

baby's body, wrapped up in cloth, was jammed into the fork of a fir tree about 5½ feet from the ground. The earth was black, wet and filthy, and the stench repulsive. Here and there lay the bleached bones and sodden tangled mane and tails of defunct ponies which had been shot when their warrior owners died; also several skeletons of dogs. Beside each body lay a bundle of earthly goods, blankets, leggings, saddles, etc., also cups tin pots, kettles and everything that the spirit of the departed could be supposed to want. Pursuing our explorations, we came upon a "death teepee." I had heard of these and had often desired to see one. It was just an ordinary teepee or Indian lodge, made of poles leaning from the edge of a circle fifteen feet or so in diameter to a point at the top, and covered closely with common tent cloth. The stench was disgusting and the ground like a cess-pool, but I wanted to see all, so we effected an entrance and examined the contents. The old warrior, whoever he may have been, was wrapped up in rotting, sodden grey blankets, sitting with his back against an ordinary Indian back rest. We could not see his face as the blanket covered it, but the top of his scalp was visible, and a great bunch of slimy, filthy-looking eagle feathers adorned his head. Just behind him hung his leathern quiver, full of arrows, ornamented with a leathern fringe two feet in length, and his tobacco pouch worked with beads, and by his side were a tin basin and a fire-blackened tin pot with a cover on it. At his feet rested a large bundle of blankets, clothing and other effects. I made a hasty sketch of the scene, and then we crept out through the hole by which we had entered, and replaced everything as neatly and hastily as possible. The graveyard was in sight of the Indian camp about two miles away, and we were rather afraid some of the Indians would come galloping over to see what we were doing. It was a relief to mount our horses and breathe once more the fresh air of the prairie."

In parochial choirs the use of "services" and anthems is, as a general rule, very strongly to be deprecated. And for four good reasons. (1) A parish choir's rendering of elaborate music, as compared to their earnest and reverent singing of a simple chant or hymn, is inefficient and clumsy, and therefore they are not giving to God of their best. (2) Elaborate music cuts at the root of congregational music, since the people, being unable to join in it, feel themselves shut out from the singing. (3) It tends to make the choir trespass beyond their legitimate functions, and so supersede instead of leading the singing. (4) It will be found to add materially to the length of the service, which is highly undesirable. Therefore let the ordinary parish choir show themselves off in concerts and entertainments, by all means, but let them not find in the Church and its services an arena for crude displays.

Not here, nor there, but in a self forgot
Greatness is found of them that seek her not.

DR. PARKER, of the City Temple says:—"It is a remarkable fact that the men who have denied either the God-head of Christ, or the reality of the supernatural, have never been able to draw within their ministry those who are known as the common people. They seem to have nothing to say to the broken heart of the world. They philosophize and rationalize and theorize with abundance of ability, but to the agony of life's future and bitterness they have no message. Take such men as James Martineau and Stopford Brooke, and where can more intellectual ministries be found? We are justly proud of them as men of literature, and men of genius, yet I venture to say that outcast London never heard their names as Christian preachers. They gather round them the rich, the intelligent, the cultivated, and in some instances, the pedantic and the conceited, but I question whether a tear was either shed or dried under their cultivated or eloquent rationalism. For Martineau, Brooke, Frederic Harrison, Charles Voysey, and others whom they represent, I have the highest personal admiration and respect, but for want of a Gospel made pathetic and mighty by the cross of Christ, the world, in its vastness, does not know them, and in its anguish never asks for their aid."—*The Advance*.

THERE are 600 native newspapers in India, all of which, with the exception of about half a dozen, are bitterly opposed to Christianity. Societies are now being organized for the dissemination of the skeptical writings of England and America. An important one is in operation from Lahore as a centre, while another has its headquarters in Benares. The pictures of the gods best known to the Hindoo pantheon are even lithographed in Germany and England, and are sold in Calcutta. Native rajahs interest themselves in circulating Hindoo tracts, and have adopted shrewd methods to carry on their work. The Rev. Mr. Craven informs me that he knows of one rajah alone who is printing just now, at his own expense, 2,000,000 of Hindoo tracts, and intends to distribute them at the larger fairs of North India.

The missionaries, however, keep close watch over these antagonistic forces. They, too, are enlarging their operations rapidly. But the churches and societies which they represent should adopt far more liberal measures to furnish the millions of natives to whom they are sent with some Christian literature. The passion for reading has struck every part of India. The people will have books and newspapers. It is for the Western Christian world to say what their fibre should be.—*Dr. Hurst in Harper's Magazine*.

BISHOP Stuart, of Waiapu, says that the number of native clergymen laboring in New Zealand, has been lately trebled, and that they are not supported by money from England, but by the contributions and endowments of their own people.