

rejoiced to hear of any one who will volunteer to go and pick up the dropped threads of that work.

The missionaries went a couple of hundred miles further up to find another Livingstonia. They have succeeded in planning a station a little more healthy. The latest letters tell that a little school has been started and a little church erected, where every Sunday two or three hundred naked natives listen to the preaching of the Gospel in their own language. There three or four men are at work. It is only a beginning.

Before I stop I want to give you a traveller's testimony on the spiritual work that is being done by these Missions. It is almost too soon to look for much result; I scarcely looked for any.

But I will tell you what I found.—After I went to the new Livingstonia Station, whither the missionaries proceeded when they were driven from the first by the pestilence, I said to the missionary Dr. Laws, I would like if he would give me one of his best natives. I was going for a long and lonely tour on the plateau, between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, and I wanted a reliable man. There was no such person to be found outside of the Mission stations. Dr. Laws had seven young natives who had been baptized, and he said, "you see we are just struggling to get a foothold in this great country, and I can hardly spare one of my men. But I will give you the worst and one of the least of my youths, and you can see what missionary work in Africa has done." He gave me about the most commonplace-looking native I have ever seen. He could neither read nor write, nor speak a word of English. Dr. Laws said "You can trust him." So he was put at the head of my little army, and away we started over the great Tanganyika plateau.

I remember the first night we pitched our tents, some dozen or fifteen miles from the shores of Lake Nyassa. The sun had gone down, and I had turned in for the night, when I was startled by hearing a peculiar sound at some little distance. It was lovely moonlight. As I drew the curtain of my tent and looked out I saw a little group on bended knees, and in the centre of it was James, my young native convert, holding family worship. Every night on our march, no matter how far we had gone, no matter how tired we were, James gathered the little company who could understand his language, and poured out his heart in prayer to God. I have heard many pray-

ers that moved me, but I never heard anything more touching than the prayers of James. He never closed without praying for the whole known world, as it is known to his simple heart. It consisted of five places. He asked God to bless Blantyre, Livingstonia, Bandawe, Tanganyika and his native village. I have no time to tell you more about James, but I will say this of him, simply as a traveller—we know that travellers have said unkind things about missionaries: during all the time we wandered together through the forests, although he had control of every thing that I had, although he could have taken many things day by day without my knowing it, I never knew him even to take a bead belonging to me. I never found him out in one single thing that I could have called a mistake, much less a sin.

#### PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL IN FRANCE.

There is much sad news coming from France—news of cities overshadowed by pestilence and abandoned of their inhabitants—of fears of coming change disquieting the dwellers in the capital, and of rumors of impending revolution making men's hearts to fail for the terror thereof. But their is good news also—news of the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. Some of the reports seem like exaggerations, especially those which come from the South of France. One of the religious journals says: "We could no longer doubt the exactitude of the recital of the Pentecost, for we have seen the facts reproduced, in measure, under our own eyes, whole families, and almost entire villages, are brought to God. No movement could be more calm and serious. The only means employed have been the clear and simple preaching of the gospel and prayer. Prayer above all! Certainly, if God has honored anything with us, it is prayer. Formerly the people were soon tired of the services, and soon went to sleep; now, after the dismissal of the meeting is announced, some note of praise or prayer continues to be poured forth."

During the past year the congregation of Fort Massey received the largest number into the membership of the church. Forty-five were added to the communion roll.