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GLEANINGS FROM MANY FIELDS

EDITED BY

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Editorial Secretary and Assistant Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society, Author of "The Story of the South Seas," "From Island to Island in the South Seas," etc.

WITH FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

MANY and varied are the "fields" from which these gleanings are taken. But with few exceptions they are all fields in which the London Missionary Society works.

For one hundred years its missionaries have sowed and planted in different lands; and have also been permitted in some measure to reap and bind into sheaves.

And now gleaners have been at work, and selecting here a stalk and there a stalk, they have twisted them together into this little sheaf, which they offer to any who may be interested in bringing about the great Harvest of that Field which is the World.

The gleaners are especially indebted to Mrs. Bryson in "Child Life in China"; to Miss Fielde in "Pagoda Shadows"; to Mr. Herbert F. Standing in "The Children of Madagascar"; to Mr. Chunder Bose in "Hindoos as They Are"; and to the following ladies and gentlemen, for information and stories:—Rev. C. W. Abel, Miss Bliss, Mrs. Du Bose, Miss Brown, Mrs. Bryson, Miss Budden, Rev. J. Chalmers, Miss H. Davies, Rev. J. Duthie, Mrs. Fry, Rev. H. J. Goffin, Rev. J. Gilmour (the late), Rev. I. H. Hacker, Rev. J. G. Hawker, Mr. Leonard Horne, Captain Hore, Rev. A. S. Hockett, Rev. Dr. Griffith John, Rev. Dr. W. G. Lawes, Miss Linley, Dr.

Mather, Dr. McFarlane, Rev. W. E. McFarlane, Miss Olive Miller, Rev. J. Macgowan, Dr. Moffat (the late), Mrs. Moffat (the late), Rev. J. Mackenzie, Miss Rowe, Rev. J. Sadler, Mrs. Stevens, Mr. A. J. Swann, Dr. Southon (the late), Captain Turpie, Rev. J. Wallace Wilson, Rev. R. Stewart Wright, Rev. A. J. Wookey, and to other anonymous writers in the "Chronicle" and "Juvenile" magazines.

July 30, 1896.

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GLEANINGS FROM MANY FIELDS

CHAPTER I

NATIVES AND NATIVE WAYS

Feasting in the South Seas

THE South Sea Islanders, like many of their more civilized fellow-creatures, are very fond of feasting. They believe in pies and puddings quite as much as you do, and not only at Christmas time, but at all seasons of the year. Theirs, however, are much larger than yours. Fancy a pie *ten* or *twelve feet* round! And a roly-poly *three hundred feet* long, and about as thick as a man's body! You could not eat many of those Christmas pies, or many slices of those puddings, I am sure! It would not be a very easy matter to make and cook such large pies and puddings in England, but the natives find no difficulty in making or eating them. To make the puddings, they simply dig a trench, fill it with wood, upon which they place stones. Whilst the men are doing this, the women are making the pudding (chiefly of arrowroot and bananas) upon beautiful banana leaves laid along the side of the trench. When it is made and rolled up carefully and securely in the leaves, and tied with vines, they set fire to the wood; and when the stones are heated, some of them are taken out with wooden tongs. The pudding is then rolled in upon the bottom layer; the hot stones are put on the top of it. These are covered with dry leaves, green leaves on the top of these, and the whole is covered in with soil.

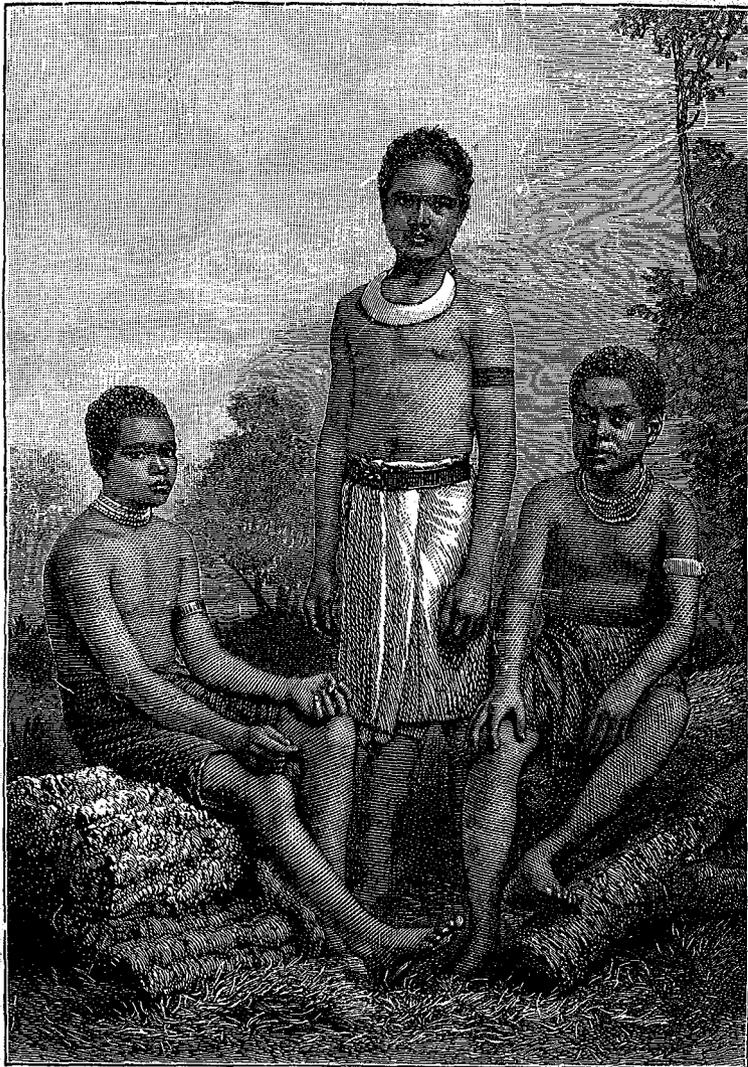
Then the cooks and pudding-makers all go home to sleep, leaving the stars to watch the cookery.

Next morning the village is early astir, and men, women, and children appear in holiday attire. The pudding is taken up by means of long poles, and about a hundred men and boys raise it to their shoulders with a long lift, a strong lift, and a lift altogether, and with one tremendous shout they start towards the chief's house, accompanied by the whole walkable village, singing songs as they go. Mr. Lawes says that on one occasion when he was asked to the village dinner, he measured this chieftain of the pudding tribe before carving, and found it was 204 feet long, that is two feet longer than the Monument in London is high. It was soon carved into slices four yards long, and some of these were sent to distant villages, big men carrying as much pudding as their strength would allow, while the rest was eaten up by the guests present before three days had gone.

Mr. Macfarlane says all cooking in the South Seas, twenty years ago, was done in the same way. Great holes were made for the pies, which were not made of mince-meat, but of fish, and fowl, and pigs *whole*. He says he has known a fowl-pie to contain about twenty whole birds, and a fish-pie to have more than fifty pretty large fish in it. A missionary was one day talking to a heathen native about heaven. The man listened for a time, and then said: "Is there any *taro* in heaven?" And when told that there would not be any *eating* there, he turned away in disgust, saying he did not want to go to such a place. Not many years after, however, he changed his mind, and became a real "eater of the Word," and has since gone to heaven.

The Natives of New Guinea

The name "Papua" means, they tell us, "woolly-haired"; and certainly the first thing which strikes one in pictures of the inhabitants of New Guinea is their enormous mops of frizzy hair, often adorned with bits of bone or shell, bamboo combs, cockatoo feathers, and scarlet flowers. In colour the Papuans seem to range from sooty black to dusky brown. Probably the colour is not in all cases natural, for one has heard of a white baby becoming



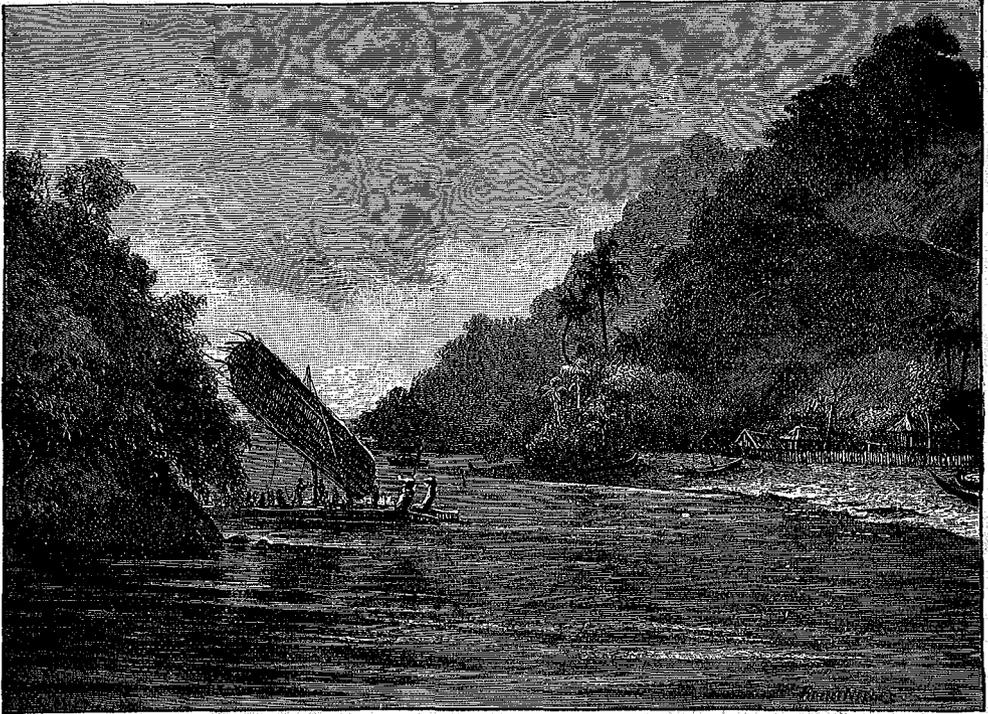
THREE NEW GUINEA BOYS.

quite black after being handed about from one to another of a crowd of New Guinea women anxious to see and nurse the curiosity. The coast districts of New Guinea seem to be inhabited by a race that is partly Papuan and partly Polynesian, much taller and finer in body than the inland tribes. They have prominent brows, the nose large and somewhat curved, thick lips, and projecting jaws. They wear very few clothes—the men a girdle of string, and the women a grass petticoat. But like many savages, what they lack in dress they often make up for in ornament, especially at times of festival. Then the men—for in New Guinea it is the men, and not the women, who put on finery—dress their hair, deck themselves with ear-rings, nose ornaments, necklaces, armlets, and belts. They smear their faces with red ochre and sometimes put on hideous masks. Altogether, they are as unpleasant and forbidding-looking people as any in the world, and it must at first be very hard for English people to live among them, and try to love them and do them good.

They are wild, noisy, and boisterous; easily pleased, and as easily offended. The women seem to do most of the hard work—cultivating the plantations, making pottery, etc.; while the men hunt, fish, ornament their canoes, houses, and weapons, or go fighting. There is a terrible lot of fighting in New Guinea. The country seems to be divided up into a countless number of little tribes, constantly at war with their neighbours, and keeping up feuds from generation to generation. Then, too, some tribes are regular pirates, robbers, and head-hunters; and among them those men are most thought of who have the largest number of the skulls of their enemies with which to decorate their dwellings.

The houses of Papuans are very strangely built. Sometimes a village will consist of great barrack-like sheds, a hundred yards or more long, with a path down the middle, and on either side pens divided off as the homes of different families, who thus dwell together for safety. Other villages are built on piles in the water, or close by the sea-shore; so that, if attacked by land, the

inhabitants may escape by the back door into their canoes. In inland districts houses of refuge are built in lofty trees, and reached by long ladders, which can at need be pulled up into the branches. Owing to the influence of our missionaries and teachers, and of the British Government, the constant fighting which used



COAST VILLAGE.

to prevail is gradually dying out, as is also cannibalism, which in some parts was much practised.

One result of the wars, which has greatly hindered missionary work in New Guinea, is that there is no common language. Often the inhabitants of villages only a few miles distant cannot under-

stand each other; and the number of different dialects in which the work of teaching has to be carried on is very great. It was surely in the good providence of God that our chief mission station was planted at Port Moresby: for the Motu tribe who live there are great traders, and their language is more or less understood at the different places along the coast to which they go to exchange their pottery, arm-shells, and necklaces for sago and canoes. On these trading voyages the Christian Motuans can tell what they have learnt of the Gospel. Mr. Chalmers has sometimes accompanied them, and thus made friends with distant tribes, and prepared them to receive teachers.

When our missionaries first went to New Guinea they found that the cannibals living in one part of that great island looked down with contempt upon the cannibals of another district. Those in the east end considered themselves quite respectable compared with some of their neighbours, who, they said, "ate *every* part of the human body, even the hair being boiled and devoured." The ovens used for the cannibal feasts are never used for cooking anything else, and while every other kind of food is eaten with the fingers, forks made of hard wood are used for eating human flesh. These forks are handed down from father to son as heir-looms, and are greatly valued.

The cannibals in the western branch of our Mission, the Tugarians, are the most savage, warlike, and cruel. They are pirates, and make raids upon the villages along the coast. They use long, fleet canoes, and in these paddle up the rivers and creeks, plundering, murdering, and making prisoners as they go. They break the arms and legs of their prisoners to prevent them fighting or escaping, and then keep them until they are required for food, cooking one or two bodies at a time.

Their weapons are clubs, spears, bows and arrows, stones, and wooden swords, which are generally made of ebony, and carved. Their tools are few and very poor, and made from stones or bones. On these they carve images of birds, fish, and men.

The Betsileo, a tribe in Madagascar

"Betsileo," says some one; "what a strange name that is! It sounds like the name of a young lady—Betsy Léo." It is not, however, the name of a young lady, but of a large province and people in south-central Madagascar: a strong, stalwart race, somewhat of the negro type, and strikingly different from the Hovas, the ruling tribe, who occupy the Imerina province. Moreover, they have not had so many advantages as the latter, and therefore have not made so much progress in the arts of civilized life. Perhaps if a comparison were made, there is the same difference as in boys brought up in large towns and boys brought up in country districts. The former are sharper, keener, less liable to deception, but the latter more plodding and persevering.

They live in small huts, about ten feet long and eight broad, made chiefly of wood and bamboo, which are, as a rule, very dirty places. There is no proper door, but a square opening of various sizes about two feet from the ground. There is also a small hole on the north or east side called a window. The huts are thatched with grass, with no chimney nor outlet for the smoke excepting through these holes; and as everything has to be done in this one room, such as cooking, eating, sleeping, etc., the whole interior is very black, sooty, and anything but inviting. Yet missionaries spend many a happy hour in them, talking with the natives.

When you enter one of these huts, the inhabitants of the village seem to think they have a right to come in too, and sometimes as many as twenty crowd in to look at you, and who are very desirous in the morning to see you wash, dress, and perform your toilet.

They are very clannish in their habits. They care for their children, visit their sick, pay respect to their dead, and sometimes a young man may be seen carrying his aged father or mother on his back; but home, in our sense of the word, there is none, until they are brought under Christian influence.

Many great changes have been and are still being wrought in their home life; and if social improvements are any evidence of true Christian progress, we have reason for encouragement in this respect. Many of the people are building better dwellings, and have less love for soot than formerly. They are seeking for themselves and their families better clothing, no longer being content with the old rush garments they used to wear.

The Betsileo have not a variety of occupations such as you find in this country; they are few and exceedingly simple. First we notice their rice-fields, to which they devote a great deal of time and attention, and in cultivating which they excel.

