of Ganga, a Christian coolie and his wife Lily, also a Christian. Lily was a pretty woman, and looked most picturesque in her becoming Indian dress, and very probably she knew it. She wore the orhni or veil, and much silver jewellery. Ramkissun began to pay her little attentions and she reciprocated them till it rapidly created a scandal. Naturally the people began to talk, particularly the heathen Indians.

No clear evidence however, was found against Ramkissun; but he was promptly removed to another district—Waterloo—where he lived with his father and had similar duties to perform.

The missionary, Mr. Thomson, on paying a surprise visit to this estate found Lily there, not living with Ramkissun, but near him. He, Ramkissun, declared he did not know what had brought her there, and she only gave evasive answers. She was sent home under the charge of the catechist—not home to her husband however, for it was feared that he, in his anger, might "chop her up," but to a friend.

There was still no direct evidence against Ramkissun; so he was left in his position.

Late that night, Mr. Thomson received a visit from Ramkissun. He came in haste to say that that night he had been robbed by Ganga and his brother-in-law, that they had threatened his life and that he had to flee to him for safety, and that he and his father were in terror of their lives.

Next morning very early Ramkissun's father came into the office, and bursting into tears, said Ganga and his brother-in-law had broken into his house, ill-treated him shamefully, and had taken away all the money in the house. At the same time he gave the name of witnesses, mentioning among them a Brahmin.

Mr. Thomson took down the statements of the father and son, and as soon as possible went to visit the scene of the robbery at the estate. There was considerable excitement there, the heathen coolies were jubilant, particularly the Brahmin, who had been named as a witness. There he was strutting in front of an audience