

INTO OTHER CLIMES



MANCHURIA

MONGOLIA

SEA
OF

JAPAN

JAPAN

KOREA

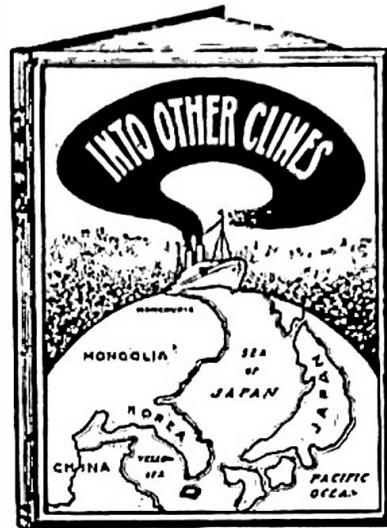
CHINA

YELLOW
SEA

PACIFIC
OCEAN

To Jefford Larson
from
Stanley

June 1917.





TELLING OF DAVID SPENT IN OTHER CLIMBS.

"They...went everywhere
preaching the Word"
(Acts 8. 4).



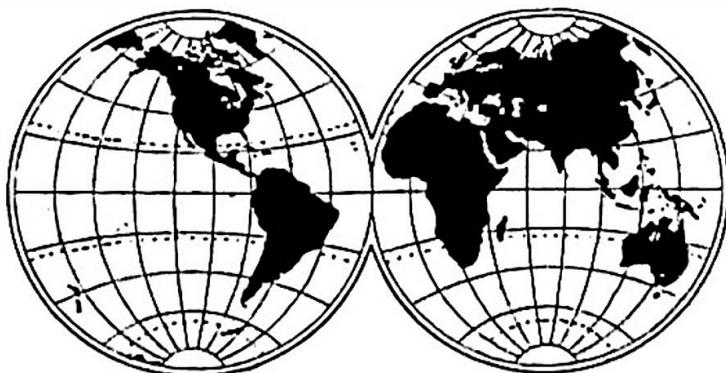
INTO OTHER CLIMES

WITH THE MESSAGE OF MERCY

PICTURES FROM MANY LANDS
PAPERS FROM MANY HANDS
POINTS OF INTEREST TO ALL

EDITED BY

E. E. COOPER



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MISSIONARY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

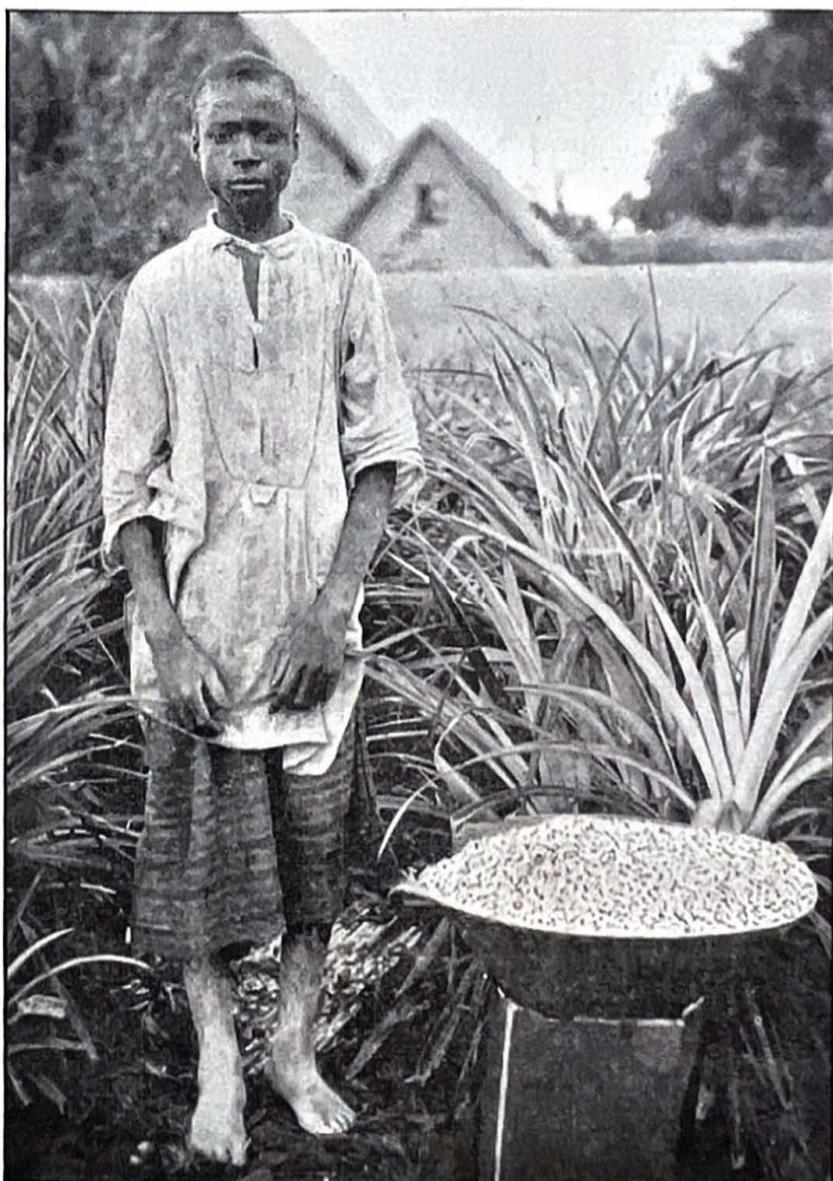
A FRIEND OF FREED SLAVES.

CHAPTER I.

WE sometimes have stories in *Across the Seas* of boys and girls who have been rescued from slavery by missionaries, and who are lovingly brought up and taught about the Saviour. It is very sad that even now there are so many poor slaves to be found in Africa, but a hundred years ago things were very much worse. Then numbers of cruel slave-traders would land on African shores and carry away hundreds of men and women and boys and girls to sell in America. Often many died on the way, and very little but misery awaited those who did not. At the time our story begins the British Government had decided that English people must have nothing more to do with this wicked traffic, and not only that, but they sent ships to the African coast to catch the slave-ships and take the poor people back to Africa. But it was not possible to take them all back to the places they came from, so a settlement was founded for them at Sierra Leone, on the West Coast, and here there were to be found hundreds of black people from different parts, including many children who had been torn from their parents by the cruel traders, and would never see them again. So some good servants of God in England sent out missionaries to teach the children to read, and to tell them and the grown-up people of the Lord Jesus and His love.

Among these missionaries was Mr. William Johnson, of whom I am going to tell you.

William Johnson was born in Germany, and when he was about eight years old his school-master had each child repeat on Monday morning something from the sermon he had heard on Sunday. One Monday all William could remember was a text which



A Friend of Freed Slaves SLAVE-BOY WITH HIS PRICE BY HIS SIDE (a measure of meal).



A DESERTED BABY

CASTAWAY BABY, WITH FINDER AND FOSTER-MOTHER

the minister had quoted, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." The master was not pleased with this, because it was a passage from the Bible, and he did not reckon that enough, which grieved the poor little boy very much, but the result was that he never forgot the text.

Many years had passed. William had grown up and married, and was living in England, when great trouble came upon him. He had work to do, but he could not earn money enough to get food for himself and his wife, for bread was very dear in those days, and of course they were very short of clothes too. One evening poor Mrs. Johnson was crying for hunger, and her husband did not know what to do, for he knew of no friend to go to. Then suddenly, as he lay in bed, the verse he had learned when a little boy came into his mind, and he wondered whether God would deliver him. But he felt afraid, for he remembered all the sins he had committed, and so his trouble was worse than ever—hungry and poor, and God, as he thought, angry with him. Morning came, and he went to work as usual. Then came breakfast-time, and though he did not

expect any breakfast he went home, but to his surprise his wife met him at the door very happy. A lady had sent for her to put her house in order, and had already partly paid her, so breakfast was ready. But though earthly help had come Mr. Johnson's troubles were not over. He still remembered his sins, and thought himself the greatest sinner in the world. The next Friday he went to a prayer-meeting, and there he heard how the Lord Jesus

came into the world to save sinners. The minister said, "Is there a sinner here full of sin, and ready to sink under it? I bid, in the Name of Jesus, such an one to come unto Him, for He has said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'." That was what our friend needed, and he there and then cried to Jesus for mercy, and was saved and filled with joy. God had proved Himself true to His Word in delivering the one who cried to Him from his soul trouble, as well as his bodily one.

Now, his great desire was that others should know the Saviour too, and he tried to win his wife and fellow-workmen to come to Him, but he did not succeed, and his mates began to persecute him. Then his master required him to work on Sunday, so he left that situation and took another where he would not have to do what was wrong. Meanwhile he prayed for his wife, and at last God saved her also.

Before this God had put into Mr. Johnson's mind a desire to go and tell the heathen of His love, but he did not see how it could be. How could he, a working-man, become a missionary? His being married also seemed a hindrance, and when he told his wife of his

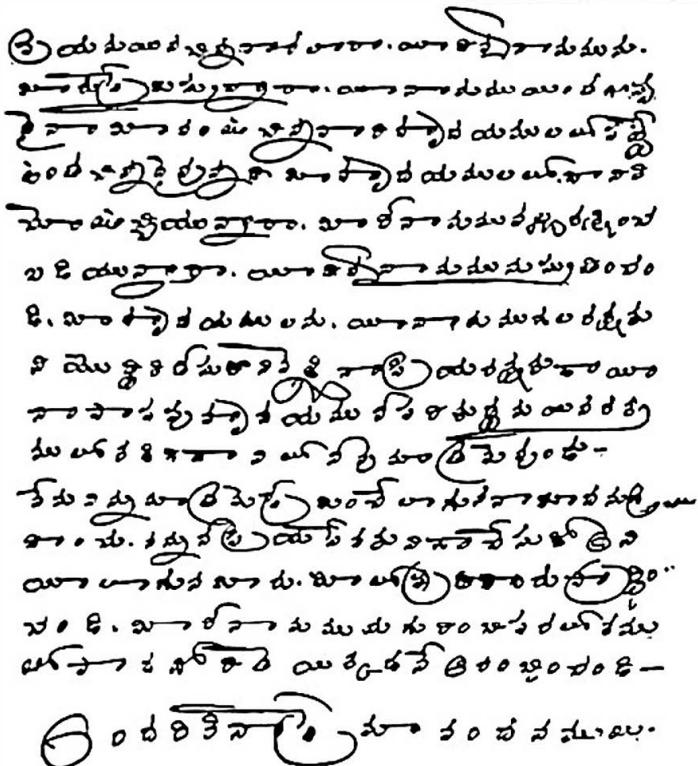
wish, though by this time she was a Christian, she did not at first want to go, but once more God heard his prayers, and soon she longed to go as much as he did. I cannot tell you of all the steps by which God opened the way, but at last all was clear, and on March 11, 1816, our friends set out for Sierra Leone, there to work as school-master and mistress among the freed slaves. *(To be continued.)*

A DESERTED BABY.

Do you see this dear little black baby? That is not its mother who is holding it so kindly. No; its mother threw it away in the bush (or forest). Why did she do that? you ask; did she not love it? Yes, probably she did love her babe, but, alas! she was a slave, and her master is well known to have beaten some of his slaves to death. So a number of the others ran away one night, this woman among them, and either finding

she could not get on fast enough with her baby, or perhaps afraid it would cry and show where the party were, she laid it down and went on. Poor little thing! Some wild animal might have come along and eaten it, but you know the verse in Psalm 27, "When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." This little child was quite forsaken by its parents, but God was watching over it, and He kept it safe. Then next day he sent a Christian woman along that way, and when she found the baby she waited till evening to see if anyone came for it. Then, as nobody did, she took it to the missionaries, and it will be well cared for and, when old enough, taught about the Lord Jesus. Shall we pray that it may early come to know God as its Heavenly Father? The woman holding baby is the one who found it, while the other is now taking care of it for the missionaries.





REDUCED PHOTO OF PORTION OF THE LETTER
GIVEN BELOW (LANGUAGE, TELUGU).

HOW SWEET IS THE NAME OF JESUS.

Translation of a Letter from a Native Christian at Narsapur,
India, to all Sunday School Children.

THE angel who knew it said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." The meaning of Jesus is Saviour. How beautifully the name of Jesus suits Him! "He will save His people from their sins." What a joyful message He brings! He is the One who saves us from our sins. Oh, dear children, is the Lord *your* Saviour? Have you been saved from *your* sins by Him? If you have not *thus* been saved, He has not yet become *your* Saviour.

Remember you *need* this blessed Saviour; you are sinners, for all have sinned. In Jonah 4. 11 we see how much love God has for the little ones. "And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand?" Now, you *do* know the difference between your right hand and left, don't you?

Make the Lord *your* Saviour this very day, while you are young. Wash away all your sins in His precious blood. Then He will indeed be *your* Saviour, *your* Jesus.

You will be His little one. How gracious He will be to you! How gladly He will forgive your sins! All the time you are in the world, and when quite grown-up, He will be with you, and at last He will take you to Heaven, where there is no sin, and keep you with Himself. You will see His face continually, and be able always to talk to Him.

The word "Jesus" has only a few letters, is a very little word, but what a glorious one! Although such a little name, all Heaven is filled with it. Through this name perishing sinners in crowds are entering into the kingdom of a Holy God. Be they ever so great sinners who take hold of that name, and pray, God will hear them. That name is the source of Heaven's riches.

It gives joy and peace to those who are sorrowful on account of sin. When men die it takes away the torment of sin, and makes them restful and happy. Even now the angels of God and the saints in Heaven are singing praises to that blessed name.

It is more glorious than *any* other name, is it not? There is not a dearer or more blessed name than this either in this world or in Heaven. Oh, dear children, do *you* love this blessed name? Although it is *so* very great, it is yet small enough for the hearts of *little* children to hold.

Have you given it a place in *your* hearts? It is by *this* name you are saved. Oh! *praise* this BLESSED name. Take your hearts to the Saviour who bears this name and say: "Oh, my dear Saviour, cleanse my heart in Thy precious blood, and dwell in it Thyself alone. Graciously make me to love Thee best, make me Thy dear servant." May *every one* of you thus pray! If *you* desire to sing of this name in Heaven *begin here*. My loving regards to all.

Tell the *Christian* children that I desire them to pray for the Sunday-school children of this land of India.

My children and I send salaams to all.

VASA YOHAN.

SAID an old gentleman to a lad, who brought him a New Testament: "My boy, you carry that book easily in your youth, but when you are as old as I am, it must carry you."

A SPANISH POTTER-BOY.

IN a village not very far from Jimenez (where a missionary, Mr. Turrall, is now preaching amongst the potters) there lived many years ago a boy about twelve years of age named Juan, or John. He, too, was a potter, and sometimes worked very hard, but at other times he would roam about with idle and wicked companions, himself perhaps the worst of all. But, bad though they were, they all thought themselves very religious, and made a great point of going to Mass. One summer night they had been playing and romping till five in the morning, when they were pretty well tired out and sleepy. Finding themselves near a threshing-floor (a large open space out of doors) they proposed that all should go to sleep but one, and he should keep awake to warn them when the bell rang for Mass. However, he too went to sleep, and when they awoke the sun was high in the heaven and it was too late to go. While they were talking loudly about this

misfortune, as they reckoned it, a stranger, who looked like a foreigner, drew near and said, "Boys, you all seem sorry that you cannot go to Mass; now I can tell you about something better than the Mass." "No! no!" shouted John and his companions, "there is nothing better than the Mass; we do not want to hear anything against the Mass." "But listen!" said the stranger, and finding that the other lads wished to hear, he moved from John a little further off under the trees. Then he told them about the Lord Jesus, who made Himself an offering for sin on the cross, and that by that sacrifice they might all be pardoned and saved. I am sorry to say John interrupted several times, but when the stranger had finished they all went off quiet and subdued. Turning round, they saw their friend kneeling down, and one of them said, "He is praying for us." Was that prayer heard?

Many years have passed and John is a man, living with his wife and two children



A Spanish Potter-Boy

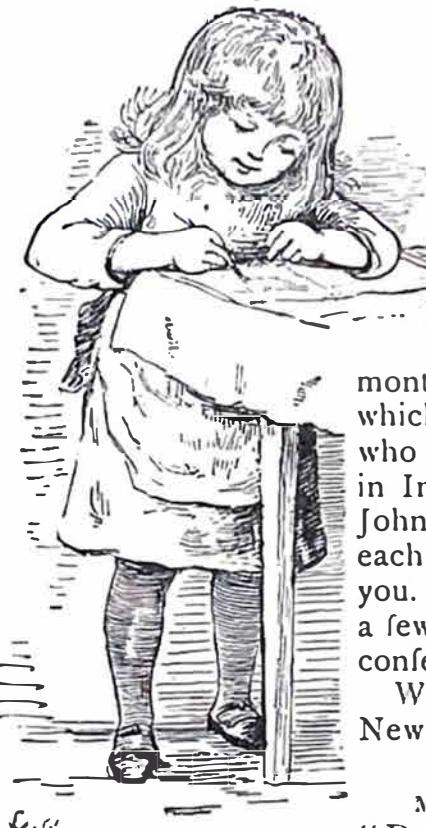
at a place called Monsorte in another part of Spain. A Christian Spaniard lives there and works as a colporteur, and sometimes servants of Christ from other parts come and preach, and so it comes about that John again hears the Gospel. "Why! that is what the stranger said," he exclaims, and the seed which had lain so long dormant springs up. John believes and is saved, and not only he, but his wife also and, later on, his children and some of his grandchildren, besides a relative at Jimenez.

Now ought not this story to encourage us Christians to sow the good seed? (See Isaiah 55. 10, 11.) John himself told it me a few years ago, as we were sitting under the trees at a lovely mountain village called San Cludio. And who was the stranger? Perhaps no one on earth knows, but our heavenly Father knows all about it, and in the day that is coming, he, the *sower* of the good seed, and the others who *reaped* it will rejoice together.

MARY ELISA TAYLOR.

HOW PAT WENT TO SCHOOL.

AN Irish boy wanted to go to the Protestant school, where he heard such interesting Bible stories and was taught to repeat texts. Now, his father and mother were Romanists, and did not wish him to go there. Perhaps the priest had told them not to let him. However, he still went, so one night his mother put him early to bed and hid his clothes (putting them up the chimney). But so anxious was Pat not to miss the class that evening, that what do you think he did? When his mother had gone out of the way he slipped out of bed, dressed himself in his sister's frock, and went off to school. Now, I don't want you to imitate Pat by deceiving your parents; he was only a little ragged boy, and it was very difficult for him to know what was right when he was forbidden



to hear God's Word, but I want you to be as anxious to hear it as he was, and not get tempted away from school to take a walk or anything like that.

Tinies' Own Corner.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—Instead of telling you a story this

month, I am copying for you a letter which was written by a school-girl, who afterwards became a missionary in Indo-China, to her little brother Johnnie, aged ten, and I want you each to feel as if it were written to you. You will be glad to know that a few weeks after he got it, Johnnie confessed the Lord as His Saviour.

Wishing you all a very happy New Year.—Your loving friend,
"COUSIN ALICE."

MARY'S LETTER TO JOHNNIE.

"Dear Little Brother,—I have been thinking of you a great deal since I returned to school. Do you wonder why? My thoughts have been occupied much about Jesus of late; how good He has been to me; how He loved me before I loved Him; how He helps me every day; and how often He has answered my prayers. The more I think about Him the more precious He becomes to me.

"You know He came down from heaven, where He was perfectly happy with His Father, from that holy, happy place, where He never had experienced a sorrow; came down to this world full of sin, and, as the Bible says, was 'despised of men.' But that was not all. He was so hated, without any cause too, that they would not believe Him, and once they spit in His face, and struck Him with their hands, and whipped Him with a scourge. But their hatred was so great even this did not satisfy them, and they crucified Him.

"Why did Jesus leave His home in heaven where He was happy? He did it because He loved me so much. Did I ever do anything to make Him love me so? Oh, no! I remember, when He asked me to

love Him and give my heart to Him, I said, 'No; I do not want to.' Of course I did not say those words, but I thought just about that in my heart. But He kept asking and asking me, until I told Him if He would take me and help me just as I was, I would always love Him, and try to do what would please Him.

"Oh, I cannot tell you how happy I was! I thought about Him a great deal, and loved Him better each day. Now you understand why Jesus is so precious to me. I said I had been thinking about you a great deal lately. Now this is the reason: I wonder, when Jesus asked you for your heart—for I know He has—if you said as I did, 'I do not want to give my heart to Jesus now; I will wait awhile.' Dear brother, I have been praying that you might be one of Jesus' little blood-washed lambs. Will you not come to the Good Shepherd at once? I shall still pray for you, and I know He will answer my prayer, if He has not already.

"Your loving sister, MARY."

A "JAP" MISSIONARY HONOURED. You may have heard of the Ainu, the half-savage race who lived in Japan before the Japanese went there, and some of whom still live in the north of the country. A missionary (Mr. Batchelor) has been working amongst them for thirty years, and in consideration of his self-denying work, and all he has discovered and made known about the Ainu language and traditions, the Emperor of Japan has just decorated him with the Fourth Order of the Sacred Treasure.

"A BIBLE SIEGE."

WHEN first copies of the Gospel by Matthew reached Uganda (Eastern Equatorial Africa) the people were most eager to get them. One of the missionaries wrote: "Talk about sieges—if ever there was a siege it was yesterday, and this morning it seemed likely to be renewed tenfold. I gave out on Sunday that the Gospels would be sold on Monday morning. I was roused up before it was light by the roar of voices, and hurriedly sallied out to the—I had almost said—fight. In ten minutes all the hundred

Gospels were sold. We now returned for some breakfast. I had just opened another box, which I strongly suspected to be books, about 800 in all. Here was a find! I barricaded my front window, and we sold through it, the doctor selling to the women in another place. Now was a scrimmage, and shells [used as money] came pouring in."



JANUARY 1, 1910.

THE first day of the first month of a New Year. Shall it be a record day to *you*, my dear young friends? In 2 Chronicles 29. 17 we read that on the "first day of the first month" Hezekiah opened the doors of the Lord's temple. Wicked King Ahaz had shut them up, and taught the people to worship idols; but when Hezekiah came to the throne he opened them, and, oh, what blessings followed! Read 2 Chronicles 29, 30, 31, 32, and see how the Lord prospered, honoured, and delivered him.

And now *you*, my dear young friends, on this first day of the first month of the New Year, will *you* open the door of your heart to Jesus, and receive Him as your sacrifice and Saviour? He says: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with Me." And, oh, what joy He will give! joy unspeakable and full of glory! And, oh, what feasting! spiritual feasting; a feast of fat things indeed, a free pardon for all your sins, exceeding great and precious promises, such bright and glorious hopes. No more fear of punishment; no fear of the judgment-day; but peace, perfect peace through the precious blood of Christ, so that you will be able to look up into the face of the Lord God Almighty and enjoy His smile, and hear His loving words, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine." Yes, thou art Mine,

Mine own, My loved one, and I will keep thee safely, and bless thee richly, and no one shall ever be able to pluck you out of My hand.

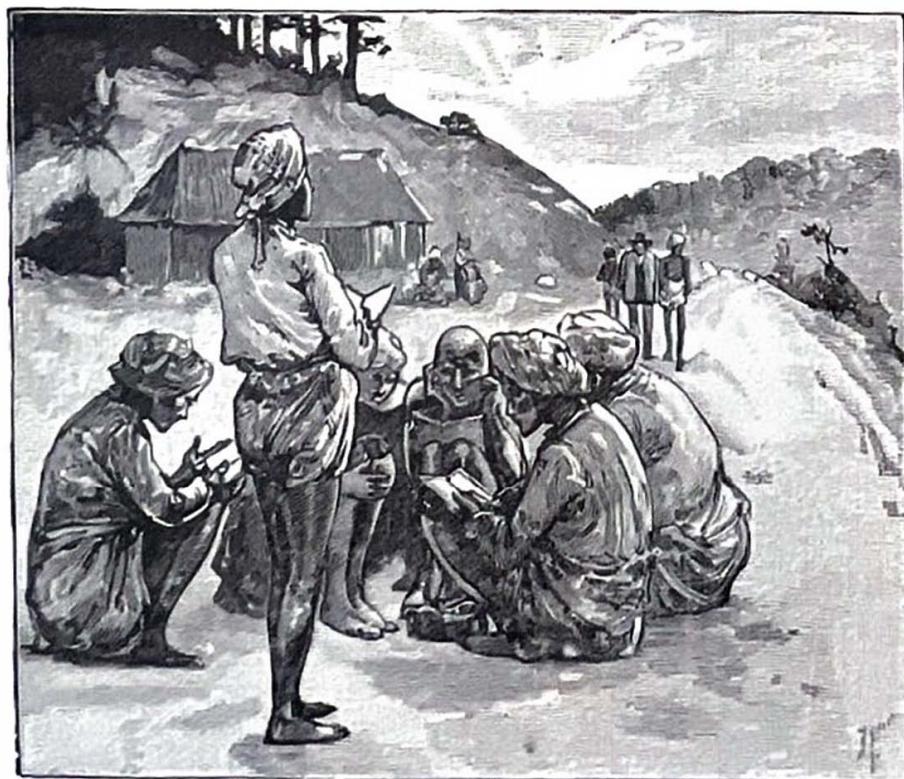
"All, all beyond is bliss,
Bliss that no tongue can tell."

Oh, then, throw yourself at once at His feet, and ask Him to come into your heart, and cleanse away your sins, and make you a child of God. He will hear; He will answer; and, oh, how great your joy will be!

Again in Ezra 7. 9 we read that "upon the first day of the first month" Ezra and others began to go up from Babylon to Jerusalem. Will you do the same, my dear young friends? Will you start this first day of the first month of the New Year for the *heavenly* Jerusalem? Will you turn round to Jesus and receive Him as your Saviour and your Lord, and yield yourselves



a child of God, and help you to walk in the narrow road which leads to heaven itself! Do not wait, do not tarry, but *start at once*, and *then* this day will be indeed a record day to *you*, and to all eternity you will look back upon it with joy and thankfulness. M.H.V.



NATIVES READING THE GLAD TIDINGS.

to Him, to be led by Him in paths of righteousness and holiness? I fear many of you are still walking in the broad way which leads to the lake of fire. But, oh, do stop! do stop and think before you further go; do think how dreadful, how terrible, to be cast into hell! But Jesus is *waiting*; yes, waiting to blot out all your sins; *waiting* and beseeching you to come to Him; yearning over you, longing to save you and give you eternal life. Oh, then, turn round at once, right round to Jesus; fall at His feet and *ask* Him to blot out your sins and make you

WHICH COULD BE TRUSTED?

ONE evening a missionary in India had been holding a meeting in a village, and just as he had finished the village watchman came and asked two of his congregation to go as night-watchmen to the house of a rich Hindu who had been robbed the previous night. They did not want to go, and one said, "Go and ask some one else; we want to talk with the Padri Sahib!" "Oh!" replied the watchman, "I can wait. The Hindu says he wants Christians, because he can trust them." Remember this if you ever hear that native Christians are no better than the heathen, as people who do not know them say.

THE "ORA" SCRIPTURES.

A RECENT translation of the Gospels was made by an escaped slave, who knew no English. He was carried off by the Yorubas (an important African people), and while a

slave learned their language, and also, we suppose, to know the Saviour. Then he escaped, and on getting home he translated the Gospels from Yoruba into his own language, Ora.

A FRIEND OF FREED SLAVES.

CHAPTER II.

IT was on May 1st, 1816, that Mr. and Mrs. Johnson landed at Sierra Leone, on the West Coast of Africa, which in those days was often called "the white man's grave," so many died of fever there. Before long they reached a place called Regent's Town, where their work for God was to be done. Between one and two thousand recaptured slaves were living there in great misery, many being ill as a result of the cruel way they had been treated by the slave-dealers. The Government gave them food, but so far they knew nothing of God or the Bible, but were wild heathen, and some had even been cannibals. There was a great deal of work for the missionary to do. He gathered the children into a school and taught them, with the help of four who already knew the alphabet. Then in the evening he would gather the men and women, and teach them also. Morning and evening he rang a bell to call the people to family prayer, when he read and explained the Bible to them, and prayed with them. On Sundays he preached to them three times, and during the week, besides his other work, he was kept busy giving out food and clothing, and teaching the people to be industrious and cultivate the ground.

But it was not long before

he had another kind of work—work which he loved. He had only been a few months at Regent's Town when one evening a man came to him in great trouble, and wanted to know how he could be saved. One night Mr. Johnson had asked the people if they had spent five minutes in prayer to the Lord Jesus that day, or ever. This man had not, and it made him see what a sinner he was,



A Friend of Freed Slaves

WOMEN BRINGING HOME CORN IN AFRICA.

all the wicked things he had done coming to his mind.

This man was soon followed by others, both men and women, who saw what sinners they were in God's sight, and came to the Lord Jesus for forgiveness, and to be made good and holy. Meanwhile some of them were learning to read, and a year after Mr. Johnson reached Africa nine grown-up people were able to read the New Testament for themselves. He asked one of them how he liked his new Book, and the man replied, "I cannot thank the Lord Jesus Christ enough for this good Book, for *I have seen*

me sin no more." Another time a little boy of ten said: "O Lord! we been so long on the way to hell, and we no been saved; we been hear your good Word so long, and we no been consider. Oh! learn us how to follow You now; we live nigh hell. O Lord Jesus! save us; take us away from hell fire; we want You to do it now; now we want You to save us. O Lord Jesus! hear us now—this night. Our sins too much—oh, save us! save us!"

I wonder if any of you, my dear little readers, are as anxious to be saved as that little black boy. He saw his danger; he was sorry for the long time he had known God's Word, and yet had not wanted to be saved, and now he wanted to be saved *at once*. And we may be sure God would not keep him waiting, for the Bible says His time is "Now." Some of you have heard God's Word much longer than that boy; don't wait any longer to come to the Saviour, lest you should be too late.



A Friend of Freed Slaves

AFRICAN BOYS' PRAYER MEETING.

myself in it." Have you seen yourself in it, dear young friends? You may, if you ask God to show you.

But you will want to know about the children. Among them, too, God began to work, and by-and-by they had little prayer meetings among themselves. Sometimes Mr. Johnson happened to overhear them praying, and afterwards wrote down what they said. This was one boy's prayer: "Lord Jesus! My heart bad too much. Me want to love You—me want to serve You, but my bad heart will not let me. O Lord Jesus! me can't make me good; take away this bad heart. O Lord Jesus! give me a new heart. O Lord Jesus! me sin every day—pardon my sin. O Lord Jesus! let

ANOTHER CRY FROM CHINA.

I'm a little girl from China,
That dark heathen land,
Where the gloomy idol temples
Rise on every hand.
And when plague and famine threaten,
Thousands in their grief,
Beating drums and waving banners,
Pray for swift relief!
But the idols do not heed them;
Gods of wood and stone
Cannot help the suffering children,
Loudly though they moan.
Oh, my friends in Christian England,
Knowing Jesu's love,
Won't you come and lead us gently
To our home above?

TWO TIBETAN ORPHANS.

HAVE you heard about Tibet? "It is right in the middle of Asia," replies someone, "but I have never heard of any missionaries there."

You are right; no missionaries are allowed to live in the country, but some live just on the edge of it, and tell the Tibetans who come south into India about Jesus and His love. If you look at the map you will see that Tibet is a very mountainous land, and if missionaries were allowed to go there they would have a very toilsome life crossing the terrible passes. They hope in time God may open the way for them, but meanwhile many Tibetans come to India to trade, and there hear the Gospel.

Some of these lately had a terrible journey. They left their homes in Tibet, no doubt thinking that in a few months' time they would be back again with the various things they would get in exchange for the few products of their own cold land. But as they travelled they came to a part where the dreadful disease of cholera was raging, and first one and then another took it and died. At last, out of thirty who had started, one woman and two children reached a place called Dharmghar. Here the woman also died, and the two little ones—a girl of ten years and a boy of three—were left all alone. The people put food for them at a distance from their camp, but no one would go near them.

But two servants of God, Mr. Wright and his wife, live at Dharmghar, and when they heard about these poor little orphans they sent them a message that if they would burn all their things, including the clothes they

were wearing, they might come to them. At first they did not like to do this, but after two days they consented, when it was explained to them how these things would all carry the dreadful disease. Then Mrs. Wright took them into a wood, washed them, and gave them clean clothes, and then brought them home. The little girl seems interested in hearing about the Lord Jesus. Will you pray that she and her little brother may believe in Him and carry the Gospel to their own people when they grow up?

Now, what do you think this story reminds me of? Shall I tell you? Before these poor children could be received into the missionary's house they had to part with all their old things; so before a sinner is received by the Lord Jesus he must let go all his own goodness. So long as he thinks his obedience, or his prayers, or his good deeds, will save him he must remain lost, but when he lets them all go the Lord receives him. Then the children were washed and dressed in fresh, clean garments. So the one who trusts in Jesus is cleansed from sin by His precious blood and clothed in His righteousness. Then the missionary took them home



Two Tibetan Orphans

MR. AND MRS. WRIGHT'S MUD-HOUSE AT DHARMGHAR

and cared for them, and so the Saviour takes care of those who trust Him, and provides them with all they need.

Will you not come to Him now, dear children? Those poor Tibetans, when they left their homes, little thought death was so near. Perhaps it is nearer to you also than you think. Don't wait and think you will turn to Christ when you are dying, for very likely you might not be able to then. Besides, how mean it would be! Come to Him now!

LETTER FROM AN INDIAN ORPHANAGE.