They are also rich in farm stock, especially oxen, which they tend most carefully, and many a Betsileo lives a hard life, wearing nothing but a mat or a piece of old rag, in order that he may own a few oxen to be slain at his funeral. The women, in addition to their household duties, devote themselves to making baskets, mats, jackets, etc., of rushes, while some of them are engaged in the cultivation of the silkworm, the weaving of silk, and the manufacture of various kinds of robes, all done entirely by hand, without even the assistance of a native loom.

The People of India

The natives of India are always dignified under any circumstances. Even when you have found them out in any sin, such as telling lies or cheating you, they still remain dignified and self-possessed. Now, when you are accused of wrong-doing, and you know you are guilty, your eyes fall, your head droops, and you feel thoroughly ashamed of yourself; but it is not so with a Hindu, because he has no idea of sin. To his thinking, the more he can lie and cheat and steal the cleverer he is.

Religion is the first thing with them. They say their prayers regularly morning and evening, they do not neglect public worship in the temples, they keep the Hindu festivals very carefully, and they give away a good deal of money to the Brahman priests and

to the poor in order to gain merit. It is part of their religion to bathe often, and always before meals. Keeping their teeth clean is said to be a religious duty.

There is one thing in which we should do well to imitate the Hindus. It is this: they are never by any chance ashamed of their religion. You will see the natives praying in public places. I have often seen Mohammedan coachmen kneeling on the tops of



HINDU BARBER.

their cabs at sundown, saying their prayers in the public streets. If you go out boating, the boatmen will stop twice a day to pray; and if you go into a shop when the shopkeeper happens to be saying his prayers, you must wait until he has finished before you can be served; and it is all done as a matter of course. There is no show about it, neither are they at all ashamed of it.

The Hindus have no comfort or love in their religion. They

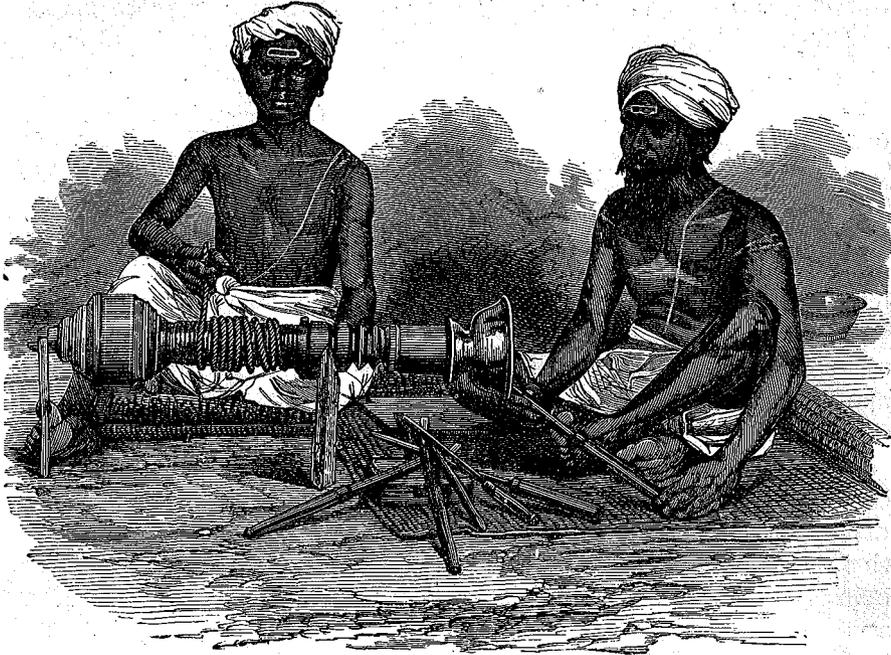
believe that the gods are angry with them, and it is their one aim in life to try and please them by good works. And so, to escape the punishment of their sins and to obtain merit, they sacrifice goats, or give alms to the poor, or make a feast for the Brahman priests, or, if they are rich, build temples and shrines and bathing ghats. In India we have a large number of half-built temples and ghats, and also of temples and ghats in ruins. I will tell you why that is. It is supposed to be a virtuous act and very pleasing to the gods to build a temple or bathing ghat (a ghat is a landing or bathing-place with steps leading down to the water for bathers); but as the man who builds it gets all the merit, no one else will keep it in repair. Sometimes a man may die before the ghat is completed, and in that case no one else will finish it, because he would get no virtue for doing so, and so the thing is allowed to fall into decay.

The Hindus believe that they are born again and again, perhaps millions of times, according to their works, whether they have been good or bad. If they perform some good action in their life, they will probably be born again as a rajah (king) or as some great or rich man. If they do something very bad, they will be born again as an animal or an insect.

But though they believe in the transmigration of souls, or the passage of the soul from one body to another, they have no hope of ever seeing their friends again after death. I remember one day a mother was crying and telling me of the death of her eldest son, a boy eight years of age. I said to her: "Well, if you love Jesus you may meet your son in heaven." She looked so astonished; and I explained to her that we hoped to meet our dear ones again after death, and that she might meet her boy again if she believed in Jesus. I believe the words came as a revelation to her, and they seemed to bring comfort to her heart.

The Hindus do not bury their dead. Their bodies are burned. A large quantity of wood is piled up, some "ghee," a sort of butter, is poured upon it, then the body is placed upon the pile—

the eldest son places a piece of burning wood in the mouth of the corpse—the pile of wood is also set fire to, and the body is burned. When a wealthy Hindu dies, sweet-smelling sandal wood is used for burning his body. This, of course, costs a great deal of money



HINDU CARPENTERS.

When a very poor man dies—if the relatives cannot afford to pay for sufficient wood to burn the corpse to ashes—the body is burned a little and is then thrown into the Ganges, where it is soon eaten by sharks and crows and vultures. I have seen dead bodies floating down the Ganges with crows sitting on them and tearing the flesh from off the bones.

When a Hindu boy is eleven years of age a certain ceremony

takes place, offerings are made to the gods, relatives and friends are feasted, a Brahmanical thread is given to him, and he is said to be "born again." When an English boy becomes a Christian, or is "born again," he becomes a new creature, he is more loving, more humble, more holy; but it is not so with a Hindu boy: he becomes more proud and vain and conceited, and also more sinful, and he thinks himself better than everybody else.

The Brahmanical cord is worn by Brahmans only.

Perhaps you would like to know what a Brahman is. The Hindus are divided into four classes or "castes." The word "caste" means "separation." The four castes are (1) the Brahmans or priests; (2) the Khatriyas or the soldiers; (3) the Boishayas or the merchants; and (4) the Sudras or the servants. These four castes, like the Jews and the Samaritans of old, have "no dealings with each other"—that is, they would not eat together or intermarry. If a Brahman were to eat with a Sudra he would be unclean, and his caste would be broken. A Brahman must marry a Brahmani.

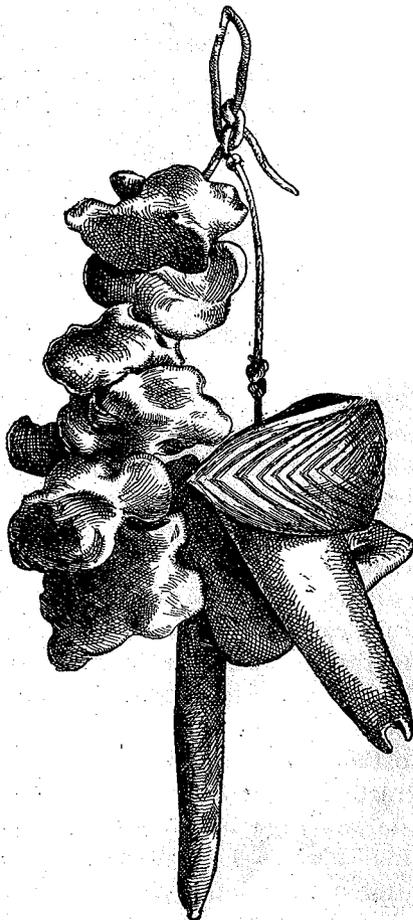
Mothers in India teach their children to tell stories and to cheat. They themselves do not know it is wrong, and so how can they teach their children better? We missionaries have to teach both the parents and the children. We do not argue about their gods—we simply preach Christ to them. And we try, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to show them what sin is in God's sight, and to lead them to the one true Saviour. Our work has not been in vain. Some have at least renounced idolatry, others have believed in Jesus, and have given their hearts to Him.

African Medicine Men

One day a man came from a place about seven miles from Kuruman, and began to boast that he was clever in healing all kinds of diseases. A native there whom I knew was very ill at the time, and sent for the new doctor to go and see him. He went, and this is how he treated him. He first of all dug up some roots and

boiled them, and then gave the sick man the water to drink. He then pounded up the dried skin of a snake, some stuff the natives call "tupa," together with the feathers of a vulture burnt to ashes. These things having been properly mixed, he made a number of cuts on the man's skin, and plastered them all over with this mixture. Some more of it was then mixed with water, which was sprinkled over the house, both inside and out, and also the houses close by. This was done to keep away lightning or anything else which might harm the sick man while in the doctor's hands. The next thing was to get a small bundle of sticks split up into many thin pieces and smeared over with the above medicine. Some goat fat was then got, melted and poured over this bundle of medicine sticks. The bundle was now set on fire. When it was in a good blaze, the doctor commenced blowing the flames towards the sick man, sprinkling his body with the drops of hot fat. However, all this did not make the poor fellow any better, and so the doctor resolved to bleed him.

This he did by making a large cut on the front part of his head, and letting a quantity of blood run away. After this, as



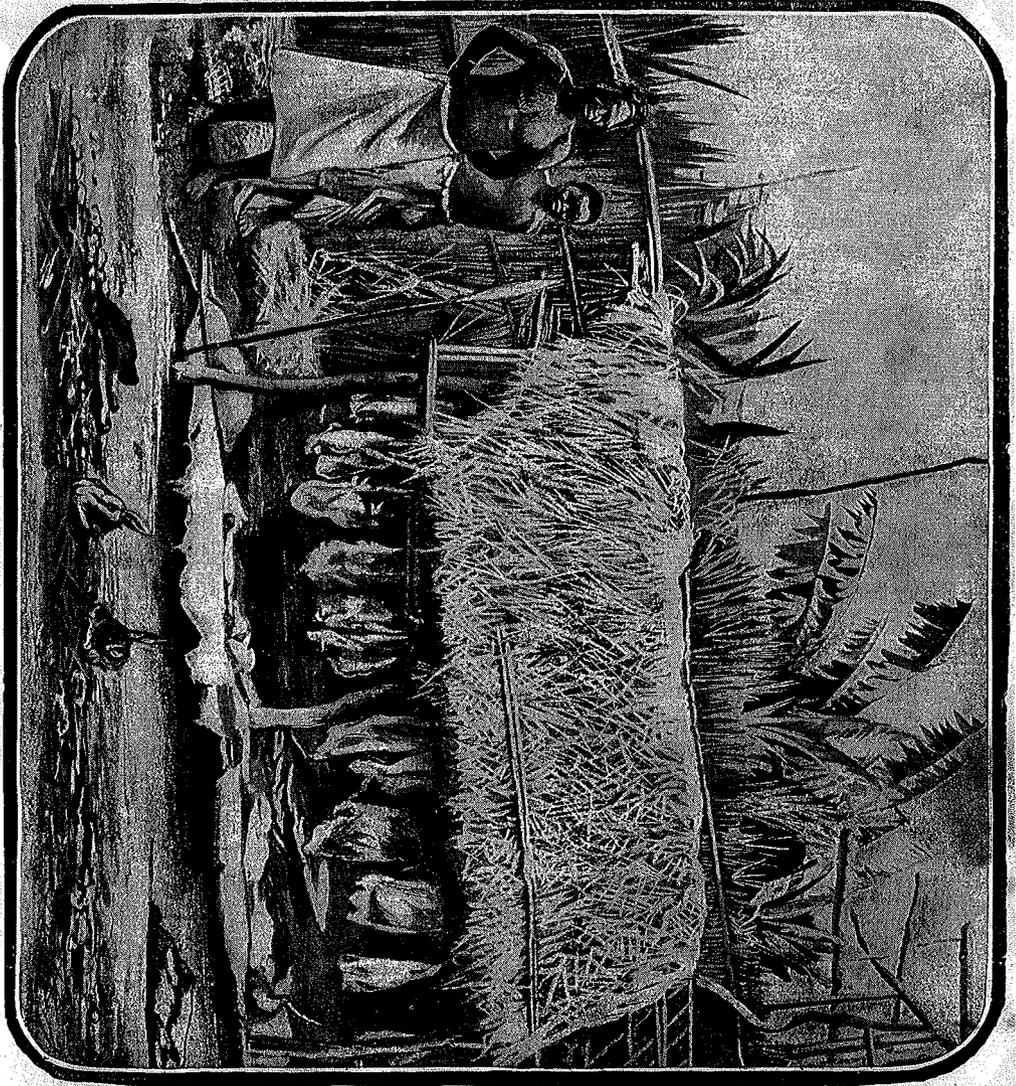
FORTUNE-TELLING BONES.

you may suppose, the sick man became much worse. His head swelled up and was very sore. But for this work the doctor was paid a young ox.

I heard he was also sent for to see a sick woman, whose arm he burnt from the hand to the shoulder with his fire medicine, besides nearly setting the house on fire. But the people still believed in him, and I heard he had received several cattle as payment in this way.

Besides giving medicine to the sick, the native doctor has also other kinds of work to do. Sometimes he is a rainmaker, or he prepares medicines to make the gardens bear good crops, and sometimes medicines to put round the town to keep evil things away. He also prepares medicines for bewitching people or making them sick. Then again, the doctor may often be seen throwing his dice. I once saw a doctor doing so to see whether his patient should take some medicine through his nose or through his mouth. The dice turned up for the nose, and the medicine was taken that way! While very many people no longer believe in these things, there are many hundreds, even thousands, who know but little, if anything, about the great Physician, the Lord Jesus Christ.

In Central Africa the natives on Lake Tanganyika, when in trouble, from a drought or a cloud of locusts which have eaten up their crops, usually call to the spirits of their dead relatives for help. They have a name for God, but they do not know much about Him. As for Jesus Christ, His name was unknown to them when we went. One thing they fear very much is witchcraft. When anybody is suddenly taken ill, they will say he or she has been bewitched. But how can they find out who has done this thing? Only through their medicine-man, who divines, and after a time finds a person. These people have curious notions. They say that if you want to work in iron, well, you must make medicine to help you to do so; or if you want to hunt with success you must do the same. When they are ill and are in pain they will go to the medicine-man and tell him where the pain is.



BUTCHER'S SHOP AT OJHI.

He will then ask what they intend to give, and when he sees he will be paid, he gives them a charm—say a goat's horn filled with little pieces of wood, an insect or two, and the blood of one or two animals. This he hands over to the patient, and receives payment. The man who receives it fastens it on the place where he feels the pain, and quite believes it will cure him. But he finds it does not; so he comes to the white doctor, who asks a few questions, gives the proper medicine, and the pain or sickness is healed; but often they say the white man's medicine has not done the good, but the charm.

A Butcher's Shop in Africa

Right away in the heart of tropical Africa is the little town (if we may call it so) of Ujiji on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. The picture on the preceding page shows you the butcher's shop in the market, where all manner of food and wares are brought for barter.

