

neys they do much good, but they sometimes meet with difficulties and even danger. A Missionary thus describes one of his tours :—

“ I preached the Gospel to the people of sixty-five villages. We gave away many books and tracts, and not a few were willingly purchased by the multitude. We offered salvation to thousands, and entreated them to drink of the water of life, and not to seek to wash away their sins by bathing in the river Ganges. I have pitched my tent in cities and villages—in gardens and in deserts—in the open fields and near the idol temples—on hills and in valleys—in hot and in cold situations—yea ! even near the dens of tigers, and leopards, but the Lord has protected me through all, and hitherto preserved me in health. The Gospel is making its free and sure course through India, and I brought the persuasion back with me from this journey, that before long the Gospel will have a glorious triumph in this country. A heathen said to me, ‘ Our religion is like a tree whose leavs are withered and falling—its branches cut off, and its trunk rotten. Christianity will soon grow into a beautiful tree in its place, and that in no long time ! ’ The Lord be praised for this hope and comfort.”

In the course of this journey, the Missionaries went to a part of India where no white man had ever been before. The people were, of course, surprised at their faces, their dress, and the purpose of their visit, and looked upon them as if they had come from another world. And generally they were treated with kindness ; but there was one place where it was otherwise. It was a large village, where there lived a great many of those enemies of the Gospel—the Brahmins. These men saw that if the poor, ignorant people believed what the strangers taught them, their gain would be destroyed. They therefore persuaded the people not to listen

to their preaching. “ But if,” writes the Missionaries, “ they would not hear our *word*, they were compelled to take a lesson from our *boots*.”— This you will think was a very strange way of teaching the truth ; and certainly it was. But it answered the purpose, as you shall hear. In that place, there was a large temple, on both sides of which stood rows of houses where the Brahmins lived.— Now, these Brahmins had made the people believe that the temple and the large open court around it were so holy that, if any person went in with their shoes or sandals upon their feet, the blood would instantly stream out from their nose and mouth, and that they would drop down dead upon the ground as a sacrifice to the anger of the gods. No one, therefore, ventured into the sacred place, or thought of doing so, without first putting off his shoes.— Now, as the Missionaries had not been there before, they knew nothing of all this, and, being curious to see the temple, they, and some converted Hindoos who were with them, walked boldly into it. No sooner, however, had they entered than a number of Brahmins who saw them ran quickly towards the spot upon which they were standing, and gathering around them in a circle, begun to threaten and to curse them in a very violent manner ; but the Missionaries were not to be driven away by angry looks and empty words. They therefore remained standing upon the sacred ground, and tried to show the Brahmins the falsehood and folly of their superstition.

While this was going on, the people, who had heard what the strangers had done, gathered together and came as near to them as they dared. There they stood with their necks stretched out, and their eyes fixed upon the Missionaries ; for they had all believed up to this time, and still believed, what the Brahmins had told them, and they therefore expected every moment to see the men, who had been so bold as