

Missionary Readings.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A MISSIONARY IN BURMAH.

DR. BUNKER popped in upon us the other morning. He came down in the night train, and was going back in the night train; only here for the day, to lay in his supplies for a three months' tour off among the Breecks—a tribe of Karens, very low down and fierce, hitherto unapproachable, but a great change has come over them in this wise:—A little while ago a company of this tribe made a raid on a Christian village, and carried off three captives, two boys and a girl. They said, "Now we'll see; if the Christians' God delivers these captives out of our hands we will believe in Him, and all become Christians; but if their God cannot deliver them we'll go over and take some more captives." Just at this juncture Dr. Bunker arrived at the village of Christians, who had all been praying for help. They quickly told Dr. B., and he said, "Well, this is a case of God *versus* the Devil," and he felt strong to say, "God will deliver them; keep on praying." He sent a message demanding the release of the captives to the fierce, warlike tribe, and got the word back, "Come on; get them if you can; we have guns." He sent them then his *ultimatum*, as he called it: "If you do not deliver up those captives we will leave you in the hands of our God, who can deal with you." Meanwhile he and all the Christians prayed mightily. The messengers with the "ultimatum" met them on the road bringing back one of the captives. He then selected one of his preachers and fourteen followers to go unarmed for the other two. When they got to the village they did not say a word to any of the tribe, but planted themselves in the road. The preacher took out his hymn-book and read a hymn, which they sang; then he read a portion of Scripture and preached, then prayed, and by that time the villagers brought the captives to them and said, "Now take them, and be gone." This, of course, has made a great stir among the Christians, and they expect a great ingathering from the Breecks. The captives tell them that a brother of the chief who stole the captives talked strongly about the wickedness of the deed (himself an awfully wicked man), and the wife of the chief begged her husband to make peace while he could, showing how God was operating to bring about answers to the prayers of the Christians.—*Life and Light*.

HORRID HEATHEN RITES.

BY late advices from the West Coast of Africa, it is learned that a most revolting sacrifice has just taken place in the interior. A few months ago the old King of Eboe died, and, as is customary, traders from New Calabar went up to pay their respects to the new monarch. On their arrival the traders found the "Ju Ju" rites, performed on the death of the native king, still in progress, and about forty victims had been sacrificed. The old king was still lying in an open grave large enough to accommodate nine of the departed ruler's youngest wives, who had been mur-

dered in the most cruel manner. Each of them had her ankles and wrists broken, so that she could neither walk nor crawl. In this maimed condition, and suffering most excruciating pain, the poor creatures were placed at the bottom of the grave, seven of them lying side by side. The king's body was then placed on them in a transverse direction. Then the two remaining women were laid by his side. They were left without food or water to wait for death, which, however, it is said, did not come until after four or five days of intense suffering. In the meantime four men were stationed around the grave, armed with clubs, ready to knock backward any of the women who, despite their tortures and their pain, might manage to crawl to the side of the pit. In other parts of the town other human sacrifices were taking place. Suspended from various trees were the bodies of several men. They, too, were undergoing agonizing deaths, holes having, in most cases, been bored through their feet near the ankles. Through these holes ropes were drawn, and the men were tied to a high tree, head downward, and left to die.—*Presbyterian Review*.

POWER OF A GOOD BOOK.

WHILE Dr. Goodell, a missionary of the American Board, of fragrant memory, was in Beirut, he translated into the Armeno-Turkish language Legh Richmond's tract, "The Dairyman's Daughter." Several years after, in 1832, on his first journey to Broosa, in passing through Nicomedia, he distributed at a church door some of these translated tracts, which had been printed at the mission press at Malta.

Four years later an Armenian priest, named Vertanes, came to Dr. Goodell's house in Constantinople to tell him, as a well-known teacher of evangelical doctrines, the astonishing news of a revival of religion in Nicomedia. It started, the priest frankly confessed, with his reading a tract called "The Dairyman's Daughter," brought to him by a lad who had received it from a stranger at the church door. Reading it attentively, Vertanes received a revelation of the truth as it is in Jesus. He carried the tract to Harutun, a fellow-priest, and he too rejoiced in salvation by Jesus Christ.

"Knowing nothing then of foreign missionaries, these two became missionaries; they gathered their friends together and told them of the true light which had shined into their hearts. Others soon embraced the truth and rejoiced." And now, after four years, these two priests came to Constantinople to ask for prayers and help for those still in darkness.

Who can picture the emotion with which Dr. Goodell told him he had translated and distributed this blessed tract! Who can imagine the feelings of Vertanes at being so unexpectedly brought face to face with the man who, under God, had been the means of his salvation! What communings they must have held that night!

"And when the time of trial came," says Dr. Goodell, "to these two priests, Vertanes and Harutun, and they were called to suffer for the truth, they cheerfully took the spoiling of their goods and endured persecution, even to stonings and imprison-