A few years ago the goats, sheep, and oxen were sold as living animals, but now they are killed and the meat sold in joints and portions, which is a sign that the natives are getting more civilized. The very poor people now can buy small quantities, when before they could not get any meat.

Captain Hore, who has told us so much about life in Central Africa, says that this Ujiji meat shop is carried on very much as here in England, except that the animals are brought to the market and there killed, as there are no means of transport.

You see the large joints are hung up, just as in butchers' shops at home, and the little joints and tit-bits are spread in tempting array upon the counter below, fresh cool banana leaves in this case taking the place of a marble slab. You will notice the gentleman in the picture who has come to buy has just stuck his spear in the ground, as we should place our umbrella in the stand of the shop. The butcher, too, faces the public pathway when he has got his wares all arranged, and calls out some strange words, which are really the same as the old cry of "Buy! buy!"

The Worship of Ancestors in China

One of the first things a Chinese child is taught is that it is its duty to worship its grandfather, great-grandfather, great-great-grandfather, and other ancestors. What! worship the dead? Yes; the Chinese often keep their dead unburied until they get money enough to pay for a grand funeral, and all this time the corpse will be worshipped. When they bury the dead, too, they pretend to send houses, furniture, clothes, servants, money, etc., to the other world for their use. These things are made of paper and burnt. One of our missionaries in China was once allowed to witness the rite of worshipping the ancestors, and he has told us what he saw. Picture to yourselves a large dining-room with curious windows in the shape of oyster-shells, with moral sentences painted in red letters upon the wall, and gaily coloured lanterns hanging from the roof. In this stood a large table loaded with many dishes of rice, fowl, fish, fruits, tea, and a pipe of tobacco. There was also a good supply of sweetmeats. At the head of the table was a large handsome chair, and in front of it six or eight red candles were burning. At the foot of the table lay a beautiful cushion, and around it pieces of paper, cut into the shape of gold and silver coins, were hanging. Some loud crackers were let off. This was to inform the spirits of their dead friends that the feast was ready. After a time the eldest son came, took his place at the foot of the table opposite to the empty arm-chair, and bowed several times. At last he lay down and knocked his head on the floor. Next came the sons in order, then the grandchildren, and so on, one after another, till all the male relatives had performed the same act. Then incense was burned, and the paper money lighted. The last spark was scarcely out when there was a perfect scramble among the boys and girls for the good things on the table, and each ran off with his favourite dish and enjoyed it greatly.

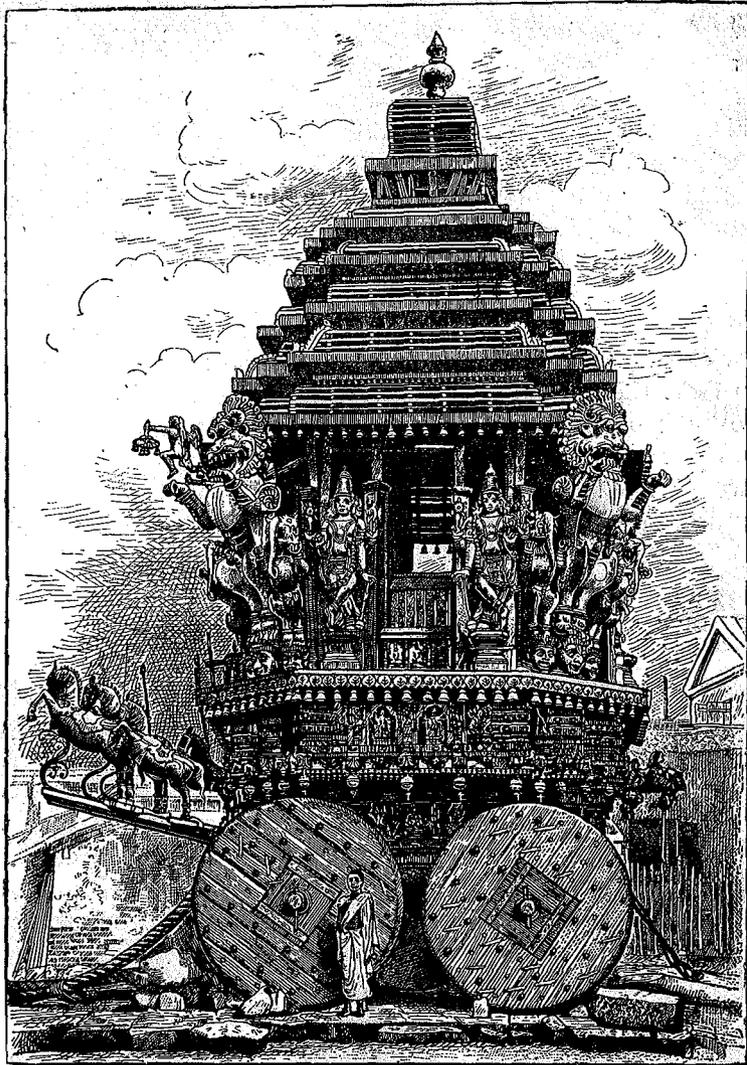
CHAPTER II

CRUEL CUSTOMS THAT CHRIST IS CONQUERING

Cannibalism

WHEN our missionaries first went to the South Sea Islands, they found many of the people living there were cannibals. In your fairy-tale books you have often read of giants and wicked ogres who eat people for dinner, but just think of meeting such people in real life! Even to-day in parts of New Guinea and other places our missionaries still come across tribes who kill and eat their enemies, but Christ is conquering these cruel customs and soon they will be things of the past everywhere.

But once upon a time in Rarotonga, there lived some cruel heathen men named Vakatini, Tautu, and Tearo, who were rulers over the people living near them. They were very fond of eating human flesh. As it was dangerous to kill the people on the eastern side of the island, they were in the habit of pouncing upon helpless men, women, and especially children, belonging to their own districts. They used to set armed men to watch the bathing places and fountains. If they saw thin and old people come to them, they were allowed to go away again, but if nice fat ones came, the cruel warrior would rush out of his hiding-place and seize the poor bather or water-carrier and drag him to the house of Vakatini. In this dreadful way as many as twenty or thirty living victims have been caught and tied up to the beams and posts of the chief's large house. It is said that sometimes children were hoisted up and tied to the rafters, so that they could not escape. These poor creatures were killed and eaten, not all at once, but two or three at a time, great care being taken that each warrior



HINDU IDOL CAR.

as well as each chief should have a share. Yet Vakatini and Tautu lived to know and love Jesus Christ.

Then there was another noted chief in the island. He used to tell his son that when he grew up "he should become a main support of the king, Tinomana." This chief had at various times slain and eaten a number of children, but at last the supply of human flesh in his basket was all gone. So he said to his own boy: "I cannot restrain my appetite, I must eat you." The terror-stricken and weeping lad said: "Father, did you not say that I should become a great warrior and support our king, Tinomana?" The wicked father said: "I did; but in my stomach do you help me to fight the battles of Tinomana." ("De, i roto i taku kopu e nai te vaka o Tinomana.") The poor boy was killed, cooked and eaten. But to-day, if you were to visit Rarotonga, what a change you would find! Churches, schools, good houses, and the people living at peace with one another.

Juggernaut

One of the most terrible customs in India which the Gospel of Jesus Christ has conquered is that of the Juggernaut Festival.

Some time before it was put down by law, one of our missionaries paid a visit to the celebrated temple of Juggernaut at the time of the annual rites. He said that more than fifty miles before they got to the temple they found human bones strewed by the roadside. On the way they were joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, some thousands in number, who had come from different parts of North India. Some of these pilgrims told the missionary that they had been two months on the march, travelling slowly, in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons were among them who wished to die in the presence of Juggernaut. Numbers of people perished on the road, and their bodies remained unburied. The dogs, jackals, and vultures there seemed to live on human food.

When in the early morning the great temple appeared in view

at a distance, the thousands of pilgrims gave a shout and fell to the ground and worshipped. At the outer gate of the city of Puri, where the temple of Juggernaut stands, a guard of soldiers was posted to prevent any from entering until the pilgrim's tax was paid. One devotee laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to the city by the length of his body, as a penance to please his god.

The missionary entered the temple and saw the great idol on its throne.

On the chief day of the feast, the throne was placed on a huge car, or tower, about sixty feet in height, resting on great wheels. Six thick, long ropes were attached to it, and by these the people drew it along. Upon the car were the priests of the idol, surrounding its throne. The idol is a block of wood, with a most frightful face, painted black, and a large red mouth. Its arms are of gold and it is dressed in grand clothes. Five elephants walked in front of the car, with flags and bells and crimson trappings. After the tower had moved a little way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself as a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower as it went, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. He was crushed to death by the wheels, and a shout of joy was raised by the multitudes around. The idol was said to smile when such deeds were done. The people threw cowries or small money on the body of the victim to show their approval.

Then a woman came forward and laid herself down in a slanting direction, so that the wheel did not kill her at once, as is generally the case. But she died in a few hours. Next morning nothing remained but her bones. So pilgrim after pilgrim flung themselves down on that awful road, and died, thinking that thereby they would win heaven.

The Swinging Festival

One other great Indian custom has also given way to the

Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that is the *churruck poojah*, or Swing-ing Festival.

It used to be held in various places in the cities, and in all the large towns and villages too of Bengal. A long pole was fixed firmly in the earth, on the top of which was placed on a pivot one or more thick bamboos, ropes being attached to both ends, so that when one end of the bamboo was pulled downwards, the other end was raised. To one of these ropes was fastened two hooks, something like those used in butchers' shops.

At the appointed time great crowds of people flocked to the place, and amid the noise of drums, conch-shells, etc., the devotee appeared. He knelt down before a Brahman who pronounced a blessing, and the hooks were thrust by a blacksmith firmly into the fleshy parts of his back.

The signal being now given, the other rope was pulled, and the poor victim was raised about twelve or fifteen feet high. The men then began to run, and the devotee was whirled round and round for about ten or fifteen minutes, after which he was let down, the hooks removed, and another wretched creature took his place, and this would go on for three or four hours. The scars made on his back he esteemed as his highest honours, while his neighbours always regarded him as a very holy man who would be sure to gain a very high place in heaven.

The Thugs

The word "Thug" means a cheat, a deceiver, and the "Thugs" of India were a band of men who lived by deceit and murder. They were bound together by secret oaths, and it was their custom to coax travellers into lonely places, there to murder and rob them. They were careful not to shed blood, as that might lead to their being found out, and so they strangled their victims. Once, two travellers in India, a bride and bridegroom, were returning home, when they were joined on the road by three men who were very pleasant and kind to them. When they all halted

to rest and to have some food, these men offered the travellers



HINDU HOLY MAN.

something to drink, which they accepted, not knowing it was drugged. It made them go to sleep, whereupon the men dragged

them into the thicket, killed and then robbed them. These murderers, the Thugs, believed that their goddess Kali wished them to do all these murders, and they used to bring their deadly instruments to her for her to bless them before use.

Boys were allowed to join the gang as early as ten or twelve years of age. Sometimes the father acted as the teacher; but happily some few years ago the British Government in India hunted down the whole band of Thugs. In eleven years no less than 1,562 of them were seized, and either put to death or imprisoned. The country was well rid of such a deadly foe, for it has been proved that in rather more than ten years 94,700 persons had been strangled by these Thugs.

Suttee

It is not so very many years since the very dreadful and cruel custom of burning a widow on her dead husband's funeral pile was put down by law.

Of course you know that a man in India may have several wives at one time, so that at the funeral of one great Brahman thirty-seven widows were burnt, and at the funeral of a prince fifty-eight poor women met with the same terrible fate. The following description of this "ordeal by fire," which happily now the religion of Christ has conquered, is written by a Hindu, Mr. Shib Chunder Bose:—

"When I was a little boy at home, my attention one morning was roused by hearing from my mother that my aunt was 'going as a sati.' I pondered and thought over and over again in my mind what it could mean, and upon asking my mother I was told that my aunt (living in the next house) was 'going to eat fire.' Instantly I felt a strong desire to see the thing with my own eyes. I had then no real notion that life would be at once destroyed. I never thought for a moment that I was going to lose my dear aunt for ever. I ran down to my aunt's room, and what should I see there but a group of women with my aunt

in the middle. She was dressed in a red silk sári, with all her ornaments on. Her forehead was daubed with a very thick coat of vermilion, her feet were painted red, and she was chewing a mouthful of betel. She was evidently wrapt in an ecstasy of devotion, quite calm and composed, as if nothing important was to happen.

“My uncle was lying a corpse in the next room. I was surprised to see my aunt stretch out one of her hands, at the bidding of an old Brahman woman, and holding a finger right over the wick of the burning lamp for a few seconds until it was scorched, in order to test the firmness of her mind. The calm way in which she underwent this fiery ordeal fully convinced all that she was a real Sati, fit to abide with her husband in Paradise. It was about eleven o'clock when the corpse of my uncle was removed to the *ghát*. Nearly thirty persons, forming the mourning procession, carried the dead body by turns. The body was laid on a *chárpoy*, and my aunt followed it. When we arrived at the *ghát*, the funeral pile was made of dry firewood, faggots, pitch, and sandal-wood to make a fragrant odour in the air. We little boys were ordered to stand aside. We saw the dead body wrapt in new clothes, placed on the pile, and my aunt was desired to walk seven times round it, which she did while strewing flowers, cowries, and parched rice on the ground.

“It struck me at the time that her strength and presence of mind seemed failing her, but suddenly she calmly ascended the funeral pile, and lying down by the side of her husband, put one hand under his head and the other on his breast. She was instantly covered or rather choked with dry wood, while some stout men with bamboos held and pressed down the pyre, which was by this time burning fiercely on all sides. A great shout then arose from the spectators, till both the dead and living bodies were reduced to a handful of dust and ashes.

“When the tragic scene was brought to a close, men and women wept and sobbed, while cries and groans of sympathy filled the air.”

Getting Rid of the Babies

In Amoy there is a pond that was named the Baby Pool, because so many little baby girls were found in it. But the friends of Jesus Christ in Amoy have now built a Babies' Home, where they take in and care for any of these poor little castaways who are alive when found. In many places in China there are dreadful



MALAGASY TRIBESMEN.

little towers into which parents put their babies alive, if for some reason or other they do not wish the trouble of bringing them up. Can you imagine anything more cruel or horrible than this? Poor little helpless creatures, and poor fathers and mothers too we must say, for they know nothing about the Friend of little children who used to take them up in His dear arms when on earth.

Though fathers and mothers in Madagascar were generally fond of their children, even in the old heathen days, yet if a baby was born on an "unlucky day" they would not hesitate to destroy it.

When the baby was about a week old its parents would send for a diviner, who, on being told the day and hour of its birth, would make a careful calculation, and then tell them what the child's fate would be. He would also advise the parents what to do to make baby's future better. Perhaps they were to buy a hen and holding it by the legs shake it over the baby's head, and while the hen cackled and flapped its wings, all in the house were to exclaim: "May this remove all ill-luck and cause of disease." But, sad to say, thousands of little innocent babies were put to death because the diviner said they were born on a so-called unlucky day, and would bring evil upon their parents. This was often done by pouring warm water into a large, round, wooden tray, used for winnowing rice, and then turning the little one's face downwards into the water and leaving it there until it was drowned.

Sometimes, however, the child was not put to death at once, but placed out at the village gate, or at the entrance of an ox-pit in the yard outside the house, just at the time when the cattle were being driven home for the night. If the oxen all passed by without touching it, the evil fates which hung over the child's life were supposed to be removed, and it was taken home again with great rejoicing. But if the huge animals happened to tread on the soft, wee, naked thing lying in their path, it was, of course, crushed to death at once, and its mother took up its poor little, bruised body, wrapped it in a piece of calico, put it in a large pot and buried it.

