

very fine and his worship seems very popular.

Perhaps you recollect my description of towers at intervals on the road for beacon signals. Of course they are in sorry repair and the present dynasty are beginning to put their trust in telegraphs.

The old histories have a tale about the use of these beacons which is interesting. One of the Emperors was under the spell of a courtesan, very beautiful, but very difficult to please. The trouble was to make her smile. One proposal was to light the beacons, and signal that the great barons were needed at the capital to protect the throne. They were lighted, the barons came hurrying with their retainers in true feudal fashion, only to find that it was a false alarm. Their chagrined faces had the desired effect on the lady. She smiled! No music could please this fastidious lady, but some inventive genius discovered that she liked the sound of tearing silk, and accordingly much silk was spoiled to please her.

The mountains not very far away supply material for arches, tablets, bridges, &c., and some very ancient tombs can be seen by the wayside. I did not dare to examine them for fear that the natives would suspect me of stealing the luck.

We saw an old man repairing the road; laying up merit, as the poor soul thought, for the great day of accounts. My boy remarked "Repairing roads is the highest work of merit."

When I got to the inn at Chi-hsien, the room assigned to me was occupied by three or four spring lambs. They were turned out. It was a pretty sight as they gambolled around the yard. I preached on the streets for part of the afternoon and sold a large number of books.

At sunrise we were off for home, intending to visit a fair on the way, but when we arrived, there was none, the market having been the day before. At Wei Hsien, the place of the market, is the handsomest memorial arch I ever saw. All along here is the ground spoken of in the Book of Odes.

We crossed a little mountain stream on a plank bridge. On such a cold morning as this it may have been that the tyrant above alluded to, saw, from just such a tower as that which overlooked this stream, some peasants wading through the river in the absence of a bridge, and, to please a whim, ordered that their leg bones should be cut into, in order to see what the marrow was like that could stand such cold. These, and similar acts of atrocious cruelty were perpetrated, B.C., 1123, or 3,000 years ago, about the time of Samuel.

I arrived home in time for dinner with the Smiths.

Dr. Smith had spent part of New Year's evening trying to resuscitate a woman who had hanged herself early in the day. It was too late however, as is so frequently the case after trying everything else they send for the foreigner.

We have begun 1892 full of hope, only sorry that your New Year season will probably be clouded with the news of the riots here, October 29th. All now is sunshine, and we are happy in our work.

Lovingly,

DONALD.

REV. BABU LAL BEHARI.

BY MRS. MERRIMAN.

I WOULD like to tell you a little of Babu Lal Behari, whose name, though familiar as a household word to us, may not be as well known to the younger members of our homes and Sabbath schools.

He arrived in Trinidad from India in 1867, only a few years before the missionary with whom he has been associated for nearly twenty years. He was born in the vicinity of Benares and is of the Kshatriya (pr. Chuttrie) caste, which is next to the Brahmin or highest. His father was in comfortable circumstances, and during his lifetime Babu was kept constantly at a school taught by a pundit, but when only 24 years old he lost his father.

Two years afterwards he went down to Benares, the holy city, with the hope of getting more light. A Brahmin took him under his wing, promising to be a father to him. On their way they met another Brahmin, who insisted on being their guide. The first thing to be done was to bathe in the Ganges, and while they were preparing for the bath, the Brahmin who had volunteered to guide them, seized a brass gullet and some other articles which they had laid down, and making off with them dived in the river, coming up at a distance, so that he could not be recognized among the crowds in the stream.

The Babu saw him no more, and seems to have been thoroughly disgusted with his first attempt at looking for a religion, and perhaps the more readily fell in with the proposals of an emigrant whip from Calcutta, who persuaded him to come to Trinidad, where he landed in 1867.

He was sent to Cupar Grange estate and worked there four years, leaving in 1871. In 1872 he came to San Fernando, where he was baptized the same year—the first baptism in the new Susamachar Church.

It was on the Cupar Grange estate that Mr. Grant first met Lal Behari and we question very much whether any other couple were ever more equally yoked. His quiet easy manner and dignified bearing as he goes out and in among his own people win their respect, and have made him, ever since his ordination, nearly ten years ago, a tower of strength to the hard worked and often wearied missionary. For the missionary is not only the pastor of his people, he must also in many cases be the doctor, lawyer, architect,