

and examining locations around Ntue, with reference to the teacher's house.

About noon I announced my intention to leave in the afternoon for Vinhi, at the Falls, so as to be able to make an early start in the morning, and to avoid the drenching which I should surely get in walking through the heavy dew, and perhaps rain, early in the morning. All expressed great regret, as they said the people were not near done seeing me yet. I felt quite ready to dispense with this latter kindness; but it was with real regret that I tore myself away from this most beautiful locality I had ever seen—from this most inviting of missionary fields.

And this was increased by the uniform kindness of the people. I was much struck with their frank, confiding manner, as compared with that of the people on the coast, and especially with their readiness to communicate information about the town and their neighboring tribes.

The spot of ground assigned for the mission-house was visited by the Bishop. It is a beautiful hill, half way between the capital town Ntue To and the river depot, Vinhi. On arriving at the latter place, the Bishop says:—

"I had laid myself comfortably down on my blanket in front of his house, in the bright moonlight when my host Yida, returned home. While he and the king of the town were each cooking supper for us, with E. P. M. as singer, a Christian lad, who was returning to Cavalla with me, I sang several hymns. The people and children gradually gathered around us as they returned from their labors and bathing.—All seemed much interested, and requested us again and again to sing. I observed one young man, who had a native harp in his hand, more than another absorbed in the music. I requested him to sing and play a tune. He instantly complied, and Paganini himself could not have been more perfectly absorbed in his own music, no, considering the difference in instruments, have performed better. But when I had the curiosity to inquire what were the sentiments which had so carried away the musician, they were heathen; alas, too heathen to bear repetition! And I could but return thanks for the mercy which had given to me, and all under our influence, the glorious psalms and hymns in which we are wont to pour forth our hearts in praise to God.

"It was late—near 9 o'clock—before the people were sufficiently rested to assemble for religious services. But then nearly all seemed to come and listen most attentively to the words of life. And for some time afterwards they sat around, apparently delighted to converse about what they had heard. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, with bundles of rice and fowls tied on one side, and a hot fire on the other (most important to expel the dense fogs from the open houses), I lay down and slept until half past 5 o'clock next morning.

Of his return down the river, the Bishop speaks briefly, but pleasantly:—

"Far different was this from our toilsome journey up. Now, with little effort on the part of the men, we were borne down at the rate of five miles an hour. To add to my pleasure, the whole of the journey was performed during the day, thus allowing me, what was not possible coming up, a full view of the country.

"For some six miles below the Falls the river is skirted with mountains, hills, and beautiful eminences. But below this, though the banks are for the most part high, and the land everywhere undulating and picturesque, there are no elevations which can be called mountains.

"Passing rapidly by towns and tribes, we reached home, in safety and health, at a quarter before 8 o'clock, just 12 hours after leaving Vinhi."

Thus ended a tour, which, we trust, will open a new career of conquest over the dense heathenism of Africa.

LUCKNOW.—This city, where the English residents have been in great peril, is the Capital of Oude, the Kingdom which England recently annexed to her other Indian possessions. Its population is about 200,000, and is situated on the south side of the river Gomti, which is at all times navigable, and falls into the Ganges between Benares and Gazy-poor. By the nearest road it is 630 miles from Calcutta, 280 miles from Delhi, 202 miles from Agra, and 180 miles from Benares, all important points at this moment.—The streets in Lucknow occupied by the lower classes, are sunk ten or twelve feet below the surface, and are so narrow that the carts can scarcely pass each other; but the palaces, mosques and burial grounds are gorgeously magnificent. It was some years since one of the largest and richest cities in Hindostan.

Youths' Department.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S GRAVE.

Sortly, peacefully
Lay her to rest;
Place the turf lightly
On her young breast;
Gently, solemnly
Bend o'er the bed
Where ye have pillowed
Thus early her head.

Plant a young willow
Close by her grave;
Let its long branches
Soothly wave;
Twine a sweet rose tree
Over the tomb;
Sprinkle fresh buds there—
Beauty and bloom.

Let a bright fountain,
Limpid and clear,
Murmur its music,
Smile through a tear—
Scatter its diamonds
Where the loved lies—
Brilliant and starry
Like angel's eyes.

Then shall the bright birds,
On golden wing,
Lingering ever,
Murmuring sing;
Then shall the soft breeze
Pensively sigh,
Beating rich fragrance
And melody by.

Lay the sod lightly
Over her breast;
Calm be her slumbers,
Peaceful her rest.
Beautiful, lovely,
She was but given,
A fair bud to earth,
To blossom in heaven.

RAGGED TOM, THE SURETY.

One Saturday afternoon, a big boy stood at the door of a Sabbath school. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sabbath before. His father and mother had brought him, and begged that he might be received again. The superintendent said:—"We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid that he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets a wicked example."

"We know he is a very bad boy at school, sir," said the parent, "but he is ten times worse at home; he will be lost if you do not take him back."

"We could take him back, if we could secure his good behaviour. I will see," thought the superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and rang his bell for silence. All listened while he said, "That boy wants to come back into the school again; but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behaviour. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed. The elder boys shook their heads. They said they knew him too well. The others did not care for him. But one little boy pined the big bad boy, and was very sorry that no one could be surety. The boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, or his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard his little voice, saying, "If you please sir, I will sir."

"You, Tom! a little boy like you. Do you know what it means to be surety, Tom?"

"Yes, sir, if you please; it means when he is a bad boy again, I'm to be punished for it."

"And are you willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes, sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy with a downcast face walked across the floor.

He was thinking as he walked, "I know I'm a bad boy, but I'm not so bad as that! I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—never! I think, God had put that thought into the big boy's mind. He was graciously helping Tom's work as the surety."