Once a little child belonging to a slave woman was placed at the gate of an ox-pit when seven oxen were being driven home in the evening. The first, on coming to the place where the baby lay, put its great nose down and smelt it, or as the Malagasy say

"kissed it," for their kissing consists in nose-rubbing, then at one bound jumped right over it and down into the pit below. The second came and smelt it, and leapt over it in the same way; the third came and did just the same, and so on until all the seven had jumped over the poor tiny mortal without harming it in the least.

But you must not think it was because the Malagasy mothers did not love their babies that they treated them so cruelly. No; mother-love is the same all the world over, and these poor women loved their children as dearly, perhaps, as our mothers loved us. But they feared to break through the cruel custom, for they thought that what the diviner said would come true. Some indeed there were who could not find it in their hearts to kill their children in this way, and these used to take them out on some busy road and leave them by the wayside. Sometimes a kind-hearted person would find the little castaway and take it home, but if not baby was simply left to die of cold and hunger, and its body would be eaten by crows and wild dogs.

The Tangena

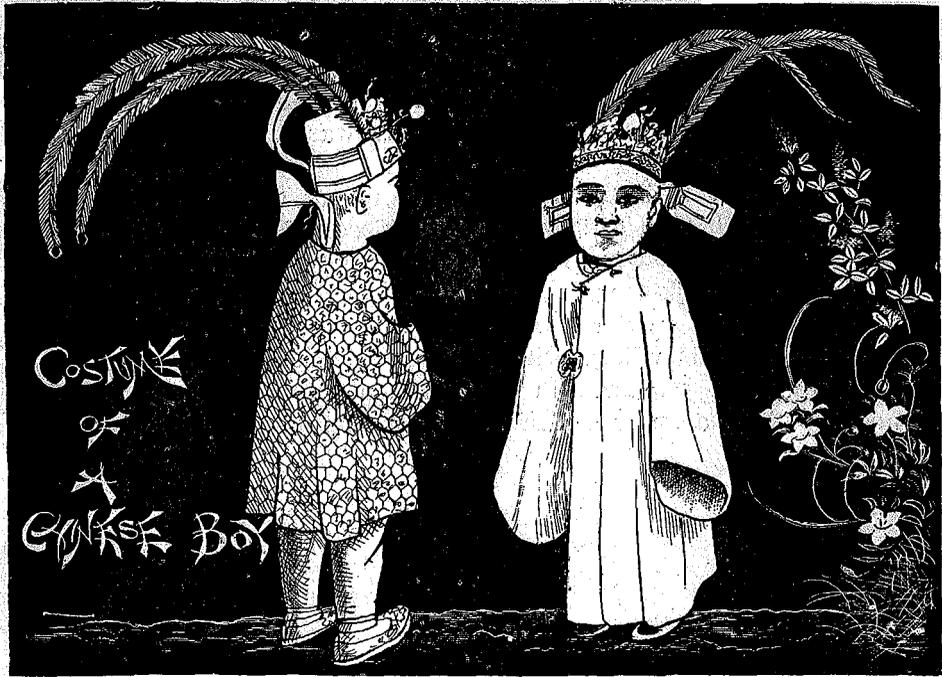
In the great island of Madagascar some very strange and cruel customs prevailed for finding out if a person had really done any deed he was charged with or not. Sometimes a red-hot iron would be passed over the tongue, or the naked arm would be plunged into a pot full of boiling water to pick out a pebble thrown into it for the special purpose of the trial. And in either case if the victim was not hurt at all he was pronounced innocent. But the usual way to try a person was by making him drink the Tangena.

The Tangena is really a nut about the size of an English horse-chestnut, and grows in abundance in the island. The nut was scraped into some juice of a banana and mixed with water. This was first tried on two chickens. If both died, the Tangena was pronounced bad, as it would not give to the accused a fair

chance of being found innocent. If both lived, it was rejected as not being rightly mixed to detect and convict the guilty. Did one chicken live and the other die, it was, of course, declared suitable and just.

The person to be tried was made to eat a large quantity of boiled rice, and then to swallow three pieces of the skin of a fowl, killed for the occasion. Then the Tangena was drunk, and if the three pieces of skin were returned from the stomach the person was pronounced "*velona*," "living," and in due time led up by his friends to his village with much pomp and ceremony.

If the skin remained in the stomach the victim was guilty, and a club or a spear generally put an end to his sufferings and fears.



CHAPTER III

CHILD LIFE AND AMUSEMENTS

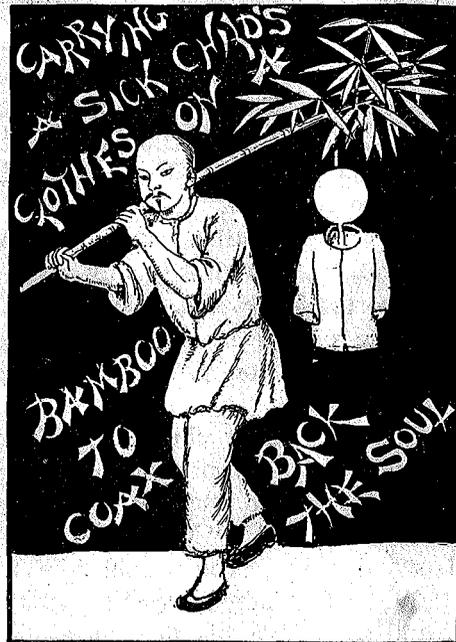
In China

WHEN the news of a baby's birth in China is sent to the relatives and friends, everybody wants to know first of all whether it is a boy or girl. If it is a boy, all the friends call upon the parents with presents and congratulations, and the rejoicing is great. But if it is "only a girl," alas! the parents need sympathy from their friends, for they are usually very sorry about it.

But come and have a peep at master baby lying in his bamboo cradle with its heavy rockers. If it is summer-time, he wears hardly any clothing, but in the cold Chinese winter he is muffled up in so many wadded garments that he looks like a funny little round ball. His clothes are not white like our English babies wear, but usually of scarlet. Round his fat wee wrists you will notice a red cord has been tied. This is done with the idea of making the little fellow good and obedient when he grows older. Round baby's neck you will see another piece of red cord tied, and hung from this are a number of small copper coins with a hole through the centre. These are supposed to keep him free from baby illnesses. He bites and jingles these like our babies play with their coral and bells. On the day that he is a fortnight old, special thanksgiving is made, and offerings are laid before the family shrine of the goddess called "mother." A grand feast is held when baby completes his first month, and the guests who come to it bring all sorts of presents. The great event of the day is the shaving of the child's head before the ancestral tablets. He also receives his "milk" or pet name. Some of these milk names sound very strange to English names, for the parents are afraid to give fine names to their children for fear the evil spirits should think they must be very precious, and should send some injury to them. So you often meet with children who answer to the names of "Little Stupid," "Vagabond," "Flea," "Dirt," or "Spring-dog." I wonder how you would like to be called any of these names! When the baby is four months old he is taught to sit in a chair, and so relieve his mother or nurse. Soft sugarcandy is placed on it, and it is thought that that will make baby fond of sitting in it. When he goes out of doors he is often strapped upon the back of his nurse. He is a solemn, patient little being, with bright black eyes and sallow skin.

If the baby boy becomes ill, as most babies all the world over do at times, his mother will visit some noted temple and there make vows before the Goddess of Mercy that if she will only restore

her little one to health again costly presents shall be laid at her feet. Baby's father, though perhaps a proud and rich scholar, will humbly go begging from door to door in the city, asking each family, to the number of one hundred, for a single cash, a coin of which it takes twenty to make a penny. His idea is that the prayers and good wishes of each of these families will follow their



money and thus secure the health of his child. Or he will walk through the city streets carrying the baby's small garments at the end of a bamboo pole, and cry out at intervals, "Return, return," for he believes that some evil spirit has tempted the little one's soul away and caused its sickness.

Though Chinese boys have no cricket or football, no marbles

or hockey, they find plenty of fun and frolic in games of their own.

Kite-flying is their great delight, and even the fathers and grandfathers seem to enjoy it as much as they do. These kites are made in all manner of forms—birds, butterflies, and various animals. Battledore and shuttlecock is also very popular with Chinese boys, as well as “hitting the ball,” “top whipping,” “hide and seek,” “turning the dragon,” and many other games, while a “Punch and Judy show” appears as charming to a little pigtail boy as to his English brother. They are great on pets, too, and rabbits, kittens, goldfish, crickets, canaries, and larks claim their especial love and care.

But what a different side to the picture we find when we look at a girl's life. If she is not destroyed when a baby, she is still generally thought but little of, and has a hard, loveless existence. You all know so much about your Chinese sister's life that I need hardly say much of it here. At six years of age the foot crushing commences, and for the first year or so it means constant pain. When the feet are first bound it is very difficult to use them, and girls can only move about by means of two stools, upon which they rest their knees, and which are moved alternately by their hands. Three inches is the correct length of the fashionable shoes in which a Chinese woman limps about, supporting herself on a child's shoulder, or by means of a strong stick.

The guests at a Chinese wedding ask: “What is the size of the bride's foot?” instead of: “Is she good, or clever, or beautiful?” The girls have very few games and still fewer toys. They are mostly kept shut up in the back of the house or behind a screen in the sitting-room, if the family is so poor that there is only one room for all to live in, and it is considered very vulgar indeed if they are heard talking or laughing. Rich people's daughters are not allowed out of doors, because it is considered improper for a girl to be seen in the streets. But the girls who are allowed to come to the Mission Schools have a much happier

time than their richer sisters. They don't care much for holidays either, and if they are not very regular in attendance it is because they are wanted at home to help to wash or cook or mind the baby.

Chinese parents wish their boys to learn to read and write. One day, says a missionary, I heard a terrific noise in our boys' school. I went to see what was the matter. For there was such a yelling and howling and shouting that I feared the neighbours would think some of the lads were having their eyes cut out to make medicine for the weak-eyed foreign missionaries, who the Chinese believe find eye-broth very strengthening and beneficial if made of good young eyes. Well, there was the teacher with a long thin bamboo cane, slashing and cutting at a boy, who dodged round under the desks and over the benches, shrieking, while the other boys looked on, and a woman screamed: "Beat him, teacher, beat him hard! Make him love to study! Admonish him to come to school! Knock his stupid head, teacher! Encourage him with the cane. Make him love his books!" She was the boy's mother, and when I tried to stop the beating she got angry with me. He was lazy and did not like to come to school, though she and his father were poor and worked hard in order to spare him the time to learn, she said. He must be made to love studying, and the only way was for the teacher to beat it into his heart!

Sunday school is not as popular as week-day school, chiefly for the very odd reason that it is so short! It does not seem worth while for a girl to do her hair and wash and dress just to go to school for an hour or two. On week-day mornings, soon after daylight, they tumble up from their bedsteads, made of three hard wooden planks laid side by side, with the ends resting on trestles; get out of their bedding, which consists of a wadded coverlet rolled round and round them, and from their little wooden or china pillow, just the shape and make of a trunk with a rounded top, take out their big ear-rings, which they stick into their ears, then, slipping their bare feet into their funny-looking shoes with

thick white soles, they clatter off to school. If their poor feet are bound and bruised and sore from the squeezing and tight bandaging necessary to cause all the toes, except the great one, to lie under the sole, and bring the instep close to the heel, which the Chinese think such a lovely shape for a foot, but which looks to us very much like the hoof of a goat tied round with red or white cloth, they are carried on some one's back—a woman's or slave-girl's. Anyway, they manage to get to school shortly after six o'clock, and begin to learn their lessons at once, shouting them in chorus at the top of their voices. About eight they go home for breakfast, and to wash their faces and smooth their hair a little, returning at ten for prayers and Scripture lesson, and remaining till four or half-past hard at work learning to read and write the queer-looking Chinese printed books. Except for an hour between one and two, when the school goes into recess, and bowls of nice oily yellow soup and pretty pink-topped cakes, with pieces of pork-fat inside them, and well-larded sponge-cakes, are brought in for those girls whose parents can afford to have lunch between the two meals—morning and evening rice—which the Chinese consider quite enough food for ordinary days, and which is as much as the greater number of our scholars can get, though they greatly enjoy a feast or tea party in the middle of the day, I can tell you, and our school feasts are always held at noon to please them.

In New Guinea

The little girls in New Guinea wear a leaf petticoat, which reaches down to their knees. This is the only thing they wear, but they are all tattooed, and perhaps that helps to make them look decent and keep them warm. Very little girls are tattooed by degrees, until their whole bodies are covered from head to foot. It does not seem to hurt much. The ears of boys and girls are pierced when they are very little. They have two holes in them, one at the bottom and the other at the top. If they can get some

red beads to string and hang from these holes, they are very proud. Then all their noses are pierced too. If you feel your nose, you will find there is a nice place in the middle, just below the hard part, to hang a ring from or put a stick through. No boy would consider himself dressed without a nose stick. They sometimes wear a little piece of reed, but the proper thing is a white polished stone, a little bigger than a pencil and about as long.

They often paint their faces with charcoal or with yellow paint. The boys allow their hair to grow long, and they sometimes do it up chignon fashion, but the girls and women have theirs cut off quite short. The children live with their parents in funny-looking places stuck up on poles, like pigeon houses, and standing half in the sea and half out. They have no mats or chairs, no beds, tables or furniture of any sort. When a little baby is born, they have no nice cot to put him in, but he is laid on a banana leaf on the hard boards. When he gets a little bigger he is put in a net bag, something like an onion net, and hung up. Baby is then gently swung to and fro, and so rocked to sleep. New Guinea boys and girls love play dearly, and often get excited like you about games that are well known in England. They like rounders, dancing in ring, hide and seek, racing, jumping, touch-wood, kite-flying, stilt-walking, marbles, football, golf, swinging, canoe-sailing, and cat's cradle. In the very hot weather they tumble about in the sea for hours together, just like a shoal of fish, except, of course, that they make a tremendous noise with shouting and laughter.

In Central Africa

Mr. A. J. Swann tells us the following story. We were sitting down resting one afternoon after our mid-day meal, when all at once such a screaming commenced: "Oh! oh! Ba-ba! Ma-ma! Wazungu!" Out we jumped over the stools and every other obstacle. "What's the matter? Who is being killed? Where is



NEW GUINEA BOY SHOOTING BIRDS OF PARADISE.

he?" we all shouted. "There, master; there, look! be quick! let me shoot him!" exclaimed our old head man, putting a gun to his shoulder. "Stop!" we shouted; "don't shoot, you will kill the boy; into the boats and after the scoundrel, every man of you, before it is too late!" Here was a scene. Paddling away in a small canoe as fast as possible was a big native, and at his feet we could see the head of a little boy, who was yelling piteously. It only required a second to understand the meaning of it all. One of our boys was being stolen for a slave. Oh, what a feeling passed through me! That man never knew what a temptation I had to shoot him. By this time all our men were in full chase, some in canoes, others on either bank, and in a few moments they were close up to the wicked slaver, who was straining every nerve to get away with his prize. Another moment and they would have captured him, but hearing his pursuers were gaining on him, he stooped down, took the little fellow in his arms, and threw him right overboard in amongst the reeds. There the poor little creature was clinging, not knowing but that the next moment a huge crocodile might seize his legs and drag him down; and while the boats stopped to save him from death, the inhuman slaver escaped. How glad his father and mother were to get him back safe! A few moments' more start, and he would have been lost to them for ever; they would never have looked on their boy again. That evening there was great rejoicing in the village; and as I sat on a large stone outside our house listening to them, I thought of the great slaver prowling about amongst these Africans, every now and then catching one, and not a single relative left on the bank who knew anything of Jesus, the great and swift Lifeboat, lying near, all ready to snatch the stolen ones away from Satan and carry them back home again, where there is always great rejoicing over every lost one rescued. Then I looked at your vessel, the *Good News*, and felt proud to think that you boys and girls were doing something towards letting these poor creatures know all about it.

