

certainly anything but acceptable to Christ; but all self-denial which springs from devotion to His call of duty, will be graciously accepted and rewarded. May God incline the hearts of the preachers of the gospel to meet the cry so loudly uttered by the children of Africa from amidst their darkness and utter desolation, 'Come over and help us!' The harvest is great, the labourers few; Lord, send forth labourers into thy harvest."

We observe that an additional labourer has been ordained for Old Calabar, Mr. S. H. Edgerley, the son of a late Missionary. He was to sail on the 24th Dec: for the field of his future labour.

CAFFRARIA.—It has been decided to open a new station on the Upper Thomas River. The region around seems to possess all the requisites for a promising mission field, embracing a fertile valley with a population of 4000 and lying at a considerable distance from any other mission. It is necessary to construct a water course for the purpose of irrigation and to erect mission premises, and for these purposes a very considerable sum is requisite, for which an earnest appeal is made in the Missionary Record.

INDIA.—The Record contains deeply interesting accounts of a preaching tour undertaken by the Rev. Mr. Shoolbred and Rev. Mr. Robson. As a specimen of the work in which they were engaged we subjoin an account of a visit to one village. "On another occasion, after Mr. Robson had left me to return to Ajmere, I had spent the later hours of the afternoon in addressing the people of the old village of Murlan, built like an eagle's nest in a cleft of the highest ridge of hills forming the backbone of the Mugra. The tent lay far down in the plain, beside the broad waters of the Beemtalai, and between lay a large hamlet, which, as chiefly inhabited by farmers, I had left till my return in the evening. But, induced by a large and attentive audience, great part of which was made up of bunias, I was later of leaving the top of the hill than I intended; and long before I reached the lower hamlet, situated on a sort of platform in the wild gorge, darkness had fallen. I had no lantern with me; in the village itself darkness and silence seemed to reign; and I was about to abandon all thought of halting to preach. Just then, on turning a sharp corner, I came upon a hut, in whose court blazed a cheerful fire. A man and two boys were seated near it, engaged in an operation which at first puzzled me, but which on nearer approach I found to be peeling lint, with the rough outer husk of which the fire was mainly fed. Here was my opportunity. Leaping from my pony I threw the bridle to the sais, and joined the busy group. After the usual salaam given and received, I sat down upon a stone bench, and entered into conversation with them about the lint in whose preparation they were engaged. Then, for the first time, in that lonely Mugra hamlet I reaped the advantage of my researches into the preparation of lint, prosecuted previous to leaving Scotland.

"As I detailed to these simple hill-men the complete process and ingenious machinery by which the beautiful, almost silky flax of Willayat is prepared, they listened with eager attention and mouths agape with wonder. 'And now,' I resumed, 'I have come well-nigh ten thousand miles to teach you greater wonders than these, and to bring you glad tidings of great joy. But now, go call your brothers, and the village people, that all may hear the good news I bring.' Up started the brawny farmer, scant clothing and ample beard whitened with shreds of the broken husk, and shouted in a voice that woke the echoes of that gloomy gorge; and his two sons started off in different directions to call together the people of the hamlet whom even that stentorian shout could not reach. Scarcely had the echoes died away, when from all sides answering shouts were returned; and clambering down steep rocks, atop of which small cottages were perched in a way that brought back vividly the wildest scenery of the Tyrol, and climbing up from lower platforms, came the hardy Mairs, some wrapped in their coarse blankets, and some shivering with the cold of that Indian winter night, which to my northern blood felt no more than pleasantly cool.