KOLLEGAL, November 24th.—This year seems to have been a very busy one, for the care of sixty girls is no light matter. Our numbers are often added to by our married girls coming "home" for a little while. Then we had the little boy of another old girl, and a fine little pickle he was. One of our girls died last week, but we feel sure she was believing in the Lord Jesus. A baby, too, died; its mother had pretended to be dead herself in order to get us to take it. It is better off now, poor little thing.

The girls' needlework goes on grandly, and the profits support one girl at Bangalore. We have two there being trained for teachers, and two at Mysore learning to be nurses. Then two babies, which need individual care, are with women in the town of Kollegal. One of these women told us the other day that our little "Hope" had led her to Jesus. I spoke to her of His death, and she said, "But, *Amma*, He rose again." We do well to remember that, don't we?

We have had a grand time giving their first Bibles to the little ones. When they can read they are allowed to have a Bible and read at prayers, and very proud they are.

Mrs. Perkins kindly took charge while Miss Cookson and I went for a holiday. Her little boy Horace was with us so long last year, while plague was raging in Kollegal, that he is quite our boy. One day while singing:



INDIAN ORPHAN GIRL

"Jesus loves me, He will stay
Close beside me all the way."

he said, "Isn't that nice, mother?" He was thinking how he liked to feel his mother close to him at night. What a joy it is to think of our loving Saviour *close* to us all the way!

FLORENCE P. BIRD.

A LITTLE SLAVE-BOY.

WE have often heard of children being stolen by wicked men and sold as slaves, and sometimes of their uncles selling them, but Miss Boggess, a missionary working among a Central African tribe called the A-Chokwe, tells us of a little boy who has lately been sold by his own *father*. What was the reason? Was the family in need of food? No, the father is a chief, and he sold his little son to pay an old debt. Before that the boy

had been working for the missionaries, and of course they had been teaching him about the Lord Jesus, but his new owner took him away. His village is not far from the mission-station, however, and he has once been able to come to a meeting there. Will you pray that he may soon know the Saviour?

AN AFRICAN INFANT-SCHOOL

(From *Echoes of Services*).

AT 1.50 I blew the whistle, and the children gathered for school. There we were busy till 4., when I returned feeling badly in need of a wash. You will ask, why so particularly dirty after teaching? I have the lowest class, and am doing my best to teach them the alphabet. We have no books, no reading-sheets, no anything you might be tempted to say at first glance, but there you would be mistaken. First, we have a nice dusty ground outside the school-house, on which the children sit (it is too hot inside) and trace the letters in the dust with their fingers. Secondly, they bring clay (at least I tell them *clay*, and they bring *mud*) and mould them. Thirdly, they bring reeds and pieces of bark rope which they form or twist into letters. Now you will understand the "grubby" feeling. HELEN E. A. COPONET.

AN EXCITING DAY'S WORK.

I WONDER if you boys have any idea of the many kinds of things missionaries have to do. Carpentering, baking, shoemaking—none of these things come amiss, and if you want to be missionaries when you grow up, the more things you learn now to turn your hands to the better. Why, I remember a story of two missionaries in Patagonia, where it rains hard two days out of three. It was a *very* wet day, and Missionary No. 1, who was an Englishman, was rather at a loss what to do, since he could not get out to speak to the people and they could not come to him. So, hearing a queer noise, he went into another room, where he found Missionary No. 2, who was a German, very busy indeed. He was taking advantage of the wet day to make a good supply of bread, and made the noise in doing so. His friend

thought it was nicer to stay with him, but I am afraid he was not much help, for presently the German called out to him that he was sitting on the mutton!

Now Mr. Job, the missionary of whom I want to tell you next, is working in a very different part of South America—namely, Peru. You will remember the article we had about Peruvian children, and you will be glad to know that Mr. Job and his wife are working among the poor Indians of that country, and trying to help them in earthly things as well as heavenly. They have a very large farm, and get the Indians to come and work for them, and then they tell them of the Saviour, and at the same time the Indians see what real Christians are like, so different from the Romish priests, who are among their worst oppressors.

In Peru people turn their cattle, horses,



An Exciting Day's Work

ALPACAS ON THE PUNA OF HUAMANCHUQUES

llamas, and other animals out to graze, and often they stray on to the land of other farmers, so once a year each farmer collects all the animals on his land and keeps them until their owners come and pay something for the grass they have eaten, which is called making *Verbaje*. He must take care to tell no one when he is going to do it, or, I am sorry to say, the cattle will be removed to avoid paying for them, but the Peruvians have never read, "Owe no man anything."

Well, of course there were plenty of other people's cattle on Mr. Job's land, so one morning soon after three o'clock he and his wife got up, and he went round and called all the Indians who were working for him, while she made them some hot coffee. As soon as they heard the word *Verbaje*, up they got, and soon after four they were breakfasting. Then off they went, the last party starting just as the daylight began to break over the mountains. Theirs was not an easy task,

but by six in the evening all were back again, and oh, what a noise there was from such a number of bulls, cows, horses, mules, and llamas, all objecting to being thus driven together! However, they were soon separated and shut up for the night, while the Indians had a good supper, and during the next two days their various owners appeared to pay for them and take them away.

Tinies' Own Corner.

MY DEAR TINIES,—Mrs. Bryant, a missionary from India, told me such a nice story last night, and I thought at once that you would like to hear it. It is about a little Indian girl of six years whose name is Gungama. That means "Mother Gunga," Gunga being the name of the river Ganges, which the Hindus worship as a god. Well, little Gungama was sent to a boarding-school under the care of some missionaries, and one day Mrs. Bryant asked

the children if they had prayed that morning. A good many said Yes, but when she asked them what they had prayed for they had quite forgotten. I am afraid they cannot have really wanted what they asked for, and certainly they were not looking for the answer. What about you? Do you just say a prayer and forget about it, or do you



ask God for something you really want Him to give you? That is true prayer, not the other. By-and-by the question came to Gungama, and at once the little maid said, "Rain." In India it does not rain all the year round as with us, but only during certain months. The rains were late in coming that year, and our little friend knew that if they did not come the corn would not grow, and everybody would have to go hungry. I forget if it was that day or the next that the little girls went out, and when they came home they were all so wet, for the rain was pouring down. "Who prayed for rain?" asked Mrs. Bryant, and all the girls saw that God had answered little Gungama's prayer.

I am glad to add that Gungama, who is now eleven years old, shows that she really belongs to the Lord Jesus.—Your loving friend,
COUSIN ALICE.

VICTORY! VICTORY!

LAST month we turned to 2 Chron. 29 and Ezra 7, and sought to learn that we should begin the New Year by opening our hearts to Jesus, and starting for the heavenly Jerusalem. I trust that many of you who read this little paper are able to say with truth: "I have opened my heart to Jesus, and He has filled me with joy and gladness, and I have started on the way to the heavenly Jerusalem."

Oh, what a glorious portion is yours! Well may you rejoice and be exceeding glad, for as surely as you have received JESUS as your own Sacrifice and Saviour, so surely will He carry you safe to heaven, and fulness of life, joy, and glory will be your eternal portion.

But now I have also a special word for *you* from 2 Chronicles 29. Hezekiah was *not* satisfied with *opening* the doors of the temple, but he began at once to cleanse it. He brought out the filthiness of it into the outer

court, and then cast it into the brook Kidron. So now the Lord Jesus wants *you* to bring out all your old sins into the sunlight of His holiness, that you may see how ugly and wicked they all are, and begin to hate them, and long to leave them off. He wants to make you pure and holy as He is holy; He is not content with having cleansed you from the guilt of your sins with His precious blood, but also wants to cleanse your heart from all its wrong thoughts and feelings, and fill you with love, joy, peace, meekness, good temper, and every lovely thing. He gave Himself as a sacrifice for your sins, not only to save you from hell, but also to redeem you from all iniquity, and give you the victory over every sin.

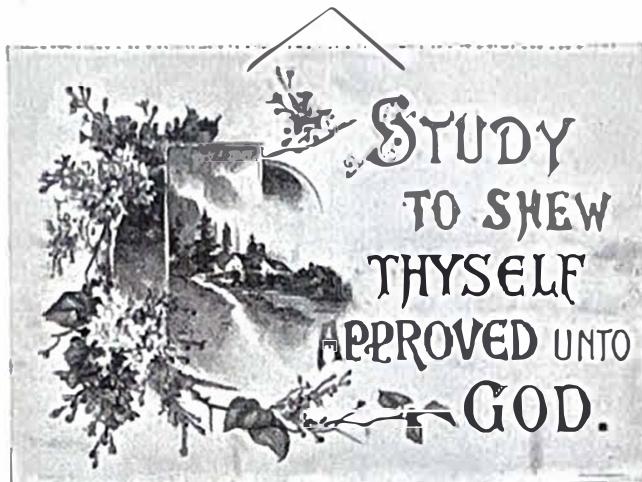
Oh the joy, the comfort, the glory



HEZEKIAH BLOWED HIMSELF AND WORSHIPPED

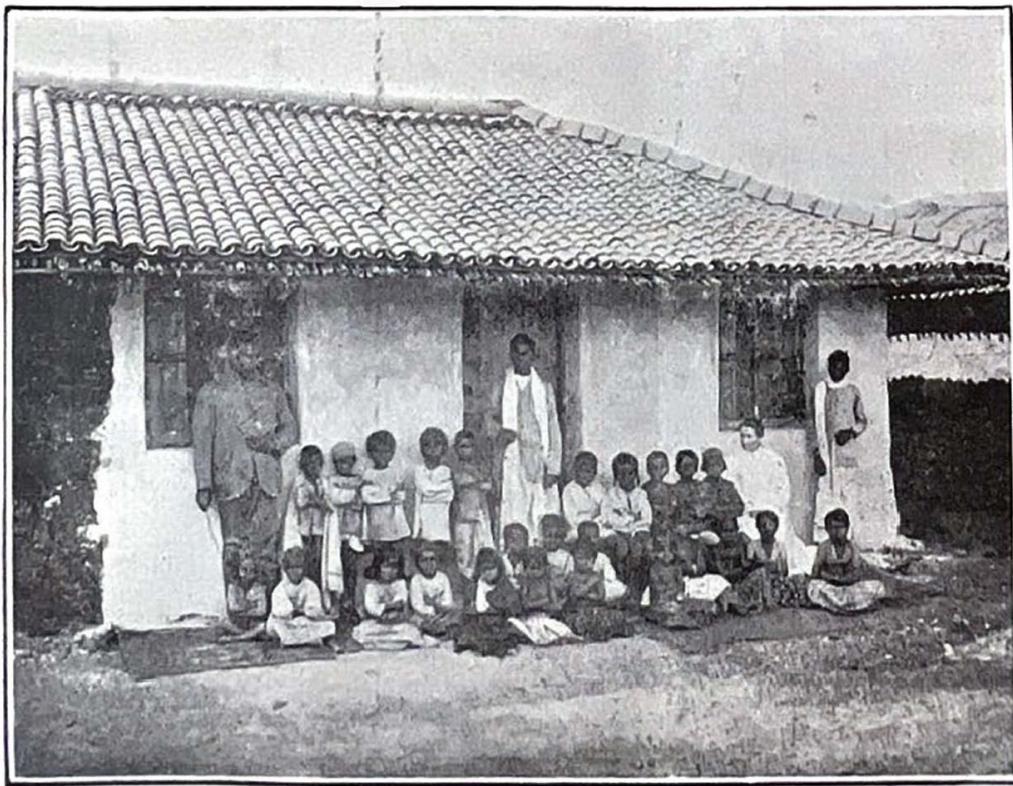
of being filled with the fruit of the Holy Spirit! Would you not like it? Then go and sit at the feet of Jesus, and talk with Him about all your naughty words and ways. Do not be content with confessing them and having them forgiven, but sit and talk with Him about them, and ask Him to show you how

foolish and wicked they are. You need not be afraid; He will not scold you. No, He is full of love and tender pity, and longs to help you. He knows you cannot conquer them yourself, the devil is too strong for you, and he is always trying to pour his own wicked thoughts and feelings into you; but if you will sit and talk with Jesus He will pour *His* holy, beautiful thoughts and feelings into you, and then little by little you will grow like Him, and become holy and beautiful as He is.



But it is not enough to *talk* with Jesus about them, you must also *try* to leave them off. You cannot sit and talk with Jesus all daylong. No, you have to get up and go to school, or take care of your brothers and sisters, or help your father or mother. But Jesus in His tender pity offers to walk with

you and help you, so when you rise up from talking with Jesus you should try and keep close to Him, and when the naughty feelings begin to rise, cry out to Him at once, and He will help you. You cannot *suddenly* get the victory over your sins any more than you can learn to write by writing one copy. No, you must persevere; try, try, try again; but mind, you must keep close to Jesus, and constantly get *fresh help* from Him, and then little by little, you will get the victory and become pure and lovely as He is. M.H.Y.



AN INDIAN SCHOOL.

THE Gospel of Jesus Christ not only secures life and happiness hereafter, but, we see from the faces of the children in our picture, gives joy and gladness here. One morning, after singing that hymn "There's a crown for me in heaven," a little boy came to his teacher and said, "Jesus is going to give me a crown." "What have you done to receive a crown from Jesus?" asked the teacher. "Why, I believe in Him," the boy replied.

A BIRD'S INVITATION.

"I DO love Jesus, and I do love you, too," said a Chinese woman to a missionary who went to see her, and then she showed her love by inviting her neighbours all in to

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

You know the story of Peter's deliverance from prison in Acts 12; don't you? Now the God who delivered Peter is able to do just as wonderful things to-day, as the following story will show you.

Six-faced was a little girl who lived in South India, and I don't know how her parents came to give her such an ugly name. At the time of which I am going to tell you they were both dead. She had been taught to worship idols, but one day some Christians came to her town and preached in the open air. Six-faced did not hear much, but what she did hear made her want to know more, and she went to the missionaries and begged them to keep her and teach her. But they could not do that, for it is against the law to take a little girl away from her relations, so they sent her home, and promised to call and ask leave to teach her. They kept their word, but, alas! only to see the poor child dreadfully punished for wanting to learn. Then she was sent away to live with her uncle, a cruel, bad man, in another town. We should have thought she would soon have forgotten the little she knew and given up wanting to learn more, but it was not so. God's Holy Spirit kept her from forgetting and made her true to the Saviour of whom she knew so little. Her uncle used to beat her dreadfully for wishing to be a Christian, but she

hear the gospel. So often does she say to the passers-by, "Come in and hear the doctrine!" that a magpie, which her boys keep in a cage, calls also, "Come and hear the doctrine! Come and hear the doctrine!"

never gave way. The years went by, and she had almost given up hope, when a new thought came into her mind. She would ask the Lord Jesus to help her. Only once had she heard a Christian pray, and she did not remember much about it, only that it was speaking to Jesus, the loving Saviour, and He heard. So she repeated over and over again her simple request, "Keep my uncle from beating me." Then she felt comforted. She knew this Jesus had been beaten once and fastened to a piece of wood till He died, so He must know how much it



A Wonderful Escape

HIGH CASTE HINDU LADIES.

hurt. And did the Saviour answer her cry? Yes, He did; her uncle never beat her again.

Then another trouble came. Her relatives were arranging for her to be married, and that would make it more difficult than ever for her to be a Christian, so she prayed, "Jesus, O Jesus! stop it. Do not let me be tied." Once more her prayer was answered: the plans came to nothing. Then money and jewels were promised her, but she cried, "Jesus, O Jesus! let not my heart become caught by money and jewels."



A Wonderful Escape

LITTLE SIX-FACED.

But though the Lord kept her true, she again began to lose hope. The missionaries had told her they could not protect her till she was sixteen. She thought she was sixteen now (natives of India hardly know their exact ages), but they did not come for her. Of course they could not do that; they did not even dare to invite her to go to them, but she did not understand this.

But the Lord had a way of escape for her. There was a Christian woman in the town, called Pearl-Shell, and she asked the Lord

to show her how to help poor Six-faced to escape. She knew the people might kill her for doing it, but still she prayed, and one day it seemed as if God told her to go to a certain stream, where Six-faced was sometimes sent to bathe, meet her, and walk out of the town with her at once, trusting Him to keep the people they met from seeing them. How could she dare to do it? But she believed it was God's will, and she obeyed. Six-faced went with her, believing God would work a miracle and blind the eyes of the men of her caste whom they were sure to meet, and He did it. For three long miles they walked to a village where some Christians lived, and God took care of them, and before Six-faced's uncle followed her, a missionary and his wife arrived. The uncle did not *make* her go back, and in a few days she reached the home of the lady whom she had begged to take her when she was a little girl. And now she got a new name, "Gladness," and learned more of the Saviour who had loved and helped her all through, and in time she was able to help to teach others about Him.

Poor Pearl-Shell at first felt afraid to go back to the town, lest the people should find out what she had done, but after she had prayed she said, "He [that is, the Lord] says He will go back with me," and back she went.—From *Overweights of Joy*, by Miss Amy Wilson-Carmichael.

LANGUAGE DIFFICULTIES.

In most savage languages there are queer sounds which English letters cannot show properly, and if the language has never been written before, this is awkward. Often marks are made over the letters to get out of the difficulty. Frequently the people have no word for things mentioned in the Bible. In one place there were no sheep, and therefore no word for them, so the missionary had to put *sipi*, which was the nearest the people could say to sheep. In Melanesia the people had never seen a ship or any boat but a canoe, and it was difficult to make them understand about the ark. Huts, too, were the only buildings they knew, and it was puzzling how to describe the Tower of Babel to them.

A FRIEND OF FREED SLAVES.

CHAPTER III.

I TOLD you what an unhealthy country it was where Mr. Johnson worked, and often he and his wife got very ill. Sometimes he was afraid she would die, and after three years he was obliged to bring her to England, but they did not stay long, and in the autumn of 1819 they set out again to return to their loved work, and oh, how glad the people were to see them once more! Some of them had been afraid Mr. Johnson would not return, and they had had a great deal of trouble while he was away, and when one man heard he was come back he was so glad, and he said to himself, "God no forsake His people; He know all His people. Oh, thank God, thank God!"

But there was always more and more work to do, for fresh slave-ships would be captured by the British vessels, and the poor rescued people brought into the colony. Mr. Johnson thus described the arrival of one party of over two hundred at Regent's Town: "As soon as we came in sight, all the people came out of their houses to meet us, with loud acclamations. When they beheld the new people, weak and faint, they carried and led them up towards my house. After they had lain on the ground, being quite exhausted, many of our people recognised their friends and relatives, and there was a general cry, 'Oh, massa, my sister!' 'My brother!' 'My countryman!' 'My countrywoman!' &c. The poor creatures did not know whether they should laugh or cry when they beheld the countenances of those whom they had supposed long dead, but now saw clothed and clean, and perhaps with healthy children in their arms." Then the people ran and brought food, not only for their friends, but for all the new comers, so that they had a better dinner than for a long time. Among them were many boys and girls, who were taken into the boarding-schools, and the rest were taken home by the people who already had houses. One school-girl put some of her own clothes on a new girl to take her to hear God's Word, but when the girl saw so many people together she was frightened and ran back crying. She said she had been

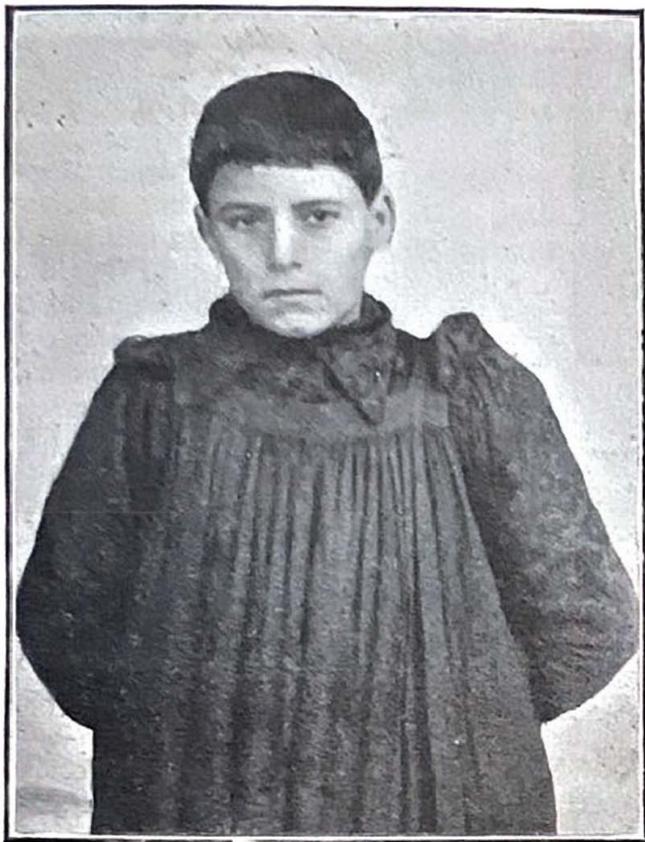
sold too much and did not want to be sold again, for she thought it was a slave-market.

Before bringing this story to an end, I must tell you about a little girl of only nine who longed to know the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. She told Mr. Johnson, "Massa, that time you come back from England, one Sunday you talk about wicked people. You say how they stand, and I begin to think about all them bad things I been do, and I think you talk of me, and me 'fraid too much to go to hell. Then me want to tell you; but I say, I too young. Since that time my heart always trouble me: plenty time me want to talk to you, but me 'fraid. Last Sunday week, when you talk about Mary During [a young woman who had gone to be with the Lord Jesus] you say, 'Perhaps you think you are too young to serve God—it may be one boy or girl think so. Remember that young people die as well as old people. Who knows but that one of the youngest boys or girls may be the next; and how will you stand if you are not



A Friend of Freed Slaves

RESCUED SLAVES.



A Little Girl's Prayer

PAULINA

ready?' Them words, Massa, strike me too much, for me just in that state. I want to know what I must do. I fear I do not belong to the Lord Jesus Christ, because I no believe." Other things she said showed Mr. Johnson that God was working in this little girl to make her His own. Sometimes, she said, she felt very comfortable in her mind because she was a great sinner and Jesus Christ a great Saviour.

Many other missionaries had died during the few years Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had been in Africa, and at last their work there was also done. Mrs. Johnson was once more very ill, and she had to go home to England, to the great grief of the women, who called her Mammy. Then in the beginning of 1823, Mr. Johnson, too, left, intending to visit England and go back again to his work, but before the ship reached this country, he had taken a longer journey, and reached the home of the Lord whom he had so faithfully served. Only seven years of missionary life, yet how many souls he had led to the Saviour! How much joy he

must have had as one by one they joined him in the better land! Oh, dear children, missionaries have many troubles that people who stay at home don't, but they have joys, too, that belong to them alone, and of all the many kinds of work in the world, there is none so important, and none which we should so highly honour, as that of taking the Gospel to the many who have never heard it.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

PAULINA, a little girl, was once praying for a missionary whom she knew far away in Africa, when she stopped a moment, and then added—"And, O God, please bless all the missionaries I don't know the names of, wherever they are."

When she got up from her knees she said to her mother, "God will know them all, won't He, and not leave any one out?"

Was that not beautiful to ask God for such a big blessing that not one of His dear servants should miss it?

Now I wonder if you, dear boys and girls, ever think to pray for the missionaries. I hope you do, and if not, will you begin this very day? It will be such a splendid way of helping a little in the wonderful work for God that they do. Many of them have left home and friends and everything they cared for on earth, to go and tell the story of Jesus and His love. The work is often very hard, and as you know many sicknesses and fevers come upon the missionary, beside cares and anxieties that we do not even dream of, living safe and sheltered at home. How it would cheer their hearts if they knew that we never let a day pass without praying for them! Will you try to remember this before you go to sleep to-night, and every night, and ask God to bless all His messengers who are spending their lives in His service in distant lands?

D. T.

CHINESE GIRLS' LEARNING.

LITTLE Chinese girls, under twelve years of age, have been known to repeat the whole of the four Gospels quite perfectly, and understood much of the meaning too. How much of the Bible do you know, little friends?

A YOUNG MARTYR.

You may have heard of the terrible massacres of Armenians that lately took place in Turkey. Among those killed was a boy named Harouteun, who had attended a mission-school. If the people put a white cloth round their heads it was a sign that they gave up Christ and became Mohammedans, and their lives were then spared. Many around him were doing this, but Harouteun refused. "No, I will never deny my Saviour; if you kill me I will die a Christian," he repeated again and again. Though only a boy he was not ashamed of his Lord, but was faithful unto death, and we know that when the Lord Jesus gives rewards to His people there will be a bright crown for Harouteun. What about you, dear young Christian? Do you *confess* your Saviour, or are you sometimes ashamed to do so for fear others would laugh, or perhaps even when you know they would

not, but just because you are shy? If so, don't you think you will be ashamed when that day comes and you see Harouteun and Orange Blossom (see *Across the Seas* for August), and other boys and girls who died for Christ receive their rewards? Remember you have the same Saviour as they, and He is just as ready to help you. Perhaps you think, "Oh! if it were a question of *denying* Christ I would never do that, but this is different." The Lord Jesus said: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." If you are not faithful in confessing Him when no harm will come to you for doing so, I fear very much you would not be faithful were you in Harouteun's place.

THERE are now whole Bibles in 105 different languages, New Testaments in 102 more, and parts of the Bible in no less than 211.



A Young Martyr

ARMENIAN ORPHAN CHILDREN.

A LUNDA SCHOOL, CENTRAL AFRICA.

I WISH you could see all my nice, roly-poly, bright-eyed blackies. They arrive any time between 7 and 8.30 a.m., and look in my room, in the garden and everywhere till they find me. Then I say, "Korenū" (Good-morning), and they clap their hands and say, "Mwane" (thank you). Then I say, "Go and arrange the seats in school," and off they go, one generally staying to carry down the hymn-book, which is a coveted job. We begin with a hymn, which they sing very loudly and out of tune. I practise them with the scale, and some of them are improving. Then we have a short prayer, which is not easy to me, as I know so little of the language. Next I call the register, and these are some of the names : Samaurnu (Cross-eyed), Kawana (Smallest-of-all), In-koneesha (Fat), Kasonda (Funny Smile),

Nyakatemba (Biggest), Mutemba (Blue Beads). There are about eighteen altogether.

All sit down on the seats, which are just sections of tree trunks. They repeat some Scriptures, and then we have a reading lesson with blackboard and chalk. They dearly love to come up to the board and make letters and syllables. Sometimes I give each a slate, but they squeak their pencils horribly. School only lasts about an hour and a half, and then I say, "Come tomorrow. Good-bye!" and they tear off, making a tremendous hullabaloo.

This children's work is very interesting and encouraging, too, for they love to learn, and we hope they may become Christians.

WINIFRED M. HOYTE.

HARVEST in Japan means the gathering in, not of wheat, but of rice. The grain is at once shaken out of the ears on to sheets of matting. Some Japanese Christians brought as gifts to God in thankfulness for their harvest, sacks of rice, a live duck and rabbit, lily roots (a favourite vegetable) and a skein of raw silk. These would be sold, and the money used for God's work.

Tinies' Own Corner.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I want to tell you to-day about a clever little girl, whom we will call Nancy. Poor little maid, she was taken ill, and had to go into the hospital and stay there some time. That did not seem a nice thing to happen to her, did it? Yet it really was a very good thing, for in the hospital Nancy learned of the Lord Jesus, and how He loved her and died for her, and she trusted Him as her Saviour. By-and-by she got well and went home again, and now I think she must have wanted to do something for Him.

Soon a poor woman living near was ill, and she had no one to take care of her but her neighbours. She had to have a poultice, and the woman who tried to make it did not know the way. But Nancy had not been to hospital for nothing. She had watched the nurse making poultices for her, and now she offered, little girl as she was,



A Young Martyr

ARMENIAN CHILDREN.

to do it. And she made it quite nicely, too, and from that time she went on doing all she could for the poor woman, and she made a really good little nurse. And not only did she wait on her, but she told her of Jesus, and before the sick woman died she, too, had learned to know Him as her Saviour, through little Nancy's words, and so death to her just meant going to be with Him.

Now, I don't expect many of you are as clever as little Nancy with your fingers, but all of you who know the Lord Jesus can do something for Him. We always like to talk about those we love. So if you love Jesus, I expect you will speak of Him, as Nancy did, and sometimes those will listen to a little child who will not let a grown-up person talk to them about God.—Your loving friend, COUSIN ALICE.

THE BOOK OF JONAH.

PART I.

You all know something about the book of Jonah, my dear young friends, and this month we will have a little talk about it, and try and see what the Lord would teach us through it.

The first words are: "The word of the Lord came unto Jonah"; so you see the Lord Himself spoke to him, saying, "Arise, go to Nineveh, and cry against it, for their wickedness is come up before Me." But Jonah rose up to flee to Tarshish from the presence of the Lord. How dare you do so, Jonah? Are you not afraid? Do you not know that He is the Almighty God, and you cannot bide yourself from Him?

Alas! poor, foolish Jonah! the devil had so blinded his eyes and hardened his heart that he dared to defy the living God; yes, he went down to Joppa, and found a ship going to Tarshish, and paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, and thought to fly from the presence of the Lord.

But the Lord sent out a great wind into



the sea, and there was a mighty tempest, so that the ship was like to be broken. The sailors were afraid, and cast out the wares to lighten the ship, and cried to their gods (who were no gods); but Jonah had lain down and was *fast asleep*. Oh, the deadening effect of sin! He had dared to disobey God, and persuaded himself that no evil would come of it, and could even *sleep* in the midst of such danger. But Jonah was soon roused from his sleep by the shipmaster's *angry* cry: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, and call upon thy God"; and then they cast lots to find out for *whose cause* the storm had come. God caused the lot to fall upon Jonah; then all the sailors turned upon him and angrily asked what he had done?

Jonah was wide-awake now, and filled with terror. He knew he had defied the living God, that this tempest was the voice of His anger, and he could not escape from His hand; so he told the men the truth, that he was

flying away from "the God of heaven who made the sea and the earth." This terrified the sailors, and in no measured terms they said: "Why hast thou done this? What shall we do to thee, that the sea may be calm to us?" "Take me up," said Jonah, "and cast *me* into the sea, so shall it be calm unto you."

Ah! Jonah knew something of the holiness of God, and that He could not pass by sin, and yet he *dared* to disobey Him. But think of his terror, of his anguish of soul, as he thought of meeting an angry God! The men were very unwilling to cast him out, and they rowed hard and tried to bring the ship to land, but in vain; and so with a cry for mercy for themselves, they took him up and cast him into the sea, and the *sea ceased from her raging*.

What a lesson this is for you and me!



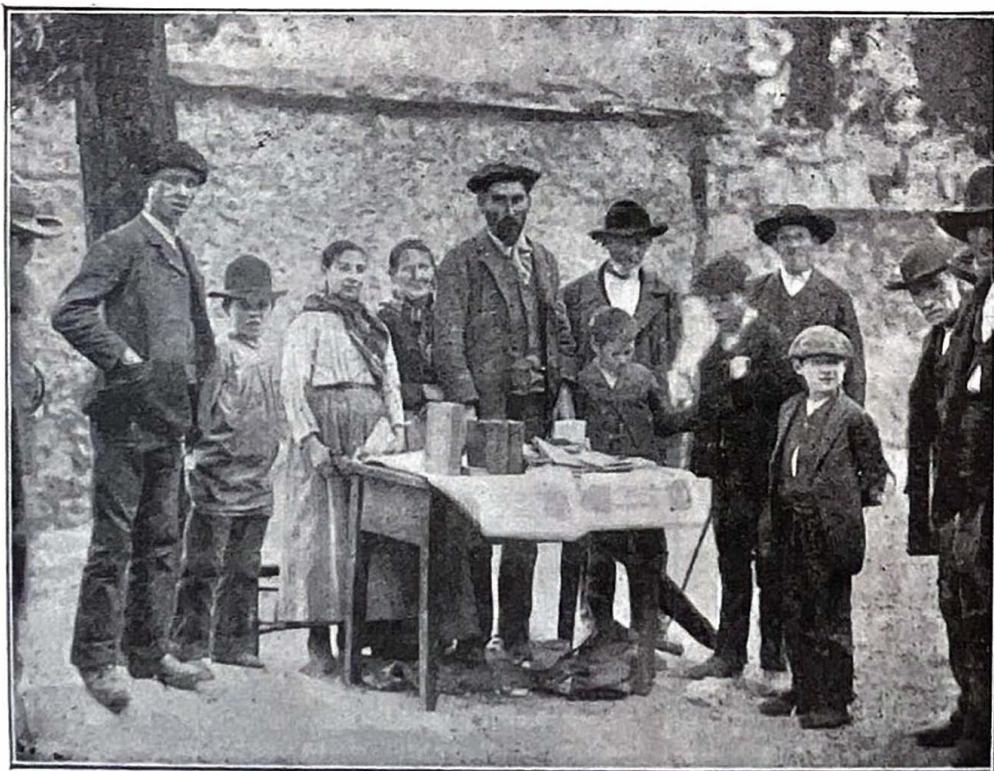
How often, like Jonah, have you dared to disobey the Lord? and, like Jonah, have hoped that the Lord would pass it over? But no, no, no! The Bible tells us that God will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil. With Jonah

the judgment came *quickly*, but with us it is *delayed*; because God is now entreating poor sinners to turn to Him and live, and promises a free pardon to all who truly repent and flee to Jesus. But though the judgment tarry, it *will surely come*. So flee, flee from the wrath to come; yes, flee at once to Jesus before it be too late. He is the *only* Saviour, the *only One* who can blot out your sin. Then flee at once to Him, and do not dare to go on defying God, or you will have to bear the full punishment of every sin you have done.

M. H. Y.

BIBLE-SELLING IN SPAIN.

