

seemed to say, 'I know not what to do next.' But her indecision was momentary; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to 'lie still,' balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea. Joseph now determined to see the result. His eyes followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky; and then disappeared. She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned on a slow, weary wing, flying uncommonly low, in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons. On nearing the field, she made a circuit around it to see if her enemies were again there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached her tree drooping, faint and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner such as—save the cooking—a king might admire. 'Glorious bird,' cried the boy in ecstasy and aloud, 'what a spirit! others can sing more sweetly, others can scream more loudly—but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed—when weary—when discouraged—when so far from the sea, would do what thou hast done! I will learn a lesson from thee to-day. I will never forget hereafter, that when the spirit is determined it can do almost any thing. Others would have drooped the head, and mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings; but thou, by at once recovering the loss, hast forgotten all. I will learn of thee, noble bird! I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to do something, and to be something in the world; and I will never yield to discouragements.'"

### THE KARENS.

#### THEIR RECEPTION OF THE GOSPEL.

One of the most remarkable things about the Karens and the mission to them, is the singular way in which every thing seems

prepared by God, amongst them, for the receiving of the gospel. Very strange stories indeed could be told you showing this, and I am going to put down some in my account to-day. In some places the missionaries have been met by processions of the people, welcoming their entrance to their villages, as a fulfilment of prophecy, and singing Karen hymns about it, which showed their openness to receive the truth. In other places the people having heard of the likelihood of the missionaries coming to them, have even built places to meet in when they came, that they might have every thing ready to hear and receive the gospel at once. Natives often have also gone before them unknown to them, preparing their way, and giving such representations of the good things the missionaries had to state, that the people hailed their arrival with delight.

When the first missionaries passed through the jungle, to a number of villages in a part of the country called Mergui, they were met at the entrance of the first village by a number of women and other persons, who gave them a welcome, by singing a hymn, the first verse and chorus of which run thus—

"The Lord his messengers doth send,  
And he himself will quickly come;  
The priests of Boodh, whose reign is short,  
Must leave the place to make them room."

You will wonder how they should be thus prepared to receive the missionaries. The missionaries were guided to the place by a clever chief, who had sent the people word to meet them; but they had never heard the gospel, and the singular welcome they gave, is amongst the many strange things that have happened in God's sending them his truth.

On one occasion, the missionaries had gone down a river some two days' journey south of this place, where they accidentally met with a religious teacher and his wife, who persuaded them to visit their village, and started on before them to prepare the people. When they arrived, they found all made ready, and a number willing, and glad to hear the missionary preach or read. He took out a tract and read; and as he did so, the teacher kept calling out "The Lord!"—"The Lord!"—"The Lord!" This man, though not a Christian, had built an addition to his house for worship, where he and his neighbors met every evening to pray and sing hymns. The missionary saw an idol's shrine in his house, and told him it was wrong. He at