

yes.' I confess I almost gasped for breath; up to this point everything had seemed perfect, and had I gone no further I might have yielded to the temptation of 'premature reporting,' and penned an account of a village converted and ready for Christian baptism. But I could not forbear continuing the test. 'If you become Christians you must give up sin.' Silence. 'You must give up lying.' A smile ran round the audience, and a voice said: 'We cannot agree to that.' 'God requires it of you. Lying, thieving, impurity, sin in all its forms you must give up if you want Jesus to save you.' The negative was more pronounced; and I went on sadly: 'You cannot serve the true God and worship idols; you cannot trust both Jesus and Pylajar. Are you willing to give up these things, that He who died for you may save and bless you?' Ah, no; willing to accept if they might do so while the life remained unaltered; willing to accept *everything*, to give up *nothing!*' We commend this to the Salvation Army.—*Harvest Field* (Madras).

—Mr. Lazarus, of the Danish Mission in Madras, remarks that the spasmodic attempt to organize resistance by Hindu street-preaching has collapsed. All the heathen street preachers have disappeared. Of course the attempt may be renewed, but, like all attempts to graft Christian usages on a heathen trunk, it will always fail anew. Julian the Apostate was the first signal example of this, with his futile endeavors to spur the pagan priesthood up to imitation of the purity and beneficence which still, as a whole, distinguished the Christian clergy. The Hindu Tract Society, with its abusive publications, has also dissolved itself.

—"Even in a parish town there is a distinct public sentiment, not to speak of ridicule and persecution. The baptism of the first woman was a critical event in Elavore's history. The other women's sorrowful lament over what they regarded as a fatal act—namely, the

renunciation of their forefathers' gods and of their village goddess—had an extreme power over a simple woman who had decided to receive baptism. Yet she wavered only a moment, and then was herself again. In the moment when she did so, despite the deafening cries and curses outside, she celebrated a great victory, and in her the cross of Christ. Since this crisis the current has turned in our favor.—MR. LAZARUS, in *Dansk Missions-Blad*.

MADAGASCAR.

—"Imèrina, the central and ruling province of Madagascar, is from 4000 to 4500 feet above the sea-level, so that, although well within the tropics, it enjoys a pleasant, temperate climate, made quite cool and bracing in the cooler season by the southeast trade-winds, which come fresh and moist over the forest belt and the wooded eastern plains. The atmosphere is wonderfully pure and clear, so that hills many miles away stand out with a sharp and distinct outline that is very deceptive to those newly come from our more misty air and our gray English skies.

"The general aspect of this region is bare, as it is destitute of wood except in the hollows, although there are patches of primeval forest still left in the northern parts of the province. There is a great extent of moorlike hills, so that but for the brilliant sunshine and the generally clear skies, Imèrina would, like much of the other central portions of central Madagascar, be somewhat dreary, especially as the grass gets brown and parched toward the middle of the dry season. To myself, however, the extensive prospects, the presence of high hills, the pure atmosphere, and the exhilarating air always gave an indefinable charm to the landscape even of the Hova province. But it is toward sunset that Imèrina is seen in its most attractive aspect. As the sun sinks lower and lower, the hills, range beyond range, are colored with the richest shades of purple, the sky flames with crimson and gold, the long lines of red