THE people of Spain are Roman Catholics, and their priests will not let them have the Bible. A number of brave men, called colporteurs, go from place to place, selling Scriptures, and sometimes they get very badly treated, and even put in prison. But Bibles are sold; and, though the priests get them and destroy them if they can, some are read and lead the readers to the Lord Jesus.



A LITTLE SIN, YET.—

More than forty years ago a little child, six or seven years old, took some money out of a missionary box. The years passed and the child grew up, and though he did not know how much he had taken, he could never for-

SOUTH AFRICAN CHILDREN AT HOME AND SCHOOL.

Elm School, Lusikisiki, Oct. 12th—Evelina, one of our little day scholars, was reported to be very ill when school reopened, so, last Friday, Mr. Barton went to see what he could do for her, and kindly gave me the opportunity of riding over with him. We cut across the veldt, skirted the big chief's kraal, crossed a little stream, and up a gentle slope we found the little group of huts composing the Mbalo kraal. The nice old mother came out to greet us, and took me into a clean, roomy hut. How different all was from a heathen kraal! The floor was well swept. On the left side were several straw mats, such as natives plait very nicely, spread on the ground, and here sat Ellen (the eldest son's young bride), Kantusa (the eldest daughter, a young widow for the second time), and the two little patients, Evelina, and a nice little sister of Ellen's, who seems bordering on consumption, and suffers with her heart. I was invited to take a short form or stool, which is a seat of honour not found in heathen kraals. In the middle of the floor sat two wee boys, about three years old (one being Kantusa's little son), eating mealies out of a small tin vessel, and playing little games quietly by themselves.

Pleasant greetings were exchanged, and enquiries made as to the exact condition of the little invalids. It seems strange to us to see girls, suffering from cold on the lungs, dressed in cotton frocks and sitting on a mat on the floor. Presently Mr. Barton came in and examined them, finding both

get his sin. At last he sent ten shillings, much more than the amount, for missions, but think of all the unhappiness that that childish sin had brought! Don't you, dear children, do things that will make you sorry all those years after.

really ill. Meanwhile I noted the little shelves put up to hold the Bible and hymn-books (their only books except school readers), and other shelves neatly covered with paper with scalloped edge, and holding cups and saucers. The little table was



South African Children

A SOUTH AFRICAN BEAD-DRESS.

another mark of civilization. Then I was asked to go into the hut belonging to Ellen and her absent husband, who, with his father, is working in the mines at Johannesburg to get money to obtain cattle to pay for his wife. It was a very pretty little hut,



South African Children

nicely white-washed, as was the big one, and actually containing home-made bedsteads, showing that they have left behind the way of sleeping on a mat on the floor, which must be cold and possibly damp. I duly admired all, and then was conducted back to the family hut, where tea was presently brought in. Kantusa made very nice cups of tea, and handed one to me and one to Mr. Barton, and then brought a tiny jug of milk and a basin of sugar, in quite proper style. After we had finished, the two hostesses partook of tea also. Then Mr. Barton had prayer with them, asking for the recovery of the little girls, and commanding all to the Lord, after which we remounted our horses and rode home. Evelina is now well on the way to recovery, but the other little girl had been ill a long time before she came here, and it seems a serious case.

We have the same number of pupils as last term. We do not feel discouraged that no new boarders have come, as I really have as much as I can do. The youngest trio have given a great deal of extra work and care, but they are getting nicely into right ways. The little girl is a character. We

RED PONDOS.
can fetch in their clothes from airing, and will, of her own accord, set aside this and that as not quite dry, and bring them to me separately. **FRANCES GEYDEN-ROBERTS.**

CANOEING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Tamba Lagoon.—I have come down here into the marsh lands. Millions of frogs are here. Further along the bog softens off into blue belts of water, and new troubles arise in canoeing these. Firstly, you find there is nothing to canoe in, so, straight away, you strip a tree and make your own bark-boat. Made in an hour, it is so coggley and cracked that one tooth of a hippo would tear the thing to tatters. So far so good, you have barked your boat, but the next difficulty is more bewildering. Given your cockleshell canoe, the problem now stands how to produce your water. You had no boat for your lake, now you have no lake for your boat. Behind your back the whole aspect of this waterway has changed. Lying down to doze, we leave our bark-boat on the sort of shore, but, awaking, we find the lake choked with dense, bewildering marsh. Then begins a curious kind of aquatic leap-frog, dragging our boat, like Peary at the

call her Topsy, because she actually told me I must "hit" her to make her leave off ugly habits and ways, just like Topsy to Miss Ophelia. This little girl seems to think it beneath her dignity to admit fear or dislike, and will go through anything without showing signs of fear or distress. But she is, I believe, really conquered at last, and is now a very good, submissive little maiden. We think if she were once brought to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus, having been trained in right ways, she would hold true to her faith and training against any opposition. She is quite a clever little girl, too, in her way, and, though so small,

Pole, only for floating ice, read floating islands of "nile sudd." You sledge your bark-boat over a constantly changing surface of moving marsh. Two, three, or four islets combine and disperse in as many minutes, a channel of half-an-hour ago being now choked with marsh grass, your boat "bog-bound" with it. Nor does your boat rock; it is these islets that do the rocking, any attempt to land on one sending it a trembling and a bobbing. Happily my very short trousers cannot be very wet, as there is not much to wet, but these leap-frog boatmen have less, not having even an inch of clothes. Ashore, their favourite garments are monkey-

A LITTLE BLIND GIRL'S WORK. "WHAT could *she* do?" someone says. "Little girls generally can't do much, and what could a blind one do?" Do you know, dear children, that God says it is just the weak things and people that He uses? This little maiden could not have done much of herself, but she did what she could, and God used her; that was the secret.

But I fancy someone saying, "I wish you would make haste. I want to know her name, and where she lived, and all about her." Well, her name was Liu Yu-Chen, and her home was in Manchuria, in the north of the Chinese Empire. Liu was her surname,



A Little Blind Girl's Work

BLIND MANCHURIAN CHILDREN AT WORK.

skins, but here they only wear their own skins. They apologize for having deprived the monkeys of their overcoats, but the reason is that the said monkeys had deprived them of their corn.

D. CRAWFORD.

AN old Mohammedan woman was ill, and went to the mission hospital at Cairo, and there she learned of God's love. Before leaving, she said: "God sends those here whom He loves; praise Him, He sent me here to hear; He sent me because He loved me"

for the Chinese always put surnames first, and her other name, Yu-Chen, means "True, precious jade." I cannot tell you how she heard of the Saviour, whether her parents loved Him and taught her of Him from her earliest days, or whether, like some mentioned in *The Blind Man's Friend*, she was a poor little friendless child and the missionaries took her up, and took care of her. I think this was most likely. Anyway, she had come to know the Lord Jesus, and she had been taught to read and write in the way the blind

can, and she wanted to help to tell others of the true God. So she went out visiting with an old Bible-woman, Mrs. Shih, and when they got to a house, little Miss Liu would read to the women from her Gospel (which she had written, or rather pricked, out for herself from dictation), and then she sang them lovely children's hymns. And as the time went by, and the people listened time after time, they thought of what they heard, and by-and-by the women and girls in *twenty* different homes did away with their idols, and wished to learn more about God. Was not that good? Are you, like Yu-Chen, doing what you can

A SERMON BY A BATTA SAINT.

THE man who preached this sermon lived in Sumatra and suffered from a dreadful disease. He spoke from Acts 4. 13, about the unlearned and ignorant men who had been with Jesus.

"Yes," he said, "that is it; we must be *with Jesus*, and all will be well. I have to work for my living, and God enables me to work. The sun beats down upon me, but I do not mind it, because I am with Jesus; and all my limbs ache, but I do not feel it, because I am with Jesus; and the rain pours down, but I do not heed it, because I am with Jesus. When I sit at home I am so weak and ill that I can hardly speak above a whisper, but, as soon as I get here, I know the message must be made to reach the people, and I am enabled to speak loud, because I am with Jesus. If no one helps to support me, I don't let it trouble me; but oh, I do get troubled when you turn away from Jesus, and will not give up your sins!"



Sermon by Batta Saint

A SUMATRA CHILD.

POOR, YET RICH. Dr. CASE (a missionary in China) tells us of an old man who is poor, deaf, and practically blind, yet he is not unhappy, and does not grumble. How is that, do you ask? He knows Christ as his personal Saviour and faithful Friend. He is old now, but he knows he will no longer feel old and feeble in heaven; he is poor on earth, but he will be rich there; he is deaf, but he has heard and obeyed the Saviour's call; he is blind, but the eyes of his heart have been opened. You are young, and can probably both hear and see, but have you the Friend, the riches, the hope that this old Chinaman possesses? If not, come to the Saviour just now, and you, too, will become a child of God and an heir of heaven.

Our old friend lives in the city of Wei-hai-wei, in North China, and earns his living by going round from house to house to grind meal. Most families in China have two stones (like those called in the Bible the "upper and nether mill-stones") to grind wheat or other grain into flour. While he does his work he tells the Gospel to the people who employ him, and a lady missionary has met several women who have a fair knowledge of Bible truth learned from this blind man. Perhaps his deafness is rather a help, for he can't hear any objections the people raise, and just goes on preaching.

If this poor man can serve Christ, what Christian is there that cannot? If you know the Saviour, be sure you seek to tell others about Him, and, above all, show by your life that you belong to Him. If not, come to Him now.

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG READER.
HERE at last is a letter from the little son of a missionary. I am so glad one has written, and I hope other missionary children will do the same. Only our young friend has not quite understood the kind of letter I meant, so I want the next to be different. We should like to know about the many strange sights our young friends abroad see—the different kinds of animals, what the people's houses are like, and anything else that is quite different from things in England and which they find interesting. Meanwhile we are very glad to read William's letter, and we hope he won't lose his way again. If you have a map of the West Indies, see if you can find the islands of Grenada and Carriacou.

GRENADA, September, 1909.—My brother, sister, and I came out to the West Indies with father and mother three years ago to tell the poor black people the way to be saved. One day I lost my way, and did not know what to do. The day was so hot, and I soon got tired and thirsty, when suddenly I came upon a nice, cool, running stream. I at once drank and was refreshed. Then I came to two cross-roads, and did not know which to take, when a lady came up and showed me, and I soon came to a friend's house, where I could get some more water and a nice rest before I went on with my journey home. That day I walked about four miles. When I got safely home, I thought I would like to write and tell the little readers of *Across the Seas*

that we are all on the long journey of life, and there are two cross-roads, one leading to Heaven and the other to hell. Which are you on? If you have drunk of the River of Life you are on the right road. And then for the little reader who is on the right road to Heaven there is a resting-place down here, where our souls can get rested and refreshed, and that is the Sunday-school. Then when we are refreshed we can go on with our

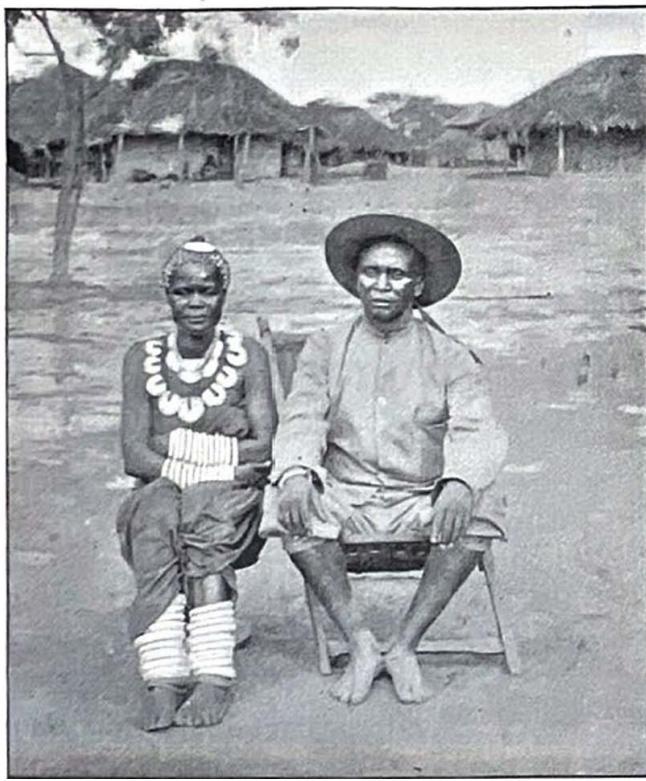


A LETTER from a Young Reader

WEST INDIAN WOMAN SELLING PIGS.

journey home to the loving Saviour, who will come to meet us and take us safely home to be with Him for ever.

CARRIACOU, Nov. 25th.—I wrote this some time ago, but we were all so bad with malarial fever I could not send it just then. Now we have come to stay with Miss Mosley at Carriacou for a change. We have only one hall for meetings on the island, at a village called Grand Bay. We have a large Sunday-school in the same village, over a hundred children, and many of them have trusted in Jesus. Miss Mosley has



How a Chief learned to Read CHIEF AND HIS HEAD WIFE.

meetings in seven other places in private houses. One woman a few days ago wanted to be saved, and she came to my father and told him, so father read John 3. 16, and asked her what whosoever meant. She said, "Whosoever means myself," and now she has trusted in the Lord. The people here are very superstitious, and are continually worshipping the dead. W. WESTON (aged 11).

The work of the Lord is done by few,
God asks that a part be done by you.

HOW A CHIEF LEARNED TO READ.

Malambalaji was determined to learn to read. He was an African sub-chief, and he sent word to the nearest mission-station that he would like some teachers to go to his district to teach him and his people, but there was no one to go. However, where there's a will there's a way, the proverb says, and it proved so in this case. Malambalaji's nephew had been at the mission-school, and then he married a Christian girl, and went to live in his uncle's village. He did not know much, but he thought he would teach the boys what he did know, so he called them together and taught them the alphabet. His uncle used to hear them going over it in a sing-song way, and wanted to know what they were doing. When he found out, he made up his mind that he, too, must learn "the wisdom of the Europeans," and it was not long before he knew his letters. Then the boy taught him the Lord's prayer, but he could not teach him to read a whole book, for that was more than he could manage himself. How disappointing! No teachers could be sent, and the only boy or man in the district who knew anything of reading had come to an end of his knowledge. What was to be done? Give up? Not so; Malambalaji *would* learn somehow. The boy's wife could read, so she must teach him. Never mind that a native would generally think it a disgrace to be taught by a woman; he was not afraid of being laughed at.

By-and-by a missionary went to the place to see what could be done to help them, and, by this time, the chief was reading the Gospel of Mark. Some time afterwards the missionary heard, to his surprise, that Malambalaji had gathered his children and some of his people together and was, himself, teaching them to read. Later on the old king of the district died, and our hero was made king in his place, and took the title of Masato (the name of a very poisonous snake). Whenever the missionary goes there, he has a hearty welcome, and the people wish to be taught, but as yet, I am sorry to have to add, Masato is a heathen.



Tinies' Own Corner

BLACK AND WHITE.

Tinies' Own Corner.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I have another Indian story for you, and it is about a little boy this time. For a long while a missionary called Mr. Pratt had been telling the people in a certain district of India about Jesus and His love, but they did not want to hear. At last one day a man came and said to the missionary, "I have come." "So I see," he replied; "what do you want?" But the man only repeated, "I have come," so the missionary told him to go away, as he was busy. Then it came out that the man wanted Mr. Pratt to take his little boy of seven into his school, and of course the missionary was very pleased, the more so as the father said he would not mind if the little boy became a Christian. So his mother brought him to school, and begged Mr. Pratt to be kind to him, and let him come home for week-ends, as he was her only child, and she cried at leaving him. You see Indian mothers love their children like mothers at home do. So when each Saturday came, home went the little lad, and I dare say he was very glad to see his father and mother again, and have no lessons for a day or two, just as you would be. But he did not forget what he had learned, but told his parents about the Saviour, and

before he ate his rice he thanked God for it. When they saw that, they felt sure their child would be a Christian, and as they loved him so much they decided they would believe in Christ too, so they came to the missionary and asked him to teach them. Do you, little Christian readers, thank God for *your* food?—Your loving friend, "COUSIN ALICE."

THE BOOK OF JONAH.

PART II.

IF we turn again to the book of Jonah we read that as soon as the sailors had cast Jonah into the sea, "the sea ceased from her raging." This convinced them that the God of heaven holds "the winds in His fists," and "raiseth up the stormy wind," and "causes the waves to roar," and also that at

His pleasure "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves are still." This filled them with fear, and "they offered a sacrifice unto the Lord, and made vows." Oh, I do hope that they not only *made* vows, but also "turned from idols to serve the living and true God!"

But to return to Jonah. We left him falling down into the sea; down, down he went, when suddenly a huge fish opened its mouth and swallowed him up; and there he lay for three days and three nights in the fish's belly.

God has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather that he should turn and live, and so He *prepared* the great fish to swallow Jonah up alive without hurting him, and then He took care of him and kept him alive in the fish's belly. But think what those three days must have been to Jonah! How full of terror and anxiety, wondering what next would happen! Truly he found it was an evil and a bitter thing to disobey the living God, and his terror increased as he pondered over his wickedness, and feared that any moment he might have to appear before that great God whom he had defied, and receive the full punishment for all his sins.

God was looking, waiting for the cry of

repentance ; but the devil had filled Jonah with such hard thoughts of God that for three days he lay in despair, moaning, groaning, and dreading the future, and never sent up one cry for mercy. But at last his soul sainted within him, and then he remembered something of the mercy of God, and he sent up a piteous cry, and God heard and answered at once, and God spake unto the fish, and it vomited him out (*not* into the sea, but) upon the dry land.

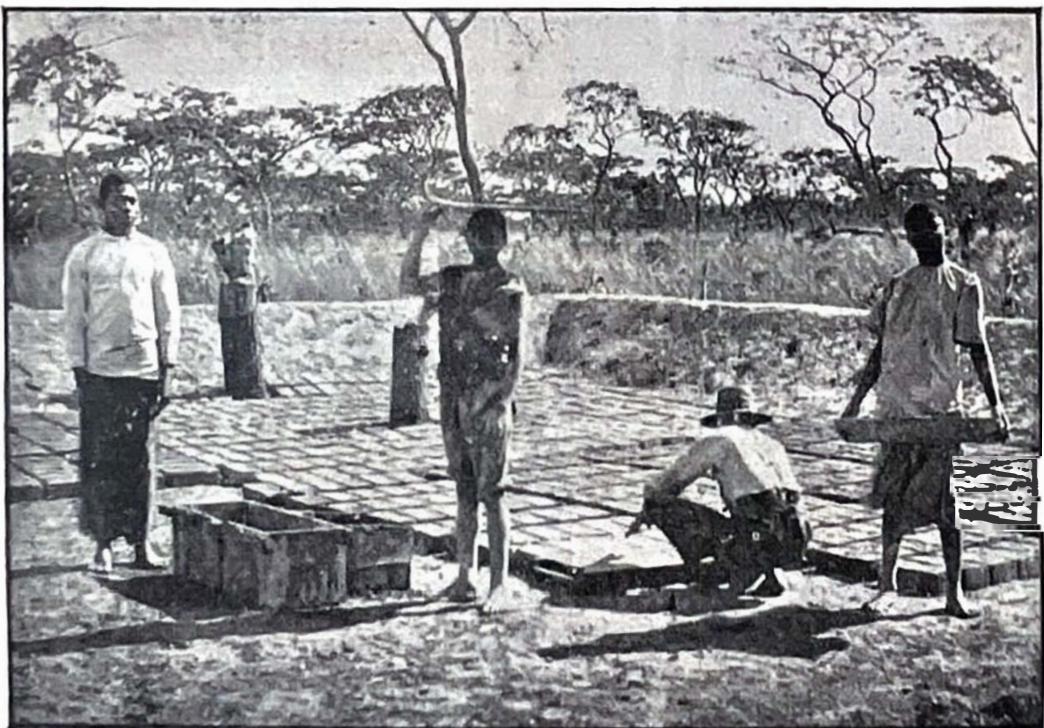
Oh, what a God of love He is ! How tender, how pitiful, how slow to anger, and ready to forgive ! Yes, He delights in mercy, and because as Judge of the universe He could not *justly* pass by sin, He asked His beloved Son to go and bear the punishment instead, so that He might be able *justly* to give a free pardon to any one who flees to Christ. Jonah was slow indeed to cry for mercy, but as soon as he cried he was heard and answered. Jonah had a proud, rebellious heart, and it took three



days and three nights suffering in the belly of the fish before he would humble himself.

And what about *you*, my dear young friends ? Have *you* each one humbled yourself before God ? Have *you* taken your place as a poor, lost sinner *deserving* punishment, and cried out to the Lord Jesus, and asked Him to present His blood as the atonement for *your* sin ? *If not*, the devil can *still* lay his hand upon you, and say you belong to him, and that he will drag you down to the lake of fire. But yet there is hope ! The door of mercy is open still, and God is waiting to hear *your* cry. God waited three days for Jonah, and as soon as he cried He heard and answered. But *how long* has he waited for *you* ? More than three days, I am sure. Then quick, quick, rise up at once and flee to Jesus. "Kiss the Son (go humble yourself before Him) *lest* He be angry, and ye perish from the way when His wrath is kindled but a little."

M. H. V.



MAKING BRICKS,
CENTRAL AFRICA.
WHEN a missionary goes to begin work at a place in Africa, it is no use his looking for a house to let, for there are none. His house must be built on purpose for him. Nor can he go to a builder and tell him to build it. No, he must build it himself, and teach the men who help him. He cannot even buy the bricks, but must show the men how to make them.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

"I WILL try and do my best, however poorly it may be done, in the service of my Saviour. I will never let the activity of another be my hindrance, nor the thought that a boy or girl with ten talents might do it so much

better keep me from doing my best with one; but I will resolve to act as if I were the only one, not waiting for others. A useful life will certainly follow, and if the motive be right the Master will always bless an honest effort to serve Him."

AMONG SOUTH SEA CANNIBALS.

CHAPTER I.

If you and I could have taken a peep some sixty years ago into the parish of Ski, in Norway, we might have seen a little boy, named Oscar Michelsen, who, when he grew up, was to do a great work for God among the savages of the New Hebrides. His father was a sheriff, and Oscar was educated with a view to a business life, learning various languages, which made him long to see foreign countries. While still a boy he learned something of what it was to have his sins forgiven, but none of his friends clearly understood the Gospel, and as he grew up earthly things occupied much of his thoughts. While quite a young man, he decided to go to New Zealand, and on the voyage he came to know two Scotch Christian ladies, who helped him to a better knowledge of the Saviour. On arrival he had very little money with him, but when his last shilling was spent he found work. His employer, like others in the town, kept his shop open on the Lord's Day, and as Mr. Michelsen learned more of God's will he came to see how wrong this was, and gave notice to leave. His employer would not allow this, however, but raised his wages and gave

him no Sunday work; and after a little he closed his shop on that day, later on becoming a true Christian himself.



Among South Sea Cannibals.

NATIVE IN GALA DRESS.

After some years of business life in New Zealand, Mr. Michelsen gave himself to working for the Lord, by selling books and distributing tracts in the "bush" (or country parts), and afterwards in the city of Otago. But from the time he first took a decided stand as a Christian he had wished to be a missionary, and now the longings grew stronger; at length God opened the way, and in 1878, when about thirty-four years old, he sailed for the New Hebrides.

His first year was spent with an older missionary on the island of Nguni, and when the mission-ship arrived to take him to Tongoa, the island where he was to begin work, he was very ill. But two other missionaries, who had left their own work to help him to settle on Tongoa, said, "It is only fever, and we have all had that"; and, thinking it did not much matter whether he died on Nguni or Tongoa, Mr. Michelsen

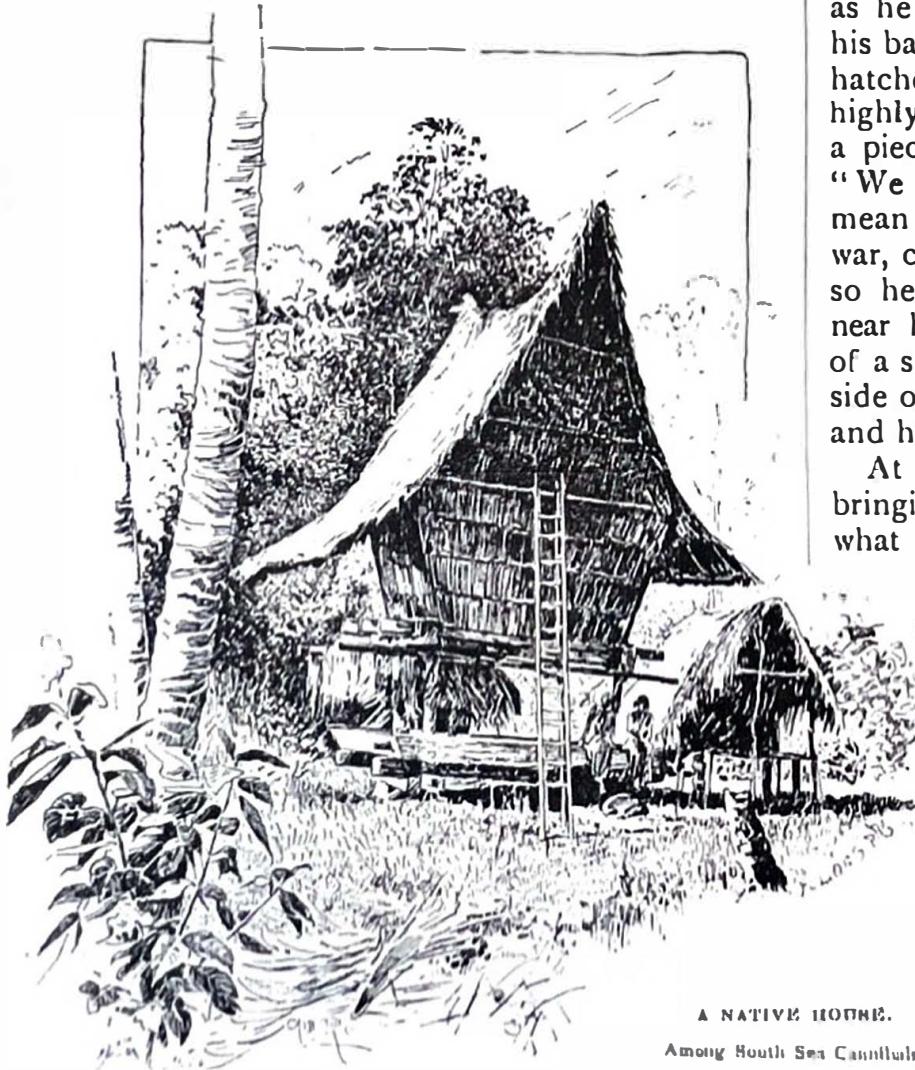
went with them. They built a house for him, and then, after nine days, the ship left, and the new missionary was alone, the only white man among eleven hundred cannibals. But God was with him, and he thought no more about dying, but prayed that he might have two years to preach the Gospel to them.

The best place on the island for a mission-station was the village of Lumbukuti, the chief of which was named Malakaloo; so on landing the missionaries asked for him, and soon he appeared. He wore a piece of Turkey twill and a belt of bark round his waist, a load of white beads hanging from his neck, and a small whale's tooth stuck through his nose, while a black ring was painted round one eye and a yellow one round the other, and his hair was smeared with lime and decorated with cocks' feathers. In his hand he carried a rifle, but he smiled as he enquired what Mr. Michelsen had in his bag. When the missionary gave him a hatchet and various other things he was highly delighted, but he refused to sell him a piece of land for a mission-house, saying, "We are afraid of you." What did he mean? He loved the way of darkness—war, cannibalism and other bad things—and so he did not want to have the light too near him. However, Maritariliu, the chief of a small village called Panita, on the same side of the island, consented to sell a piece, and here the house was built.

At first the missionary had many visitors, bringing things for sale and anxious as to what he would give them instead, and to

them all he spoke and sang. But there was one, a chief named Matabuti, who had a better reason for coming. His message of welcome was, "I am very glad you have come. A long time ago I had a wonderful dream. I thought I saw a ladder from earth to heaven, and God sitting at the top. When you came I knew you were the man that belonged to that ladder. I would like you to come over to our village as often as you can, and tell us about it." Mr. Michelsen was very glad to do so.

(To be continued.)



A NATIVE HOME.
Among South Sea Cannibals

NIGERIAN BOYS.

You remember the interesting articles we had about Northern Nigeria in 1908; don't you? Here is a story from another station in the same country. For several months some youths in one village had been attending school and meetings, and at last they felt they could no longer bow down to idols and perform other heathen ceremonies, so they refused. That made the chief men of their village angry, and they took them before the king, asking him to punish them, and, at the same time, begging him to forbid everybody from sending their children to the mission-school, for they were afraid all would become Christians. This the king would not do, and he asked if there were anyone present who believed in Jesus Christ. It was not an easy thing to do, to confess Christ before so many of His enemies, but one brave man rose and declared himself a Christian. The king was very much surprised, but said he admired him for his courage. This man, a prince, has since destroyed all his idols and charms. As to the boys, they were not punished, and are still going to school.

LITTLE HANNAH'S CONVERSION. MANY years ago a village girl of fourteen, named Hannah, and her brothers and sisters wanted to go to a fair. Fairs in that day were greater events than they are now, and young people had not near so many pleasures, so it was no wonder they wished to go. But their father was a good man, and he knew that with the fun of the fair there was a

great deal that was wrong, so he would not give them leave, saying, "By no means can you go; the pleasures of sin are but for a season."

Disappointed as Hannah was, she could not forget these words. All day she kept thinking of them. When evening came the father gathered his children together, as usual, to read God's Word, and then he spoke lovingly to them about sin and its pleasures, reminding them that unless they were cleansed from it through the blood



Little Hannah's Conversion.

AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

of the Lord Jesus they could never go to heaven. Suddenly Hannah jumped up and, flinging herself into her father's arms, sobbed out, "Father, dear, how can I be saved?" God had been speaking to her, and she was in great distress. Her father now told her of how the Saviour loved her and died that her sins might be forgiven, and there and then she trusted in Him and was saved.

Now, perhaps some of you expect to hear that after a few months or years of Christian life Hannah died, and you are afraid that if

you become Christians you will die young. You are making a great mistake. *Eighty* years passed, and still Hannah was left in this world, loving and serving her Lord. "Do you ever regret trusting the Saviour?" a friend asked her one day. "Never!" she replied, as her eyes brightened, "for my Jesus is everything to me. What should I have done without my precious Saviour all my life, and what should I do without Him now?"

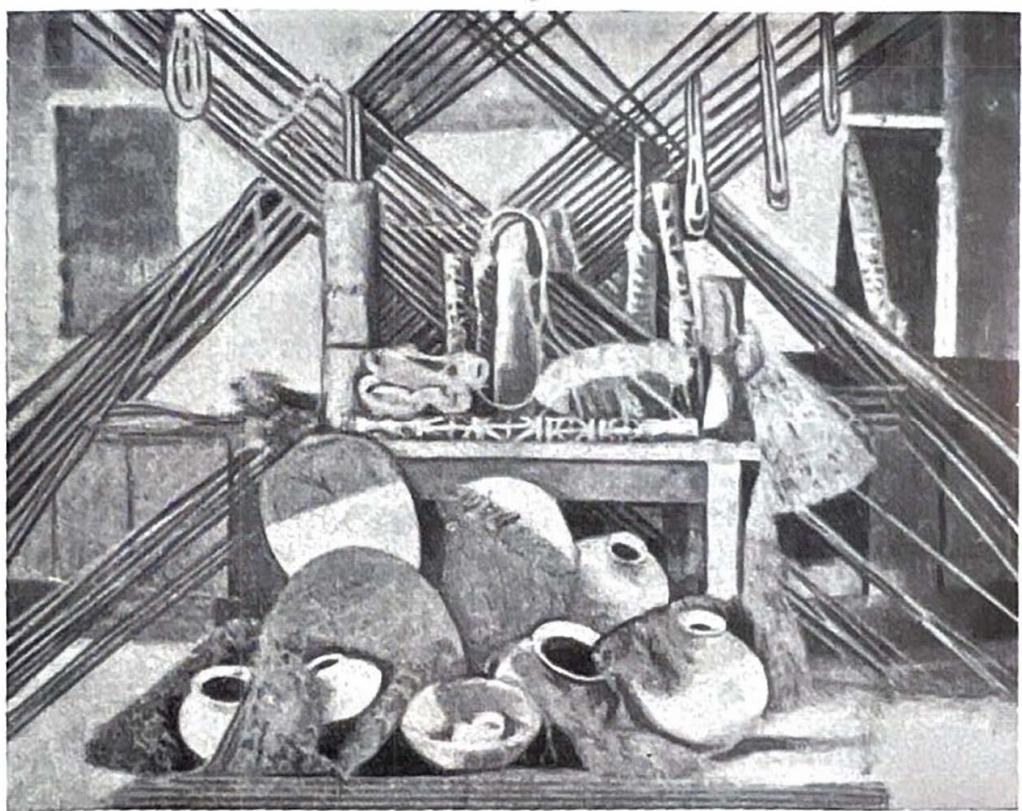
Dear young friends, will you not take the Lord as your Saviour at once, and so have Him as your Friend in whatever life brings you, as Hannah had?

ONCE DARKNESS NOW LIGHT.

"WHEN you come to Dobu take care of yourself. If you don't they will knock you on the head. They are the worst natives I know in all New Guinea." So said the Governor (and a brave man he was, too) to a missionary who was about to begin work at that particular place. Did the missionary draw back, afraid? No; he knew his God could protect him, and, though he was not able to go at once, in a year's time he went and began his work.

