

and patience to dwell in a wilderness, far from home and friends, with no one to talk to or visit but the untutored heathen. We make no such sacrifices for Christ or our fellow-creatures; and surely it becomes us to pray for those who do, and to help as much as we can to bring about the time when the desert shall smile as the garden of the Lord.

The following extract from one of the letters of this good Missionary will show what the gospel can do in the hearts of the heathen, and how much of the spirit of that gospel some of them show in seasons of sorrow:—

“Paul Moperi, the brother of King Moschesh, lately accompanied my friend, the Rev. M. Arbousset, to Cape Town, and is now returned to his family. How did he rejoice as he saw his beloved wife, respectably clothed, coming to meet him! Their children—Josephine, Marianne, Sophia, and Apollos—were running by her side, and the little David, who had been born during his father’s absence, was in her arms. I was present at this meeting, and could not help shedding tears of joy. ‘Be happy,’ said I, reaching my hand to the affectionate woman. ‘Yes,’ answered she, ‘and blessed be you, messenger of Christ, who have brought to us the word of life!’ Indeed, all have reason around us to thank that word for every family comfort they enjoy.

Eight days later, however, I was again with Paul and Eliza and wept with them over the coffin of their beloved David. After I had offered them a few words of comfort, Paul addressed his wife in the following manner; ‘Thou knowest, Eliza, that the chiefs of the Basutos are accustomed to distribute their cattle among their people, that they may look after them. If a chief wishes to have one of his oxen back again, he sends a servant to fetch it; and if he does not find the person to whom it was intrusted at home, he waits till he comes. Something like this has happened with our child. Thou hast told me it was sickly from its birth,

and thou hast more than once supposed it was about to die. Without doubt, therefore, the Angel of Death sent by our Almighty Father, had approached the child; and because he did not find me at home, he returned back, and said, “Lord, the man to whom thou didst intrust this child is still far distant.” Then has God graciously waited a little. He has even allowed that I should look upon my son in life for a whole week long; and then the angel has fulfilled his commission. What shall we therefore say to this? Was not our David the heritage of the Lord? We will praise our Heavenly Father, and beg of him for grace, that we may soon find our dear child again in the world above.”

We then sang a verse of a hymn, of which the following is a translation:—
 “Pilgrims and strangers, as our fathers were,
 Shall we always live in this low place?
 Where shall our sorrow and our weeping end?
 With Jesus who is in Heaven.”

—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

May-Day in California.

Many of our readers will no doubt be glad to hear of the Sunday-school cause in California, which we are pleased to say to them is rapidly advancing and becoming highly interesting—blessing the children and the country. Since the close of our conference I have had the pleasure of organizing ten new Sunday schools, gathering in some two hundred and sixty children, and about as many grown persons into our Bible-classes. Among these we have persons of different nations, lands, languages, and colors: among them a few Chinese, Digger, or California Indians, and even a Mohammedan from Calcutta, giving us fine missionary schools and work.

During this month we have had a number of truly interesting Sunday-school celebrations, instead of May-day and pic-nic, or, as father Gruber, of Pennsylvania, had it, “old Nick’s parties.”

The first and most interesting one I