As the children were leaving school, the superintendent saw this big boy and little Tom walking and talking together. He said to himself, "I am afraid that big boy will do Tom harm. I must go and look after them."

When he reached the cottage where Tom lived, he said to the mother, "Where is your son, Tom?"

"Oh! he's just gone up stairs with a great boy that he brought in with him. I don't know what they are doing."

"May I go up?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

The superintendent went slowly and gently up the stairs, and as he reached the top he could see through the door that Tom and the big boy were kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice, saying, "O Lord, make this boy that has been the worst boy in the school, O Lord, make him the best boy."

The superintendent knelt down by Tom's side, and they all knelt together.

God heard them, and made the big bad boy to be one of the best boys in the school. And he said:

ed up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and after that sent him to college so that he was able to go as a missionary to the heathen.—*Sabbath School Journal.*

Selections.

According to the recently published agricultural statistics, it would appear that in 1857 there were in Ireland 5,860,089 statute acres under tillage, being an increase of 106,542 acres over the quantity in 1856:—

This addition to the extent of land under crops is composed of an increase in cereal crops of 2,508 acres—in green crops, of 45,637, and of the land under meadow and clover 66,634 acres—making in all 114,779, from which a decrease in flax of 8,237 acres is to be taken. In the cereal crops, wheat shows an increase of 31,531 acres in 1857, compared with the previous year; and barley, here, rye, beans, and peas, of 27,536 acres; but oats show a decrease equal to 58,559 acres. In green crops—potatoes continue to be more extensively cultivated, 42,216 acres having been planted in 1857 above the number returned for 1856. Turnips, on the contrary, have diminished, 4,487 acres less having been sown in 1857 than in 1856, in which year there were more than 12,000 acres under the quantity returned for 1855. Potatoes would, therefore, still appear to be the favorite green crop of the Irish farmer. Mangold wurtzel, beetroot, vetches, and rape, also carrots, parsnips, and cabbages also increase in cultivation, 1857 exhibiting an extent in these crops above 1856 of 7,908 acres, and over 1855 of 12,858 acres—thus in some degree compensating for the falling off in turnips.

The value of each description of stock in 1856 and 1857, and the increase or decrease in the latter year was as under:—

	1856	1857	1857	
	£	£	Increase	Decrease.
Horses, at 8l.	£4,587,264	£4,805,544	£218,280	—
Cattle, at 6l. 10	23,321,077	23,520,536	199,459	—
Sheep, at 1l. 2	4,063,723	3,791,543	—	£270,180
Pigs, at 1l. 5	1,148,156	1,565,180	417,024	—

A CONTENTED MAN.—Editorial life has many burdens and cares, but the following incident shows that it is not wanting either in dignity or comfort:—"Black was a great favorite with L. R. Melbourne.—On one occasion the Peer said:—"Mr. Black, you are the only person who comes to see me who forgets who I am." The editor opened his eyes with astonishment. "You forget that I am the Prime Minister. Everybody else takes especial care to remember it; but I wish they would forget it; for they only remember it to ask me for places or favors. Now, Mr. Black, you never ask me for anything; and I wish you would, too seriously, I should be most happy to do anything in my power to serve you." "I am truly obliged," said Mr. Black; "but I don't want anything. I am editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. I like my business, and I am happy on the income." "Then," said the Peer, "I envy you, and you are the only man I ever did."

RELIEF AGAINST CELIBACY.—Several female clubs have been formed in the departments of the Var and the Gironde, in France, for mutual relief against celibacy. The original club, after which the others are modelled, has been in existence for four years. Each member pays 10l. monthly to the treasurer. These subscriptions produce annually 24,000l., to which is added the amount raised by two half yearly lotteries, of which the prizes are composed of valuable articles, the gift of the members. The original club is composed of 200 young ladies. At the end of the year the society is enabled to dispose of 30,000l. or 40,000l., which serve to give a marriage portion to two or three of the members chosen by ballot. If the fortunate candidates are not married within a year, the money returns to the common fund, and additional candidates are portioned the following year. The members of the club continue to pay their subscription ten years after marriage, and are bound to facilitate by all means in their power the marriage of their former associates. The members of the association, married or single, are bound as long as they live to aid and succor their fellow-members under all circumstances.

THE MARCH TO UTAH.—The *St. Louis Republican*, of the 31st ult., says:—"It gives us pleasure to learn, by advices as late as Oct. 7th, from Fort Kearney, that the 'rear guard' of the 'Army for Utah,' composed of 6 companies of the U. S. Dragoons, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Cooke, had passed that point in fine health and spirits, and are now doubtless near Laramie. Considering the lateness of the season and the nature of the country which this command must traverse in order to reach its destination, their safe arrival in Utah in its condition for immediate service is beyond the hopes of the most sanguine of those acquainted with the difficulties which must surround them. This portion of the Utah army will probably reach the Salt Lake City as early as the 20th of November. To give some idea of the natural objects to contend with in this march, I extract the following from a writer whose frontier service has familiarized him with hardship and danger. "In 1845 I marched with Col. Kearney to the South Pass, with 6 companies 1st Dragoons; it was the most favorable season. We passed Fort Laramie in June in front of the immigration; the first march was 37 miles, before water and grass in sufficiency were found together." [Note.—The ordinary march of cavalry is 18 miles.] "A desolate, uninteresting country prevails beyond. Repeatedly we had to make a difficult ford of the North Fork Platte River to reach grass. On this, Sweetwater there was in June and July frequently a black frost. Leaving the worst horses at Laramie, and in one or two of the best spots beyond, I think not the half of the command went as far as the South Pass. This Pass is in lat. 42. The extensive Piedmont to the East—near 7000 feet high—and to the west, where there is very little descent, and a