

## Other Sheep.

"Other sheep I have,"—JOHN x. 16.

Oh, Jesus, write it deepest on my heart,  
When most I feel how precious  
In Thy shepherd's love Thou art :  
When most I prize the shelter  
And comfort of the fold,  
Let me think of those that wander  
Weary, out on wild and wold,  
With no shepherd's hand to lead them,  
And no shepherd's voice to cheer,  
As they stumble o'er the stony way,  
Or faint in darkness drear ;  
Let me think of them as Thou dost,  
Who hast died for them and me,  
Till I know how great Thy love of them,  
How great their lack of Thee.

"Them I must bring,"—

Dear Jesus let me go with Thee, I pray.  
To seek these 'other sheep' of Thine,  
On mountain-wastes that stray ;  
Sweet is the shelter of the fold,  
The rest of perfect trust,  
But mighty is the sasion  
Of the love-impelling *must* ;  
If Thou must tread the rock-waste,  
And climb the rugged height,  
Urged by the blast of lost ones,  
On through the starless night,  
Oh, oh! the heart within me  
That inclines to idle rest,  
And breathe in all its ardour  
Thy great zeal into my breast.

"They shall hear My voice,"—

Yes, Jesus, they shall hear Thy voice, not mine ;  
Hearts catch the faintest whisper  
When the whisper is Divine :  
I'll walk with Thee in silence,  
In the hush of holy thought,  
That Thou may'st use my lips to call  
The sheep that Thou hast bought  
Home from the desert bleakness,  
And the blight and bane of sin,  
Home to the greenest pastures  
And the rest of 'gathered in' ;  
And all the way Thou'lt whisper  
The truth Thou once has told,  
Of the blood-bought flock ingathered  
To 'ons Shepherd' and 'one fold.'

Victoria, W. Africa.

R. WRIGHT HAY.

—*English Miss. Herald.*

## Faith Triumphant.

## AN INCIDENT IN THE BECHWANA MISSION.

From the commencement of the Bechwana Mission by Hamilton and Read in 1816, for a period of more than ten years not a ray of light shot across the gloom to cheer the hearts of the missionaries. A dull and stolid indifference reigned ; the Batlaping would talk of any ordinary subject, and were willing to avail themselves of the presence of the white people in their country for any temporal advantage that might be within their reach, but the moment a word was said about Divine things, their ears seemed to become deaf at once, and they would walk away, determined to have nothing to do with that foolishness.

To people like the missionaries, whose whole heart

was in their work, who believed that all said in the New Testament about the solemn eventualities of another world was literally true and no mere figure of speech, who looked at the heathen around them, and felt that they were verily perishing, it was a sore trial of faith to go on, year after year, with their message burning in their hearts.

The darkness was long and gloomy beyond compare, but there was no wavering of faith. There were times, indeed, when the brethren, Hamilton and Moffat, were cast down, and disposed to cry with the prophet, "Who hath believed our report?" and to ask, "Is this the right path?" but there was one member of the mission, weak in body but strong in faith, who never faltered. She would but fall back on the promises of the unchangeable God, and say, "We may not live to see it, but the awakening will come as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow." On one occasion a letter was received from her friend, Mrs. Greaves, of Sheffield, asking if there was anything of use which could be sent. The answer of Mary Moffat was, "Send us a communion service, we shall want it some day." At that time there was no glimmer of the dawn, and in the course of the two or three years which it took with their slow communications to get that request of faith fulfilled, there was time for an even thicker darkness to overspread the sky, and the sorest cross of all was a rumour which came that doubts were beginning to be felt at home about the use of going on with the Bechwana Mission ; but they held on.

In the year 1827 there began to be a sort of change, almost like that change in the sky even before the dawn, which is familiar to watchers in the night. The bulk of the Batlaping tribe, utterly weary and impoverished by the incessant forays of the western banditti, had drifted away eastward and settled along the course of the Vaal and the Kolong rivers ; but their place at Kuruman had been in a measure supplied by a mixed community of refugees from the interior tribes, and the Bataro still clung to their old location to the north-west of the station on the confines of the Kalahari Desert. Many of the refugees were drawn to the station by feelings which gave them a disposition open to missionary influence, so that it began to be seen that there was a better attendance and a more settled attention to the preaching and teaching of the missionaries.

At length, in 1829, a marvellous awakening began. It came, as such things do come, without any human or visible existing cause. There was a wave of tumultuous and simultaneous enthusiasm. The two brethren who witnessed it were sober-minded and hard-headed Scotchmen, by disposition not willing to lend themselves to any movement which might seem to have the taint of mere sensationalism. They had been schooled to adversity, and they could but dread some new device of the devil to obstruct their path ; but it was not long before they were forced to admit that there was something that could not be gainsaid. In a few months the whole aspect of the station had changed. The meeting-house was crowded before the service had begun. Heathen songs and dancing had ceased, and everywhere were to be heard instead the songs of Zion and the outpouring of impassioned prayers. The missionaries were beset even in their own houses by those who were seeking fuller instruction in things which had become to them all at once of paramount importance. The moral condition of the community rapidly improved, and the dirt and indecency of heathen costume were exchanged for cleanliness and European habits of clothing, as far as the supply could be met by the visits of occasional traders.