In Madagascar

Malagasy bairns get up at daybreak or soon after, and wash their face, hands, and feet—not, however, with toilet-service in a bedroom, but out in the yard, with a tin dipper to pour the water over the part they are washing. The girls have one or more petticoats and dresses made of white or brown calico or print,



PALANQUIN RIDING, MADAGASCAR.

the boys shirts of the same; and many have calico trousers or knickers, and just a few wear coats and shoes and stockings. Both boys and girls wear the lamba, or sheet, thrown over all the rest, the girls not feeling decently dressed without it, however nice their frocks may be.

I am glad to say that many Malagasy boys and girls spend

some time morning and evening in prayer and reading the Bible, hundreds of them being members of the same Union which some of you belong to. In many homes also there is family worship once if not twice a day.

A light breakfast of plain rice is taken by many of the children before going to school, for which they usually start in very good time, so that they can have a chat, or a game, or learn some lessons in the schoolyard. The hours vary in the different schools, but probably most are from eight to one o'clock, with a short interval for rest and play at eleven o'clock.

Dinner is generally waiting for the young folk when they get home. It consists of rice, with perhaps stewed meat, boiled leaves, dried shrimps or locusts, or some such relish. The mother or one of the chief female slaves piles the rice on plates, and puts the gravy, meat, or other things in small basins, and places all on the mat. The family, each with a horn spoon, sit on the mat in a group round the plates, and the head of the family asks a blessing (which is often quite a long prayer), and then the meal proceeds: a few spoonfuls of rice, and then a dip into a basin, and so on. At the close of the meal one of the slaves rises and fetches a tin of water for those who wish to drink, and then all go outside to wash hands, mouth, and teeth, the latter a point all Malagasy are most particular about after eating.

Towards the end of the afternoon the town rings with the merry shouts and singing of the youngsters romping and playing in the yards of the houses and other open spaces, and if it is a pleasant evening and moonlight this lasts until quite late. Here a group of little lads will be seen throwing flat round stones—"Holo," something like quoits. Then a rougher set will be seen chasing an imaginary fierce ox, which is a boy holding a forked stick in front of his bent head, with which he tries to poke and "goŕe" his tormentors. The girls' games are, of course, less rough, and may consist of merely throwing up and catching stones in a dexterous manner, or playing a game something like

"oranges and lemons." Others play with dolls or tiny bits of china and glass, which they patiently rub down till the edges are smooth, and are then made to represent all kinds of things to take the place of the toys English bairns have. In the summer-time gardens and flowers attract a large number of the hawk-moth, which has such a long proboscis or trunk, and these afford endless amusement to the children. They go about to those flowers which have long tubes, singing an invitation to the moth to come there for honey, and then they try to catch him by pinching the bottom of the flower and the poor moth's long "trunk" in it. If caught, a sad fate awaits the insect, for his wings are pulled off, and he is cooked in hot ashes for a few minutes and then eaten by the child, whose companions envy her the tit-bit. "Nasty little thing!" I fancy I hear my readers say; but what can you expect of people who think toasted insects and cockchafers dainties; and, after all, are they any worse than periwinkles, which some English children eat? Supper is a meal just like dinner, and directly after it (and prayers in some homes) children and grown-ups all undress and roll themselves in a lamba, spread out a mattress and pillow on the floor, and sleep just as soundly as if they had big bedsteads and other luxuries.



SAVING HER CHILDREN.

CHAPTER IV

STORIES OF WILD BEASTS

The Woman and the Lion

MOST travellers who have been a good deal in the interior of Africa have something to tell about lions, tigers, and serpents. You who see lions in this country can do so with no more fear than looking at a rabbit. But it is not so when there is neither cage nor iron bars between you and the angry beast. The lion, however, is far more honourable in his way, and more noble than the tiger, which likes to pounce on his victim without being seen. The lion will more often walk up to the object, and if not used to human flesh, he will look all around him cautiously first before attacking, and then only if he is hungry. And sometimes if a person can muster courage to stare hard at him, the

lion has been known to slink off something like a dog with its tail between its legs.

A native woman who had been left a widow made up her mind to go back, with her two children, to the place from whence she had been taken. They began their journey in the early morning, and trudged on till noonday, when the children became very tired and hungry. The mother said to them: "Sit down here and wait while I go and look for some water and wood, and I shall then get some food ready; but be sure you don't move from here till I come back." The water was farther away than she had thought, and the children got tired of waiting, and went away to look for her. When she came back she could not find them anywhere. She shouted, she screamed, but there was no answer. Running first in one direction, and then in another, she came out at last from the bushes into a smooth plain. Imagine her horror when she saw her children there, with a big lion coming slowly towards them.

She ran, or almost flew, to get between them and the lion, calling out: "A lion, a lion, run and hide yourselves in the bushes!" The poor little things had supposed that the animal they saw was a big calf. The mother, knowing the habits of the lion, dare not run, and stood face to face with his majesty within ten feet of him. Then she opened on him such a shower of abuse such as his ears never before had heard. Shaking her fists at him, she called him all the bad names she could think of, asking him what he had to do there, and did he mean to eat her children? The lion seemed quite awed by all this. He stared at her for a time, then crouched down on his stomach, with his head on his paws, as a dog does. The woman went on raving and swearing at the animal, until after a while he evidently thought it wiser to get out of this storm of abuse. He actually rose up and moved off in the direction from which he had come.

Love for her children armed this poor mother with wonderful courage. Had she fled and followed the children, they would all

have been torn and devoured, for if his prey proves too much for a lion he will go and bring his wife to help and to enjoy the feast.

An Elephant as Nurse

An elephant in India was one day very much annoyed by mosquitoes, which came in large numbers to bite him. While he was doing his best with trunk and tail to fight his small enemies, the keeper brought a little black baby, as round as a ball, laid it down before the animal, with two words of Hindustani: "Watch it," and then walked away into the town. The elephant immediately broke off a small bough of a tree so as to make a whisk, and then gave his whole attention to the child, gently fanning the little lump of Indian ink, and driving away every mosquito which came near it. This he went on doing for more than two hours, never thinking about himself and his own bites until the keeper came back. It was really a beautiful sight to see this great animal, whose weight was at least ten thousand times greater than that of the baby, setting an example of devotion and unselfishness, which but few Christians perhaps could have practised.

Monkeys in India

In India the monkey is looked upon as a very important creature indeed. The Hindus even think it is quite a sacred animal, and worship it. In large cities Sunday is a great day with Jacko, whether because of his holiness or not I won't say. One day, writes the Rev. J. Duthie, of Nagercoil, during the time we were busy in the Sunday-school, Jacko made his way to our bedroom, where we found him when we returned, comfortably seated on a table before a looking-glass, with our stock of rusty razors spread before him, looking at them one by one. When he saw us come in, he looked gravely at us, then at his spoils on the table, and then he quietly went out.

Another time we found him on our medicine shelf, smelling

the contents of our bottles and our pill-boxes just like a knowing chemist.

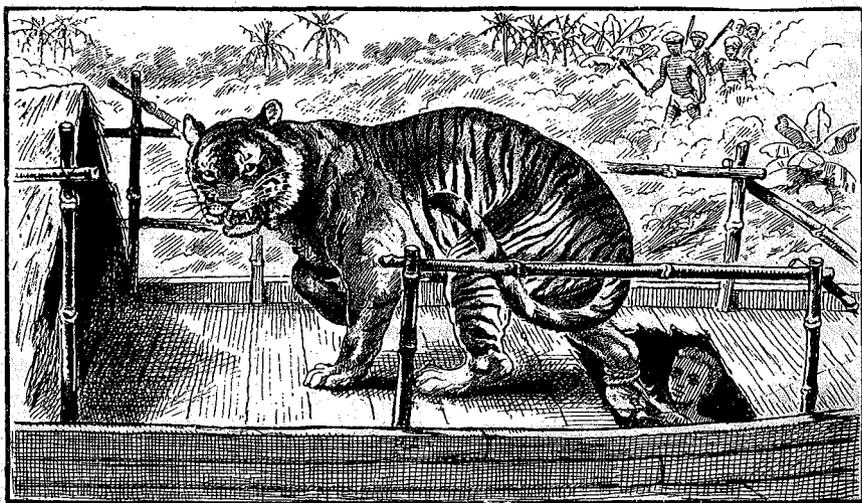
In India there is a kind of black monkey found in the forests. One day a gentleman succeeded in catching one of these animals, which turned out to be a very bad-tempered one. He tried in many ways to tame it, but with little success. So he tied it to the branch of a tree in his garden, where it lived and was regularly fed. After a time the house became ours, and black Jacko in the tree was given over to our care. All our efforts to subdue the wild creature were no good at all, and we made up our minds to send him away to a neighbour who wanted to have a monkey. But how ever were we to send Jacko on his journey? Well, we got a strong basket, and at last, after no end of trouble, we managed to put him in it. Jacko was furious, and the fuss he made was something terrible. However, the native who had been engaged to carry the load set off without any fear, for the basket was strong, and the lid was carefully fastened. He had not gone far, however, when to our surprise we heard screams coming from the direction in which the man and Jacko had gone. We ran after them to see whatever the matter could be, and found a whole crowd of boys and girls rushing to the place where the noise came from. There stood the poor native, screaming and waving his hands in a most pathetic way. The people in India, you know, shave off all the hair of the head except a tuft on the top, called the *kudami*. This wicked monkey having torn open the bottom of the basket, had seized hold of this tuft of hair on the native's head, and was holding on to it with might and main. Oh! it was a funny scene; how we all did laugh, to be sure! We were at last able to separate the two, and convey Jacko to his new master's house. But he went on being so vicious and naughty that in the end he had to be shot. Poor Jacko!

The Boy and the Tiger

Bees are very numerous in India, but they are not kept as

they are here, in hives. They store up their honey in hollow trees in forests and jungles. Many poor men get their living by gathering and selling the wild honey, though often they are in great danger from the serpents and savage beasts which abound in these places. There were four men and a boy eleven years old who went one day from one of our mission stations to gather honey. They rowed in a boat down a river, the banks of which were thickly grown with shrubs and high trees. When they came to the place where they wished to land, the men jumped on shore, and left little Ramati to take care of the boat while they were gone after the honey. As the tide was running out of the creek, the boat was soon left high and dry upon the deep mud. The sun was hot, and Ramati was longing that his father and the others would come back, when to his horror he all at once saw a very large tiger standing on the bank looking right down upon him with his great glaring eyes. You can fancy how the poor little fellow felt as he saw the savage beast first fix his fierce look upon him, and then crouch and crawl along the ground ready to spring. Ramati, however, had all his wits about him, and in a moment crept under the little deck of the boat. The tiger, seeing this, gave one great leap down, but with such force that one of his legs went right through the deck and got jammed in between the planks just over the place where Ramati lay. Without losing a moment, the boy snatched hold of a rope which was lying near him, and twisting it quickly and cleverly round the tiger's leg, he tied it firm and held it fast. Oh, how that fierce, hungry beast did struggle and pull to get away! He roared and groaned in the most frightful way too. But Ramati knew well that his only chance of safety was to keep the rope firm, and he hung on to it for dear life. After a time, which seemed long ages to the poor little man, the tiger became quite cowed, and lay down quietly on the deck. At last the honey-gatherers came back, having finished their work. Seeing the tiger lying upon the deck of the boat, of course they thought he

had killed and gobbled up little Ramati, and was now having a quiet nap after dinner. They raised a great shout, which so frightened the beast that he made one more desperate tug, and this time jerked his leg from the hole, and leaped off the boat down into the deep mud. It was really "out of the frying-pan into the fire," for Mr. Tiger stuck and floundered about trying to get out. But the men rushed down upon him, and with big sticks



RAMATI'S CLEVER CAPTURE.

laboured away with all their might at his head, and killed him. You can imagine how surprised and delighted they were when Ramati crept out of his hiding-place safe and sound.

A Fight with a Man-Eater

A terrible tiger had been prowling around a certain village in India for some time, and he had killed so many people that the

Public Works officials found it very difficult to get workmen to carry out the work they were doing in that district. So Mr. Marrett, a young engineer, made up his mind to kill the beast the first chance he had. He and a friend of his called Gay, who was staying with him at the time, started off for the place where they believed their fierce enemy was hiding. Mr. Marrett and one of the natives that they took with them took up their position under a tree, while Mr. Gay with the other natives climbed up the tree. All were eagerly on the look-out, when suddenly the man-eater, with a terrible growl, made a spring from a thicket close by at Mr. Marrett, who had just enough time to drop on his knees and fire. The ball struck the animal on the lower jaw and smashed it. Before Mr. Marrett could rise, the tiger was on him. A fearful struggle began, the wounded animal savage with pain, Mr. Marrett and the native all rolling together on the ground. Quite exhausted, Mr. Marrett fainted. Just at that moment, Mr. Gay, who was perched on the tree exactly overhead, while trying to change his position, so as to have a better shot at the tiger, lost his footing and fell straight upon the back of the furious brute. It turned upon him at once most savagely, and attacked him with his claws alone, as his jaws were so much hurt by the gun. When Mr. Marrett came out of the fainting fit, he found everybody had left him except the one native who had been a little hurt too. A few paces off was the tiger, still busy mauling and mangling his helpless victim. His first thought was to seize his gun, but this was found to be quite useless. The beast, now seeing Mr. Marrett moving, left Mr. Gay; but just at that moment, the faithful native and Mr. Marrett rushed to try and rescue their comrade. But no sooner did they do this than the tiger made a dash at them, and once more took possession of his victim, standing right across the almost lifeless body. The other natives who had run away now came back, and after a great deal of coaxing, Mr. Marrett got them to charge the brute in a body, and with the aid of tom-toms managed to frighten him away to a hill, where he was soon lost to

sight. They carried poor Mr. Gay to the nearest house, and his wounds were dressed, but he died six hours later.

“Be Sure your Sin will Find you Out”

A tomb was about to be erected in the Mission burial ground at Nagercoil some years ago, for an officer's wife who had died at that station. The Prime Minister of Travancore had allowed an elephant belonging to the Government to be used in carrying some granite stones which were needed for the tomb. As the keeper's honesty was doubted, the missionary's wife was asked to see that the elephant was fed each day with the proper amount of rice. So orders were given to the keeper to bring the elephant every afternoon in front of the verandah, from which the lady could see it fed. One day, however, she was called away into the house for a few minutes as the elephant was beginning its supper. When she came back she noticed that the quantity of rice which had been measured out for the animal's meal had too quickly gone for it to be possible for the elephant to have eaten it. So she accused the keeper of having taken some of the rice. He said indeed he had not done so, and to make his denial appear stronger, he lifted his hands to his head, exclaiming: "Would I rob my own child?" as if he wished it to be thought that he had a parent's love for his charge.

But while the keeper's arms were raised clever Mr. Elephant seized the opportunity to pull down with his trunk the cloth which had been tightly bound round the keeper's waist. Imagine the keeper's feelings when the rice, which had been hidden in the cloth, poured out upon the ground. The elephant began at once to finish his meal which had been stolen from him with great zest; but the keeper seemed more sorry for losing the rice and being found out than for the wrong he had done.