Six years passed, and one day the Governor paid our friend a visit. But where were the savages? There were none to be seen, but instead he was met by sixty or seventy well-dressed young men and women, who sang "God Save the King" in English to do him honour. What had made the difference? What *could* have done it except the power of God, saving these individual men and women and turning them from bloodthirsty savages into Christians and loyal subjects of the King?

What has God's power done for you who profess to believe in Jesus? Has it made any difference in *your* life? You were not a savage, but perhaps you had a bad temper. Do you give way to it as much as you did? I knew a young woman once who had such a dreadful temper that till she was seven years old she never smiled. But by-and-by God saved her, and she learned to keep her temper (or rather let Him keep it for her), and when I knew her she had a sweet face. Were you selfish? Have you learned to



Once Darkness, now Light.

CHURCH COLLECTION IN NEW GUINEA.

think of pleasing others first? Were you idle and inclined to neglect your work? Have you learned now to do everything for the Lord Jesus, remembering He is looking on? If you have not begun, at least, to learn some such lessons as these, are you sure you are not mistaken in thinking that you believe in Christ, for God's Word says that faith without works is dead, and the power that could change the New Guinea savages can certainly change you?

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature" (2 Cor. 5. 17).

A CHINESE GIRL'S CONVERSION.

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

OVER and over, during six long months, the girls in a mission-school in China sang this hymn you know so well. Why was that? you ask; did they know no others? No, they did not, and it took all that time to learn this *one*. Chinese ideas of music are very different from ours, but when at last the girls had learned to sing *one* hymn well, it was easier to learn more, and after a while they knew quite a number. Then Miss Warr, their teacher, used to invite them to her room on Sunday evening to sing to them. They called this their praise meeting, and were very fond of it, though up to the time I write of none of them had really come to the Lord Jesus. They were generally well-behaved, and having now been some time in school, they were getting to know a good deal of the Bible, but these things would not save them, and their teacher was very anxious that every one of her pupils should really know the Lord Jesus for herself.

One evening they were about to sing the hymn beginning "Just as I am, without one plea," when Miss Warr noticed that one of the girls was sobbing. She asked her what was the matter, and Shoh-kin replied that she was a great sinner, and wanted to be forgiven. So her teacher once more told her of Jesus, and how willing He is to forgive every one who truly comes to Him, and they sang the hymn. In Chinese the last line of each verse is, "O Jesus, Lord, I come." Then they knelt down, and Shoh-kin did come to the Saviour.

After the girls had gone back to their own rooms that evening Miss Warr heard them singing, "O happy day that fixed my choice," and it was not long before several others had such a happy day in their lives, for within the next six weeks four more came to Christ. Lately the news comes that Shoh-kin and one of her school-fellows have been baptised,

thus publicly confessing that they belong to the Lord Jesus.

I wonder if among those who read this there are some who have begun to feel their need of a Saviour, but who are putting off coming to Him, thinking they will wait till they are older. *Don't wait too long.* The Lord Jesus may come any day and call His people home to be with Him for ever, and Shoh-kin and many another Chinese child, some of whom once worshipped idols, would go with Him. How dreadful it would be for you if you were left behind! You could not plead that you had not heard of Jesus, or that you did not know your danger. Oh, come to Him now, and you will get to love the thought of His coming!

Perhaps, too, there is someone who does know her sins forgiven, but who has not yet



A Chinese Girl's Conversion.

CHINESE WHEELBARROW.

confessed her Saviour. I am sure it was not easy for Shoh-kin and her friend to do so, but they knew it was His will, so they did it. Remember, if you do not confess the Lord Jesus, you are really being ashamed of Him, and if He were to come, I think you would be ashamed to meet Him, even though you love Him and know He loves you.

Tinies' Own Corner.

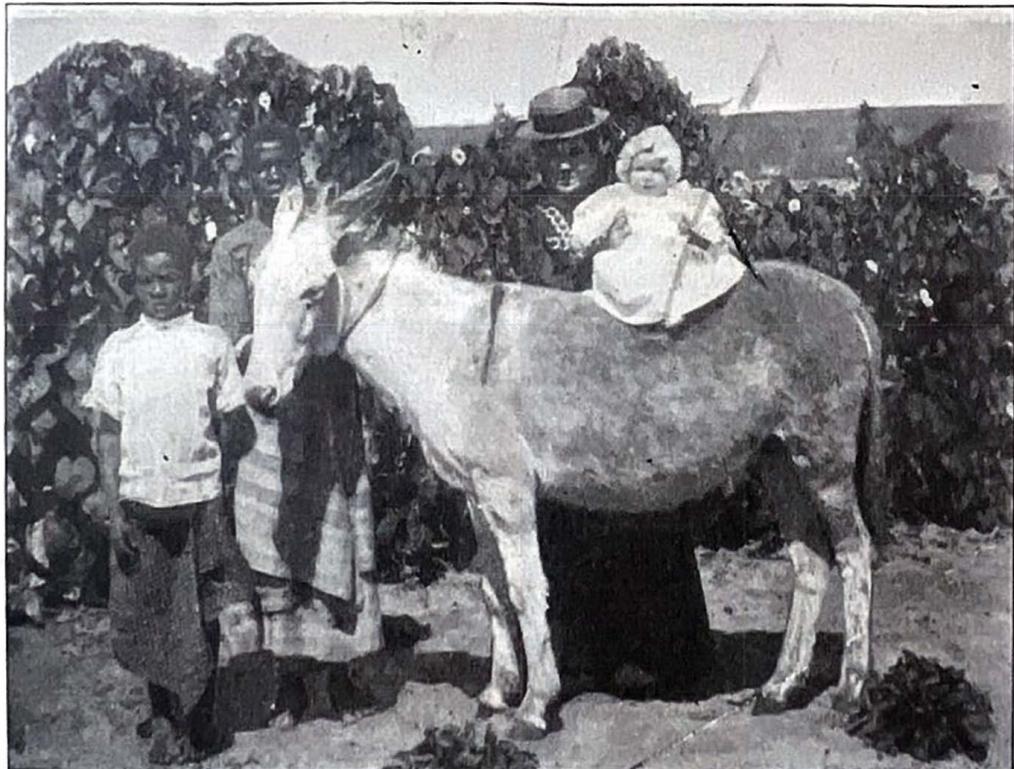
DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—Do you know what it is to be very, very thirsty and have nothing to drink? Once when some missionaries were travelling in South Africa they could not find any water, and they did not know what to do. Not only were they and their native servants thirsty, but their poor donkeys too, and the natives said though it was evening they *must* go on. But the missionary said No; they would stay where they were for the night, for God could not want the poor, tired animals to go further, and He knew where the water was. Then he and his wife asked God to help them, but the next moment they heard a cry, "The asses are lost; they have run away." So they

prayed about this too, and then went after the donkeys, and presently they saw them on in front. At once they said, "God is showing us where water is," and so it was. A beautiful spring of water came from under a rock, and there God had led the poor thirsty donkeys.

Did you know before that God cared about animals? He does not like them to suffer, for when He spared Nineveh, as we read about in the Bible, He gave as one reason that there was much cattle there, and you know the Lord Jesus said that not one sparrow falls to the ground without Him. How sorry He must be to see little boys and girls cruel to the creatures He has made! I hope you never are.

But there is another lesson for us in this story. Our souls can be thirsty as well as our bodies, and the Lord Jesus is just as ready to give the water of life (that is, salvation) as He was to help the thirsty missionaries and their donkeys. He says: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." Do you say: "But how can I go to the Lord Jesus, seeing He is not on earth now?" It

is easier than if He were here in body, for then you might have to travel a long way to reach Him, but now you can just speak to Him wherever you are. Tell Him you have been naughty and done things which grieved Him (for you know you have), but that you believe He died that you might not be punished, and you take Him as your own Saviour and thank Him. He will not send you away. — Your loving friend, "Cousin Alice."



Tinies' Own Corner

AN AFRICAN DONKEY.

WHAT KINDNESS DID.

FOR a long time the Gospel had been preached in an Indian village, yet no one had believed it. Then an old man from there went to the mission hospital in a city called Amritsar, and he noticed how kind the Christian attendants were to all the patients, whether rich or poor, whether Christians, Hindus, or Mohammedans. He understood that they did it all for the sake of the Lord Jesus, and when he went home he told the other people in the village about it, and added that he meant to become a follower of this loving Master. This led others to do the same, and no less than a hundred people in that village professed to become Christians.

THE little children in Japan
With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
To keep the rain away ;
And when you go to see, you'll find
That paper walls they live behind.
—Selected.

THE BOOK OF JONAH.
PART III.

JONAH ii. gives us Jonah's song of praise for deliverance out of the fish's belly. "I cried," says Jonah, "and He heard me." Oh, the longsuffering and patience of our wonderful God! There was no confession of sin, no real self-judgment, no real humbling before God. Those three terrible days in the fish's belly failed to bring him to repentance; and God in His pity and His love, instead of cutting him off in anger, heard and answered his bitter cry; and gave him more time for repentance. Jonah was one of God's servants, but he was wilful and disobedient, and had to be punished again and again before he learnt to obey and serve the Lord; and this Book of Jonah is given us that we may learn something of the bitter fruits of indulged or excused sin.

"The word of the Lord then came to



The Book of Jonah.

JONAH PREACHING IN NINEVEH.

Jonah the second time, saying : Arise, go unto Nineveh, and preach the preaching that I bid thee. So Jonah arose and went." He had no wish to be cast again into the fish's belly, so "he arose and went"; but he had no heart for his work, and did it in a slovenly way. "Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three days' journey"; and Jonah only went about a day's journey into it, and cried, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be destroyed"; and apparently took no more trouble about it.

Strange to say, this half-hearted warning was used of God to rouse the whole city. The king arose from his throne and put on sackcloth, and sat in ashes; and he and his nobles issued an order for a general fast, and commanded every one to turn from their evil ways and cry mightily to God. The people obeyed the mandate, and when God saw that they turned from their evil ways, His pity was stirred, and the judgment

deferred. He had listened to Jonah's cry, *although* he did not deserve it; and He also heard and answered the united cry of Nineveh, and delayed the threatened judgment.

But Jonah had no bowels of compassion in him, and instead of doing all he could to deepen the people's repentance, and teach them the fear of the Lord, "he was *very angry*." [Yes, angry with the Lord! How dare you do it, Jonah? Oh, how blinded he was!] And he went out of the city a sulky, disappointed man, and sat down under a booth, and waited to see what would become of the city. Yes, the devil had so hardened his heart that he had driven every feeling of pity and compassion out of him; so that instead of *rejoicing* because the people repented, he was "exceedingly displeased," and even hoped that they would go back to their sins and bring the threatened judgment upon them. How wicked! you exclaim. Yes, indeed, how wicked! and



how miserable Jonah was! First of all, Jonah *believed* the devil when he told him that God would pass over his sin; and so he *dared* to disobey. Then when trouble came, instead of humbling himself before God, he still listened to the devil, and became a hard, harsh, and cruel man. Have you never done the same, my dear young friends? Have you never done something

wrong, and hoped to escape punishment? And when trouble came you have been cross and angry, and sulky! and got filled with all kinds of wicked feelings, and said many things that you were ashamed of afterwards? Oh, let us learn from Jonah to be afraid of the first act of disobedience, for we know not where it may lead us; and when the devil has succeeded and led us into sin, let us be wise, and quickly humble ourselves before the Lord, and ask Him to search us, and try us, and cleanse us from every evil thought and feeling.

M. H. V.



A GROUP OF JAPANESE CHILDREN.

SOME COUNTRY CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

In this picture you see that little Japanese girls help to take care of their small brothers and sisters, like some of you do, but instead of carrying them in their arms like English children, they have them on their backs. There are very many children in Japan who have never heard "The Sweet Story of Old," that you have known from your babyhood, and many of you, I hope, have learned to love. Pray for them!

ELIJAH'S CHARIOT.

IT is very difficult to make a new word in Chinese, and so it comes about that the word used in the Bible for the chariot of fire in which Elijah was taken to heaven is also

used for a railway engine. An old Christian Chinaman, who had seen a train for the first time, came to the missionary in great delight, saying, "I never knew before how Elijah went to heaven."

AMONG SOUTH SEA CANNIBALS.

CHAPTER II.

"How many guns have you?" some savages asked Mr. Michelsen, when he had not been long on Tongoa. "None," he replied, but they would not believe him, so he told them he had just one gun, which in time would silence all the others on the island. As he spoke he showed it to them, and what do you think it was? *God's Word!* You know it is called a sword, and the Tongoans did not know about swords, but they did about guns, and so our missionary called it his gun. The people could not understand how a hook could be so powerful, but as time went on God worked wonderfully through it, and Mr. Michelsen's words came quite true.

But a great many hardships and dangers had to be gone through first. After a while all the cloth and knives and other things to give to the natives in exchange for food were used up, and until the mission ship came again Mr. Michelsen did not know what to do. So he told his trouble to God, and before he was really in want a number of natives came one day, bringing

him yams, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and taro, as a present from a chief called Marimaraki. Why had he sent them? Did he love the



Among South Sea Cannibals

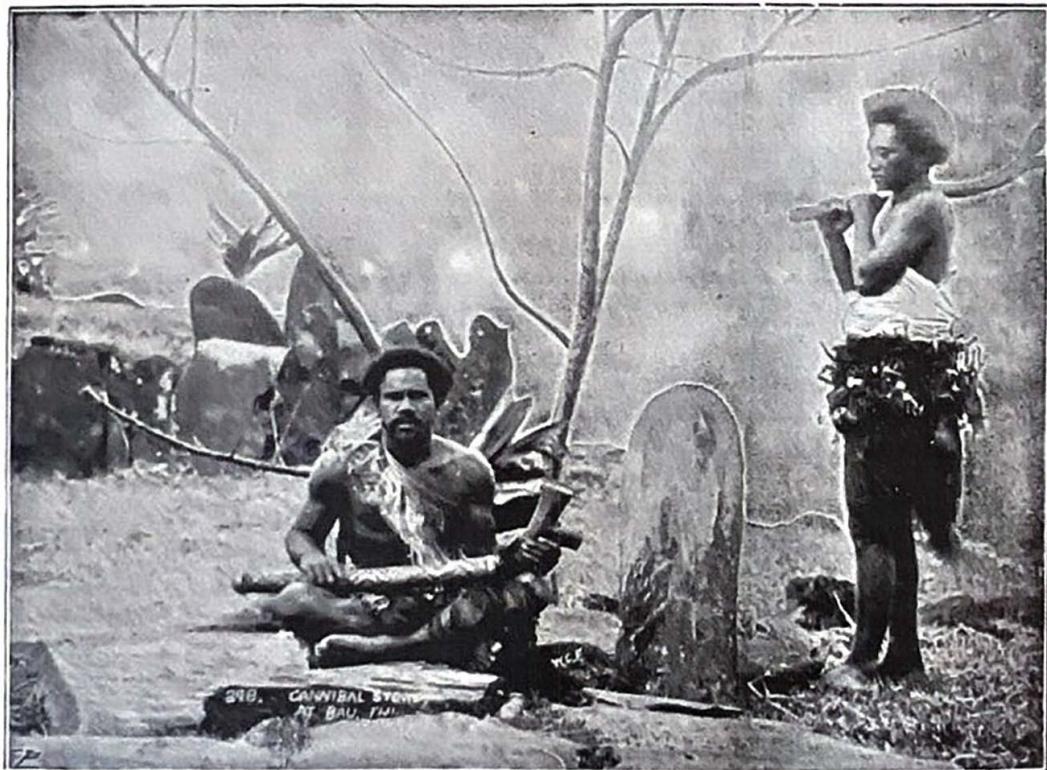
MISSION SHIP REACHING AN ISLAND.

missionary? No, not at all; and he afterwards showed himself to be very mean, but God can use anyone He likes to feed His people.

Once, while Mr. Michelsen had gone to meet his fellow-missionaries on another island, his house was broken into and many things stolen, but all were returned to him. The fact was the people were frightened at a magic-lantern exhibition, which he thought

coming to kill him, probably that night; so Mr. Michelsen told him that they would trust in God to take care of them, but if anyone came to the door he must not answer it, but wake *him*, and he would go, and Karisi could hide under his bed. Then he lay down, but instead of sleeping he listened for the arrival of the enemies. Presently he heard a voice, and thought they were coming, but no, it was Karisi singing, "My Jesus, I love Thee; I know Thou art mine." Afterwards the boy prayed, asking God to preserve him and the missionary, and to lead the wicked chieftain to know Jesus, and banish all heathen darkness from Tongoa. That prayer, too, was answered, even Malakaleo being brought to the Saviour at last.

After a year in Tongoa Mr. Michelsen paid a short visit to New Zealand, during which he was married, and the arrival of his wife gave great de-



Among South Sea Cannibals

would give them pleasure, and considered it safest to bring his things back.

But there were greater dangers than these. One of the first Tongoaans to trust in the Saviour was a boy named Karisi. His lip had been badly cut, and the missionary attended to it for him, and after a while Karisi proposed to stay and help him. He was fond of fun, but he listened attentively to the missionary's teaching, and not only learned to read, but gave proof that he was really saved. No sooner, however, did Malakaleo (the chief who would not sell Mr. Michelsen land) hear that Karisi was interested in the gospel than he plotted to kill him. One night the lad came to his white friend and told him that some men were

light to the native women, which they showed by jumping and screeching as they crowded round her. One of the first to come and see him on his return was a chief called Manambalea, who had for some time been much interested in the Gospel. He did not hasten to see Mr. Michelsen when he first arrived on the island, but sent some of his people to find out what he was teaching. After a while he came himself, and so pleased was he with what he heard that he took up his abode with the missionary, in order to read and hear more of God's Word. When some of Malakaleo's men asked him if he meant to work for Mr. Michelsen, he did not hide his real reason for living with him, though that would have been easy, but said,

"No; I have come to 'take the Book'" (that is, to learn about God).

Now Mr. Michelsen heard with pleasure from Manambalea how, during his absence, he had learned to read, and had on Sundays called the people of different villages on his side of the island together that Karisi might sing and preach to them. But he had other news, also, of a very different kind. War had begun, and the people of a number of villages had united to try to kill all the inhabitants of Pélé, one of the two villages in the middle of the island. Manambalea said these were "a very bad lot," and must be "wiped off" if there was to be peace on the island; and not only had his men been taking a share of the fighting, but the women of his village too! He evidently thought that killing the people of Pélé was a good thing to do, as they were so bad! But when the missionary explained to him how contrary to God's Word all this was, and that the island must be conquered by *love*, he saw his mistake, and determined to stop the war at once. To do this he went to Pélé, with no companions but Karisi and another lad, and unarmed, though his wife and her sister followed "to die with him," as they were sure he would be killed. The Pélé warriors thought that his coming thus must be part of a plot, and that his men would follow, and each grasped his gun. But Manambalea told them that the missionary said it was not according to "the Light" to fight and kill people, but to love one another, and added that he intended to stop fighting, and he hoped the people of Pélé would do the same, and learn the "New Doctrine." Thus the war was brought to a close, and Manambalea proposed that the Gospel should be taken to Pélé on the following Sunday.

(To be continued.)

A TRIP TO KASHMIR.

WHERE is it? you say. In the north of India, right among the beautiful Himalaya mountains, the tops of which are always covered with snow. It is a lovely country, and if you and I could go there in reality instead of imagination, I have no doubt we should stand and gaze at the wonderful

views for a long time. Perhaps you might even think, as a little town girl once remarked to me when we were out in the country, that the children who live there must be very happy. But there is trouble in beautiful places as well as ugly ones, and alas! the people of Kashmir do not know the only One who can give them a real, deep happiness that trouble cannot altogether take away. However, there are some missionaries among them, and I know you would



A Trip to Kashmir

KASHMIR GIRL CARRYING WATER.

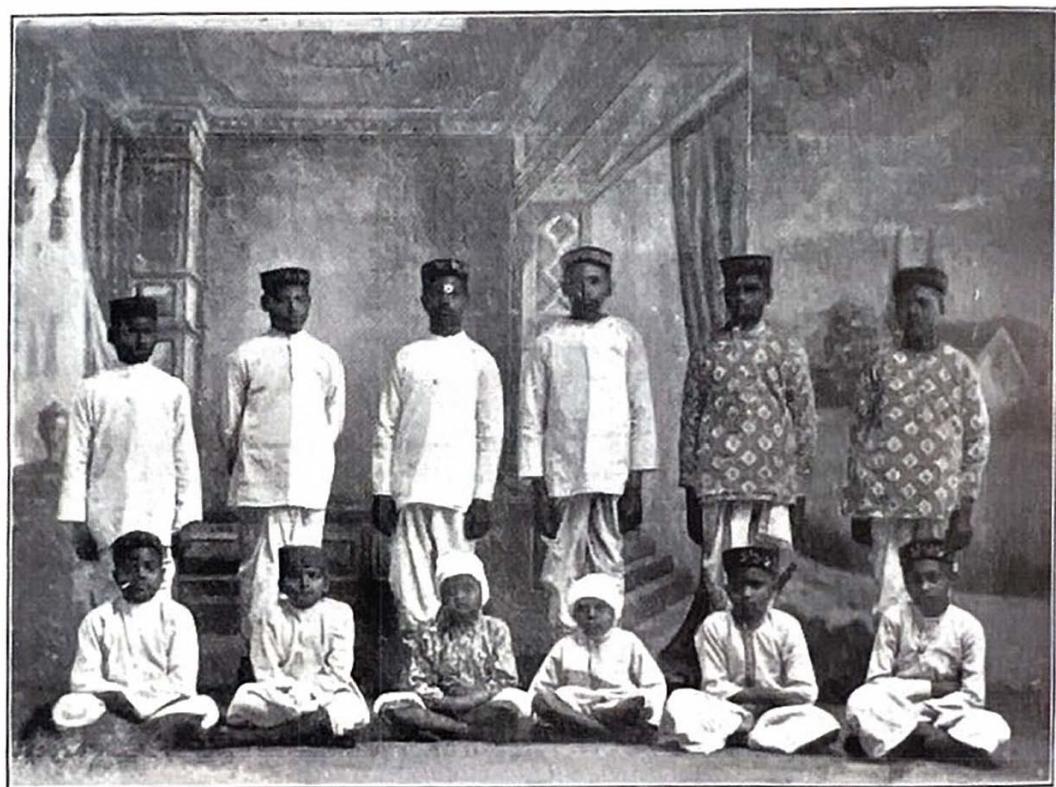
like to have a peep at what they are doing.

Here we are at the capital, Srinagar, and that building over there is the mission hospital, where missionary doctors care for the bodies of the sick, and at the same time tell them of the Great Physician who is able to heal their souls. But for this work I don't think they would have been allowed to live in Kashmir at all. However, it is not the hospital for which we are bound, but a place much more in your line, if you are strong and well—the boys' school.

They are big boys, for it is a High School, and of course they learn many difficult lessons, but we are going to have a look at them out of school hours, and see what they are doing.

There is a party going for a row on the lake, but before starting they are going two or three miles to the hospital for some of the invalids, to whom the little change will do good. How nicely they are leading that poor lame man down to the boat, and do you notice, while they are Brahmans, who are taught at home that it will pollute them to touch anyone not of their own caste, he is not a Hindu at all, but a Mohammedan? And what is that boy doing? Surely he, a Brahman, is not going to touch that poor sweeper woman who has just fallen down? Yes, he is picking her up! You see the teaching in the mission-school is bearing fruit, for sweepers are looked down upon more than any. Now shall we take a turn in the bazaar and look at the shops? There are many interesting things to be seen in them, but I like better to watch that little

boy from the school helping a poor, overburdened coolie to carry his load of pots. The head of the school will tell us that if it were winter some of these boys would be giving part of their spare time to chopping firewood for women who have no husbands or sons to do it for them. They would never have dreamed of doing these things once, but they have learned at school the meaning of the words "It is more blessed to give than to receive," though I fear few of



A Trip to Kashmir.

SOME BOYS UNDER TRAINING IN ENGLAND.

them have yet learned to know and love Him who spoke them. It would be very difficult for them to become Christians, but I think we may hope that the seed sown in their hearts is taking root, and that when they are grown up and can do as they like, some of them may declare themselves believers in Jesus. Shall we pray for this?

And what about you? Don't you think that you will follow the example of these Kashmir boys and see what you, too, can do to help those who are weaker than yourselves.

"By love serve one another."

SOME KABYLE CHILDREN.

THE family in this photo gives us much joy. Fathema, the mother, was the very *first* here to give her heart to Jesus, when she was about thirteen; now Hand, her husband, also trusts Jesus, and is so kind and affectionate to his wife and children. The little girl, "wee Fathema," you have seen before, and she is just as sweet as she looks, and is still the little playmate of our Pearlie. The little boy, Areski, is a fine little man, so healthy and strong, and is daily learning to sing God's praises. He is so different from the ordinary Kabyle boy, who thinks all girls far beneath him, and who likes to strike mother and sister if they do not do his bidding. Our little Areski has been taught to love and respect mother and sister, and is never happier than when he can sit and sing French and Kabyle hymns with his sister, and our Pearlie as teacher. We want you, dear children, to pray much for this little boy, for often his aunts and uncles try to teach him bad songs and naughty words, and they like to take Areski into the village, where he quickly sees and hears naughty things. "Wee Fathema" never goes into the village; her relatives often wished her to go for some special fête, but they now understand that she is as our daughter, and therefore do not ask.

We have taken another little girl to feed, clothe, and teach for Jesus; she is rather older and bigger than "wee Fathema," but is so happy and contented, and very anxious to learn what is right and good. Her mother is living, but had to leave her little girl because the father died, and she had to be married to someone else, and has left this part of the country. At first this girlie was left with her grandmother, but she died, and then the poor little orphan slept anywhere, and ate whenever anyone gave her food. The boys in the village were very cruel to her, and it was owing to this that we took her in. Will you please pray that she may

early give her heart to the Lord Jesus?

This week has been a very happy one for the children and elder girls who attend the various classes and meetings, for they have each received a nice warm garment, badly needed in almost every case. The boys wear a nice warm woollen burnouse, but the girls have no extra out door covering.



Some Kabyle Children.

A KABYLE FAMILY.

Mr. Lamb has a nice large class of Shepherd boys. These come in the evenings, and when the weather is wet and stormy they arrive simply wet through, often to the skin. We have no lights in the streets of our village, so do you not think they are brave to come to meetings under such circumstances? They find a good fire awaiting them.

When I write, the whole country is covered with snow, yet the children come with their bare feet, many of the tinies crying with the

cold, but even this does not prevent their attendance.

Please remember our dear boys and girls in prayer, that many of them may early trust the Saviour.

MARY A. LAMB.

TABARUTH, 11th February.

NOTHING TO HELP HER.

IT is a sad story I have to tell you, and it comes from India. In that country there are many mission-schools, and some of these are



Nothing to Help Her.

INDIAN CASTE GIRLS

especially for caste girls, for you know the Hindus are divided into different classes, or castes, and the upper ones think they are defiled if they have anything to do with the lower or with the poor outcastes, of whom there are very many. Most of the Christians in India have come from these despised out-

castes, for it is as true now as when the Lord Jesus was on earth that "to the poor the Gospel is preached," and "the common people heard Him gladly." But among the caste girls who have been gathered into these schools there are many who have loved to hear of the Saviour and have wished to serve Him, only their friends would not let them do so. It is of one of these I wish to tell you. When she left school she took with her a New Testament and hymn-book, and she loved to read them, but soon her wedding-day came, and when she went to her husband's home she was not allowed to take them with her. How she missed them! Still, she had one hope; after a while she would go home to see her mother, and then she would bring them back. At last the time came, and she did so, thinking what happy times she would have reading God's Word when she got a quiet opportunity, but it was not to be. Her mother-in law took the books away, and when a missionary came to see her the poor girl told her of her trouble. Her friend reminded her that she knew some of God's Word by heart, and she could say that over, and she said she did so, but it was not the same thing as reading it. Then the mother-in-law came out, ordered the girl indoors and sent the missionary away, saying she was never to go and see her again.

Why have I told you this sad story? Because I want you to pray for this poor girl and the many others like her. Ask God to help them to remember what they have been taught and to really trust in Jesus and be true to Him, as far as they know; and ask Him, too, that the way may be opened for them to learn more.

A CHINESE woman, wishing to learn the Gospel, went to stay at a mission station, and was led to Christ. On her return she won to the Saviour her three sons, three daughters-in-law, and three daughters.

Tinies' Own Corner.

DEAR LITTLE ONES,—I want you all to know the Lord Jesus as your very own Friend; always close to you and ready to help you. Then you need never be afraid, though no



Tinles' Own Corner.

ALICE HAD LEARNT TO TRUST GOD.

one else is near. Here is a true story about a little girl who was not frightened, though she was in great danger. One Sunday afternoon, a few weeks ago, little Jack, aged eight, and his ten-year-old sister, whom we will call Alice, went for a walk. By-and-by tea-time came, and they were not back, and then bed-time came, and still no little people returned. What could have happened? How frightened father and mother must have been! Of course people went to look for them, and next morning they were found at the bottom of an old mine-shaft forty feet deep. As they had walked along Alice dropped her brooch, and while she stooped to pick it up the earth gave way, and first Jack and then she fell in. At first she knew nothing, being stunned by the fall, but otherwise neither child was hurt, except for a few scratches. As soon as she could think Alice took her pinafore off and spread it for them to sit upon, and Jack took off his jacket so that they could have it for a rug, and then Alice prayed to God to get them out, and they went to sleep. And God heard, and sent the searchers to the very place where the children were, and a basket was lowered

to bring them up. Now, was it not lovely that Alice had a Friend to turn to when she was in such a dreadful place? How afraid she would have been if she had not trusted God! And God is just as willing to be your Friend, too, little reader. He gave His Son to die instead of you, and He is always ready to help you.—Your loving friend,
"Cousin ALICE."

THE BOOK OF JONAH.

PART IV.

THE Bible is a Book of pictures—all kinds of pictures, some very lovely and some very terrible. They are painted by God Himself, and are meant to show us something of the blessedness, joy, and beauty of holiness, and also the folly, misery, and filthiness of sin. They also show us something of the mighty power, holiness, love, tenderness, and compassion of our blessed God; and the malicious, tyrannical, spiteful nature of the devil, who finds his *only* pleasure in tormenting others, and making his subjects as wicked and miserable as he is himself. They are also given us as a *looking-glass*, in which we can see *ourselves* reflected.

Poor Jonah had yielded to the devil's voice, and oh, how miserable he became! Picture him to yourself, sitting sulkily outside the city, fretting and fuming because God did not destroy it with its tens of thousands of human beings. Poor silly Jonah! Oh! if he had only had a little of the Lord's compassion in him, how happy he would have been! What a joy it would have been to go about in Nineveh and tell the people that the Lord was not only just and holy, but also merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin; and that if they would only turn from their idols to serve the living God He would not only forgive them, but also load them with loving kindnesses and tender mercies. But no; Jonah had drank so deeply of the devil's spirit that he even longed to hear the shrieks and groans of the dying rather than the songs

of joy and gladness of the ransomed.

"How wicked!" you exclaim. Yes, awfully, awfully wicked! But still the Lord did not cast him off. Oh, the wonders of His patient, pitying love! Yes, wonderful to say, God even condescended to come down and speak to and reason with wicked, sulky Jonah. He did not come in anger, with threatening words, but in a beseeching tone He said to him, "Doest thou well to be angry?" Oh, how wonderful! what intense compassion! But Jonah would not hear. No, his heart had become like the nether millstone, and even the entreating words of the living God Himself did not soften it.

You wonder at Jonah, and again exclaim, "How wicked!" Yes, it was awful wickedness. But what about *you*, my dear young friend? Have you never been like Jonah? I fear you must own, "Yes, very often." Alas! yes. How often have you turned away from the loving, entreating voice of Jesus when He has besought you to come to Him or to leave off some naughty sin; and, like Jonah, you have made some excuse,



and shut your ears and hardened your heart; and then the devil has come and filled you with all kinds of wrong feelings, and made you miserable.

But now for another wonder. The Lord made another effort to soften Jonah's heart, and caused a gourd to spring up out of the ground and spread its large leaves over Jonah's head and shelter him from the burning sun. Jonah was very glad of the gourd, but no word of thanksgiving ascended from his heart or lips. He enjoyed the gourd, but thought not of the Giver. Oh, God's pictures tell! You gaze upon Jonah and wonder at his wickedness, but do you not see *yourself* reflected? How many hundreds of blessings the Lord has loaded *you* with, for which you have *never* thanked Him! Oh, use the Word of God as a light to shine into *your* heart, and show you *your own* wickedness; and then you will feel your need of the precious blood of Jesus to atone for your guilt, and also long for the cleansing power of the Word of God to purify your thoughts and feelings!

M. H. V.



SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN WITH JAPANESE TEACHER AT UTSUNOSHIYA.

SOME JAPANESE S.S. CHILDREN. ONLY a few of the children of Japan go to Sunday school. Even now most of them are taught to bow down to images. But there are some, like the children in our picture, who learn about the Lord Jesus, who is ready to be their Saviour and Friend if they will trust Him. Is He *your* Friend, little reader? If He is, will you pray that many boys and girls in Japan may come to know Him too?

A WISE LITTLE GIRL.

MANY years ago a little Chinese girl went to school with her brother and began to learn to read. But soon she was kept at home, while he went alone. However, she was determined to learn, so every night she in-

sisted on his teaching her what he had learned, and as she had a dreadful temper he was afraid to say no. Now she is a Christian, and has learned not to get into rages as she did when a heathen, but the reading is very useful to her.

