

from it her thought travelled into the interior. Could not a church be built there? and could not her music box be used in the purchase of a site? These were her queries as she carried it to the Missionary Rooms.

It happened that from her own State, and from the bank of the same river near which was her home, had gone the Rev. Ira M. Preston and wife to the Gaboon Mission, and thence to an interior station among the Bakali people. It also happened that when she carried her music box to the city these missionaries were on a visit to their home. On their return to Africa they took it with them, but had no occasion to use it for the purchase of a site for a church, as her thought had been anticipated by African chiefs, who donated land for mission purposes.

Guided by facts mentioned in a letter from Mrs. Preston, I can follow the music box from my own home to here, and to the end of its mission. It was a wonderful curiosity to the Bakali people. It so excited their fears that the first name by which they called it was *Okukwe*, a ghost. Becoming more familiar with it, and recognizing it as having a similar purpose to one of their bamboo instruments, they changed its name to *Diheca*. For the missionary it became an instrument of another kind. A Bakali, making his first visit to the missionary station, would listen to its tones, and then to the voice of the teacher of salvation. The news of the wonderful box was carried to distant villages, whence numbers came to hear it. Its tunes were of a lively character, but its meanings were very diverse in the minds of the listeners, whose interpretations were a great amusement to the Christian teachers. One old, old woman who looked upon it as an intelligent being, declared: "It insults me; it says over and over, 'You have not many chickens!'"

Mrs. Preston tells how well it did its missionary work, and brightened their lonely lives in the African jungle for years.

But the music box, like the Preacher's daughters of music, "was brought low"; for it had a fall, and its work was done. That day was a memorable one among the Bakali people. The box could no longer tell of chickens nor be an instrument of salvation.

That noble Christian woman tells how the incidents of her African life are vanishing from her memory, but those here recorded, twenty-eight years after the box came into her possession, are still fresh reminders of Mother Strickland, who, though living in a Christian land, dwelt almost in the darkness of an African jungle, lighted only by the flame of her lonely altar.

For seven successive years Mother Strickland made her quarterly visits to the city, to sell the products of her farm, and to consecrate a portion of the proceeds to the Lord of the harvest. She was finally induced to accept the hospitality of Dr. Weed's family, instead of occupying her wagon in the streets. This gave opportunity to learn the peculiarities of her mental and spiritual character more fully. As already stated, with increased knowledge there were corresponding interests and action; but this interest was limited to whatever pertained directly to the kingdom of God.

One evening she accompanied the family to a lecture by that brilliant Christian astronomer, Professor O. M. Mitchell. But for her that hour was wasted time. She was confident that he knew nothing about the worlds so far away, and it would be wiser for him to devote his time and thought and labor to things more sure and more useful.

One day Mother Strickland came on her usual errand to

the spot which had become sacred to her, because a centre of good and the altar of her gifts. As near as I can calculate, it must have been the twentieth visit. Hard work, bitter trials and time had wrought a great change in her appearance. She entered the Bible Depository with a weary gait, evidently bearing a burden from which she wished to be immediately relieved. It was another silver offering—fifty dollars.

She felt that this visit was her last, and so bade goodbye to him who had been the trusted almoner of her gifts, the enlightener in Christian work, the friend and host, and to the hostess who had so often welcomed and comforted her in the Christian home which contrasted so strongly with her own. The presentiment came true. They saw her face no more.

Work Abroad.

LETTERS FROM TUNI.

Brother Walker writes me that the case which has been pending for some months in the Peddapur Munsiff's Court re. Mission land in Chendurthy, has at last come up for a hearing, and was decided in favor of the Mission. This is certainly a cause for thankfulness to God, for if it had gone against us the preacher would have been compelled to leave his house and the work of the Gospel would have been seriously hindered.

Brother Walker further says that an appeal against this judgment will be made, and writes for my diary for 1893, as additional evidence may be required.

Referring to the above, I may say that the charge made, by which the ownership of the land was disputed, is a perfectly unjust one, and is simply an attempt to turn Preacher Daniel out of Chendurthy.

The Christians in that village have suffered much from the persecution of their enemies, the principal ones being the *Munsiff* and *Kernam* of the village.

The letter again says: "We are all well. The long, hot season is over, and now copious rains flood the country, and the steaming, misty air proves very trying indeed."

Cornelius, my Tunni preacher, writes that Mr. Walker is looking after the work well during my absence, and says that the Tunni Christians are praying for Mrs. Garalde and myself, and trust that we may be fully restored to health and soon come back to them.

Cornelius, who was ordained just before I left India, has been touring and visiting the different out-stations, where he has encouraged the Christians and dispensed the Lord's Supper. In Chendurthy some are said to be believing. On Saturday Cornelius as usual teaches the school girls singing. He asks our prayers for the work on the Tunni field.

Samuel, a student who is working on the Tunni field, writes that he often remembers us as he works, preaching from village to village, which, he says, is a labor of love to him.

R. GARSIDE.

Hamill's Point, Muskoka, Aug. 17, '94.