The Strange Freaks of an Elephant

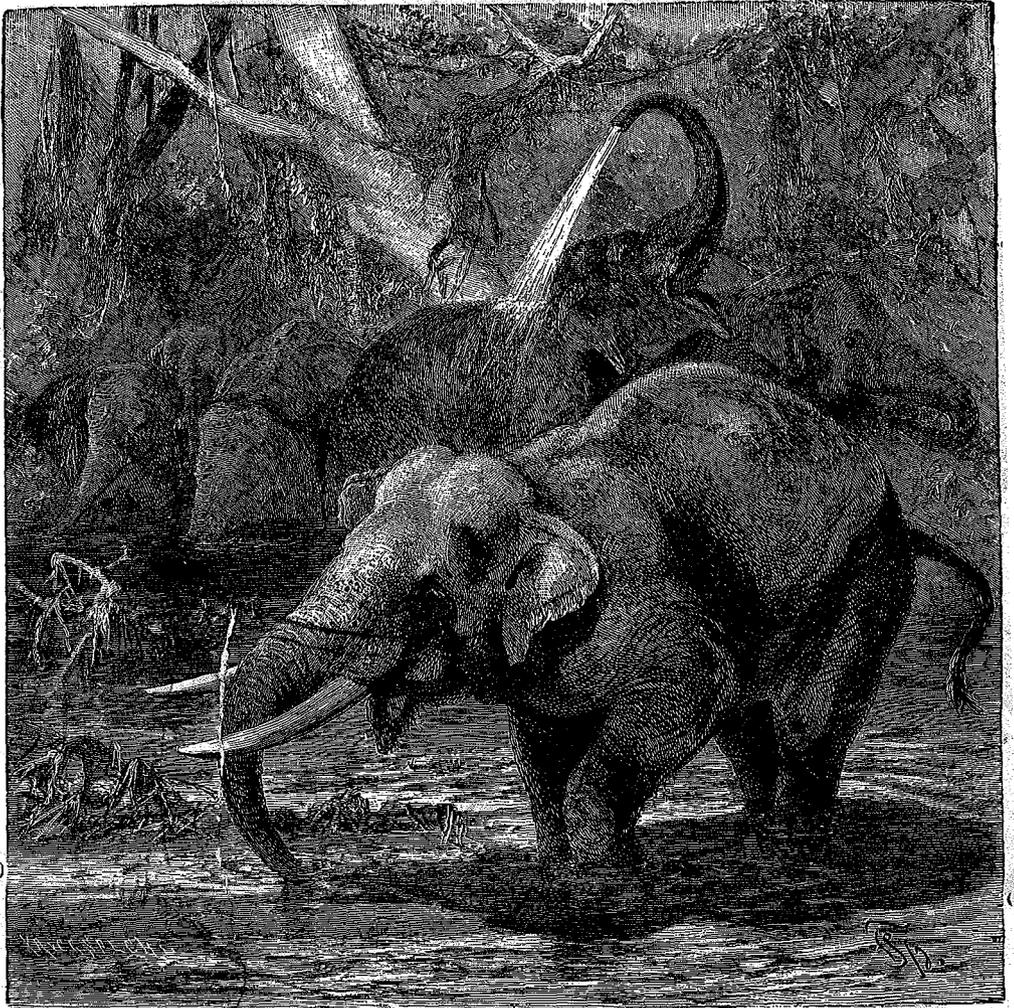
One day a poor hill native was brought in to the Neyoor L.M.S.

Hospital a distance of thirty miles in a half-fainting condition, much bruised, but with no bones broken. It seems he was one of a gang of coolies carrying rice to one of the coffee estates on the hills. On the way an alarm was caused by a rogue elephant trumpeting and charging upon the men. The coolies threw down their loads, and every one ran off for their lives. This poor man was blind of one eye, and did not see the elephant till he had caught him and knocked him down with his trunk. The elephant pushed him over and over again with his foot as a cat does a mouse, then picked him up and tossed him into the jungle. After this the coolie knew no more till he was on his way to the hospital. The other coolies, who had escaped from the elephant, seeing a gentleman planter, returned with him and by shouting drove away the great creature. On searching for the body of their poor companion, they found that the elephant had actually buried him, but fortunately had left his nose free to breathe. When taken out from amongst the earth and leaves he was still alive. He was unconscious for some hours, but he got well in the hospital, and was able to work again as usual.

Chased by Hippopotamuses

It was on Lake Tanganyika, that great sheet of water in the heart of tropical Africa. Parts of the lake teem with crocodiles and hippopotamuses, while the high mountains on some of its banks are the happy home of buffalo and leopard.

On one occasion two of our missionaries set off in a native canoe to cross to a distant village. They reached it safely, but on the return journey, about sunset, they suddenly saw, a hundred yards in front of them, two hippopotamuses with a very threatening look. The missionaries ordered the canoe to be turned back towards the shore, and the animals followed and seemed to be gaining upon them. The natives were urged to pull quickly, and the rifles were loaded in readiness. The huge creatures made up to them by the time shallow water was reached, bellowing and snorting



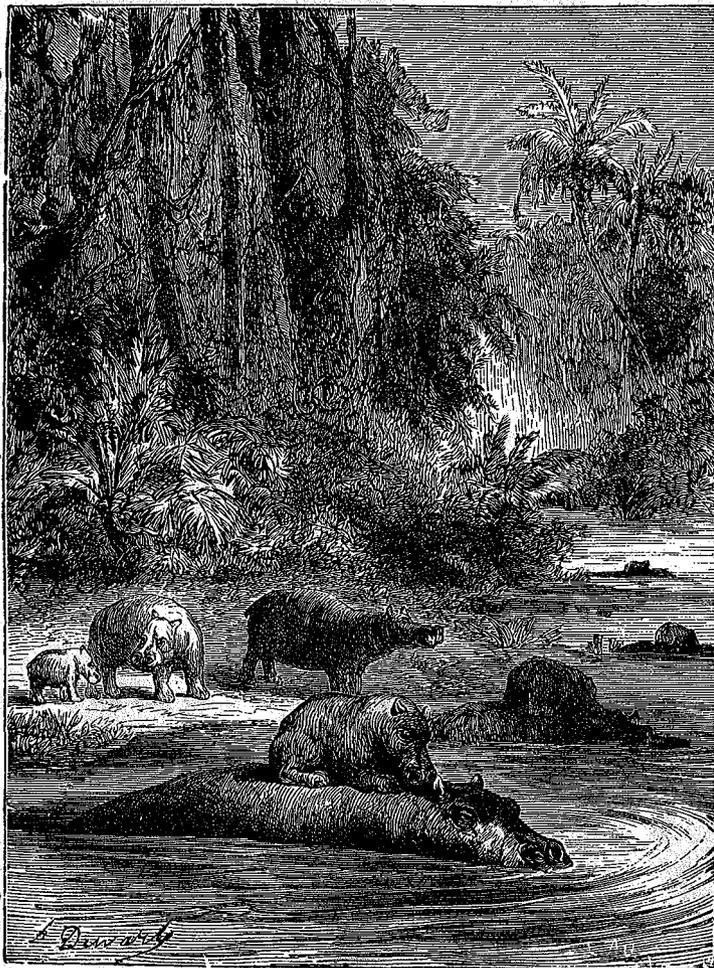
ELEPHANTS BATHING.

in a way fearful to hear. The missionaries did not wish to fire until the animals began the attack, and as they leapt on shore to await the onslaught, suddenly the beasts turned tail and made off.

The canoe was then put into deep water, and the men pulled for some distance, keeping near the shore as the only safe course. As they passed under the shadow of the cliffs, the cry was raised from the stern that they were again chased by the foe. How the crew pulled for their lives! The danger was increasing, for darkness was coming on. The rifles were reloaded, and the missionaries determined to sell their lives dearly. The boy at the helm urged on the men at every stroke, and turning the canoe in between two rocks, they all made a leap for the shore just as the enemy was upon them. When they left the canoe the hippopotamuses did not follow them, but bellowed and went under water.

Climbing up the rocks, the men found that they were on a point of land round which was a small bay, and beyond this a forest of reeds and bushes. The great animals were coming towards this bay in large numbers, as they spend the night on shore, and the missionaries and crew had evidently got into their land haunts. To cross the lake now was out of the question, and they began to look about for some place of shelter. The boys were sent to gather sticks, and they soon had a good fire, round which they sat to dry their clothes and cook cobs of Indian corn for supper.

After waiting five hours the bay seemed quiet, and they began the journey home, keeping as close to land as possible, speaking only in whispers, lest their presence should stir up another foe. Matters began to improve and hope was rising, when suddenly there arose out of the water the huge head of another hippopotamus. With a great bellow he made a rush for the canoe with open jaws. This time the occupants thought all was over with them. But quick as thought they all jumped into the shallow water, scrambled on shore as best they could, leaving the canoe to the tender mercy of the foe. In soaked clothes, afraid to enter



A HIPPOPOTAMUS AT HOME.

the forest on account of wild beasts, the missionaries and their friends had to remain where they stood until they dared venture once more into the canoe, which they found uninjured, and finally they reached their homes safe and sound after their unpleasant adventure.

A Famous Crocodile

One of our most devoted young missionaries to Central Africa was Dr. Southon, of Urambo, who, after doing splendid service for two or three years, was accidentally shot in the arm, and died from the effects of it. I think you would like to hear a story about crocodiles which he once told. He was visiting a village not far from the Mission House at Urambo, and met there the chief, who told him about a dreadful man-eating crocodile which lived in the river near by.

This chief said that a very long time ago there were many crocodiles in the river, but that, from some cause or other, they had all dwindled down to one, which was very old and very large. This one, which was known by the name of Ngwena, was very crafty and clever, and would set traps for men and animals. He had eaten a great many men, and was always on the look-out for them.

Now most crocodiles run into the water if they see a man coming, but this wicked Mr. Ngwena used to lay in wait in the long grass close to the water's edge, and when a man or an animal came near he would spring up quickly, catch his prey in his big mouth and rush into the water with it. If the animal he had noticed was not in a favourable place, or not near enough to the water, Ngwena would draw near and with his tail shake the reeds close to the bank, and as all animals are curious, sometimes the poor victim would take the hint and draw nearer to see what it was among the reeds, and at once become the prey of the crafty crocodile. In such a case even a man would not have time to spring back and so escape, for Ngwena was always too quick and too cunning to make a false spring. For as his strength

was very great he was able to rush out of the water with almost lightning speed, and should he fail to catch his prey in his mouth he would quickly swing his long tail and knock it into the water, where, of course, he soon gobbled it up.

The chief sent for a poor woman in the village whose husband had been caught and eaten by Ngwena only a few months before, and she told Dr. Southon the following story: "About a year ago my husband and I went down to the river to gather a kind of plum, which grows plentifully near the water's edge. We had got a nice lot, and were thinking of returning home, when suddenly my husband said: 'Look yonder, in the middle of the river! Is not that the head of Ngwena?' I looked where he pointed, but could see nothing. We then moved away from that place, and a little farther on my husband stooped down to drink of the water, for we were, both of us, close to the river's edge. Suddenly he jumped up as if to spring back; but, alas! he was too late, Ngwena had caught him by the leg and quickly drew him under the water. I screamed and ran to help him, but before I could reach the place he was out of sight. I watched the place for three hours where he had disappeared, but nothing more than a few bubbles came to the surface of the water. The next day, and for several days after, all the village people searched both banks of the river, but we found no trace of my husband."

So Dr. Southon made up his mind to try and rid the village of this terrible crocodile. He found that many people had tried to shoot or spear him, but without success. And all the natives had begun to believe that no one in the world could kill him at all, for his skin seemed too hard for bullet or spear to enter. Bullets that would kill an elephant did not even wound Ngwena.

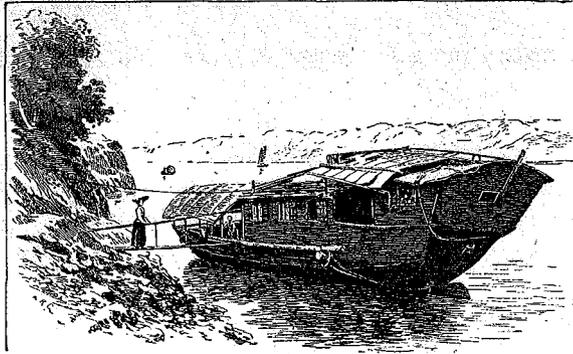
Well, Dr. Southon with three men went off to kill the monster the very next day. He was walking along the river bank, when suddenly he caught sight of something in the long grass rather like a log of wood. He stopped, and pointing to it said to the nearest man, "Is not that the crocodile?"

The man gave a sudden start, and said, "Yes, master, sure enough, that's Ngwena."

Dr. Southon crept forward to within about twenty yards, and then saw the back and part of the tail of the great creature. He fired his gun and hit him, but without any effect, for he just moved towards the water and disappeared.

However, the next day Dr. Southon tried again, and after a careful search found the crocodile hiding in the reeds, half in and half out of the water. He fired with a heavy bullet, and again hit him, but Ngwena just made a terrific plunge and escaped into the river. He watched the place for a few minutes, and soon one of the men called out: "Master, master, look!" And what do you think he saw? The crocodile? No; but a great hippopotamus, which was swimming along very fast and dodging about as if in chase of something. Presently they saw the crocodile swimming in the water, with only the upper part of his head visible, but soon he dived out of sight, and the hippopotamus went after him. Soon the crocodile was seen again in almost an upright position, with his head and shoulders out of water and his mouth wide open. For a moment he beat the air feebly with his fore-paws, and then fell backwards as if dead.

They thought that he must have been wounded by the gun, and that the hippopotamus had found this out and had soon finished him with his teeth. When the body of Ngwena began to float on the water, Dr. Southon and the men managed to get a rope round it and brought it to shore. It was eighteen feet seven inches long and had sixty-six most horrid-looking teeth. The men cut off the head and slung it on a pole and carried it to the Mission House. As they passed through the village there was great rejoicing. All the people ran out to look at the head of their late enemy, and called it all the names they could think of, such as "coward," "fool," "robber," just as if it could hear and understand them. And that was the end of Ngwena.



A YANG-TSE BOAT.

CHAPTER V

PERILS BY LAND AND WATER

Losing a Christmas Dinner

WE were sailing up the Yang-tse River, writes the Rev. J Wallace Wilson, and what a river! I wish I could properly describe it. In its upper course, chiefly in summer, the stream becomes a mad torrent, and yet there are many stretches of smooth, almost home-like beauty upon its bosom, where the traveller sees the beautiful foliage and grass of its banks reflected in the water as if on a mirror.

There were two boats in company, one hired by the Friends' Foreign Mission Association, the other chartered by our own mission in Chung-King. It was Christmas-time—Christmas Day, when people at home would be having their family parties and festivities. Oh, how far away they seemed! It was a beautiful day, no frost, no snow, no ice-bound river, no rain, no streets ankle-deep in mud. We had just wind enough to help our sluggish boats on as they were pulled by the men towing them from the bank. Quite 200 miles of the journey had been done, and there

remained as many more to be got over ere the long, tedious voyage would end.

Our kind fellow-travellers gave us a cordial invitation to eat a Christmas dinner on board their junk; and how we did look forward to it, to be sure, when the boats would be safely moored for the night! Now it often happens that boats—the crews of which may want to keep together—get separated by many miles through some accident or other. But so far we had been fortunate and had succeeded in keeping well together, and at 4 o'clock our prospects of enjoying the Christmas feast were really good. But "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," you know, and a cruel disappointment was in store for us.