A CHINESE SAILOR-BOY'S ADVENTURE.

I DARE SAY among my readers is a boy who thinks how delightful it must be to be a sailor; and as boys are much alike all the world over, I should not be surprised if my hero (whom we will call Yang, as I do not know his name) thought so too, and longed for the time to come when he would be big

and strong enough to go to sea with his father in his junk. Well, the time came, and last November the junk sailed for a port near Chefoo (North China), with Master Yang as one of the crew, though I do not know that this was his first voyage. The cargo consisted of timber, bean-cake, and wine, with a few other things. Suddenly a north-west wind sprang up, and the ship had to put in at a small fishing village for shelter. Having anchored, the captain and crew went ashore to smoke opium and gamble, leaving our hero on board with a friend of his from the village. After a while the wind increased in force, but the father, occupied with his sinful pleasures, never thought of his boy's danger, and at last the anchor gave way beneath the strain caused by the wind, and to their horror the boys found themselves drifting out to sea. It was enough to frighten the bravest lads, for they were quite at the mercy of wind and waves, and that very night a number of junks were dashed to pieces on that rocky coast and many lives lost.

But this particular junk was guided by an unseen Hand, and the following afternoon the marines at the signal station on the hill-top of Wei-hai-wei island saw the boat drifting with seemingly no one on board. A launch was sent out to tow it into the harbour, and



Chinese Sailor-Boy's Adventure.

YANG AND HIS FRIEND.

when the men got on board they found the poor boys down in the hold. The Chinese manager of the British store provided the lads with food and a change of clothes, and a telegram was sent to Yang's father telling him of their safety. Some days later he went there with his crew, and they set off to finish their voyage.

Now, don't you see how necessary it is for boats to have anchors strong enough to stand the strain of the most violent wind? So it is in life; if boys and girls are to stand against the temptations they will meet with, they must be held by a strong anchor. Good resolutions are weak anchors, and will be found useless in the storms of life.

"Will your anchor hold in the storms of life
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift or firm remain?"

Put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ to save and keep you, and you will then be able to join in the chorus :

"We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Stedfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock which nought can move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!"

SOME BATTA GIRLS' TESTIMONIES (SUMATRA).

THE first said, "At my marriage, according to Batta custom, my father gave me a valuable robe, which I esteemed so highly that I would never wear it, and it became to me like an idol; but now my heart is changed, such things have become to me as mere shadows, and I have got rid of that robe, and now I am free."

Another said, "My family used to be very rich, but in my father's time we became quite poor, and I was miserable and felt despised, and could find no comfort, for I was still a heathen. Some Christian companions took me to a church, but, as they were rich, I accompanied them very unwillingly. However, having once been and seen how good it was, I could never stay away again. I longed to be baptized, and it came to pass. I longed to go to the Lord's table, and it came to pass. I have found peace, and if any of you are still in misery, hear what Jesus says in Matt. 11, 'Come unto Me, &c.'

AMONG SOUTH SEA CANNIBALS.

CHAPTER III.

Now it so happened that Malakaleo was a great enemy of the people of Pélé, and when he heard that the missionary was going to preach to them he was so angry that he determined to send men to kill him as he went, and others to burn down the mission-house. But God took care that His servant should hear these plans, and so he decided to stay at home that day, and when the men who came to burn the house down arrived they were rather taken aback to find him there. Manambalea was at the mission-



Chinese Sailor-Buy's Adventure.

A CHINESE JUNK.

house and knew all about the plot, but he spoke cheerfully to them. "Oh, you have come!" he remarked. "Yes," said they, "we are passing on to the next village to borrow a canoe." They did not do this, however, but returned home, leaving Mr. Michelsen and his house unharmed.

It was clear, however, that it was no use for the missionary and his wife to stay where they were. Night after night Malakaleo's men watched their house, ready to shoot any one who might appear, so they decided to move to Manambalea's village, which was right on the other side of the island. The very night after God had thus delivered them, the women and children from Selen-

bangā came and carried their things to that village, being delighted that they should go and live amongst them, and meanwhile the men stood sentry to protect the carriers if there were need. Next morning Malakaleo learned what had been going on, and came and asked Mr. Michelsen if it were true that he was going away, and why. He replied that he was going because Malakaleo and his people did not wish to hear the Gospel, and the people on the east side did. When they wished to hear it also, if they let him know, he would come and preach to them too. Malakaleo went away in a rage, and the removing went on, but it was not till the Tuesday afternoon that everything was gone and the missionary and his wife were able to follow. The carriers had gone round the coast, sometimes along slippery precipices, but Mr. and Mrs. Michelsen went right across the island.

Manambalea, another chief, and a young man went with them as escort. He walked first, telling them if they heard a gun fired to run back, as they would know he had been shot, for all feared that Malakaleo would try to kill the missionary on the way. Silently they went for fear of attracting attention, but at last came a shout from Manambalea. The missionary thought the enemy had appeared, but on his asking what was the matter, there came the welcome reply that they were beyond all danger now, as they had reached the district of Pélé, where Malakaleo's warriors would not dare to go. Afterwards they learned that twenty minutes earlier they had passed a band of would-be murderers, and only

God knows how they were preserved. They had already walked five or six miles, and now it got quite dark, and they had two more to go. On they went, and at last arrived safely at Selembanga, where they were glad to make their home for a while in a grass hut, and feel safer than they had done for a long time.

Living in a house of that sort is, however, the way to get fever, so Mr. Michelsen lost no time in making one with a board floor, reed walls, and a thatched roof, which did until a two-roomed frame with an iron roof arrived from Australia. Meantime school-work went on busily, and the Gospel was preached, not only in Selembanga, but in other villages, Pélé included. Its chief, Marimaraki, did not, however, care for the truth. He would ring a cow-bell to call the people to hear it, but scold them for doing so, and some months after the missionaries changed their home he and his men killed



Among South Sea Cannibals

A NATIVE FETE IN THE SOUTH SEAS.



The Changed Lesson

FRUIT SELLER, BARBADOS.

and ate a man named Matokae, who had been the leader of the party who had tried to kill the missionaries. To show the people how he disapproved of this, although Matokae was his enemy, the missionary did not for some time go himself to Pélē, though natives were sent there to preach.

(To be continued.)

THE CHANGED LESSON.

No, that subject would not do. The lady, who had prepared it as a lesson for her large class of black boys and girls in the island of Barbados felt sure it was not what God would have her tell them about, so she asked Him to show her what to take. She opened her Bible, and read the story of Dorcas, and somehow she noticed specially the words, "She sell sick and died." That seemed a strange thing to tell children about, and yet she felt sure it

was the right message, and so she spoke of it. After the class, one boy, fifteen years of age, lingered behind, and she said to him: "Arthur, if you were to die soon, where would you go?" Poor Arthur burst into tears, for, though the lady did not know it, the doctor had just told him he had only a few weeks to live, and he knew he was not ready to go to heaven. You may think how glad the missionary was to point him to the Lord Jesus, who had borne the punishment of all his sins, and soon Arthur no longer feared to die, for he knew that he was safe for ever.

Of course Arthur had not many more opportunities of going to the class, but the other children went to see him as he lay on his sick-bed, and he told them what a bad boy he had been (which they knew already), and how the Saviour had forgiven his sins, and he was going to be with Him in heaven. And, as they listened, God's Holy Spirit spoke to them also, and through the dying boy's testimony quite a number of them came to the Lord Jesus and were saved.

"JESUS loves the little children,
All the children of the world,

Brown and yellow, black and white,
They are precious in His sight :
Jesus loves the little children of the world."

WHY SHE WAS SORRY.

A LITTLE Indian girl had been very ill. She was being brought up by a missionary lady, and she had learned to know the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour, so she was not afraid to die, but when she was a little better she said, "Last night I thought I was going to Heaven, and I was so glad to go. But I was suddenly sorry. I thought all the angels would look at me, and there would be tears in their eyes because I had loved our Lord Jesus so long, and I had not brought one to Him." Yet she had not known the Saviour for quite two years, and she had brought one to Him without knowing it. Have you ever brought any one to Jesus?

A VISIT TO MAORILAND.

BY A PENANG MISSIONARY.

THERE are Sunday schools here in New Zealand, and Maori children come to school and learn with the British and Colonial children, and the same in the day schools. What a changed country it is now! A few years ago only the Maoris lived in it. They



CHINESE BABY AND NURSE AT PENANG.

have brown skins, like the Malays of Penang. They still speak their own language, but now they know English as well. Before the British came they had no roads or railroads, no proper houses, no oxen and sheep, nor

horses and pigs; no farms or steamboats, no potatoes or other British vegetables or fruit. They lived mostly on fern roots and fish and eels, and such birds as they could catch, and the hills and plains were everywhere covered with thick ferns and large trees and thick scrub, which are here called "bush." The Maoris are a brave people. They fought with the British at times. They constructed forts and got guns, and it was some time before they were obliged to give in as a conquered people. The British are, however, very kind to them, and the Maoris have large reserves of land, and are well protected by British law. Now they get good bread and vegetables, and all other foods. We meet them in the streets and roads, and in railway trains and in coaches. The Maori farmers and others also ride on fine horses, and wear European clothing, and have farms, and enjoy living in good houses. Instead of first making, and then toiling in rowing in canoes, as in the old days, they use steamboats with the British settlers. Instead of stone knives and axes, they get British and American-made garden implements and tools of all descriptions. Instead of tribal fights, and eating their enemies captured or killed when fighting, they dwell at peace, and are kept in order by the British Government. About 50,000 of them are counted in the census. We read of one battle, at the close of which no less than three hundred of their dead enemies were cooked and eaten. We see the tattooed lips of the married women, and the tattooing extends nearly to the chin. The chiefs are marked all over their faces and noses; but as they become more educated in British schools they will probably by degrees give up disfiguring their figures with tattooing. Of course there is the bad side of European customs and habits as well as the good. Some of the Maoris have learned to be fond of drink and tobacco and gambling. On Saturdays they usually drive into the towns with their wives and children for their marketing, selling their produce and buying things in the shops to take home. Some of the elder women are exceedingly big and fat. Men and women, old and young, appear to

be fond of smoking tobacco in English-made pipes. Babies are usually carried hung to the mothers' backs by a cloth fastened in front of the mother. The mother's hands and arms are thus free to carry other things, or to work. But the greatest of all good that has come to the brown-skinned Maori is that the Gospel of Christ has been preached amongst them, and many have believed. It is a joyful fact that when the Lord Jesus makes up His jewels there will be saved people from the greater and lesser islands of the great Pacific Ocean. Wherever the name of Jesus has been faithfully preached, and souls have been won for Him, these are counted and remembered by Him as being amongst His jewels. Maori boys and girls are as full of play and fun as British children, and are just as precious to God. What a joy it is to know that Jesus is being preached amongst them, so that more will be saved and ready when Jesus comes!

One of our old schoolgirls at Penang was called Seh Boi. The name means little sister. She was given this name by her mother, because she was the youngest of several sisters. She was one of our boarders, and was taught in the day-school by our daughter Ella, who has now come back to us at Penang, and is helping in mission work, as well as working as a nurse. Seh Boi got to know and love our Lord Jesus early in life. She was baptised in the Gospel Hall at Farquhar Street. Her mother found a believing husband for her, and Mrs. Macdonald and I have often visited her at their

house in the country amongst the pineapple and tapioca and cocoanut fields. Her little baby girl is a perfect picture. The husband is one who loves to tell of Jesus to his neighbours, and we have Gospel meetings in their house. Seh Boi gets boys and girls when they will come to her, and teaches them to read, and tells them about Jesus, and sings Gospel hymns with them. So will all of you, dear young people, who love our Lord Jesus, and pray to Him, please pray also for Seh Boi and her husband and baby, and for all the people who have been turned to God from idols to serve the living and true



A Visit to Maoriland.

FOUR MAORI MAIDENS.

God, and to wait for His Son from heaven. Ask that they may be kept steadfast in their love to Jesus, and be faithful witnesses in their behaviour. Pray also for all their children, that they may be saved and grow up to love and serve the Lord. WM. MACDONALD.

Tinles' Own Corner.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I have a very strange story for you to-day and it is a sad one too. If I could see you and asked—How

many of you have a baby brother or sister? I expect I should hear a chorus, "I have" and "I have." Sometimes poor baby gets ill, doesn't it? What care mother takes of it then, doing all she can to make it well, and sending for the doctor if he is wanted! And some of your mothers do another thing, which is the most important of all; they tell the Lord Jesus and ask Him to make baby well again. But away in China there are mothers who have never heard of Jesus and His love. All their lives they have bowed down to idols of wood and stone, or even paper, which can never help them. And in a cave on a hill in one part of China there is such a strange idol—a stone baby lying on its back. This is the babies' idol, and when a little one has a pain anywhere the mother goes and rubs the same part of the stone baby's body, thinking this will make her baby well. Is it not sad? Of course it does no good, and while the mother climbs that high hill she can't be taking the tender care of her suffering child that your mothers do. But it is sadder still that if baby grows up it may never hear of the Friend of Little Children, and if it does not get well, but dies, the poor mother does not know it is safe in the arms of the Good Shepherd, and that if she trusts in Jesus she will see it again. What can you do to tell them of the Saviour?—Your loving friend,

"COUSIN ALICE."

THE BOOK OF JONAH.

PART V.

LAST month we left Jonah enjoying the shelter of the gourd God had so graciously caused to spring up in a night, to protect him from the burning rays of the sun; but no thanksgiving went up from his heart or lips; he was so blinded by the devil that he even took that miracle as a matter of course. But the Lord prepared a worm (a special worm), which so smote the gourd that it withered in a night; and He also prepared a vehement east wind, and the sun beat upon Jonah's head, and he fainted and wished to die. I think you will agree with me that Jonah well deserved it. But then, oh wonder of wonders again, the Lord came to him and gently asked him,



Tinies' Own Corner.

CHINESE BABIES.

"Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd?"

Oh, what a patient God He is, and though He must punish sin, what pains He takes to try and bring the foolish, rebellious sinner to repentance! But Jonah was so hardened that he dared to answer, "I do well to be angry even unto death." Oh, Jonah, Jonah, how dare you speak like that to God! I do wonder that God did not strike him dead. But no, no, God was intensely sorry for him, and made another effort to bring him to repentance; and so He said, "Thou hadst pity on the gourd, . . . and should not I have pity upon Nineveh, that great city in which there are more than sixty thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand?"

How tenderly God dealt with him; what pains He took to bring him to repentance, and make him see what a hard, selfish, cruel man he was! He had pity on the gourd because it sheltered him from the sun, and was angry because it was smitten; but he had no pity upon Nineveh, that great city,

with its two million inhabitants, but wished to see it destroyed.

But what about *you*, my dear young friends? Have you never become cross and angry, and disagreeable, when rain has robbed you of some pleasure, or something else has happened that you did not like? Have you not often said in your *heart*, "I do well to be angry"; and God reads the heart, and you were complaining of Him; and yet in His patient grace He has borne with you, and still given you space to repent. Oh, how kind, how gracious He is! But oh, beware! He will not always tarry, and if you go on rebelling against Him, judgment *must* come. Yes, God *delights* in mercy, and His long-suffering and patience are wonderful; still He cannot pass by sin; and unless there be a true turning to Christ, judgment *will* come at last; and terribly sharp and heavy will it be upon all who have despised and rejected His great salvation.

Now comes the question, what became of Jonah? I *hope* the Lord's word went home to him and stung him to the quick, and made him see what a selfish and cruel man he was,

and led him to deep repentance and cleansing of his ways. Anyway we may *hope* they did, because Jonah wrote the book *himself*; and I think that proves that the Lord's patient, gracious dealings succeeded. He gives a plain unvarnished account, without one word of excuse or explanation, and puts himself before us in such a way that we all think him very wicked, selfish, cruel, and foolish; and I think that proves that he was truly humbled, and hoped that the history of his wickedness would lead those who read it to be afraid of the first disobedience; and show them how thoroughly the devil blinds and carries us captive if we dare to go on with unjudged and unconfessed sin.

We read again of Jonah in 2 Kings 14. 25, and he is there spoken of as again prophesying in the name of the Lord, and his prophecy was fulfilled. Jonah prophesied against Nineveh 862 years before Christ, and Nineveh was still the capital of Assyria 713 years before Christ; that was 149 years after Jonah's prophecy against it. So you see the judgment *was delayed*, but it came at last, and Nineveh is now a mass of ruins. M.H.Y.



ON AN INDIAN CANAL.

In this picture you see a lady missionary on her way to a village to tell the women there the Gospel. The other three women in the boat are Bible-women, who will help her to do so. In the cool season many missionaries spend their time away from home, visiting first one village and then another, and going from house to house to tell the people of Jesus. Many have never heard of Him.

KOREA READY FOR THE GOSPEL.
“EVERYWHERE I go I speak to everyone I can along the road, and never do I hear an unkind word. Very generally the people thank me for the interest taken in them.

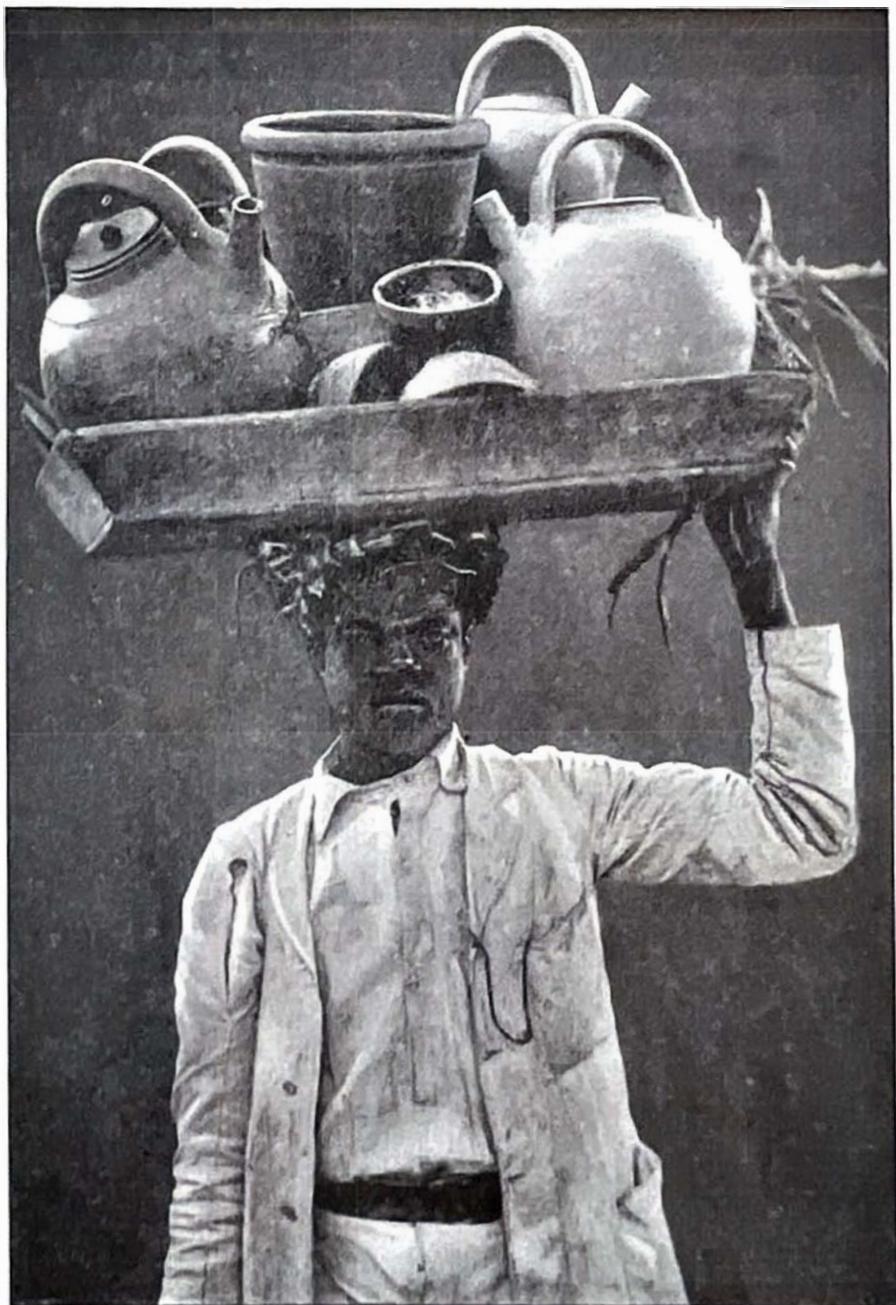
HOW A HOUSE WAS MOVED.

I EXPECT you wonder how that could be, and perhaps you think I made a mistake, and ought to have said, “How people moved from one house to another.” No, it was the *house* that was moved, and it was not a caravan either, as maybe some one thinks of suggesting. It was in the West Indies, where many of the houses are of wood, and are fastened together, and then put upon posts, so that the air can get in underneath.

A Christian woman, who had gone out there to teach the little black boys and girls and their mothers about the Lord Jesus, had to change her dwelling, and the new house she got was not in a good place. So she hired another piece of land, and then a good black man made it known that on a certain day Miss M—— wanted her new house taken to this land. When the day came, over forty men and a lot of women appeared to help. They did not expect to be paid, for it is not the custom, but of course they wanted their dinners. Fancy having to provide dinner for such a lot of people! However, some Christian black women came to the rescue. The missionary bought a pig, five of the women brought a fowl each, and others brought native corn, peas, rice, bread, and chocolate. Then the Christian women made large fires in the yard,

Nor is this all, almost without exception the people admit that the only hope is in Christ, and the great majority say they want to become Christians. Oh, if the workers could only be many times multiplied!” C. T. C.

and cooked the food, while the men and the rest of the women set to work to move the house. They listed it on to some cart-wheels and fastened it with ropes, and then the men pulled and the women pushed behind, and so the house travelled. It began



How a House was Moved

A POTTERY SELLER IN WEST INDIES.

to rain before they had got it into its place on the posts, and all had to run off to their gardens, but they came again another day and finished the job, and then the Christian women washed the house out and carried the missionary's things into it.

One Sunday lately some of the children in the Sunday-school left as usual, but came back again to have a talk about their sins and how these could be put away, and when they left in the end they were quite happy, believing that God had forgiven them for Jesus' sake.

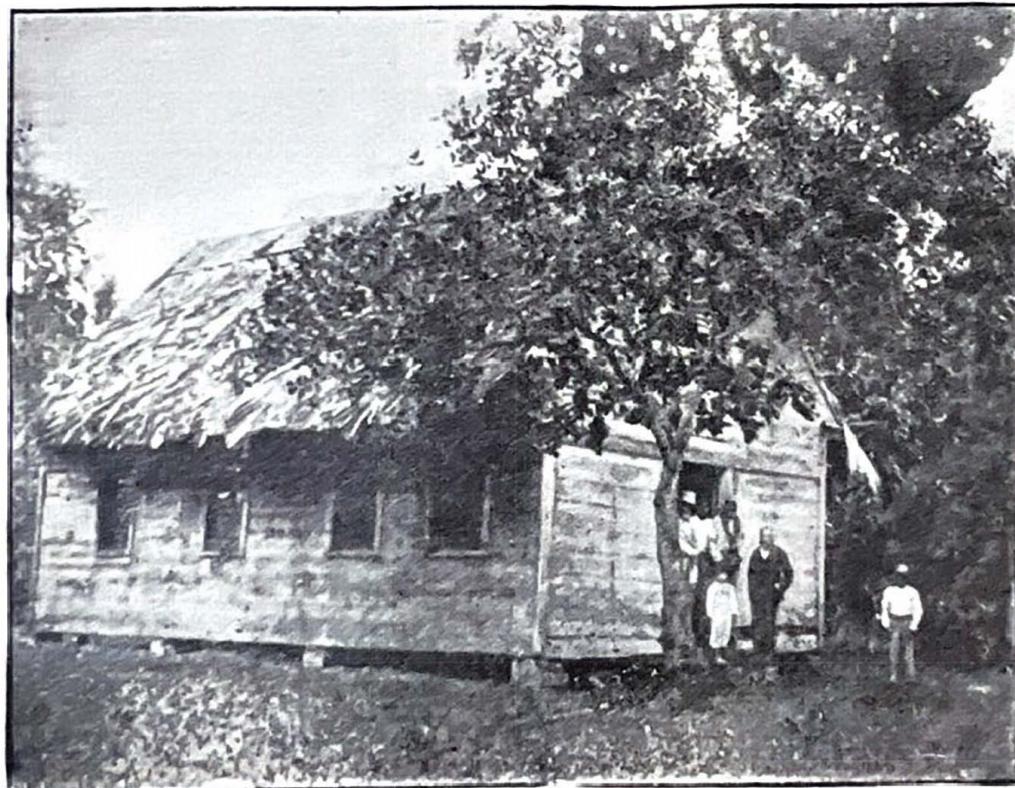
AMONG SOUTH SEA CANNIBALS.

CHAPTER IV.

Not far from Tongoa is an island called Epi, and news reached Mr. Michelsen that a small village on it was being eaten up by a stronger tribe. When the people of the large village wanted a feast they would send to the smaller one, capture one or two people, kill and eat them. At the missionary's suggestion Manambalea and two of his brothers, with some other Christians from Tongoa, went to Epi and invited the poor people to come to Selembanga.

The shore of Epi is very rocky, and the boats could not get near it, but the rescuers swam ashore, and having persuaded the people to accompany them they returned, the refugees

so swimming through the breakers, some with babies on their backs. The two boats would not hold all at once, so Maripau, one of Manambalea's brothers, remained on Epi to try to protect those who remained, mostly old women and children. Bad weather came on, and for some days the boats could not return to Epi for the rest



How a House was Moved

MISSION HOUSE IN WEST INDIES RAISED ON PROPS.

IGNORANCE IN A ROMAN CATHOLIC LAND.

It is dreadful to think how ignorant of the Gospel many people are in France, near to us though it is. Hundreds of people have said to a missionary there, "We have heard of the Gospel; what is it?" One man, seeing the Epistles of Peter, asked him in surprise how he had come into possession of letters from St. Peter. Another, hearing of the Epistle to the Romans, said, "Oh, yes, I have heard of them. They were discovered during recent excavations in Syria, were they not?"

of the party, and meantime Maripau arrived at the mission-station. He said the enemies of the poor people had visited the village in a body, and asked him what he was doing. He replied, "You do not know us; we are the people of God. Now God loves people, even those whom you are destroying; therefore we have come to take them away, and care for them." He was not afraid of the cannibal leader's threats, but continued, "Remember, I am God's man. You may shoot me if you like; but if you do, you fight against God." On this the other asked



Among South Sea Cannibals. TONGA MOTHER AND CHILD.

why, if he were God's man and loved men, he carried a gun, so he threw his weapon on the ground. The cannibals did not kill him then, but he found they were plotting to do so afterwards, so he thought he had better go home and get the other people fetched quickly. He had no boat, and he did not know his way about, but God helped him, and after a walk of eight miles he found himself on the south coast of the island, and there was a small canoe lying on the beach. The day after his return the sea was calmer, and the poor people were safely brought to Tungoa, Maripau himself going to fetch them.

Among the refugees was an old chief who had thirty years before been a guest at a cannibal feast in the village of Selembanga. How different was his coming now, and greater still the difference in the people to whom he came! After some time the other tribe on Epi invited the refugees to go back and live as friends. Mr. Michelsen would not let them go then, but after some years, when all the small tribe were Christians, at least in name, they did return, a teacher accompanying them, who was also to instruct their former enemies. One result of this was that the people of other villages on Epi

decided that a religion that made enemies live at peace must be good, and they asked for teachers also.

But we must hurry on. After three years Mr. Michelsen thought it safe to return to his first home on Tongoa, but now the chief of that village, formerly friendly, tried to shoot him, and generally behaved in such a way that the people fled from his village. But meanwhile Lumbukuti, Malakaleo's village, had a new chief, named Tinabua, and he found a place for a mission-station in that village, which was the very best in the island for the purpose. Thus in village after village the gospel spread, and many believed it and were saved for eternity, while even the others left off their wicked heathen ways.

You will be interested in an account of how a day was spent at the mission-station. Early in the morning the missionaries would be awakened by the crow of the cock and the songs of the birds, quickly followed by the singing of hymns, as the different families around, so lately heathen, began the day with praise and prayer. Meanwhile the young women living on the station have had prayers and a bath, and are busy at their different tasks—peeling and baking yams, roasting bread-fruit, skimming the milk, and shaking a bottle of cream to make butter, &c. Mrs. Michelsen gives the final touch to breakfast preparations, while her husband looks at the passage of the Bible the natives are to repeat in school, and then the family sit down to their meal, consisting of porridge, goat's milk, yams, bread-fruit, mushrooms, a native pudding, a small piece of bread and butter, and a cup of coffee. While they are eating it and the children are chatting, the school-bell is heard, and Mr. Michelsen hurries down. After it is over, he comes home for prayers with his family, to be interrupted perhaps by a call to a man who has had an accident, and is being "baked." This means a fire is made in a ditch, and when it is out leaves are spread, and the man is laid in and well covered up. The missionary, having seen to him, goes on to encourage some men who are making a good road across the island. On reaching home he finds his wife's sewing-class busy on one verandah, while on

the other are a crowd of natives waiting to sell things, but meantime cooking their dinners. After he has had his own, Mr. Michelsen sets to work at translation, and his wife, when her sewing women are gone, and she has seen to the others who were waiting, has a writing class. When day-light goes the missionary gives half-an hour to his

parcel of print, then a tin containing an iced cake, with a friend's love, a suit of clothes for Manambalea, and a variety of other things.

Another day a visit might be paid to a village for school, and there are so many other things to be done that we could not tell you of all. But those happy days came to an end. In 1892 Mr. and Mrs. Michelsen came to England on a visit, and while here the Lord called her home to Himself. Mr. Michelsen returned to his work, not only on Tongoa, but on other islands near, winning souls for Jesus.



A Missionary Hymn.

flower-garden, and then he is called to tea, after which he can spend a few minutes with his little girls, one on each knee, and have prayers with them before they are put to bed. Then, on the evening he described, came a treat, the opening of a mission-box from New Zealand, filled with gifts from loving friends. First is a flat parcel, "From Mr. S.'s children, for the children." Picture-books, how the little girls will enjoy them! Next comes a

THROUGH THE WIDE WORLD.
SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
Be ye the Word of God,

Through the wide world ;
Tell what our Lord hath done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his losty throne

Satan is hurled.

Far over sea and land
('Tis our Lord's own command),

Bear ye His Name ;
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door,

Silence is shame.

Speed on the wings of love ;
Jesus, who reigns above,

Bids us to fly ;
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear ;
He will their Friend appear,

He will be nigh.

When on the mighty deep,
He will the spirit keep,

Stayed on His Word ;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will be your stand,
Jesus your Lord.

Ye who, forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,

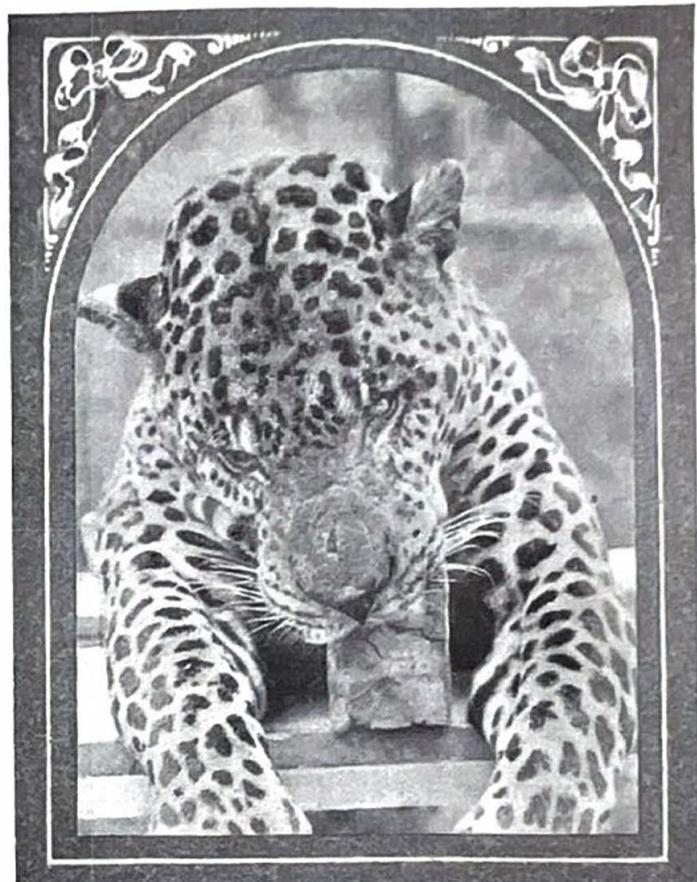
Comforts resign,
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won,
Brighter than yonder sun,
Then shall ye shine.

HOW THE LEOPARD WAS KILLED. He was not an easy leopard to catch, he was a deal too clever. One dark cloudy night he paid his first visit to the mission-station (Bongandanga, on the Congo), and the goat-boy, having gone to see what his charge were crying about, came in terror to tell the missionary that a leopard was in the house and all the goats were dead. It was almost true, for there were only one goat and some poor little kids left. The other nine were killed, though the leopard had fled, frightened by the boy's light. It was expected he would return, so a trap was fetched and set in the house, while the kids were taken away, and the door was left open ready for Mr. Leopard. Presently a great noise was heard, and seizing a gun, off rushed the missionary to see about his visitor, but he was too late. The leopard had been in the trap, but it was not strong enough, and he had escaped.

