

obeyed his orders, and went. He had not been there long before he applied to the chief commissioner of the Punjab for his consent to the establishment of a mission.

The commissioner's reply was emphatic: no missionary should cross the Indus so long as he was Commissioner of Peshawar. A few short months, then a change came. The commissioner was sitting one day in the verandah of his house when an Afghan approached with a petition. He took it and began to read; the next moment he lay a corpse—the assassin's dagger had too surely done its work.

Major Herbert Edwardes was then appointed commissioner. He viewed things differently; the permission for a mission was allowed, and on December 19, 1853, the missionary gathering we have alluded to took place. It was the day of the Peshawar races. "Ought not," suggested some one a few days before it was held, "our meeting to be deferred until after the races?"

"What!" said Major Martin, fresh from his closet of prayer, "put off the work of God for a steep-chase? Never!"

The meeting was not postponed, but held. A few only were present; but God's Spirit was there, and He made His presence unmistakably felt; and men's hearts, and women's hearts, too, burned within them as they spoke one to another, and listened to the words of Edwardes, who seemed as one inspired, and this at a time when the blood of his murdered predecessor was not yet effaced from his verandah.

At the meeting 14,000 rupees, or £1,400, were subscribed towards the new mission, and in a few weeks the sum was raised to 30,000 rupees, or £3,000.

Many there were in India who viewed the undertaking with fear. One officer wrote on the subscription list, "One rupee for a revolver for the use of the first missionary." He thought the God of missions could not take care of His servants in so dangerous a place. He had said in Peshawar that the missionaries could never exist without the protection of his sepoy. But he was the first officer who was himself cut down, together with his wife, by his own sepoy at the commencement of the mutiny in Meerut.

The first missionaries to Peshawar were the Rev. R. Clark, who had been at work at Amritsar since 1851, the Rev. Dr. Pfander, who had been at Agra, and Major Martin, who had left the service of the Government to become a missionary.

Dr. Pfander began to preach. His friends said he would be killed. He went on preaching. Even by the local committee it was thought that preaching should be suspended for a time, but Dr. Pfander, in his quiet, simple way, said, "I must act as God guides me," and he went on preaching. From that time to this danger has often been near. No Afghan has ever touched a missionary to do him harm, though many officers of rank have been struck down by Afghan knives. It is true that the Rev. I. Loewenthal, a missionary of the American Presbyterian Society, was

shot in his garden one dark night in 1864, but this had no connection with missions, and the man who did the deed was a Sikh. A knife, too, was once raised against Mr. Tutting when preaching, but it was not allowed to fall.

Under the combined efforts of the three missionaries already mentioned the mission was soon in complete working order. A school was opened, a chapel erected, premises purchased, and teaching and preaching and receiving inquirers left the missionaries but little time for themselves.

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## PASSING AWAY.



TRIUMPHAL entry into the city was once accorded by the senate of Rome to a successful general. Crowned with laurels, and surrounded by his children, the general stood in a chariot, accompanied by one who held over his head a crown glittering with costly jewels. Bands of musicians went before him, playing and singing joyous songs; and there were also victims adorned for sacrifice, captives taken in battle, and carriages piled up with spoil. Officers of justice, consuls, and senators took their

places in the procession; and the whole was closed in by the army that had been led on to victory after victory by their favourite general.

To numbers who witnessed the triumph, it would seem as though the man to whom it had been decreed had attained the summit of human ambition, and had nothing left him to desire. That, at any rate, was the feeling of a courtier who, along with an illustrious prince, was amongst the spectators of the scene; for, turning to the prince, he asked: "What is wanting here?"

"What is wanting?" was the reply. "This is wanting—continuance."

The prince was right. The triumph would soon come to an end; the music would be hushed, the shouts of applause would die away; and that very night the whole would be a thing of the past. Continuance was wanting to make the joy complete; and there was no continuance.

Who has not felt deeply the uncertainty and the changefulness of all earthly things? It is a thought especially sad to those who have no portion beyond.

This is true of everything earthly. Nothing lasts.

Youth does not last. The bloom fades from the cheek, the brightness passes from the eye, the step loses its elasticity, the voice its ring, the spirits their buoyancy.

Pleasure does not last. Not only the pleasures of sin, but all earthly pleasures, whether lawful or unlawful, are but for a season.

Wealth does not last. "Riches certainly make themselves wings, they fly away as an eagle toward heaven." And the end will come, and then they must all be left.