About 4.30 p.m. the boats both reached a curious bend in the river, where the men had to prepare for *swinging* them across the stream to the opposite bank. Now this swinging business is a very exciting, not to say alarming, affair. In order to prevent the boat from drifting, a stout bamboo rope, perhaps 300 yards long, is fastened to a rock ahead. The other end of the rope is fastened to the mast, and the vessel is then slowly pushed into the current. Of course everything depends upon the bamboo rope. If it holds, well and good; should it break, there is enough cause for excitement. Our boat was the first to try this passage. Everything went well for about ten minutes. The boatmen were all at their posts, watching and helping. Two-thirds of the passage were done, when a strange, deep *thud* was heard, which told us only too clearly that the rope had parted. Swiftly our boat was carried down by the current, while the shouts of the men on board, and the yells of the people ashore, showed us the need for quick and wise measures for safety. Below, and not far away, were those ugly, awful rocks! At our side was a high, steep mud bank. It became our aim to reach that bank. Sailors and passengers all worked with a will at the oars. For a time it was a tug of war between our strength and the force of the water, and, happily for us, we won. Soon the nose of our boat poked and rubbed, and

rubbed and poked against the soft, muddy bank, and all was safe. But oh, the noise of the moment! I seem to hear it yet. Roaring on board and roaring on shore — the din was deafening. Nothing can be done in China without a noise.

Well, our own boat had got over, but not the boat with our dinner, and we watched its movements with a double interest. It had yet to make the risky passage, and it was more difficult now, for the shades of night were falling, and it was possible that the skipper might decide not to risk the journey at all that night. With the aid of our glasses we watched what was taking place on the other junk, with the fear lest, after all, we should lose our dinner. Soon we made out that the passage was to be made, and our hopes began to revive. All might yet go well. Unfortunately the light soon failed us, and as our own boat was being pulled into shallow water for safety we could no longer watch our friends' movements. There was nothing for it but to wait for news. Some of us tried to read, but that didn't answer. Our minds were wholly given up to the other boat. At last we heard that an enemy, who had a spite against foreigners, had cut the bamboo rope under cover of the darkness, and the boat drifted helplessly down the river for two miles.

When the men on board got her again under control, all hope of getting across that night had to be given up. So they had to tie her up, and our friends had to eat the dinner without us.

So there was nothing for it but to go to bed and forget the disappointment about our Christmas dinner in a good sound sleep.

Taken by Brigands

A good many years ago, near the great Caucasus Mountains, at a place called Karass, a missionary named Galloway lived. He and his wife worked hard amongst the peasants, but one great difficulty stood in their way. Very near to them were bands of fierce men. These were Circassians, who almost lived by plunder. Often a company of them, riding upon swift horses, would

sweep down from the mountains to the quiet valleys where the shepherds watched their flocks and herds, and would drive all before them. But this was not the worst. These wicked robbers were not content with sheep and oxen. Whenever they could they would carry off men, women, and children, to make them their slaves, or else to get ransom money for their freedom. One morning seven little boys had been left to take care of some cattle. But, like other boys we know, they forgot their work in a good game of play, and were so taken up with it that the cattle wandered off and were not to be seen. As soon as they were missed the boys rushed after the oxen, and after a hunt they happily found them. As they were driving them home a party of these Circassian brigands upon horses came galloping down from the mountains, and seized not only the cattle, but the boys. The robbers stripped the little fellows of their clothing, and, having brought them to their mountain den, sent them half-naked to tend their sheep. Poor boys! they were in a terrible way. They were often hungry, for coarse bread and water was all they had to live upon. They used to talk together about their misery, and at last they resolved to try and escape from their cruel masters, and to find the path back to their homes. To prepare for this day by day they laid by a small piece of bread, and hid it under a stone, that they might have a little food for their journey. But a sheep-dog scented the store, and soon left it in the state in which "Mother Hubbard" found hers—bare. So that plan failed, and perhaps it was as well it did, for if the boys had got away they would most likely have perished among those terrible mountains, which are full of glaciers and crevasses.

But there was another and a far better way in which they sought to be delivered out of that dreadful plight. One of the boys was called Philip. His mother was a good woman and she loved the Lord Jesus Christ. She had always tried to teach her children to trust Him too; but Philip, when at home, had not given much thought to these things. But he began now to think

about it, and one day he said to the other boys: "Look here, you fellows, my mother used often to tell me that Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd, always hears and answers people when they are in trouble. What do you say to us praying to Him?" Perhaps at another time some of those boys would have laughed at Philip; but, glad to seek help anywhere, they all kneeled down. Philip just said: "Good Shepherd, have mercy upon us. Here we are as poor lambs in the midst of wolves. Do help us, Good Shepherd." He said no more then, but day after day the boys offered the same little prayer, and it was heard in heaven.

Some time after the boys had been carried away, their parents were told that the brigands would send them back if they would pay £300. But these poor people had no money. It must have seemed as if the robbers were mocking them by making such an offer. The offer came to the ears of the missionary, and without delay Mrs. Galloway resolved to try and raise the sum. She wrote a letter to an Englishman living in St. Petersburg, who was a good man, and who had some influence with some of the nobles in Russia. He read the letter, and the account of the seven little prisoners touched his heart. He at once began to do what he could. He called upon the wife of a general. She read Mrs. Galloway's letter, and then said: "I have no money to spare at present, but take this pearl necklace and sell it." It was sold for £60. Soon the whole of the £300 was collected and sent to Mrs. Galloway, who, though sorry to pay a penny to the wicked brigands, was yet full of joy when she saw, through her efforts, those seven boys brought back to their own homes. In this way was Philip's prayer answered.

A Fight with an Alligator

Some years ago there was a missionary in Africa named Butler. He used to ride about the country on horseback to visit the different mission stations in his district. One day

he reached the Umkomazi River, and though he saw the tide was coming in, he thought his horse could manage to cross it. When near the middle of the stream the horse began to swim, and the opposite shore was almost reached when he plunged, kicked, and struggled, trying to throw the rider off his back. Mr. Butler held firmly to the horse's mane, for, as he could not swim, he was very anxious not to be pitched into the river. Suddenly



MR. BUTLER'S ESCAPE.

he felt something take hold of the lower part of his leg and pull very hard. He could not imagine at first what it was; but a bite a little below the knee, and another higher up, soon convinced him that it was an alligator! The horse plunged and struggled with fright, and at last, with the alligator's help, managed to throw Mr. Butler from his back. But he still held to the mane with all his force, knowing full well that if he lost his hold of that the alligator would soon make short measure of him. The horse swam

back into the stream, dragging the missionary, who, in his turn, dragged the alligator by the teeth, which were firmly fastened in his thigh. The poor man's strength was fast going from loss of blood and exertion, and he felt his last hour had come. But remembering there was One who once delivered Daniel from the mouth of lions, he sent up a cry for help to be delivered from the mouth of that alligator. Prayer goes more quickly than a telegram, and the answer came like a flash of lightning. A moment later the horse turned and swam towards the shore. As soon as he was close to it, Mr. Butler put out his left foot, and found that he could touch the bottom, and catching hold of the reeds on the bank, he let go of the horse, and pulled himself partly out of the water. He shouted to a native who was not far away to come to his aid. The man took a large stick, three and a half feet long, and struck the alligator on the head and forced open his mouth. When he had beaten off the fierce creature, the native pulled the missionary up, the bank and caught the horse. The leg was shockingly torn, and Mr. Butler was in great pain, but managed to ride as far as the next mission station. He was put to bed, and his wounds were healed by the end of seven weeks.

This event caused great wonder among the natives, who said, "truly he was taken from the grave, for no one ever before escaped death when bitten as this white man was."

Alone in an African Forest

You all know that Dr. Livingstone, the great African explorer, was once a missionary of our Society. You will have heard what a brave and good man he was, and how neither savage beasts nor savage men could easily drive him from the path of duty. He used to go where others would not venture, and he was often in great danger, and more than once at death's door. Once Dr. Livingstone, with some natives, had to pass through a thick African forest, where the grass was as tall as he was, and where

there were plenty of wild beasts. While travelling, he and his companions lost each other. He wandered about shouting and firing off his gun, in the hope that the natives might hear him. Night came on. He did not know which way to take; he had no food with him, and there was no water to be had. He felt very helpless, for he had used up all his powder in firing his gun when trying to make his companions hear. When the darkness grew thicker, Dr. Livingstone tried to get a light by rubbing two sticks together, as he had seen the natives do, so as to make a fire to keep the beasts of prey away. But he could not do this, so he climbed into a large tree which was covered with thorns, and there he swung, while the lions were roaring all around him. When the morning dawned, he got down from the tree and lay in the long grass. A laughing hyæna ran up to the place where he was, and several jackals, but through God's kind care no evil came to him. After he had had some sleep he set out again in search of his companions. The sun was very hot, and the sand was burning under his feet. His mouth was parched with thirst. He had tied a handkerchief round his body to still the pangs of hunger, but he had become so weak that he could not draw it tighter. At last he was so done up that he threw himself under a tree and thought he must die. After a time he felt a little bit better, prayed for help, and got up to go on his way. To his great joy he found close by a pool of water, and he saw there the footsteps of his companions. The rhinoceroses had just been wallowing in that pool, and the water was very muddy, but it was more delicious to him than words can say. Having drunk, he went on his way, and at midnight found a party of natives, who were kind to him and gave him food.

An anxious Night in a Boat

In all my experience of boating, writes Dr. McFarlane—and few missionaries have had more—I never spent such a night at sea, and I hope I may never spend another like it. When

within about six miles of Darnley (New Guinea), it began to blow and rain in true tropical style.

The squalls were very heavy, and unfortunately we were in the "big ship channel," through Torres Straits, with the heavy seas from the gulf rolling in upon us past Bramble Cay. We reefed our sails with difficulty, and tried to make headway. Tack after tack, but no nearer the land. The sun went down, and left us to battle with the elements in the dark. No one but those who know something of boating can form anything like a true idea of our position. Fifteen of us in a boat thirty feet long by eight broad, with a cargo of sago in the hold and a dingey on deck! To watch the waves on a dark, stormy night from the deck of a large vessel, with a feeling of security and a comfortable cabin below, is a very different thing from sitting on the deck of the *Venture*, holding on to the rigging amidst blinding rain and spray, and a howling wind; not looking *down* upon the great black, white-crested waves as they go hissing past on a dark night, but really looking *up* at them, and that in no very poetical mood, especially as they often break over our little craft. My great fear was lest, considering the great strain upon the masts, rigging, sheets, etc., something should carry away. Slowly, wearily, most anxiously the night wore on. Never did I long so much for day-break. We were wet and hungry and cold, and had not been able to make a fire for twenty-four hours. It came at last, but slowly, as any other morning, notwithstanding our anxiety. Finding ourselves near a sandbank, we made for it, anchored our boat, took some firewood and water on shore, and made some tea. Then shot and cooked a dozen birds, and after a good meal, started for Darnley, which we reached in a few hours.

In Many Dangers

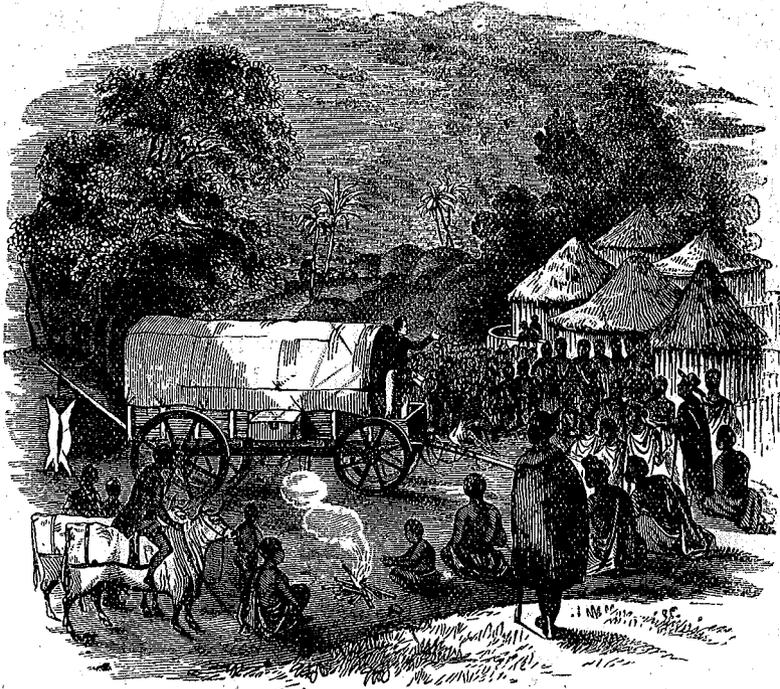
In some of the long journeys that Dr. Moffat so often took he met with many perils and adventures from savage men and

wild beasts and in other ways. Like all devoted missionaries, he had indeed to take his life in his hands, and, like St. Paul, he could say that he was in "dangers oft." Under the scorching African sun he would sometimes try to cool his burning head by thrusting it into a disused ant-hill. He was often so hungry that he had to wear what is known as a "fasting girdle," a tight belt to still the gnawing pains of hunger. But sometimes he had a good supply of zebra and giraffe steaks, for nothing comes amiss to hungry travellers. Water was generally very scarce, and this was a great hardship in such a thirsty land. Sometimes the pools he came to were stagnant and green, and more than once he had to dispute the possession of the water with a lion. One day Dr. Moffat's guide led him towards a ravine, the sides of which looked lovely and green, with what turned out to be a kind of euphorbia, a poisonous plant. Being hot, and the oxen worn out, they halted, and some of the men having found some honey in the rocks, Dr. Moffat and they ate it with great relish. Shortly afterwards, their throats became very hot, as if they were on fire. A native coming up, and seeing their faces besmeared with honey, said: "You had better not eat the honey of this valley; the bees make it from the poisoned bushes." They all drank the little water which remained, but it seemed rather to increase the burning pain. However, no one died, and after a few days they all recovered.

Once, being in an unknown part of the wild country, they were afraid to make a fire lest they should be discovered by the bushmen. There were no trees, and so they lay down between ridges of deep sand. The wind was cold, and they had little covering. Dr. Moffat made a hole in the sand and buried himself, leaving his head out, and slept comfortably. How funny it must have looked! But was it not wonderful that the lions, tigers, cobras, and foxes left him alone?

They had reached the river early one afternoon after a dreadfully scorching ride across the plain. The horse made for a little

pool, and Dr. Moffat, dismounting, lay down and took a hearty drink of the welcome water. He immediately felt a queer taste in his mouth, and it flashed across his mind that the water was poisoned for the purpose of killing game. At that moment a man from the village near came running breathless, and in a terrified



MOFFAT PREACHING.

way took Dr. Moffat's hand and began talking with great excitement, though no one could understand a word of his language. But signs were made that the white man had drunk from the pool, and the native, remaining speechless for a minute, ran off to the village. Dr. Moffat followed, feeling that his last moments

had probably come. He was soon surrounded by a number of the villagers, who looked upon him with eyes which spoke of heartfelt pity. They evidently thought he would fall down every moment. No one spoke. Seeing the down-cast looks of the poor natives, Dr. Moffat smiled, and this seemed to act like an electric shock, for they all began to sing and chatter, and the women to strike their elbows against their naked sides to express their joy.