Next day a stronger trap was built, and baited with a kid which bleated very loud, and all night a Christian native sat up in a shed near to watch, but it was no use. Mr. Leopard had been, indeed, and had had a look at the trap, for there in the morning were his footmarks all round, but he was too wary to go inside. However, he was seen the following day helping himself to a fowl, so next night the trap was set again, but this time he did not choose the goat-house for his hunting-field, preferring to have a look at the fowls and parrots.

Friday night came, and again the trap was set and baited, this time with the wounded goat as well as the kid, but the poor man was tired of watching, so he went to bed. Perhaps Mr. Leopard knew this, for early on Saturday morning came cries to the missionary to come quickly for he was there. And a fine time he had had before he was found, killing some kids, killing and partly eating the goat, and then forcing his way out of both trap and house, escaping just as the white man and his gun arrived.

Of course the natives were very interested in all this, and came in large numbers to see the damage done and talk about it, so that the missionary had a good chance to preach to them, telling them how Satan also goes



How the Leopard was Killed.

AN AFRICAN LEOPARD.

about seeking whom he may devour. But they were frightened, too, for, they said, would not the leopard begin to take people when the goats were finished? One said, "If these were my goats I should consult the oracle and find out who sent the leopard." Another said, "This is not an animal, it is a man. It is only a leopard's body inhabited by a man's spirit, and therefore cannot be caught. It must be someone who was unfriendly to the white men and is still so. Bondele should find out who he is, and get his spirit exorcised." Meanwhile the trap was repaired, and this time it was made so strong that all agreed that if once Mr. Leopard got in he would not come out alive, but would he ever go in?

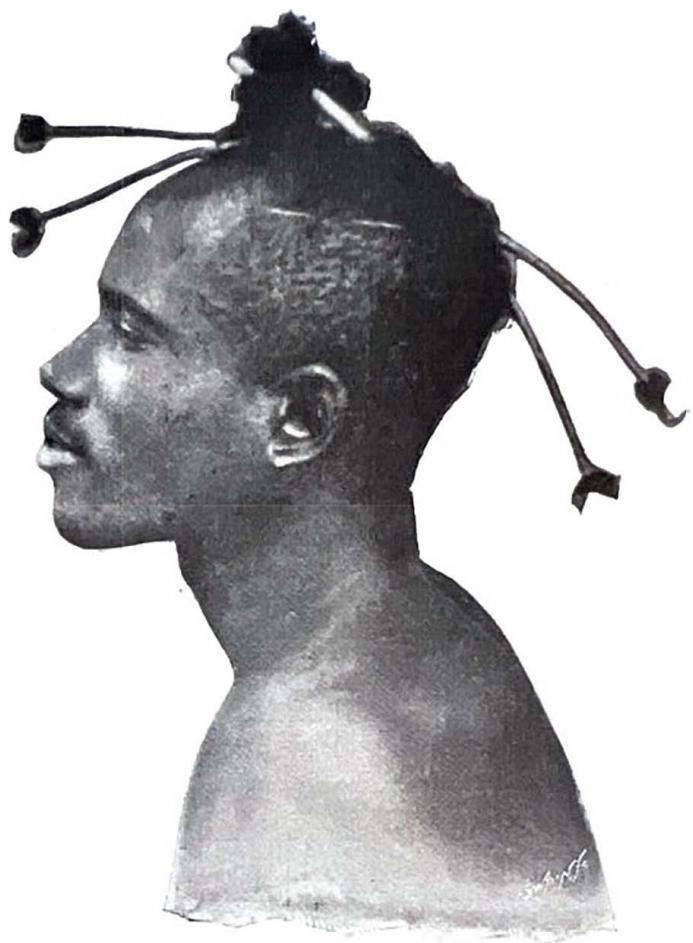
Evening came, a kid was placed inside, and two Christians volunteered to sit up and watch, but this time they remembered something else that should be done first. Already the missionaries had been asking God that they might kill the beast, and now the natives held a prayer-meeting, praying chiefly

for this one thing. When the heathen heard that they began to scoff. "Oh, yes," they said, "pray, pray, and pray again! You will never kill it by praying. You will have to send it into the village to us ere it dies; *we* shall have to kill it *for* you!" But God heard both His people's prayers and the sneers of His enemies, and at nine o'clock, just an hour after the meeting closed, the leopard was caught and shot.

This story reminds me of a text in the Psalms (can you find it?) "Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain." How easily the leopard was caught when God's help had been asked! Do not let us try to do anything without Him for we shall only fail.

AN AFRICAN BOY'S LIFE.

SHALL we take a look into an African hut where there is a baby-boy, and then watch him as he grows up. There is no nice cradle for him, but as his mother goes to her work in the fields, he goes too on her back. By-and-by he gets big enough to sit on a mat by her side and then to help her and his brothers and sisters. At length he is nine or ten, and now he can hoe all day long and at night take home a load of wood on his head, as heavy as a white man would carry on his shoulder. Or he must scare the birds from the growing rice, spending the day in a swamp all alone, with leopards, snakes, and other creatures not far off. He has to go off very early in the morning through the wet grass, far longer than any grass we have here, so when he arrives he begins by making a fire to dry his clothes, if he has any. He throws stones at the birds to frighten them off, and he can send these a long distance with his sling, which he makes himself with fibres taken from palm leaves. Other times he has to go to the woods to dig for roots or gather wild fruit, and perhaps as he comes back older boys, too lazy to go themselves, will take his from him. When meal-time comes he must take what others don't want, and go hungry if there is not enough, for he is only a boy, and this treatment often makes him thievish and untruthful. How he must long for the time to come



An African Boy's Life.

AN AFRICAN WARRIOR.

when he will be sixteen, and after a certain ceremony, will be treated as a man!

You see how, even for this life, the Africans need the Gospel, but how much more do they need it that they may be ready for another life when this is over! These poor boys do not know what sin is, though constantly committing it, they know not of the punishment that awaits the sinner, and worst of all they have never heard of the loving Saviour who was punished for the sins of others and who wants them for His little soldiers and servants.

Tinies' Own Corner.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—When someone gives you a present, what do you do? You don't pay for it, do you? "Oh, no," you say, "I take it and say thank you." Now God has a present He wants to give you, indeed more than one, but the biggest is the Lord Jesus to be your very own Saviour. Then with Him God gives you forgiveness, everlasting

life, a new heart that loves Him, and a great many other blessings. And God does not want you to pay Him for His presents, nor to work for them, but just to take them and say thank you. Not long ago there was a little boy in China who wanted to have the Lord Jesus for His Saviour. He was at a meeting, and he said, "I want to accept the Lord Jesus." "Yes," said his teacher, "but wait a little while, for we are going to ask all who wish to do so to stay to an after-meeting." "I cannot wait," replied the boy, "I want to accept Him now." And he did take Jesus for his own, and so did more than a hundred other boys, many of them older than he was.

Now what will you do? The Lord Jesus has been punished for all your naughtiness, and He wants to forgive you, and give you a new heart so that you may be able to go and live with Him in heaven. Won't you take Him for your own Saviour, as this Chinese boy did? Don't wait, for God's time is "now," and the Lord Jesus tells the little children to come to Him. I pray that some of you may do so as you read this —Your loving friend, "Cousin ALICE."

CHRIST OUR SIN OFFERING.

Leviticus 16.

THIS month we will turn to Leviticus 16, and look at one of God's beautiful pictures of the Lord Jesus Christ as the Sacrifice for sin.

The priest was told to take a bullock and a goat and offer them up as a sin offering. The bullock in that country is the beast of burden, and therefore represents the Lord Jesus as God's perfect, willing, and obedient servant. He was the eternal Son of the Father, His equal, His fellow, the great Creator and Ruler of the universe, King of kings, and Lord of lords, but in His pity and His love He came down here, and took upon Him the *form* of a Servant, and became obedient unto death, *even* the death of the Cross, that He might be able to give HIMSELF as a sacrifice for sin. Oh, what wonderful self-sacrificing love! Just think what it cost Him! Have you ever thanked Him for it?

The he-goat is the leader of his flock, and fights desperately to protect them, so *he* represents the Lord Jesus as the One who came down here, to fight and conquer the devil, and deliver us poor sinners from his



Tinies' Own Corner.

power, and carry us safely to heaven. Accept and *use* Him as *your* Saviour, and He will save you from hell; accept and *use* Him as *your* Leader and Commander, and He will give you the victory over every sin, and make you pure and holy.

We then read in Leviticus 16 that the bullock and the goat were slain. So the Lord Jesus, God's perfect Servant and our perfect Captain, was crucified. The priest then took some of the blood of the bullock and of the goat and sprinkled it *upon* and round about the altar to make an atonement for sin. So the Lord Jesus has entered into heaven itself with His own blood, and presented it before the throne of God as an atonement for sin.

The fat and the inwards of the two sacrifices were then burnt upon the altar as a sweet savour to God, to teach us that even while the Lord Jesus was bearing the punishment of sin, His every thought and feeling and word and look were so holy and so perfect that they went up to heaven and filled it with their fragrance. But all the flesh, bones, and skins of both sacrifices were taken outside the camp and burned to

ashes as if they were polluted and worthless. This was done to teach us that though the Lord Jesus was so intensely beautiful, fragrant, and precious—yea, worth more than all the universe—yet, *because* He had taken our sin upon Him, God was obliged to treat Him as *if* He were polluted and worthless; yes, cast Him out of His sight, and deliver Him over to bear the full punishment which we deserved. And *Jesus!* *Jesus!* the loving self-sacrificing *Jesus*, willingly, yea, gladly, yielded Himself to be thus treated, that He might have the right and power to save *you*, if you will but come to Him and ask Him to do it for you.

Oh, what love! what wonderful love! what pity! what compassion! Think of it, my dear young friends, ponder over it, and see what a wonderful Saviour He is! Oh, cast yourselves at His feet and thank Him, thank Him! Ask Him to be your own *personal* Sacrifice, your own *personal* Saviour; ask Him to present His blood to God as an atonement for *your* sins. He *will* hear; He *will* answer; yes, He will receive you graciously; blot out all your sins, *new-create*, and make you a child of God! M.H.Y.

ARAB FAMILY AND TENT.

How would you like to have a tent like the one in the picture for your home? Abraham's home was very much like that, and to day many of his descendants are living in tents in the desert of Arabia. They are a brave people, but sad to say, they are followers of Mohammed. It is very difficult for missionaries to reach them, but some workers living on the edge of the desert try to tell them of the Lord Jesus.



SUMATRA LEARNING.

In one part of Sumatra, when a woman speaks to her boy she calls him "dear father" or "grandfather." A class of Battagirls were asked how many legs a lion had and replied five!

They meant there were five letters in their word for lion. When asked what they would say to their teacher if she presented them with money, they replied, "Good evening, lady," for it was not the custom to say "thank you."

AN OLD PIRATE CITY.

I EXPECT some of you have read of the Barbary pirates who did so much mischief in the seventeenth century and later, and you know that many of these came from Algiers. They even came as far as England and Ireland and carried off our countrymen to make slaves of. In the year 1640 a ship coming from Ireland to England was captured by an Algiers pirate, and the passengers all made prisoners. Among them was a Mr. Spratt, a servant of God, and at first he could not understand how it was that the Lord should let such a dreadful thing happen to him. But when he got to Algiers he found there were other Christians there, many of whom were slaves too, but not all. At first Mr. Spratt was kindly treated, his master giving him more liberty than most slaves had, so that he was able to preach the gospel to his countrymen, and God blessed his labours. Then another trouble came, He wrote, "On a sudden I was souled and delivered to a Musselman [Mohammedan] dwelling with his family in ye towne, upon which I was very sad. My patron [master] asked me the reason, and withal uttered these comfortable words, 'God is great,' which strengthened my faith in God, considering thus with myself, shall this Mahumetan teach me who am a

Christian my duty of faith and dependence on God?" After this God stirred the heart of a Captain Wilde to collect money from some merchants in Italy to ransom Mr. Spratt, and soon he was once more a free man. But the other English captives begged him to stay among them, and so he did, preferring to endure afflictions with the people of God than to enjoy liberty



An Old Pirate City

AN ARAB PORTER BOY.

at home. A good while afterwards over two hundred people were ransomed, and fifteen years later, as you read in history, Admiral Blake made the Dey of Algiers stop his wicked trade for a while, but by-and-bye it began again and went on for two hundred years. Now Algiers belongs to the French, and its people can no longer be pirates.

But what has all this to do with missions? you ask. Well, when Mr. Spratt was in Algiers he could only preach to the English people, and if any Mohammedan had become a Christian he would certainly have been killed, but now missionaries can go there and tell any one of the Lord Jesus and His love. It is true that very few Mohammedans like to hear of this, but now and then a few listen, and one here and another there believes the message and is saved. One missionary and his wife in the city of Algiers work specially among the poor boys, real "street Arabs." Others work among the French, the Spaniards, or those of other nations, for there are many sorts of people found there:—French, Spanish, Arabs, Moors, Kabyles, Jews, and negroes, and very few indeed of these know the Lord Jesus, the only way to heaven.

A LETTER TO ENGLISH CHILDREN
WHOSE PENNIES SUPPORT AN INDIAN
ORPHAN GIRL.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Although our orphan girls have black faces and black hair, they are in many ways like English children; for instance, they are delighted to have a little treat. The other day we gave them native bread (which is really like thick pancakes) and treacle, and a chorus of voices said, "Nornaskar," the Bengali word for "thank you."

Perhaps you would like to know how these girls spend their days, so that you can think of what your little Indian orphan girl is doing, 8000 miles across the sea. They rise about 6 a.m., and, after washing and dressing, each girl goes to her own work; some cook the rice, others sweep the rooms, another scours the plates, one attends to the two little babies, another brings water from the well, and one looks after the fowls. In this way many hands make light work. At 8.30 their breakfast bell rings, and, after singing their thanks, they sit on the floor and eat. Another bell tells them it is 9 o'clock, and away they go with slates and books to their places. Having sung a hymn and had prayer, they



An Old Pirate City.

AN ALGERIAN SEAPORT.

begin their lessons, in which some take a delight, though others (like most children, black or white) are wishing school-days were over. At 11.30 the bell rings for Bible-reading, prayer, and praise, when each girl reads a verse, and they are asked questions on the portion. When this is over away go the girls to bathe, not in bathrooms, but in a tank (or small lake) dug to give work to the poor people during the famine of 1897. Each big girl has the care of a small one, having to bathe herself and her charge. All return for their mid-day meal, and then they play till 2.0 o'clock, when the bell reminds them it is school-time again. At 4.0 school is closed with a hymn and prayer, books and slates are put on the shelf, and the tiny ones run to play, while the big girls go to their different duties till sunset. At 6.30 they have their evening meal of rice and curry, and after the little ones are put to bed the big girls sit sewing and singing, or perhaps one reads aloud "The Pilgrim's Progress," or some other book, while the rest sew, and thus ends their day. It is pleasant to hear them singing "Happy Day," and many other English hymns, the words translated into Bengali, but the tunes the same as you know. Most of them had never heard the name of Jesus before coming to us.

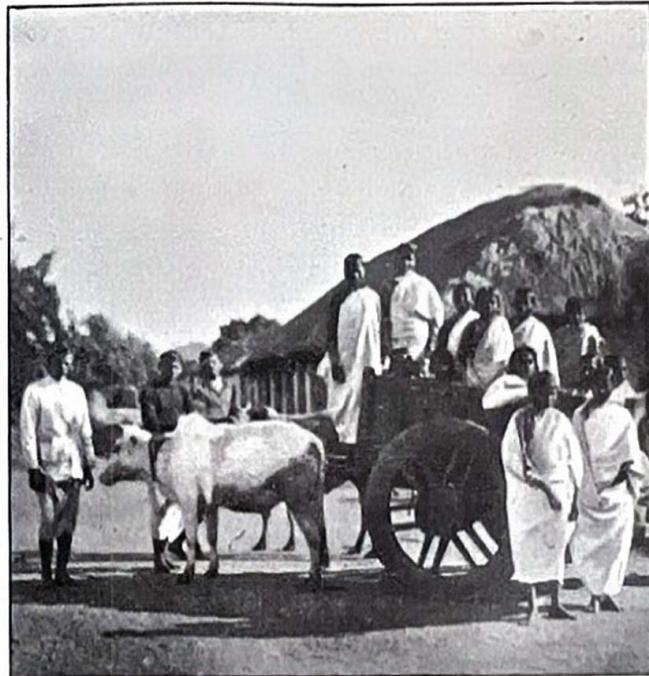
On Wednesday evening we have a women's prayer-meeting, and the big girls join us, some praying so earnestly. On Sunday morning I have a Bible-class with them, the twenty five girls sitting in a circle, with pretty jackets and nice white clothes, and faces and hair shining with oil. They have their Bibles and hymn-books, and how heartily they sing! Sometimes the tiny mites sing alone, and it is sweet to hear little voices singing of Jesus and His love, who would have been singing the praises of idols of wood and stone if we had not rescued them. You are our helpers, for if you did not so lovingly give your pennies, we could not feed and clothe these little ones and have them taught to read the Bible. Pray, dear children, that each one in your Sunday-school and in the school at Mihijam may know Jesus, who alone can do helpless sinners good.

DRESSIE ROWAT.

Mihijam, Bengal, India, Feb. 8.

ONLY A GIRL.

"THE cook's wife has a baby-girl." That was the news which Miss W., a missionary in China, heard one cold winter's day, and as soon as she could she went over to see the baby. And where do you think she found it. Well wrapped up and cuddled close to its mother to keep warm? No such thing! It was *only a girl*, so it was just wrapped in an old ragged, cotton garment and laid down anywhere, while the mother was very angry and asked what she had done



A Letter to English Children. AN OILPILAN PICNIC.

to deserve such a trouble. Some time before she had lost a little boy, and she had hoped that when next she had a baby it would be another son, so she was the more vexed and disappointed. Miss W. told her that God had sent her this baby and that He loves girls just as much as boys, and she ought to treat it kindly, but it was no use. Next day when the missionary came again the poor little baby was lying just in the same way and was nearly dead, so she told the mother if she did not want it she had better give it to her. The mother was quite willing to do this, so Miss W. took poor baby home, and warmed and fed her, and after a week she began to get better and look up with a smile. Then came the



Benito's Bible.

ARGENTINE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

question what she should be named. Many Chinese girls are merely called 1, 2, or 3, but Miss W. said this baby should have a nice name, and she asked some Chinese what it could be. So one of them suggested she should be called Foo-lien, which means "Happy Year," because she was so happy as to have such a kind friend, instead of being ill treated and perhaps left to die, like many Chinese girls.

But Miss W. was a very busy woman, with a great deal to do in telling the people about the Lord Jesus and His love, so she said to the baby's mother, "Happy Year is to be my child, and she is not to have her feet bound, and when she is big enough she shall come into the school I hope to have, and shall learn to read and write, but I have no time to take care of babies, so while she is very little you must take care of her *for me*." The mother did not much like this, for she would rather have got rid of the child altogether, but she consented, and as the baby's father was her cook, Miss W. could see that "Happy Year" was kindly treated.

Some time had passed. "Happy Year" was now seven or eight years old, and no longer lived with her mother, but was at Miss W.'s school, where she learned to read the Bible and repeat texts from it, and to

write the queer Chinese characters. One evening another missionary came to have a meeting with the children, and as he talked to them about the Saviour our little friend's heart was touched. In the evening she came to Miss W., and, in answer to a question, told her that she wanted to love the Lord Jesus and give her heart to Him. "Do you think that Jesus loves you, Foo-lien?" asked her teacher. "Yes, I know He *does*," she replied, "because the Bible says He came down to this world and died on the cross for me." "And will He forgive your naughti-

ness?" was the next question. "Yes," answered the child, "for the Bible says, 'If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.'" So little Foo-lien believed in the Lord Jesus as the One who died for *her* and who forgave her sins, and gave herself to Him. She became one of the most unselfish children in the school, thus following Christ, who "pleased not Himself," and she loved to tell others of her Saviour, that they might come to Him also. Let us pray that when she grows up she may be the means of bringing many Chinese women and children to the Lord Jesus.

POOR WOMEN'S WORK IN INDIA. WHEN a house is being built in India, coolie women carry the mortar to the men, who are too lazy to fetch it. They have to go up very wretched ladders, and sometimes a woman may be seen going up a ladder with a baby in one arm and a tray of mortar on her head. Then when the roof is made, it has to be patted down to make sure it is safe, and, as the men are afraid of being killed if it should give way, this is the work of the poor old women, for the people think their lives are of no value. How different is the teaching of the Bible, from which we learn to honour our parents and other old people!

BENITO'S BIBLE.

WHO was Benito, and where did he live? you will want to know. Well, he lived in Buenos Aires, the capital of the Argentine Republic in South America, and I am sorry to say he was a very bad man. He used to get drunk and beat his wife, and altogether was very wicked, but you must remember that he had never heard the Gospel. The people of that country are either Roman Catholics, or else do not believe in God at all, because they have seen what wicked men

first spent a time in a dreadful place called purgatory. He liked what was said at the meeting, and he came again and heard more. One thing struck him as he continued to attend, and that was that all the people who spoke in these meetings and those who came with them had a certain book, and he wanted to know what it was. Some one told him it was the Bible, and he thought if what was in the book was as good as what the preachers said, he would like to have one. So, when Monday morning came, instead of going to



Benito's Bible.

the priests, who are supposed to serve Him, are.

But one Sunday Benito, as he was going through one of the large squares of Buenos Aires, saw a crowd round someone who was speaking, and he stopped to hear what was being said. It was different from anything he had ever heard before, for it was an open-air meeting, and a servant of God was telling the people that the Lord Jesus had done all that was needed for their salvation and, if they trusted in Him, He would take them to be with Him in heaven. Benito had always heard before that a great many prayers and penances were necessary, and that even then no one could go to heaven until they had

A COURT IN BUENOS AIRES.

work, he set out to try to get a Bible. He did not mind about losing a day's pay if he could only get one. But Buenos Aires is a very large city, and he did not know where Bibles were sold, and though he went about all day from one book shop to another he could not get one. You know Roman Catholic priests do not like people to read God's Word, and so in Romish lands it is very difficult to get a copy. Night came, and Benito had to go home without the longed-for book, but on Tuesday he set out again. He would lose some more money, but never mind! During the morning he met a colporteur, and though he did not know who he was, he asked him if he could tell him where he could buy a

Bible. Of course the colporteur was only too pleased to sell him one.

Now Benito had got his Bible he read it diligently, and soon God's Word did its work in his heart, and he was a changed man. As soon as he was converted he went home to his wife, and, kneeling down, asked her to forgive him for treating her so badly. She replied that if God had forgiven him she would, and ere long she came to know the Saviour also. So did other members of the family, and they opened their house for a little meeting, with the result that some of their neighbours were saved, too.



Tinies' Own Corner.

ESKIMO HOUSES.

MAIMED, BUT USEFUL.

I DARE say some of you have heard of the cruel way the poor Africans on the Congo have been treated by white people. Among others, a boy named Impongi had one hand and one foot cut off. Was not that dreadful? Yet Impongi is not the most unhappy boy in the world. Why is that? you ask. There are two reasons—one is that he knows the Lord Jesus loves him and died for him, and the other is that he tells the people of his village about Him. No one who knows the Saviour, and works for Him, can be altogether miserable, even if lame and maimed like poor Impongi.

IN 1900, when the Missionaries and many of the native Christians in the city of Tai-yuen-su were killed, three Chinamen, Liu, Chang, and Han agreed to meet together as usual to worship God, in spite of the danger. God kept them safe.

Tinies' Own Corner.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—When you love anybody very much, don't you want to give them something? Last month we spoke of *taking* God's great present, the Lord Jesus; now I want to talk to those of you who have done so.

Away in Labrador, where the winter lasts for most of the year, there lives a little Eskimo boy named Markus. His parents are poor, living on what the father can get by hunting and fishing—a hare, a few partridges, or a seal. And meantime Markus, when he was very little, would play happily in the little wooden hut which is their home, romping with the puppy-dogs and fastening them to his toy-sleigh, or pretending to go seal-hunting. But at last a day came when he was really to begin to learn to catch something to eat, and how pleased he was when his father said he would take him with him in his canoe and teach him to fish! His father showed him how to let down his line and then jerk it up and down in the Eskimo way, and soon, to his

delight, it tightened. His father wanted to help him to land his fish, but no, Markus wished to do it all himself, and he pulled and pulled till at last he landed a big cod. When he got home he asked his mother to salt and dry his very own fish, and a few days later the missionary met the little boy and his father, the former carrying a big dried cod-fish, which he hugged in his arms. "What have you got, Markus?" asked the missionary. "This is Jesus' fish," replied the child. Then his father explained that they had read in the Bible that the people used to give the first-fruits of their harvest to God, and so little Markus wanted to do the same with the first fish he had ever caught, and they were taking it to the missionary that Markus might give it to Jesus.

If you have taken the Lord Jesus for your own Saviour, don't you want to give Him something too, like Markus? Perhaps you ask what you can give. Well, first give

yourself to Him to be His little boy or girl and do always what He says. And then ask Him what else you can give Him? I am sure He will show you, if you really want to give Him something. But, you say, the Lord Jesus is not on earth now, how can I give anything to Him? Perhaps you can do it, as Markus did, by giving it to His servants who are spending their lives in telling people about Him, especially those who are telling the people who never heard of Him before. Or perhaps you can give it to help to feed and clothe some poor little orphan in India, or it may be He would like you to give it to some one at home in England who is poor and hungry, but He will show you how.—Your loving friend,

“COUSIN ALICE.”

A TRUE HEROINE.

SOME of you have heard of the terrible disease of sleeping-sickness which is killing so many poor people in many parts of Central Africa. In an island in the great Victoria Nyanza it broke out, and word

reached the native Christians on the mainland that many were dying and they had no one to tell them of Christ. This so touched the heart of a woman named Rakeri (Rachel) that she decided to go and teach the women and children. She was warned that it was at the risk of her life, and that there was no cure for the disease, but nothing could turn her. When her work was done she came home to die.

THE SCAPEGOAT.

Leviticus 16.

LAST month we read in Leviticus 16 about a bullock and a goat which were offered up to God as a sin-offering; and we saw that they were a picture of the Lord Jesus as the one great offering for sin. But in Leviticus 16. 5-10 we also read that there were *two* goats, and while *one* was slain as a sin-offering, and his blood sprinkled upon the altar, the *other* was presented alive before God, and he is called the scapegoat. The slain goat represented the Lord Jesus giving Himself to bear the sin of the world, and the



The Scapegoat in the Desert.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HOLMAN HUNT.

scapegoat represented Him in resurrection life and glory, presenting Himself in the presence of God for us.

But, strange to say, the priest laid his hands upon the *live* goat, and confessed over him all the iniquities and all the transgressions of the children of Israel, putting them upon the head of the goat ; and then sent him away into the wilderness, bearing all the iniquities of the children of Israel upon himself. What can it mean ? The wilderness was no place of punishment for the goat. No, indeed, it was his natural home, where he loved to be, and to wander about at his own will and pleasure ; so you see that though the *live* goat bore all the sins of the people upon him, no harm came to him, but he was just set free to enjoy himself.

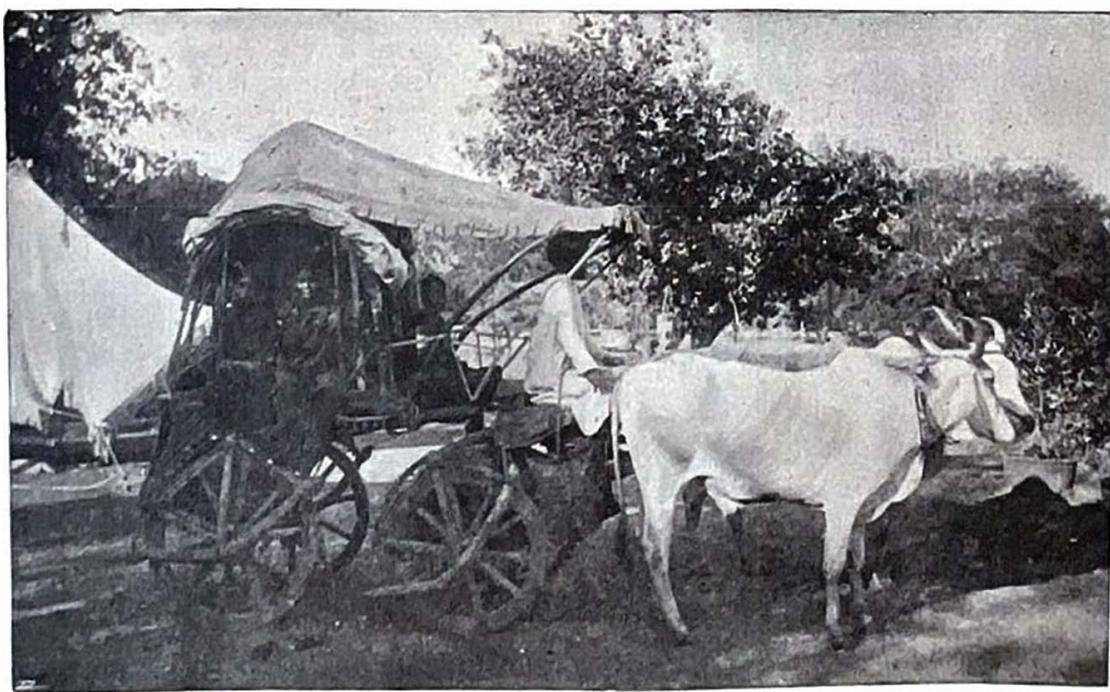
What can it mean ? Think a few minutes, and see if you can tell ! " Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Yes ; Jesus has borne the full punishment of sin, and *now*, at the right hand of God, He says to *you*, " Bring all your sins to Me ; come, lay them at My feet, for I have died for sin, and I have risen

again ; and I, even I, am He that blotteth out transgressions for Mine own sake." Yes, by His death upon the cross He obtained the right and power to blot out sin. No need for Him to die again. His one great sacrifice is enough for the whole world ; and *now* whoever will may come, and receive a full free pardon, through that precious blood.

Oh, what a grand, what a glorious salvation ! The Son of God **HIMSELF** has borne the full punishment of sin. The holiness and justice of God are completely satisfied ; and *therefore* God has raised Him from the dead and seated Him at His own right hand in majesty and glory, and given Him the right and power of saving every poor sinner who cries to Him. And *there* He sits, the loving, gracious Jesus, waiting, longing to pardon *you* ; entreating *you* to come to Him ; and promising that He will receive you graciously, blot out all your sins, give you eternal life, and make you a child of God.

Oh, will you not flee to Him at once ? Go, fall at His feet, bring Him your great heap of sins, and ask Him to blot them out. He *will* hear, He *will* answer, and fill you with joy and gladness.

M. H. Y.



An Indian Waggon.

TRAVELLING BY BULLOCK WAGGON IN INDIA.

AN INDIAN WAGGON.

ALTHOUGH there are railways in India, there are a great many places that are far away from them, and often these can only be reached by a bullock wagon, or *bandy*, as it is called. It is very slow and shakey travelling, only about two miles an hour.

A MESSAGE OF COMFORT.

A YOUNG man visiting the house of two dear parents who had lost their little baby girl, gave them such a message of comfort that I am sure they never will forget. "The sinner

IYA AND HER CHILDREN.

CHAPTER I.

ONE March day, more than eighty years ago, a baby girl was born in a peaceful home in a village in Norfolk. With loving parents, little Anna Martin, for that was her name, had a happy infancy, but when she was only five years old her first trouble came, for her mother went to be with the Lord Jesus. Some sad years passed until she was twelve, when she went to live with her grandfather at Lowestoft, where she found two kind friends and faithful servants of God, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, the latter being a

in the Old Testament," he said, "laid his hand upon the head of the sin-offering, but in the New Testament, Jesus, who came to be our sin-offering, laid His hand on the heads of the little children."

sister of Elizabeth Fry, the prisoners' friend. When she went there Anna did not know the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. She feared to sin, for she remembered that all hearts are open to God, and no secrets hid from Him, and she daily prayed to be kept from doing wrong. Gradually she became happier, and she wanted to be a missionary when she grew up. But she wished to serve the Lord at once, and at last she summoned up courage to ask Mrs. Cunningham if she might have a few little children in the Sunday-school to teach, though she was afraid she would be thought too small, as she was



IYA AND HER CHILDREN

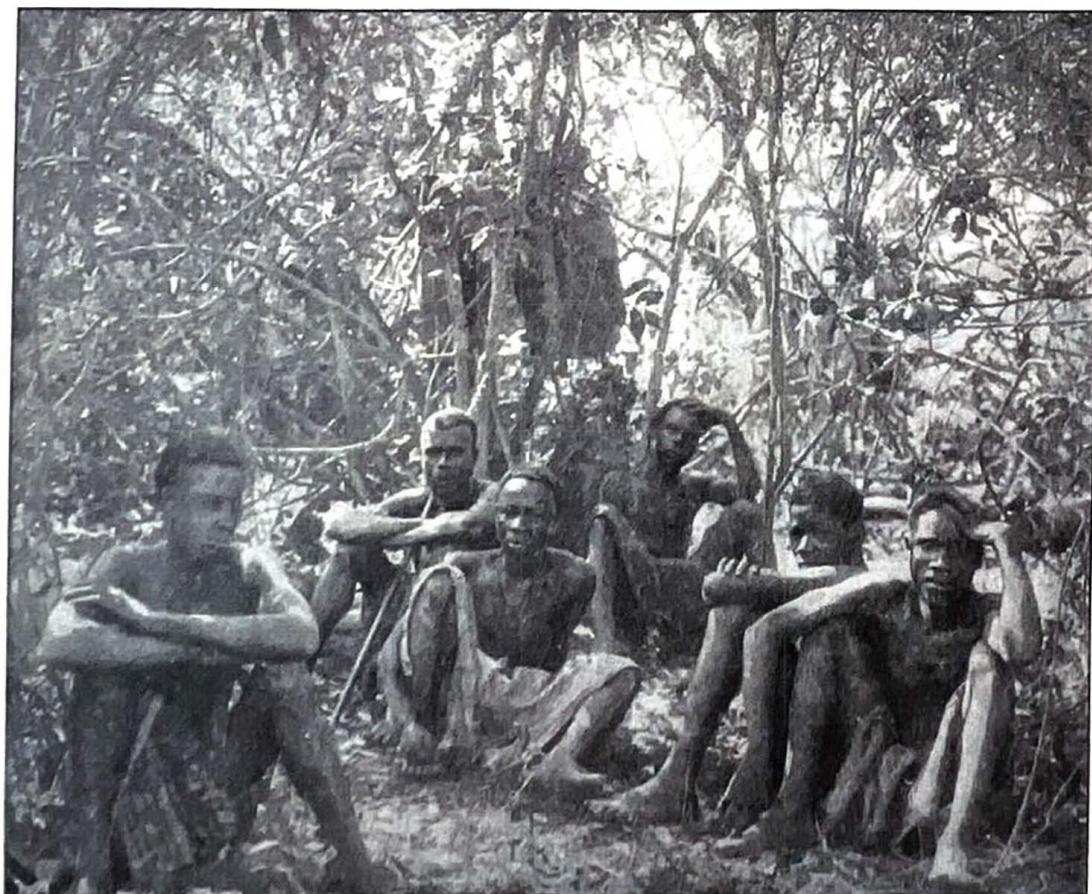
AFRICAN-BOYS PLAYING AT BOATING.

not yet thirteen. But Mrs. Cunningham was very pleased, and next morning at eight o'clock Anna began her work with six little scholars. And now, as she taught these little ones of Jesus, she wondered if she had ever gone to Him herself. She saw her need of a Saviour, and that in Christ was all she needed, and in time He gave her to know that He had borne all her sins on the cross, and she was forgiven, and made a child of God. Do you know this, dear young reader? If not, you may, for the Lord Jesus died for sinners, and He never refuses any sinner who goes to Him for pardon and cleansing.

