

ple of Pulloiar, over which rises the flagstaff of the English Government. From here night by night bright lights gleam over the city. To reach the top we turn eastward and climb toilsomely up on steps hewn in the stone. We pass traces in the rock which resemble a wagon track, and lead into a deep cleft of the rock. They have evidently been hewn by the stone masons in the rock, but the superstitious multitude relate that here the war-god, Subramanien, came in his chariot out of the air and entered the cleft. From the temple on the summit, which is surrounded by a covered gallery, there is a convenient prospect round, revealing on the north the broad river beds of the Colludam and Cauvery, surrounding the fruitful island of Srirangam (i. e. holy river isle), which is reached by great bridges over the two rivers. The distant region, bounded by blue mountain ranges, fairly deserves the name of a paradise, unknowing fall or winter, but in which perpetual spring appears to reign. The rock on this side descends almost perpendicularly, and the houses at its foot seem, with their level roofs, to lie flat upon the ground. Looking westward, we see right at the foot of the rock the old church and dwelling-house built by 'Father' C. F. Schwarz in 1766. They are now in the hands of the English, who are in a way to obliterate nearly everything which betokened their Lutheran origin. The old pulpit I have bought for our new chapel in Ichumpati.

"Bangalore, the greatest city of the Maisur land, is reached by a night journey from Madras, on the railway. It is a great military station, with 150,000 inhabitants and 15 Protestant churches, upon a table-land 2,000 feet high, and rejoices, nine months of the year, in an Italian climate, leaving only three to the prevalence of the Indian heat."

"What avails all morality without God!" exclaims the *Missionsblatt*. Buddha denies the existence of God. This is distinctly declared by the catechism published by Colonel Olcott, under sanction of the Buddhist high priest in Ceylon, which says:

'The Buddhists regard a personal God as only a gigantic shadow, thrown by the fancy of ignorant people upon empty space. Therewith they put to death the heart of religion, Faith. Therefore it is that you find among Buddhist populations a churchyard stillness, a spiritual insensibility and lukewarm indifference, which far more impedes the activity of Christian missions among them than it is impeded among the bigoted Hindus. 'Would that thou wert cold or hot,' one is inclined to say to these frog-like natures which are engendered by Buddhism. They let everybody have his say, answer yes to every opinion, and—remain what they were.'

The *Journal des Missions Evangeliques* for September, under the title, "A Double Sorrow," gives the following sad intelligence:

"Up to this day the life of our missionaries on the Zambezi had been so marvelously preserved, that we had in some sort lost out of view the dangers to which they are exposed by a murderous climate. But the last mail, arrived at Paris August 15th, shows us that, if up to the present they have served God by word and by action, they may, nevertheless, be called to glorify Him in suffering and by death. M. H. Dardier, missionary physician, whom the previous mail had let us know to be seriously ill, has sunk under the fever and exhaustion, February 23, at Kazungula. A month later M. and Madame Jalla were afflicted in losing a little daughter, whose birth, January 13, had brought a gleam of joy into their home.

"The letters which bring us those mournful tidings at the same time portray in somber colors the situation of the mission at Sesheké; the greater part of its members have been successively attacked by the fever; their cattle are decimated by the murrain; and lastly, civil war has raged all around them, and made victims at their doors.

"Profoundly moved and afflicted by this news, we are, however, not minded to let it shake our confidence in the final success of our mission to the Zambezi, the beginnings of which have been so visibly directed and blessed by God, and we reckon on it that the French churches, which join with us in the sorrow for our dead, will, with us, strive to bear up against everything which might resemble discouragement. . . .

"We consider these tidings, moreover, as a summons to us to disavow, more entirely than ever, all exaggeration, all lack of simplicity and sobriety, in our way of regarding and speaking of the work of missions. We must recall to mind yet again that this work is no child's play, but a serious labor, an enterprise which can be brought to its goal only at the cost of great sufferings and great sorrows, and to which no one ought to put his hand who is not effectually resolved to renounce himself, to bear the burden of the cross, and to follow the Master even unto death." . . . "I hope," writes M. Jalla, "that the death of Dardier will not discourage any one of those who expect to rejoin us one day. It is very evident that here one feels himself, like the bird on the bough, always ready to depart; but on the other side one experiences with ever increasing vividness how precious it is to be in the hands of God."

M. Jalla gives a touching description of the death of his infant daughter, with allusions which may well go home to the hearts of us who, in a healthy