

its wild simple melody, how every heart must have risen up to God, and every eye dropped its humble tear! Think you not that Jesus was there, when the bread was broken by the trembling hands at the rude table, as He was, with that other great multitude in the desert place. (Matthew xiv. 13-21.)

TURKEY—FIRST FRUITS.

One of our missionaries (Mr. Marcussohn) at Salonica undertook a journey lately to some of the old Greek cities farther south, near the lovely shores of the Ægean sea. At Cassandra, while a little congregation was worshipping with him in a small house at the foot of a steep hill, a huge stone was rolled from the cliffs down upon the roof of their lowly temple. Some days afterwards they found out the authors of this wicked deed, and publicly, in the meek spirit of Jesus, forgave them the evil they would have done. The Greeks, shame-smitten by the tenderness of the missionaries, promised they would persecute no more. Then, at another place called Balta, a scene of great interest took place, in the baptism of a little child. Hear it described in the missionary's own words.

"More than sixty persons came to the house, in order to see how Protestants would baptise. Many said, that if it were done in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, they also would become Protestants, for the priests had told them that we do not believe in the Holy Trinity. The house being rather small, and the day most beautiful, I proposed that the baptism should be performed in the court-yard under the canopy of heaven. A table covered with a white cloth, bearing upon it the word of truth and life, was our altar, and the sacrifices we offered were prayers and praises to the Holy One of Israel; and instead of images and saints, the heavens and the bright sun—the handiwork of Jehovah—smiled on our exercises; and instead of the puerile ceremonies of the priests, we spoke to them of the faith of Abraham by which he was justified, and tried to explain to them that baptism was nothing without a living faith in Chr'st. The mother gave the child to the father, who presented it to me, and I named it Anastasia, baptising it in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, according to the command of our divine Saviour and then dismissed the congregation with the blessing. They were all very much satisfied, and I trust the Lord will turn their hearts from the precepts of men to the faith of the living God!"—*Church of Scotland Juvenile Record.*