And now Anna could truly work for Christ, and she did so. When only fourteen she gathered a class of ragged, neglected children, and in time this grew into a school of more than two hundred, still under her care. As years went on she also gave an hour on Sunday to teaching the poor boys in the workhouse, and she spent much time in visiting the poor, her loving sympathy

making them welcome her, while her bright face showed the happiness which the Lord gives His people. And while she worked for Him at home, God was preparing her for other service for Him in a distant land, among those who had never heard the name of Jesus. Her early wish to be a missionary had never left her, and she felt sure God would send her to a heathen land, though she could not see how. At last the time came. Mr. David Hinderer, a German missionary, who had been working in the Yoruba country, West Africa, asked her to be his wife, and in 1852 they were married, and set out for that distant land.

The Yoruba country contains somewhere about three million people, all speaking one language, though there are many different tribes. They were idolaters, having very many idols, or *orishas*, as they called them, the chief of which they called Ifa, and sometimes they offered human sacrifices to these. It is true they knew of one supreme God, but they knew nothing more about Him. The first missionaries had gone there in 1843, but as yet there were only one or two stations. Before coming to England Mr. Hinderer had visited a great city, called Ibadan, containing more than a hundred thousand people. He was the first white man ever seen there, and the chiefs were very pleased at his visit, and they and their people begged him to come



Iya and her Children

YORUBA NATIVES WAITING TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.

without delay, and "sit down" among them. It was to this city that he and his wife now went, with one other missionary, a faithful helper named Olubi, and one or two other black men.

They were now fifty miles from other workers, and their first home was a little native house. The chief room, which they occupied themselves, was thirty feet long, but only six wide, with mud walls and floor, and there were neither doors nor windows. In the rainy season torrents of water came through the thatched roof, and one night Mr. Hinderer, getting hastily out of bed, trod on a venomous serpent, but through God's mercy it did not bite him. As soon as possible a better house was built, for it is very bad for missionaries to live in such poor places, as it makes them much more likely to get fever.

(To be continued.)

"WHAT SHOULD I DO THERE?"

THIS question was lately asked by an old Chinese woman, when a Christian was telling her about heaven. You and I know that if she trusted in the Lord Jesus He would not let her be lonely there, but she did not, and it seemed as if the message had come too late for her. Will you pray that, if she is still living, she may even yet learn to know the Saviour? But, oh! do all you can to help to tell the heathen *children* about Him. The following poem was written by a missionary, when she heard her question:

Your words are good, and all my heart is yearning
To know the joy and peace you seem to know,
But, oh! I am so slow and dull of learning;
I wish that you had come long years ago.

My days upon this earth are surely numbered, And soon my chair, my couch, will empty be; For long my dear ones in the grave have slumbered;
Their spirits call, I hear them call for me.

The silent sun, the glistening dew, the spring shower,
The wayside flower looks up with joy to greet;
But I, a creature weak and shorn of power,
Could never for that place of bliss be meet—

Could never feel but *lost* amid the many Who throng those golden streets, *who are at home*;
Of all my loved ones who are gone, not any Would thither greet me; I should be alone.



What should I do there?

A CHINESE LADY.

As fire melts wax, as bends the tender bough,
So will our little ones respond to love;
Then tell *them* of the Saviour, tell them *now*,
And lead them to that happy home above.

B. C. M.

"GOD setteth the solitary in families."

SOME WONDERFUL GARMENTS.

DID you ever notice the different kinds of clothes spoken about in the Bible? I don't mean the mantles and wimples and other things that the women of Israel thought too much about, but I mean the soul garments.

There are two kinds of these, one which we have naturally, and the other given by God. Which are you wearing?

But you will want to know what they are, and where to read about them. I won't tell you the places, for it will give you something to do to find them, and I expect you will remember them far better.

The first set of clothes we don't want to think much about, for they are like dirty rags. One is pride, and another is—what do you suppose? Our own righteousness, that is, all our best doings before we have come to the Lord Jesus.

The garments He gives are very different. The first we may reckon is penitence, that is, sorrow for sin, though I don't know that it is spoken of exactly as a garment. Do you know anything of it? You cannot make it for yourself; the Lord Jesus must give it to you, and you will never have done with it while you stay in this world, for the more you get like your Saviour the more sorry you will be for all the things in which you are still unlike Him, and grieved when you think of the suffering these naughty doings and words and thoughts of yours cost Him.

The next garment He gives is quite a change; it is *gladness*. Do you know the gladness of learning that Jesus was punished instead of you, and you are His own child? And, if so, do you know the gladness that comes when you do what He tells you, especially if it is not easy, like confessing

Him publicly? And there is another kind of gladness, too, that perhaps some of you know a little about—the joy He gives to His own when they are in great trouble.

There is another garment something like this—the garment of *praise*. Are you wearing

that? What has Jesus done for you? Has He not forgiven your sins? Does He not take care of you all the time and hear your prayers? Has He not promised you a home in heaven? Is not all that a lot to praise Him for? And then, look at the earthly blessings He gives you?

Most of you have been taught of Jesus from your earliest days, many by Christian fathers and mothers. Then food and clothes and health and eye-sight are all things to praise Him for, and so are the many little pleasures He puts in our lives—flowers and sunshine and so on.

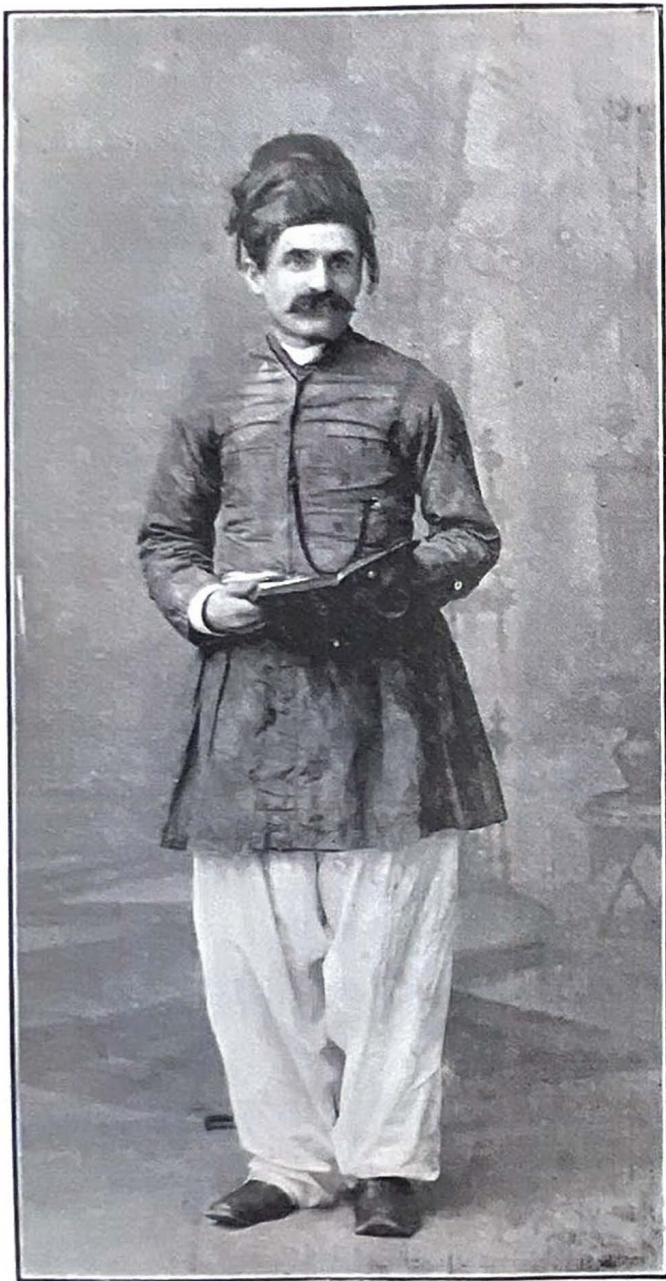
But there are still more garments. There is *humility*, the opposite of that ugly garment pride, and there is *zeal* for a cloak. Perhaps you don't quite know what that is. Well, it means caring very much. The boy or girl who constantly prays for the missionaries and denies him or herself to have something to send them has *zeal* for missions. Have you this cloak?

But there is one other garment more important than any. *Our joy, our praise, our humility, our zeal* are still imperfect, but this garment has no spot nor hole, for it is the righteousness of the Lord Jesus, which He puts as a robe upon all who trust in Him. When you believe in Him, God counts the goodness He did as belonging to you, just as He counted your naughty deeds to Him, and He bore the punishment on the cross. Is this robe yours?



"IN PERILS OF ROBBERS."

HAVE you read the list the Apostle Paul wrote of the many dangers he met with in his missionary journeys? (2 Cor. 11. 23-27) Among them was that of being attacked by robbers, and sometimes missionaries now



In Perils of Robbers

A NATIVE PERSIAN MISSIONARY.

have the same experience. Not long ago one was travelling in Persia when he saw some moving objects on a hill opposite. He had guards to protect him and told them, but one of them looked through a glass and said it was only stones. Before

long, however, down came, not stones, but robbers, firing all the time, and the guards fled. The missionary and some other people who were travelling with him got out of their carriage and hid behind it, but a bullet struck the ground close to them, so they called out to the thieves to stop. Then the robbers drove them away from the road, and took the things out of the carriage, looking them over carefully to see which they thought were worth taking. They asked the missionary to give up his sun-helmet, but he said it was too hot, and they let him keep it. When they asked if he had any spectacles, he pretended not to understand, and as he had no watch-guard, they did not find his watch. Books they did not want, and as some of his clothes were packed with them they missed taking these, though suits, overcoat, and rug all went. Meanwhile one robber held his rifle ready to fire at any moment. Yet our missionary was not frightened. You know God promises that His peace will keep the hearts and minds of His people, and so he found it.

At last the robbers went off, taking with them the horses and also the driver of the carriage, whom they blindfolded, and the rest of the party were left with no means of getting any farther until they could venture to send someone to fetch them some more horses. What was to be done? The missionary thought it was no good crying over spilt milk, so he proposed they should have something to eat. Among them they had a small cooking-pot, a jug, a bowl, some bread, part of a fowl, tea, and a small bottle of milk. So some Persian children among them had the milk, and the whole party of fourteen shared the other things, drinking their tea out of the one bowl. After that, for want of something to do, they went up the hill and played games all the afternoon, and then they gathered some sticks for a fire, and the missionary hung up a piece of waterproof he had left to keep off the wind. They ate the rest of their food, and then, while the groom ventured to the next village for horses, the others fell asleep round the fire. Towards ten o'clock the horses arrived, and soon the

carriage was loaded with the few things left. The fourteen people packed themselves into it, and off they started, to arrive at midnight at a place where they could sleep. Some of the party were Mohammedans, but the way the missionary was careful of other people's comfort, as well as his own, made one of these admit, "Say what you will, the Christian is kinder than the Mussulman" (Mohammedan).

HALLEY'S COMET.

Many of the little readers of *Across the Seas* will have been interested in the comet, and, perhaps, like my little boarders and myself, they have been rising early to have a look at it. We saw it first at 4.30 a.m., and at last at 5.30, when it was a most wonderful sight, its tail stretching all across the sky. The children heard us saying that on May 19th the earth would pass through the comet's tail. This idea took hold of little Laura's mind, and frightened her very much. She thought all sorts of wild things about what would happen, and on the evening of the 18th I saw she was really afraid, but though I explained to her again and again how it would be, and that we should feel nothing while we were in the comet's tail, she could not get her former ideas out of her mind. When I tucked her up in bed and said, "Good night," her little farewell speech before going to sleep was this: "Miss had lots of toothache here; Miss won't have any

toothache in heaven;" but not till afterwards did I realise that she thought we were all going to be whisked away into heaven that night. In the morning Laura's first question was: "Miss, are we in heaven now?" and when her brother laughed at her and told her we had already passed through "the tail" in the night, she threw up her little hands over her head with a sigh of relief, and said in her funny English: "The tail just caught us up in the night, and went away with us, and brought us back again before I waked up, and I didn't know nothing about it."

Little Laura has not yet understood the real way to heaven, although she has learnt that Jesus said, "I am the way." Perhaps some little Christian readers will pray for this dear little girl by name, that the Bible words she learns so diligently may, by God's Holy Spirit, open her

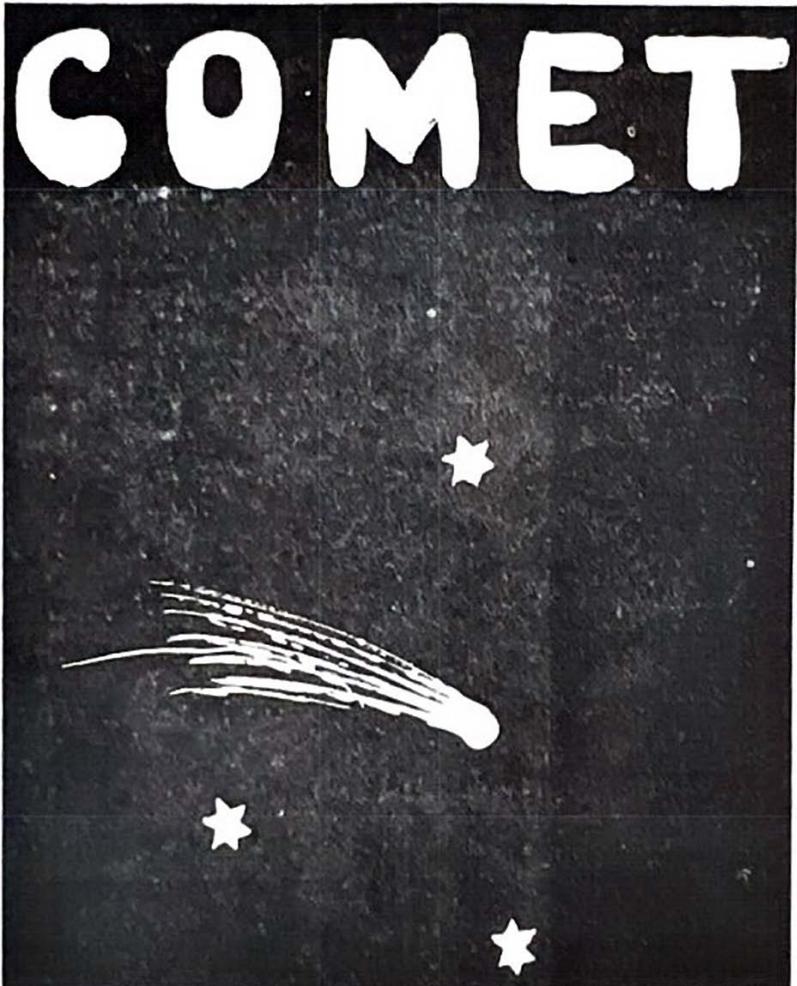
mind and heart to Jesus and His wonderful salvation. FRANCES GEYDEN-ROBERTS.

Pondoland.

Tinies' Own Corner.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I hope you won't grudge your big brothers and sisters a share of your corner, just for once, for the other day I heard a story which perhaps will suit them best, though I expect you will like it too.

Lottie, as I will call her, was a cripple; which was sad, was it not? And not only so, but she was poor and had to earn her



living, and so, as, of course, she could not go to service, she was set to learn dressmaking. Perhaps some of you little girls who don't like learning to sew will sympathise with Lottie when I tell you that she did not love her work at all. She told a kind lady that she hated every stitch she put in. But the lady told her to ask God to make her like her work. That was a new idea, but Lottie tried it, and a year afterwards she told her friend that God had answered her prayer, and now she really liked dressmaking.

God loves His children to be happy, and though He may give some of us things to do we don't like, yet if He means us to keep on doing them I am sure He is ready to take away the dislike, as He did for Lottie, if we ask Him. Perhaps some of you little ones don't like your lessons. Have you ever tried praying about them? And some bigger ones perhaps have to leave the books they were interested in at school and spend their time in what seems less interesting work—sweeping and dusting and washing up, or learning a trade. But remember whatever work God has given you to do you can do it *for Him*, and if you don't like it, you try Lottie's plan. So far I have written to those who know that God is their Father and the Lord Jesus is their Friend, because they have received Him first as their Saviour from their sins. If any of you have not, will you not receive Him now, and then you, too, will have Him as a Friend to turn to, as Lottie had?

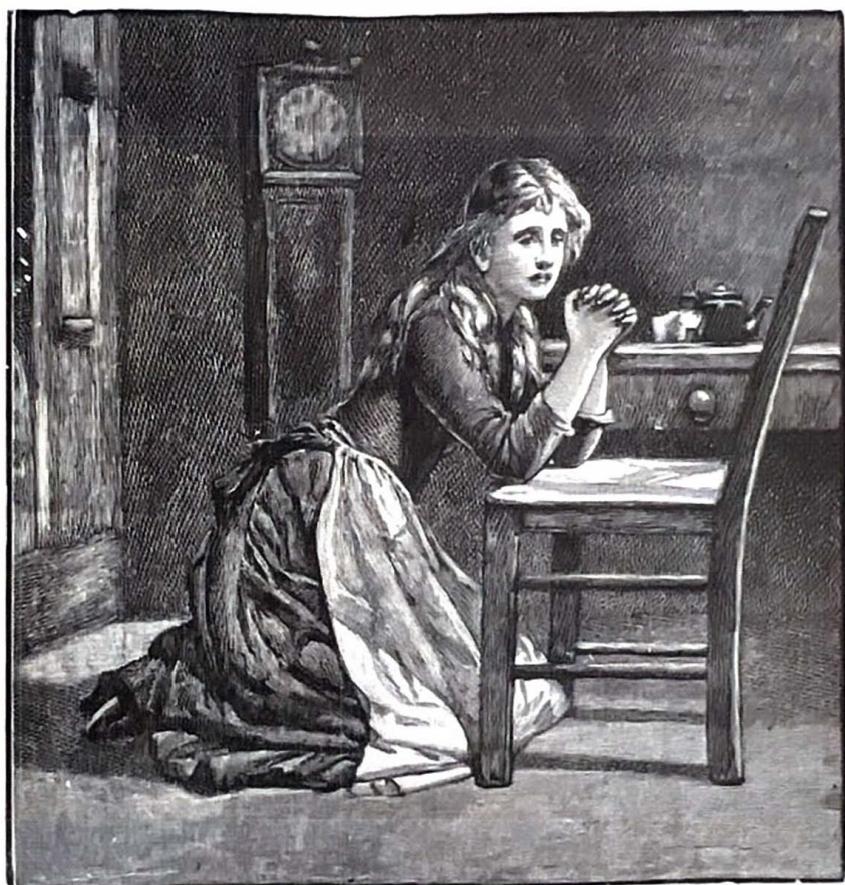
Your loving friend, "COUSIN ALICE."

THE RED HEIFER.

Numbers 19

NUMBERS 19 gives us another of God's beautiful pictures of the Lord Jesus. He is represented as "a Red Heifer without spot, wherein there is no blemish, and upon which never came yoke." So our precious

Lord was verily without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; perfectly pure, holy, and undefiled; beautiful in all His ways and words; glorious indeed. He is the mighty God, the Creator of the universe, to whom every knee shall bow, and upon whom never came yoke. True, He took upon Him the form of a Servant, and became obedient



Times' Own Corner

"SHE ASKED GOD."

unto death; but He *took* it upon Him of His own free will, and any moment could have thrown it off, and left us to perish in our sins. But no, His love and pity were so intense that He would not draw back, but "set His face like a flint," and went straight on to untold agony, and yielded Himself up to be made a sacrifice for sin.

The red heifer was taken outside the camp and there slain; so the Lord Jesus was led outside Jerusalem to "a place called Golgotha," and there they crucified Him and two others with Him—malefactors—the one on the right hand and the other on the left, and "sitting down they watched Him there,"

reviling and mocking, and heaping every possible insult upon His head. And *who was He?* Who was He that was *thus* treated? The mighty God, the Lord of glory, the King of kings, who had all power in heaven and earth. Why? Why did He submit to it?

"*Ah! it was love, unbounded love,
That brought my Saviour from above
To bleed and die on Calvary
For such a worthless worm as I.*"

The priest then took the blood of the slain heifer and sprinkled it directly before the tabernacle of the congregation; so the blood of the Lord Jesus was poured out upon this earth for our sins. Then the whole heifer, her skin, her flesh, her bones, her blood, and her dung was burnt to ashes, and cedar wood, hyssop, and scarlet were cast into the midst of the burning; so also the Lord Jesus was consumed by the fire of God's wrath for our sins. The cedar wood represented His incorruptible nature; the hyssop His meekness and lowliness in submitting to such indignity, and the scarlet represented His inherent majesty and glory. Thus Jesus, the incorruptible God, the meek

and lowly Jesus, the holy, mighty God, yielded Himself to be consumed by the fire of God's wrath for our sins.

The ashes of the red heifer were then carefully gathered together, and laid up in a clean place to be used as a water of separation and purification for sin; so Jesus, the risen, glorified Jesus, has entered into heaven itself with His own blood, having obtained eternal redemption, and *there* He sits in majesty and glory **mighty to save**. Yes! yes! He is *mighty to save* every poor sinner that applies to Him. His precious blood is *enough* to atone for the sin of the whole world, and whoever will may come to Him and receive a full, free pardon; *but*, all who reject or neglect this great salvation will have to bear the full punishment of all their own sins.

Oh, then, *beware! beware!* Beware lest you yourself neglect to flee to Jesus, and therefore sink into the lake of fire. Salvation is within your reach; Jesus is waiting, longing to save you; but you yourself must believe in Him as the One only sacrifice for sin, and you yourself must apply to Him to save you.

M. H. V.



TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

THIS picture reminds us of a country quite near England, with people very like ourselves, and yet in most cases very far from God. Most of them are Roman Catholics, and are not allowed to read the Bible, but are taught to pray to the Virgin Mary and other saints. Sad to say, a great many are even worse, for they do not care to hear of God at all. Will you pray for those who are telling them of Jesus?

A BLESSING THROUGH IGNORANCE.

MR. WIGSTONE, missionary in Spain, relates a strange doing of the Romish priests of that land. They will not allow the people to read

the Bible in their own tongue, but they tell them that a great blessing comes to them through hearing it read in Latin, even although they do not understand one word of what is read.

A BOY'S DIFFICULTY.

I HOPE that you all, dear little Christian readers, are careful to obey your fathers and mothers, for you know that is what the Lord tells you to do, as you can read in Ephesians 6. 1. But you see it says you are to obey them "in the Lord," that is, unless they tell you to do something God has forbidden. A'as! there are some boys and girls whose parents do tell them to do what is wrong. A missionary in India writes: "We saw a dear boy who has professed

Christ, and is, I believe, truly saved, being forced out to beat the drum at a heathen marriage. He is only about fourteen years old, and has little or no power to disobey his parents in regard to this. His little heart must be so sad. We pray that his faith may not fail, and that soon God will deliver him, and make him a noble witness." Will you, too, pray for this poor boy and others like him, while you thank God for your own good parents, and do all you can to please them?



A Boy's Difficulty
179

INDIAN BOY'S CARPENTERING.

IYA AND HER CHILDREN.

CHAPTER II.

MR. AND MRS. HINDERER had not been long at Ibadan before they gathered round them a little group of children, who became very fond of their *Iya* (mother), as they called Mrs. Hinderer. One of the first of these was a little boy named Akielle, son of a warrior named Olumloyo. Olumloyo said of the Gospel, "The words are sweet," but, alas! he did not taste their sweetness for himself. However, he sent his little boy, four years of age, and girl, Yegide, aged six, to the missionaries. They were very happy on their first day at the mission-house, but

when the sun set Yegide did all she could to persuade Akielle to go home. He did not want to go, so she said, "Akielle, you must not stay; don't you know that when it gets dark the white people kill and eat the black?" This frightened the little boy, and he ran home with his sister, but they came again next day, considering they were safe as long as it was light. Before long Akielle ventured to stay the night, which greatly frightened Yegide until she found him all right in the morning. From that time he made his home with the missionaries, and he would often throw his arms round Mrs. Hinderer, saying "My mother thou art." But he had a passionate temper, and one day when she stopped his beating another boy he lifted up his hand even at her. Of course he had to be punished, and then he said he would go home, so Mrs. Hinderer said, "Very well, Akielle, go; good-bye for ever." At that he burst into tears, saying he would never leave his *Iya*, and he was quite unhappy till he was forgiven. Another day he and two other little boys ate some fruit which they had been forbidden, as it was not ripe, and in a little while they were crying, for their lips were much swelled and smarting. An elder boy laughed at them and told them they would die, but Akielle said, "What naughty



boys we have been! We have been like Adam and Eve eating the forbidden fruit; let us go and pray to God and ask Him not to let us die this time, and we will not do so any more." So they prayed, and then asked Mrs. Hinderer's forgiveness for their disobedience, and next morning their lips were better. Thus our little friend learned what it was to turn in trouble to the One who is always ready to pardon and help.

One day, when Akielle was a few years older, his father sent for him to go home, but when he got there, he found all the family busy sacrificing to the idols. Sheep had

been killed and their blood sprinkled about, and many of the people were rubbing their foreheads in the dust. He thought he had better go back, but his father called him to him and said, "Now, Akielle, I want you to worship with us; here is *Erinle*, the god who gave you to me," pointing as he spoke to one of the idols. The little boy replied, "If *Erinle* gave me to you, father, how many children has he left for himself?" This question, which was quite an African one, puzzled the father, and he said, "Perhaps none." "Well, then," said Akielle, "I don't think he would have been so foolish as to give me to you, if he had none left for himself." Still the father said, "Well, you must worship with us." But the child replied, "No, father, I cannot." "Why can't you?" "Why, father, because the Word of God said, 'Thou shalt have none other gods but Me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.'" He was asked several questions, which he answered respectfully, and then his father said, "Well, Akielle, there is one thing you shall do." The poor child thought his father was going to flog him if he would not worship the idols, but the sentence ended, "You shall go back to the mission-house, where you have been taught these things." Thus God took care of him

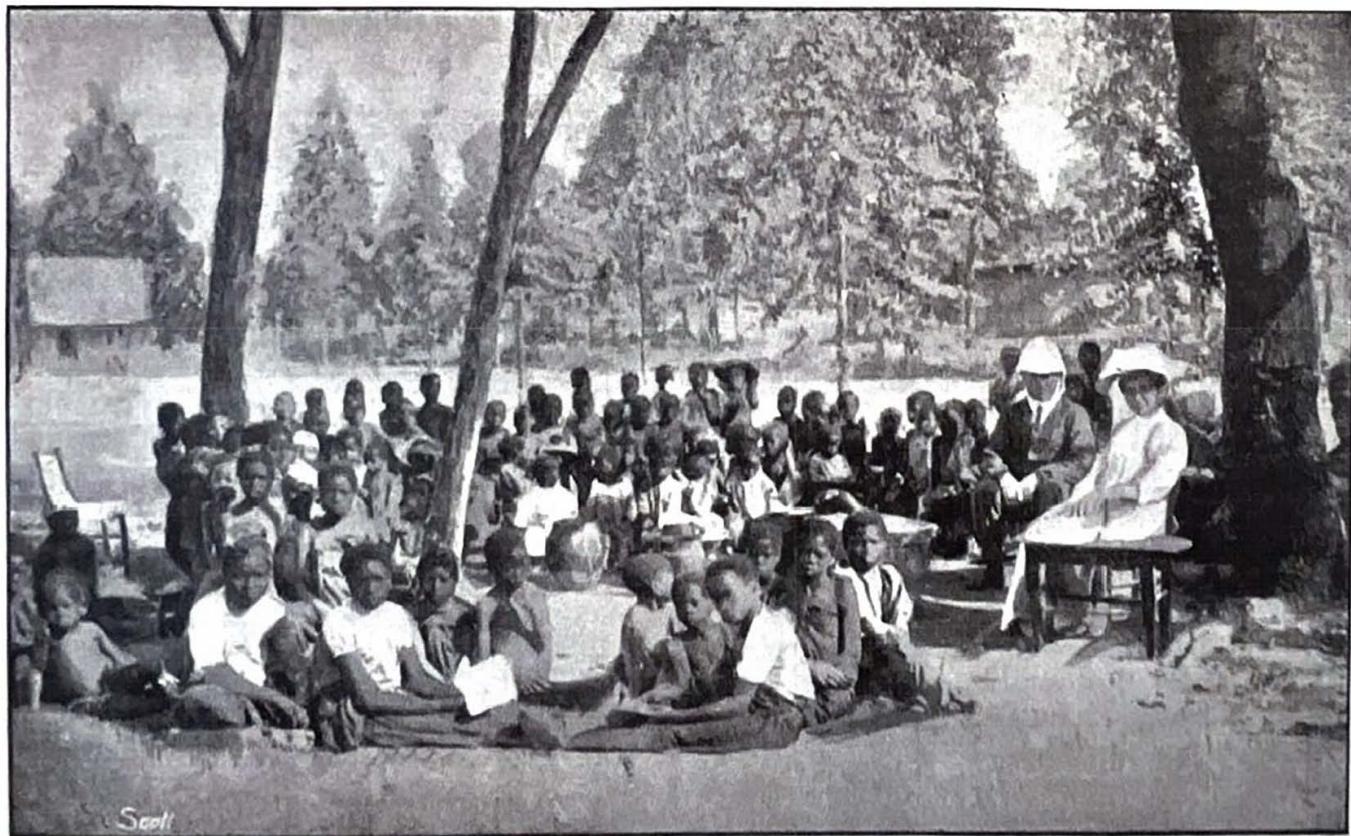
and did not let him suffer for being true to Him.

CHAPTER III.

BESIDES those who lived at the mission-house, Mrs. Hinderer had a day-school for children and, of course, a Sunday school. Unlike some English children, these African boys liked to learn. Mrs. Hinderer asked one of them if he liked to "sit down" with her, and why. "Because I learn so many nice things here, and you, Iya, love me, and are so kind to me." She then asked, "Do you love God?" "Oh, yes, because He is so great and good." "Do you love Jesus?" "Yes, yes," said the child; but when asked why, he could only say, "I want to hear more of Jesus, and know more." Is that *your* wish, too? If not, why?

Some of the children were little friendless waifs till the missionaries took care of them. One poor little boy, not three years old, was found by the roadside starving, and pleaded "*Era mi*" ("Buy me"). His mother was a slave and had been sold away from him, and

his owner had gone to the war, so there was no one to care for the poor little fellow, and people were afraid to take charge of him lest they should be accused of stealing a slave. They just threw food to him, as one might to an animal, but no one objected to Mr. Hinderer taking him in, and so he found a happy home at the mission-house. He was a pretty child, but looked so sad, and at first he could think about nothing but eating. Very different was another little slave-boy, who at once sprang into Mrs. Hinderer's arms, and put his own round her neck, saying, "You won't let me be sold away, will you? for I want to stop with you." He added, "You can't kiss me, because I am black and you are white," but he soon found this was a mistake. Another time the school-master found a little baby, not a week old, thrown away by its cruel mother, and no one dared to touch it. Olubi, the school-master, picked him up and took him to the mission-house, but he never got well after the exposure, and soon died. Does not this story show how



Iya and Her Children

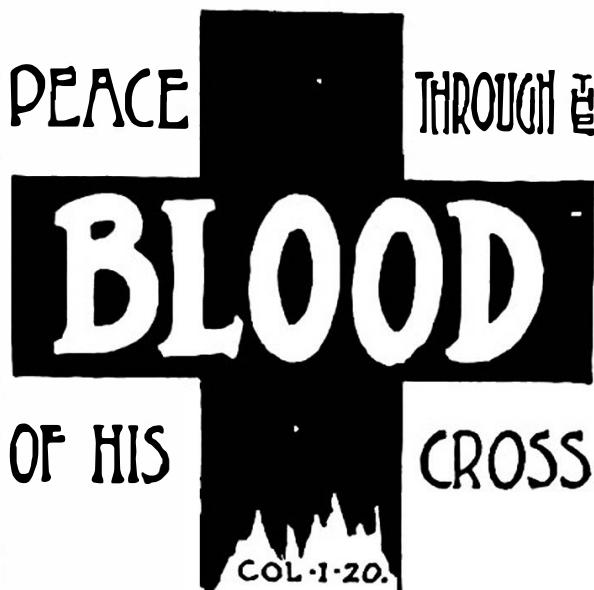
A FEAST TO AFRICAN SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

much the heathen need the Gospel, when even mothers will cast out their little babies to die?

Then there was a little girl whose mother wanted to sell her, but, as the father was willing the missionaries should have her instead, the chiefs decided it should be so. She had been half-starved, her mother sometimes not feeding her for three days at a time, and she had such a sorrowful face. After a time the cruel mother came to steal

the child away, but found she had measles, so she pretended to be very angry with Mrs. Hinderer for letting her get ill. She had at last to be driven from the yard, but she had managed to give poor little Sophy something which made her much more ill than before, so that before long she died. Sophy had always been an obedient, attentive child, and she liked nothing so much as to hear stories from the Bible and about the love of Jesus. There was another girl, named Moleye, who was early called to be with Christ. She was a very silent girl, hardly ever saying anything but "Yes," or "No," or "I don't know," but as she lay on her sick-bed, God brought back to her all she had learned, and she received the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour, and rejoiced to confess Him. She spoke words of comfort to her father and brothers, who were Christians, though she also warned one of them who was tempted to wander from God. Her mother was not really a Christian, though she went to hear God's Word, and to her Moleye spoke plainly and lovingly. Her heathen neighbours were much surprised to see a girl not afraid to die, and even wanting to go to be with God, and it led her aunt to wish to be a Christian. Others among Mrs. Hinderer's flock early learned to know the Saviour, and lived to grow up and serve Him.

The story of the school-master, Olubi, is



interesting. He was a native of Abeokuta, and was dedicated at his birth to an idol. When the Gospel was first preached there he was very angry, and made up his mind, though only a boy, that if the missionary ever came into his street he would kill him.

By-and-bye the missionary came and preached under a tree close to his house, but Olubi was lying helpless on his mat, having hurt himself while worshipping his idol.

He could not help hearing what the missionary said, and as this went on day by day he thought the words were not so very bad after all. When he got well he went to the mission-school, although his mother beat him for doing so. Soon afterwards he spent seventeen days with his mother in idol sacrifices, but he told her he would not do so next year. This made her so angry that she refused him food, but he stood firm, and in due time confessed Christ. Then his great longing was for his mother's conversion, and in time God answered his prayers for her.

INDIAN RAGGED-SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Dowlashweram, Sept. 1st.—Some time ago I wrote about my little ragged-school. It continues to prosper. About twenty-four are on the register, being regular attendants, while others come and go. In visiting their homes last week I was much encouraged by the testimonies given by some of their mothers. One told me that her little boys would not eat any food without first giving thanks for it, and that they tell their father all they learn in school, and beg him to come to the meeting. He has not had the courage to do so yet, but the mother is a regular attendant, and all through the influence of her little sons.

LIMA JONES.

A HAPPY LAND.

THE Bermudas are a very pretty group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean, and enjoy spring nearly all the year round. It has never been known to snow, and many American tourists come here to avoid the cold of their winter. There are neither lakes nor rivers here. The land is very uneven, but the hills are not very high. Neither are there any wild animals. The

of them wild. The oleanders grow luxuriantly, and are often planted for hedges. When they are flowering they look very pretty, there being such a variety of colours. Then there are abundance of valuable cedar-trees throughout the islands.

The Bermudians are noted for cleanliness, courtesy, and hospitality. Their homes are built of stone, cut with saws from quarries, and are very pretty. Most of the natives are



A Happy Land

chief birds are the sparrow, the blue-bird, the red-bird, the black-bird and the ground-dove, but a great variety of migratory birds visit the islands. There are many kinds of pretty flowers; indeed, the Bermudas are like flower-gardens. They used to be called "the land of the lily and rose," but now they are often termed "the land of the lily and oleander." In the spring, the farmers' lily-plots are simply sheets of white, and other kinds of lily grow here also, such as the callow, spice, bell, and staff lilies, some

QUARRYING STONE IN BERMUDA.

coloured, but there are very few black Bermudians. Poverty in its worst form is a stranger. There are Sunday-schools all about the islands, and the Gospel is preached everywhere. Yes, truly, these lonely isles in the bosom of the Atlantic have been blessed by God, but still the prayers of Christians are greatly needed for them. **EMILY E. P. HODGSON (aged 15).**

[Perhaps some of you wonder why the people of these happy islands need praying for, since they know about the Lord Jesus

and His love. Ah! there is a great difference between knowing about Him and knowing Him as one's own Saviour and Friend. Do *you* know Him in this way? If you do, perhaps you will ask Him that many of the boys and girls in the Bermudas, as they hear about Him in Sunday-school, may come to know and love Him too. But if you don't, will you not go to Him at once and ask Him to save you and teach you to know Him, that by and-bye you may go and live with Him in heaven, which is a far happier land than the Bermudas—ED.].

SOME FRENCH BOYS AND GIRLS.
I HAVE been reading some interesting stories of little French children at the large town of St. Etienne, which some of you learn about at school. A good many years ago, when I was a little girl, an English widow lady and her daughters lived there, and gathered the little ones for Sunday-school, and also for a class on Thursdays, that being the weekly holiday in France. Numbers came, so that the room got too small and a bigger one had to be found in another part of the town as well. Some of them had Protestant parents, but others were the children of Romanists or infidels, and were very ignorant when they first came. One boy of fourteen was seen to laugh during prayer, and was asked why, but the little boy who had brought him begged the teacher to excuse him that time, as he had never heard anyone pray before.

Soon, however, these dear little ones learned how the Lord Jesus loved them and died for them. They learned to repeat portions

of God's Word as you do, and to sing hymns, and when they went home they would still sing them, until sometimes fathers and mothers, who could not read, learned to join them. And some, even of the tiny ones, came to Jesus for themselves. One Thursday they were told of the ten lepers whom the Lord Jesus cleansed, only one of whom returned to Him to say thank you, and then they were asked, "How many are there here who have returned to give thanks?" Not a few, with beaming faces, answered, "*Moi*" ("I"). Could you have said the same? Not only did they say they had thanked the Lord Jesus, but in many cases their fathers and mothers told how much more good and obedient they were than they used to be, thus showing they had really come to Him. Some of them told at home what they learned. One little boy of five was asked by his father about the lesson, so he told him all about Peter walking on the water and Jesus taking him by the hand, and then he said, "If you are ever out in great waters, you have only to cry, Lord save me, and immediately He will put out His hand and hold you."



Some French Boys and Girls

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN FRANCE

A darling little girl of five, having heard about opening the heart to let the Lord Jesus enter, asked her mother when she was putting her to bed, "How can I let Jesus in when He knocks at my heart?" I don't know what the mother said, for at that time she had not let Him in herself, but she did afterwards, and so did the little girl's aunt.

Then there was a dear little cripple girl of thirteen, who had been lame since she was four years of age, and as she grew older suffered very much. For a long time she thought she would go to heaven because of her pain, but at last she learned that it would be because the Lord Jesus suffered. And then, when she had learned that lesson, the Lord lovingly took her away from all the pain to be for ever with Him, where all is peace and joy.

A little girl of eight, whom we will call Jeannette, had a trouble of a different sort. Her father was out of work, so she had no Sunday frock, and no boots. She heard at school that she might always ask the Lord for what she wanted, so she asked Him for a Sunday dress, and it came. Still there were no boots, and she went on praying, but Sunday morning came and they had not arrived. Little Jeannette said to her mother, "God did send me the dress, but He did not send me the boots." But she had not waited quite long enough; God did not mean to disappoint her, and He put into the heart of another little girl, living in the same court, but better off, to give her a pair of her own, and both were so happy when they went to school.

Tinies' Own Corner.

DEAR LITTLE READERS,—Our kind friend, Miss Taylor, in Spain, who has sent us several interesting stories for our pages, has written one now which I am sure *you* will enjoy.—Your loving friend, "COUSIN ALICE."

LITTLE GEORGE'S PENNY.

Little George liked to hear the missionaries speak in the meetings, and no doubt thought their stories were very interesting, although he did not quite understand their meaning. One night a missionary said that God gave



double to those who gave to Him, and George thought, "I have got a penny in my pocket, and when the collector comes round to my seat I will give it, and then God will give me twopence." He gave it, and went home with his little heart bounding with expectation. Next morning he looked under the

pillows of his bed, and even under the cups and saucers on his mother's breakfast table, but—he could not find twopence. He was quite disappointed, and went into the yard thinking, "That missionary did not speak the truth; I did give my penny, and now I have nothing." Just then a gentleman rode up, saying, "Here, George, hold my horse while I speak to your father." Soon the gentleman came back, and taking the horse, said, "Good boy, George, here's *twopence* for you." That was a moment that George always remembered. His youthful eyes were opened to see a little of the faithfulness and tenderness of God. Years passed away, and when he was a brave servant and missionary for Christ in the foreign field he told me this story of his early days. He and his wife are now with the Lord, but I am thankful to say that more than one of his children has followed his example.

SALVATION BY BLOOD.

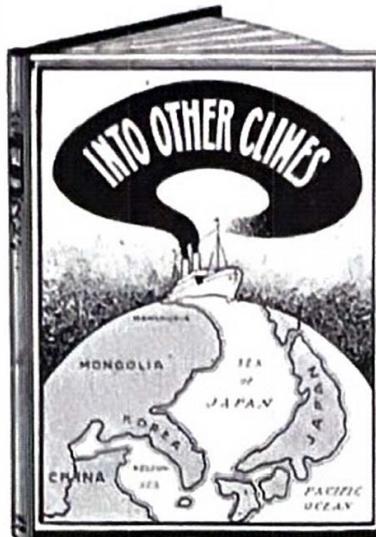
"Without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22).

YES, my dear young friends, this is true indeed. You and I have sinned against God. We have *wilfully*, knowingly broken His holy law. We are justly, rightly condemned, and unless we can find someone able and willing to bear our punishment we *must* bear it ourselves.

The great God is too holy to pass by sin. He punished the devil and all the angels that sinned with him, and therefore cannot justly pass by our sins, but as He looked down upon us poor sinners born with wicked hearts His love and His pity were stirred, and He longed to save us. And oh! wonder of wonders! He positively asked His well-beloved and only Son to take our sins upon Himself and bear our punishment in

our stead. He said, "Yes, *Father, I will go.*" He knew how terrible it would be; what a life of self-denial He would have to live; what torture and anguish He would have to endure, and yet His love and pity were such that He said, "Yes, *Father, I will go.*" So down He came and took upon Him a body of flesh and blood, and lived a life of holy and spotless purity, and then gave Himself up to be mocked, scourged, crowned with thorns, and crucified by man, and also to bear all the fierce wrath of God and all the pains of hell which we deserved.

Never, never shall we know what He suffered! Never, never shall we be able to understand the depths of love and pity that filled His heart! Oh, what a lovely Saviour He is! And God offers Him to *you*, my dear young friends. How have you treated Him? Have you received Him and clasped Him to your heart as *your own* dear Saviour? *If so,*



you have eternal life, and shall never perish, for, "To as many as *received* Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God," and He does the same *now*. Receive Him, then; receive Him as your own Saviour; cast yourselves at His feet, and ask Him to blot out *your* sins with His precious blood, and He *will* do it, and you will be safe for ever.

"Without blood is no remission,
This the Lord declares from heaven;

Blood must flow, on this condition,

This alone is sin forgiven.

But the victim, who can find it,

Such a one as sinners need?

To the altar who can bind it,

Who can make the victim bleed?

God Himself provides the victim,

Jesus is the Lamb of God;

Heaven and earth and hell afflict Him,

While He bears the sinner's load.

Joyful truth, He bore transgression

In His body on the cross;

Through His blood there's full remission

For the vilest, e'en for us."

M. H. Y.

SPREADING THE BIBLE.

You know what a colporteur is, don't you? I don't think you will suppose it is a man who carries coals, though I have heard of people who pronounce it just like coal-porter. It is really a French word, but in English we use it for a man who carries Bibles and other good books for sale. Now I want to tell you about two boy colporteurs whose names are José-Maria and Flavio, and who live in the city of Guatemala. Do you know where that is? If not, look in Central America. They are still school boys, but out of school hours they are employed by their uncle in selling horse whips, which it is his business to make. They carry a bundle of these across their shoulders, taking them round to sell. Now these two boys thought that while they were selling whips they might sell Bibles or parts of the Bible, too, and so they carry

a small box of Scriptures with them, and during their holidays last year they sold more than four hundred copies. Was not that good? Think of all the dark homes, for the people of Guatemala are Roman Catholics and very ignorant indeed, that the light of God's Word entered through these two school boys! Perhaps you sometimes sing—

"We won't give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide
Until its saving voice is heard
Beyond the rolling tide.
Till all shall know its gracious power
We, with one voice and heart,
Resolve that from God's sacred Word
We'll never, never part."

José and Flavio are helping to spread it indeed; though being Spanish-speaking boys I don't suppose they ever sang the hymn. What can *you* do to help?

THE MISSIONARY'S PICTURE.

A MISSIONARY was showing some children in Ceylon a picture of the Lord Jesus blessing the little ones. An old granny was looking on, and was heard to murmur to

herself, "Oh, how lovely, how lovely! how kind He is! I do wish He were here now." The tears ran down her cheeks as she said it. Some time ago she and her granddaughter confessed Christ together.

HOW THE BIBLE FOUND HIM OUT.

MR. TOBA (we will call him that, as I don't know his real name) was a Japanese, and he did not at all like Christianity. Perhaps he disliked it as a foreign religion, I do not know, but at any rate he thoroughly hated it. When an old school-fellow of his became a Christian he told him he must give up this hateful thing or leave the village. The Christian was ready to go, but suggested that first he should tell all the people just what he believed, so that they might know exactly why he was being expelled. That seemed only fair, so the same evening he met the village assembly, with his Bible in his hand. But matters did not turn out quite as his enemy wished, for some of the people got interested, and wished to know more, and evening after evening the Christian spoke to them, until at last, instead of being expelled, he was able to begin a Sunday-school. You may fancy how angry Mr. Toba was, but it was no use, and soon,

he was taken for a soldier and sent to Manchuria. Perhaps he congratulated himself on having got away from the Christians, but ere long, to his disgust, he found his sergeant was one also. Not only so, but he gave Mr. Toba a New Testament and he dared not destroy it, though he made up his mind he would as soon as he left the army. At length the time for him to go home came, and his fellow-villagers made a feast to welcome him, at which he proudly displayed a splendid scroll he had obtained from a Chinese house he had helped to loot. On the scroll was a motto, which Mr. Toba praised. But when he had finished, his old school-fellow said, "These are not the words of a Chinese sage; they are taken from the 'Jesus Book,' which you despise and hate." This was too much for the soldier, and at last he came to the Christian and said, "I surrender. That God of yours and that Book of yours find me out wherever I go. Now I will try to know them."



How the Bible found him out

A JAP. FELLOWS.

CONGO GIRLS AND WOMEN.

We lately told you something about the lives of African boys. Now shall we see what the girls' lives are like? Here is a little Congo baby-girl. She has just had her first bath by being dipped in the river, and mother has blown the water from her eyes and ears and brought her home to the hut, not to dress her, but to rub a mixture of oil and red powder into her skin and tie charms round her neck and limbs. A baby is not considered to want clothes, but these charms are thought to keep away sickness and even death.

Baby is still very young when one day a man comes to see her father, and asks that when

she grows up she may be his wife. Does he want to stay unmarried all that time? you ask. Oh, no! He has several wives now, but that is no reason, in his mind, why he should not have another; and the father sees no objection to promising him his little daughter. Indeed it is a good bargain for him, for the husband that is to be begins at once to pay for his bride—so many brass rods (which are used instead of money), so many spears, brass anklets, bracelets, &c. He pays a few at a time, and meanwhile the little girl lives with her parents. She does not go to school, but she is not idle, oh, no! Her mother and her father's other wives teach her various useful things—cooking, gardening, mat-weaving, pot and basket making. And sewing? you

want to know. No, not sewing, that is not wanted, for they only wear pieces of cloth there, not proper clothes.

Then a day comes which, if the little Congo girl is like you and me, she must dread very much. She is twelve years old now and is reckoned a woman, so she must soon go and live with her husband, and in order that she may look nice (according to Congo ideas) she has to go through a very painful process. Two women hold her and cover her eyes, while a third cuts patterns on different parts of her body. These wounds are so treated as to leave raised scars when they heal, and that is thought beautiful. Is it not strange that people should thus dis-



Congo Girls and Women.

CONGO WOMAN.

figure the bodies God has given them, even at the cost of such suffering? Of course the little Congo girl cannot help herself, any more than the little Chinese girls whose mothers bind their feet up tight, and we must remember that these heathen parents do not know that cruelty and vanity are sins. You do. Will you not ask God to keep you from being vain of your looks and clothes, and to give you the ornament He admires—a meek and quiet spirit?

But to go back to our Congo girl. Her husband comes to fetch her, and she is decorated with strings of beads, and goes with him. For a time she is his favourite wife, but after a while he may tire of her, and perhaps sell her to another man. Meanwhile she has a busy life. Early in the

morning she starts for her garden, often miles away in the forest, carrying a basket on her back, a calabash of water, and a hoe, and by-and-by she may have a baby to carry as well. She works there all morning, and at midday comes home, carrying her basket full of manioc roots, which have to be prepared for food, and on the top of them some branches for firewood.



A Little Beggar Girl

A HUNGRY INDIAN CHILD.

Some day her husband wants to go on a journey, and she must go with him, not for a pleasant holiday, but to carry his luggage. She has none of her own, for a narrow strip of cloth, or even a leaf, suspended by a string, and a few strings of beads, are probably all her wardrobe.

The husband may have been getting an

old man when he married his young bride, and by-and-by he dies, leaving his wives to his sons. So our heroine perhaps becomes the property of her own boy, now grown to manhood, and he sells her to be the wife of another man. The lot of the older wives is worse, for no one wants old women like them, and they are often greatly neglected. How much these poor people need to know of the love of Christ, which would teach them to care for the old and to honour their mothers! Thank God, many of them are learning of it. Pray that more may do so.

A CHINESE STORY.

IN one place in China they tell a story of a good girl who walked more than three miles every day to fetch her mother-in-law the best water in that part. One day a stranger was so pleased with her behaviour that he gave her a whip which would fill the water-jar if she stirred it round in it three times. This she did, and was saved the long journey; but one day her mother-in-law wanted some water while she was out, so a younger girl, thinking she knew how to get the water, stirred the whip. But alas! she stirred too hard and too long, and not only was the jar filled, but a stream flooded the cottage and ran down the hill. The elder sister came back just then, seated herself on the water, was changed into a fairy, and floated away.

A LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

(The following letter is from the lady who now has charge of the home for little orphan girls at Trichur, of which you have heard before.)

TRICHUR, SOUTHERN INDIA, Sept. 13th.—

At the beginning of this month I spent a week in Cochin, and while there I had the joy of receiving a new orphan girl, about seven years old. Since the death of her parents she has gone about begging, but was found and taken in by a native Christian family. They were willing to keep her, but as she did not want to stay with them they handed her over to me. It is strange that such a little girl, after a life of begging, should not be willing to settle in a comfortable home.



Tinies' Own Corner

HOW GLAD HER MOTHER WAS.

However, she seems to be quite happy here with the other children, and I trust that her coming will be for her spiritual as well as temporal welfare. I should value prayer that she may early be led to Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

LOTTIE SUNDGREN.

Tinies' Own Corner.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—Some time ago a little girl was lost over in America. Near her home was a nasty, wet piece of ground, called a swamp, and it was very large. I don't know if our little friend, whom we will call Amy, had to cross this coming from school, or whether she had been sent on an

errand, or how it was, but there could be no doubt, when she did not come home, that she was somewhere on the swamp, and was lost. So her father and other people went to look for her, but the swamp was so big they could not look everywhere, and no Amy was to be found. Then the news reached the town on the other side of the swamp that a little girl was lost, and a hundred people said they would go and look for her *till she was found*. Off they set, taking lanterns with them, and all night they searched, and at last, just before morning, they came across poor little Amy lying on the ground, too tired to go any farther.

What joy there must have been when she was carried home! Can't you fancy how her mother would hug her and kiss her, and how glad her brothers and sisters would be to have her home again?

But does this story make you think of another? Oh, yes! someone says, it makes me think of the Good Shepherd, who went after the lost sheep *until He found it*. Yes, that is it. You and I were lost, like little Amy, and could never have found our way to God and heaven, any more than she could have found hers to mother and home. So the Lord Jesus came down to earth and died for us, and He is seeking for those of you who are still lost, that He may save you and

carry you safely home. He *has* found some of us, and what joy there was! He was glad, and the angels were glad, and don't you think we were glad too? Ah! the greatest gladness we can have is to know the Lord Jesus is our own Saviour and Friend. Would you not like Him to find you? If you would, tell Him so. And, dear children, if you believe on Him as the One who suffered and died for *you*, and love Him for it, that will show He *has* found you.—Your loving friend, "COUSIN ALICE."

IN some parts of China a man has been seen pushing a wheel-barrow, while a boy in front has gone on all fours and pulled.

IYA AND HER CHILDREN.

CHAPTER IV.

It must not be supposed that all Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer's work was among the children. Men and women learned to turn to God from their idols. One elderly woman came to see Mrs. Hinderer, bringing as a present a fowl, corn, and yams. She said, "Iya, all my life I have served the devil; he has been my god, but he never gave me peace in my heart. My husband was stolen away by war, the devil did not help me; my children all died, the devil could not help me; but since you white people have come, I have heard the words of the great God, which we never heard before, and they are sweet to me. I want to hear more, and to walk in the right road, for it has been a wrong road all my life." She threw her images into the water. Others brought their idols to the missionaries, and one man, who had been a large slave-dealer, brought the irons he used to fasten the slaves with, say-

ing that, having been made free by the blood of Jesus, he should never want such cruel things again. Another man set his slaves free, giving a little boy among them to Mrs. Hinderer to bring up. For two years he lived at the mission-house, a very happy little fellow. Then one day a woman came there for something and recognised him as her child, whom she had lost, with her three others, during a war. She, too, had been made a slave, but her owner had married her and treated her very kindly, and now she was able to go and see her little boy whenever she liked.

But all this work for God was not done without much trial. Many fevers were the lot of the Yoruba missionaries, and some of them were quickly called to be with Christ. Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer, though often suffering, laboured on, save for rare visits to England. Then a war broke out among the natives, and it was impossible to get supplies from the coast. Missionaries in Africa need



Iya and Her Children

AFRICAN CHILDREN AT A FAVOURITE PASTIME

to have European food sent to them, and they also needed clothes and something with which to obtain the cowrie shells which are the money of that country, but none of these things could reach them. They had to live on the native food, and when not well it was hard to eat this. One day, in Mr. Hinderer's absence, his wife left the black children eating a hearty breakfast of food which she could not touch, and went to the garden gate. A woman was passing, so she spoke to her, telling her of Christ. The woman listened, and then as she turned away she asked, "Can you eat our corn?" and gave Mrs. Hinderer some from a basket on her head. How welcome that corn was to the hungry missionary! She quickly roasted and ate it, thanking God for His speedy answer to her prayer for "daily bread." Everything that could be spared from the mission-house was sold for food, and Mrs. Hinderer grew onions in her garden for sale, and they also grew beans to eat, but even these they had to use carefully, and sometimes they cried themselves to sleep from hunger. God, however, did not forget them, for He never does cease to care for His people. He made some of the natives kind to them, giving or lending them cowries, and the woman from



Iya and Her Children

AN AFRICAN WARRIOR

how glad they must have been to see their friends again and enjoy the comforts of civilised life. But their hearts were in Africa, and in less than two years they returned to their beloved people and work. It was not for long, for they

whom they had milk insisted on giving them the full amount, though they could no longer pay for it. Such of the black children as had homes of course went back to them, and a kind woman offered to take one who had no friends. Then when Mrs. Hinderer's last pair of shoes were worn out, an American missionary, further in the interior, sent her three pairs which had belonged to his wife, who had gone to be with the Lord. Mr. Hinderer's health was very poor, and a Christian, who could badly afford to spare it, brought them a bag of cowries to buy strengthening food with. But this they had to give up to ransom the daughter of a native worker in another place, who had been captured by the Ibadan people, and would have been sold. The school work was hindered, for there were no slates, and only two needles and half a ball of cotton, too precious for anyone but Iya to use. At last, however, the way was opened for Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer to pay their second visit to England, and we can understand



INTERESTED READERS OF "ACROSS THE SEAS."

had suffered so much, and in 1869 Mrs. Hinderer came home for the last time, followed a few months after by her husband. They did not reckon their work was done, though they could no longer live in Africa, but began to work for God in a pretty English village. In a little while, however, Mrs. Hinderer was called by her Lord and Saviour to His home above, at the age of forty-three. She rejoiced to go, saying to a friend, "Are you not glad that I am going home, going to be with the Lord for ever?"

Dear young friends, we must all leave this world some day. Which kind of life will be the pleasantest to look back upon, do you think—a life spent in pleasing ourselves, or one given to God, even if passed amid many hardships in a far-off land? We shall be far more glad if we have brought souls to the Lord Jesus than if we have made money, or become famous, or had what people call a good time. Will you not give yourself to Him to serve and please Him all the time, and if He should send you to tell the heathen about Him, will you not gladly go?

TO MY READERS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—October is here when I write this, and though only yesterday I was gathering roses in the garden, it is time I was thinking about the December number of *Across the Seas*, which perhaps you will read beside a blazing fire. Yes, and I have to think about next year, and

what more I can do to interest you all in the poor children far away who do not know the name of Jesus, who is so precious to me and, I trust, to many of you too. How I wish He were precious to *all* of you! Will each of you, as you read this, pause a moment and ask, "Is the Lord Jesus precious to *me*? Do I love Him?" If you cannot from your heart say, "Yes," why not? Does *He* not love *you*? Did He not bear all the pain of the cross and really die that you might be saved? What greater proof could He give that He loves you! If you do not love Him, the reason must be that you do not really believe in His love to you, although you have so often heard of Him, and all He has done for you. Will you not, even now, trust Him as your Saviour? Then you will be able to say with the apostle John, "We love Him, because He first loved us."

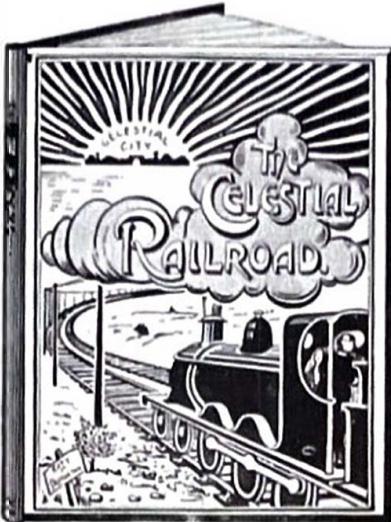
Next year, instead of the lives of missionaries we have had lately, I hope to tell you about some boys in far-away lands who have come to love the Lord. Tinies' Corner will go on, and I hope to have a little corner too for some *short* lives of missionaries, whose names will not be given till the next number, so that you may find out, if you can, who they are. In January we will have Mr. A., in February Mr. B., and so on. The Bible lesson will continue (I hope you don't miss it in reading), and we will have as many other nice things as there is room for, so please tell your little friends about *Across the Seas*, and see if you can't persuade some of them to take it.—Your sincere friend,

EDITH E. COOPER.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

MORE than 1900 years ago the Son of God, the Creator of all things, laid aside His power and glory, left His throne, came down to this world, and was born in a baby body which God, His Father, had specially prepared for Him. Then God sent an angel to some shepherds, who were keeping watch over their flocks by night not far off, and when the angel came and the glory of the Lord shone round about them they were afraid, but the angel said, "Fear

not ; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people ; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." And suddenly a great host of angels burst out with the triumphant song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Think of it, dear young friends. What goodness, what love, what pity, that God should ask His Son to lay aside all His power and glory, and come down here to be the Man of Sorrows ! Think what it cost Him ! He was not obliged to come ; it was all of His own free will. Then *why* did He come ? Because He loved *you*, because He longed to save *you* from the punishment which you deserved, and to have you in heaven to live with Him for ever. And what are *you* ? A child with a bad heart that loves sin, and likes to do your own will and please yourselves. There was nothing in you to give



Him pleasure ; nothing at all. But His pitying love made Him come down here and live and die for *you*.

How have you treated Him ? Have you fallen down with love and gratitude, and thanked Him for dying for you ? Have you asked Him to blot out your sins with His precious blood, and make you a child of God ? And have you gratefully accepted Him as your Lord and Saviour and yielded yourself to Him to obey and serve Him ? If not, why not ? Think how ungrateful you have been to turn away from such wonderful, self-sacrificing love, and to let the devil be your master instead. The devil is your enemy, and is doing all he can to get you into the lake of fire. Oh, turn away from him at once ! Fly for your life to the Lord Jesus ! Ask Him to deliver you from that terrible enemy, and make you fit for heaven. Then you will indeed close this year with a new, bright song of praise.

M. H. Y.



A CHINESE CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL AND NURSES.

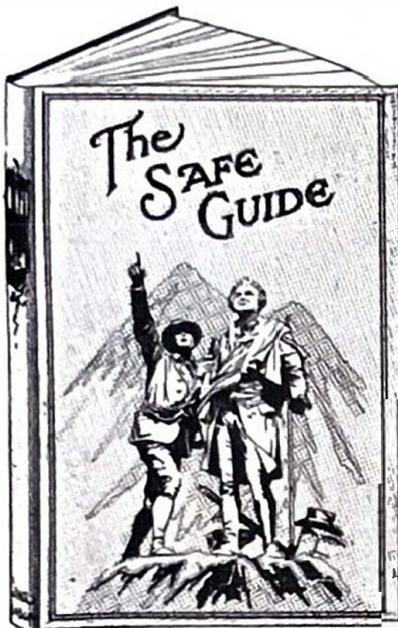
A NEW SOCIETY.

A CHINESE woman had been away from home for some time, first at a Bible-school and then as a patient in the mission hospital, and one thing struck her very much : that everything was so clean. Chinese houses are very dirty ; but when this woman went home, she determined to make hers clean. By-and-by others thought they would follow her example, so they formed a Cleanliness Society, promising to do their best to make their houses and children clean. It seemed such a queer idea that women in other villages formed societies too, and, what is better, from trying to be clean outwardly, some have come to the One who can make their *hearts* clean.

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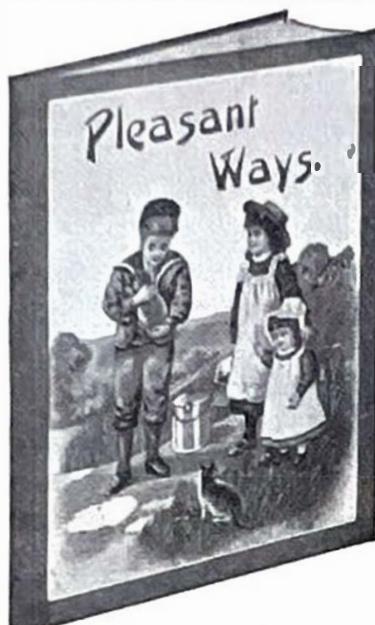
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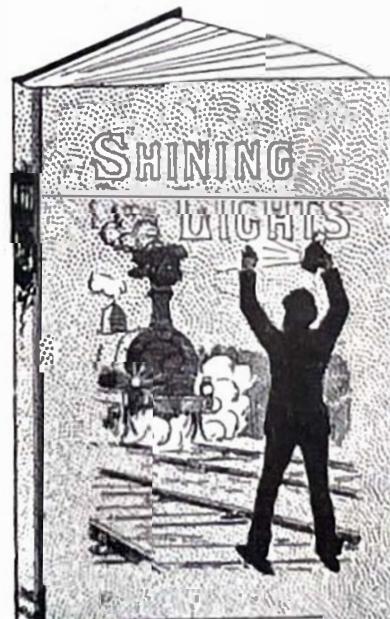
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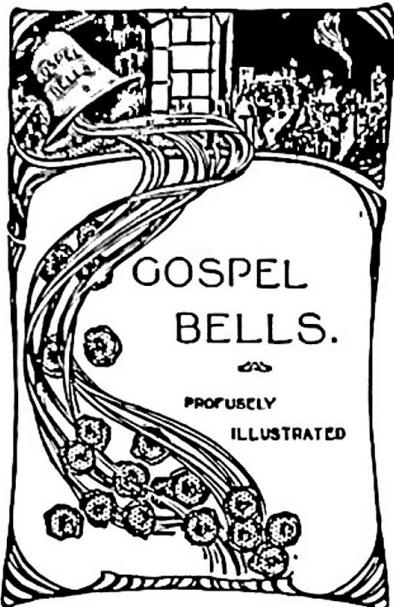
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