But the poor missionary soon became very ill, and tried to make the natives understand that he wanted a certain plant, the fruit of which causes sickness. They ran in all directions, but could not find any. Meantime, Dr. Moffat drank large quantities of pure water, and little by little the dreadful symptoms wore off, and in a few days he could continue his journey. These poor bushmen showed him no little kindness, and gave him zebra flesh to eat. And before leaving, Dr. Moffat gave them a good share of his small stock of tobacco, which set them all dancing like Merry Andrews, blessing their visitor with the most wonderful signs and gestures. It grieved the devoted heart of Christ's loyal servant to have to leave these poor creatures without being able to tell them about Him who came to save the poor and needy.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE LAND OF IDOLS

Capturing Idols

THOUGH many missionaries have often to go working on year after year, seeing little if any result from their work amongst the heathen, yet now and then they meet with a bit of real encouragement and joy, and sometimes it seems to come like a surprise. About five years ago a native man of Neyoor, Travancore, was living in heathen darkness. He was a great believer in idols, and was very careful in his worship of them. He built several shrines, which he filled with images of Pattrikali, one of the ugliest and most fierce of the many Hindu goddesses. But one day this Indian met some Christian teachers, and from them he bought a Bible. Probably he was curious to know about the gods of the Englishmen. He was so interested in the Book that he studied it well, and after a time he found the words true that Jesus Christ once said, that "those who seek shall find." As soon as he received the new life he began to spread it. Through his influence his wife, his father, two of his father's brothers, two younger brothers, and three of his children were brought into the light and were baptized. That was a very glorious time for the missionaries at Neyoor.

Shortly after that, this man came to the Rev. I. H. Hacker to know if he would destroy an idol shrine belonging to the family. He said that after enduring much opposition, and after using much persuasion, all the heathen members of his family who had

shares in this shrine had become Christians, and he wanted the idols removed at once.



THE CAPTURED IDOLS.

You will imagine how gladly Mr. Hacker said "Yes." So one evening he and other missionaries went to the place where the shrine stood. A number of people who had heard what was about

to be done had gathered together. With a few Christians they surrounded the place, and after singing a hymn, the 115th Psalm was read (you will remember it is the one about idols), and then Mr. Hacker spoke about the sin and folly of praying to these "blocks of wood and stone." He then mounted upon the steps of the temple, and claimed it in the name of Jesus Christ. The idols, which consisted of two life-size figures and a little baby idol, were removed to a cart they had ready for the purpose, Mrs. Hacker leading the way with the baby idol. When this was done, the work of pulling down the shrine was commenced. The roof was taken off and sold the next day, and the money was given to spread Christ's work. Bit by bit, by dint of hard work, the place was laid level with the ground, never more to rise, it is hoped. It was very touching to see the helpless, half-shuddering fear with which many of the bystanders looked upon the deed done. There were loud murmurs and grumblings, but no one really tried to stop the missionary. Darkness was almost upon them before the work was quite finished, but the missionaries went to the house of the friends who had thus openly cast away the idols, where they were all met, men, women, and children, and they had a glorious prayer-meeting. The idols were placed in an outhouse belonging to Mr. Hacker, where they cannot be seen by any one, but before they were locked up a photograph was taken of them.

Beheading an Idol

In a village near to Mirzapur, in India, a missionary found a very ugly idol called Mahabir, the warrior god.

It was in a very tumble-down, battered state. One hand had been broken off, nearly the whole of both legs were gone, and the head also was missing.

A head, however, had been made out of mud, with a couple of small shells for eyes, and there stood the mud and stone image! One would have laughed at its comical appearance, were it not for

the thought that men and women, for whom Christ died, worshipped this miserable thing.

The missionary asked the people how they could think that a crippled, maimed stone could help them in their troubles. They said they knew it was rather battered about, but that if they only had faith in it, it would help them. He asked them if they would let him break it down, but they did not like their beloved idol damaged.

But the missionary said: "If it be a god, it will not let me injure it, and seeing it is the warrior-god, it will conquer me."

After a great deal of talk, they said: "Well, sahib, we will not give you leave to do it exactly, because it is a god, and not in our power; but you can do what you like." That was enough, and the missionary gave two good pokes at the head with his umbrella, and down came tumbling the mud, and poor old Mahabir, for the second time, found himself headless.

The people did not seem cross about it, after all, nor were they very much surprised, for they were beginning, under the missionary's teaching, to have some dim idea of the one true God, and were feeling after Him in their blind, groping way. And sure enough, after a time, they found Him "whom to know is life eternal."

Child-Widows

In India marriage takes place while girls are children. Sometimes parents have their little girls married while yet babies, generally when they are from seven to eleven years old. If the man or boy to whom a girl is married die while she is still a child, she is even then a widow till she dies. Many of the Hindu girls in our Mission schools are married. They are known by a red mark on the partings of their hair. A wedding occupies several days. Some time ago one of the little girls in a Mission school was being married, but before the ceremony was finished the boy-husband died of cholera. So the poor little wife became a widow, and a very sad widow she was.

It is sad to be a widow anywhere, but in India the lot of a widow is very dreadful. She must never re-marry. She must only eat one meal every twenty-four hours. She must shave all the hair off her head on certain occasions. One day in every



BOY HUSBAND AND HIS GIRL WIFE.

fortnight is a fast day for her; she may not have her one meal, — no, not even a drop of water may she take during twenty-four hours. She must wear no ornament nor any nice dress. She must for some time after her husband's death sleep on the bare floor without so much as a pillow. She is the household drudge.

Some girl widows are very harshly treated. There was one little creature who became a widow at nine years old. Her father thought that if she did not observe the fast days a curse might come on the family. So when the fast days came round he gave his little girl a good meal about four o'clock in the morning, then locked her in the room, and did not open the door until the next morning. The child was always found exhausted on the floor.

But the Gospel of Christ has blessed some Hindu widows. One of these told her story to a missionary. She said: "My father was a Hindu priest. I became a widow when I was twelve years old, and oh, the sorrows of that time were hard to bear! The fasting was almost unbearable in the hot season. I had to do all sorts of work, and very unkind things were said to me. I was always sad. One day I was seated at the foot of a tree, and I heard my little nephew, who was on the roof of the house, reading aloud. I did not know then that the Book was the Bible. As I listened, the words so entered into my mind that I went up on the roof to my nephew. He was frightened when he saw me, and hid the Book. I asked what he was reading. He said: 'You won't tell if I tell you?' 'No; why?' I replied. He said: 'Because it is a Christian Book. Mother tore up one Book like this, and threw it in the mud. If she knew I had this she would destroy it, and beat me.' He read three or four psalms to me. I can never forget them. I made up my mind to go and see those people who followed that Book. I waited three years before I got the chance."

But she found the missionary lady at last, and in finding her found Jesus Christ. She married a Christian Hindu, and has one little girl.

The Poor Old Shepherd

Once upon a time, as two Indian missionaries were travelling through part of the country, they came to a little village which was only inhabited by shepherds. They told the story

of the Good Shepherd seeking and saving His wandering and lost sheep. A very old man, who had been leaning on his long stick, and putting his face almost in the face of the missionary, that his deaf ears might lose no word, when the story was finished, said, with a look of deep content and joy in his face: "It has fallen into my ears and cut!" He meant that the message had taken effect in his heart. He was encouraged to put his trust in Christ, and to call on Him, not on Siva, for help. He tried to learn the name, "Jesus Christ," but could not succeed in pronouncing the latter word correctly. He took, however, a firm hold of the former. The next day, as the missionaries were returning by the same village, two or three men ran after them saying: "He is dead, he is dead!" "Who is dead?" "The old man to whom you spoke yesterday," was the reply.

On making inquiries they found that the old shepherd, soon after the missionaries had left him, had gone to his fields. Late in the afternoon he returned, very tired out, and asked that his bed might be got ready. He lay down, and about sunset died, calling: "Yesu, Yesu!"

The old man's name was Basan. He was said to be about ninety years old. He had children, grandchildren, lands and houses. He was head man of his village, and was much respected for his justice and kindness. How beautiful it was that God sent His messengers that His aged servant might hear of His great love before he died!

A Sad Little Life

My name is Nitchamma. I am a child, a girl about twelve years of age. They tell me I was born just twelve harvests ago, when a fearful flood ravaged the country around our village. This is how we generally reckon time here. I do not think I can rightly tell much about myself, but I am not without thoughts at times, and these my friend will write for me, and perhaps if the letter is put

into one of these strange post-offices, it may reach some gods or holy spirits above us, and some good may come of it. I can but try. I am not like most of the children here, although my face is dark and my surroundings are very much the same as theirs. They play in the dirty puddles just outside our huts, where the pigs and dogs and fowls run and grub for food; they go out to help watch our scanty crops of grain against the black crows, or to drive in the cattle and sheep from the hot, dry fields, or to gather up the cow-dung for fuel and for house cleansing. I have to go, too, very often; but I am not like them, so wholly thoughtless. Though I am so young, I cannot help thinking that I am in a strangely cruel, evil world. See, now, my little brother, a sweet and bright child, well and strong till yesterday, now lies very weak and ill, with great sores branded on his body. Yesterday they did it; held him down, screaming, and ran the cruel hot iron all down his breast. Everybody else laughed, and said: "Now the evil spirits and our fearful small-pox goddess cannot get the child." But I went away and cried, and felt that the cruel demons *had* got the boy, had got my father and mother too, and were making them torture my little brother. Ah, those cruel goddesses! I suppose I have escaped because my name is a nasty name, and the goddess overlooked me; but most of the others in the village have felt her anger. They have had small-pox, and a little while ago she came in a still more fearful form and killed many of us with cholera—men and women, as well as children. To-morrow is the full moon, and then all night long our people will do "Sambram" to the goddess. How I hope she will be pleased! But no one can tell. I must go and see my father kill the fowl, and pour the blood out on the ground, and watch the movements of the cut-off head. Only so, they say, can we guess whether the goddess is pleased or not. Most of the children laugh and sport over all this cruelty; but to me, somehow, it is anything but pleasing—it is horrible. Can I read or write? What, like the head man of the village who keeps the accounts, or like the

priest who lives in the red and white house with a tiled roof? Oh, no! girls must not learn to read. My father says they are bold and bad enough as they are, and must never learn to read the things written in books. Besides, we have no money to pay for



HINDU WOMAN CARRYING JARS.

teaching. Some of the boys of our village go to a school, where they sit on the ground all day long beside a teacher, and learn to write in the dust and to read from strips of leaves. Some of the things they learn are very good—true and wise sayings—but some

are very foolish. I should like to learn to read, but I am fated not to do so. Am I married? Yes; I was married a long time ago, when I was quite a little child. They made a great feast, and one whole day was spent in carrying me and the big man who is my husband in a grand palanquin backwards and forwards through the streets. Some strange rites were performed, and some priests from another village repeated words which we did not understand. Gifts were also exchanged between our house and that of the son of the wedding. But I was so frightened by the noise, the blaring of the trumpets, and the beating of the drums, and the rude, wild antics of the dancers, I don't remember anything more of it. But, oh! this evil man whose wife I am! He is rich, and so, of course, can do as he likes. Sometimes I have to go to his house, and he—but it is useless to speak. Soon I shall have to go and live with him altogether. Cruel destiny! I could almost wish I might become a widow, only then a worse fate might befall me. Sometimes I think I will run away to another village, but then the people are just the same there, even worse, some of them.

Once a strange man came to our village. He came into the middle street with a man of our own country, and the two sang a hymn, which, of course, we did not understand. Then they talked to the big people, while we children stood up on some rough stones by the temple and looked and listened. They were both very pleasant men, and spoke very kindly to us. My father told us afterwards that they said the goddess and evil powers which we worship were nothing, could do us neither good nor harm.

"Why," they said, "when the Ammatelli (the little wooden image standing in the temple) is attacked by the white ants, and covered all over with their red earth, she can't even brush it off! Though she has eyes, she sees nothing; though she has hands, she can do nothing. How then can it do you either good or harm?"

He said, moreover, that the strange man told him that there was one true God, who was the Maker of everything, and that we ought to worship and love Him. That He loved us, and had saved us by dying on our behalf. But this, of course, must be a mistake. God cannot die, if there be a God who made all things and gives all things life. I wonder if those two teachers will come again?

Poor? Yes, very many are poor in this place. My father is a weaver, and we all have to help him do his work. Often we have not enough to eat. And when my father goes far away to other villages to sell the clothes he has made, and sometimes does not send us any money, we all suffer and almost die. Just now he is ill with fever and cannot work. The village doctor gives us medicines and charms, for which we have to pay; so we are in great distress.

CHAPTER VII

PROGRESS IN "THE MIDDLE KINGDOM"

What Cheng suffered for Christ's Sake

NEARLY a hundred miles from far-away Amoy, in one of our Mission stations, lived a young man named Cheng. He had heard the "Sweet story of old" from our missionaries, and had made up his mind to give up heathen practices, and serve Jesus Christ. This enraged his father and his stepmother, and they began to treat him very unkindly and harshly. But day by day Cheng strove to do right, and to seek God's help. Sometimes his father became very violent, and wished to kill his son. Cheng was nineteen years old and was married, but, according to the Chinese custom, he and his wife lived with his parents. One day, in a fit of great rage, because his son would not obey him and worship the idols, the father rushed upon him with a big stick and wounded him badly on the head. Poor Cheng got away and ran off to a large city about twelve miles from his home; but his heart was still set on following Jesus, so he found out the chapel there, told the preachers his story, and was kindly treated by them. They gave him food and a place to lodge in. After a while he went back home, and when the time came for worshipping the spirits his father insisted that he should take part. Cheng's father gave him the incense-stick to present, but he only snapped it in two. His father became furious, dragged back his head by his pig-tail and seized a hatchet. Cheng was able to ward off the fatal blow by beating about with his hands until he could get hold of a small table near him, which he used as a shield, and

cried out for help. The neighbours rushed to assist, but the doors being fastened they could not get in. Cheng's little sister, who loved him, ran and opened the doors. The neighbours got the hatchet away from the father, but he still went on showering blows on the head of poor Cheng. At last Cheng escaped and took refuge in a chapel, where a native Christian gave him food. He went and called upon our missionary, Mr. Sadler, and told him his sad story. He said he dare not go home, and that he had tried his best not to provoke his father, but to be good and kind to him. Mr. Sadler urged him to return, saying he could always find refuge with the Christians in case of need, and he told him about the martyrs in other countries who had borne so much for the Christ they loved. After praying for him, that he might be made strong to bear, he sent Cheng home. After that he was publicly beaten so that his cries alarmed the whole village. But his parents' fury was checked by the news that Cheng's wife had tried to kill herself by jumping down a well. This stopped their cruel deeds, because they knew that if the girl really did destroy herself they would be brought up for manslaughter.

This is just a true instance of what many people have to endure in China, if they give up their idols to worship the one true God.

Poor Shu

Shu was the owner of a large opium-smoking den in Tientsin, but when he became a Christian of course he gave that up. He was a quiet, gentle fellow, whose simple, childlike faith and good life won him the affection of his fellow Christians. Having neither wife nor child, he lived with the family of his younger brother. This brother began to hate Shu at the New Year for refusing to buy incense and other things used in worshipping idols. Then he treated Shu very unkindly because he was a Christian. He gave up helping him as he always had done, and sometimes he would not let him have food or clothes.

Shu at last got so sad and miserable that he did not know what he was doing. He forgot, or perhaps he did not quite understand, that there was "One who would never forsake him," for he bought some poison, ate it and died. Poor Shu!

How the Schoolmaster learnt to know Christ

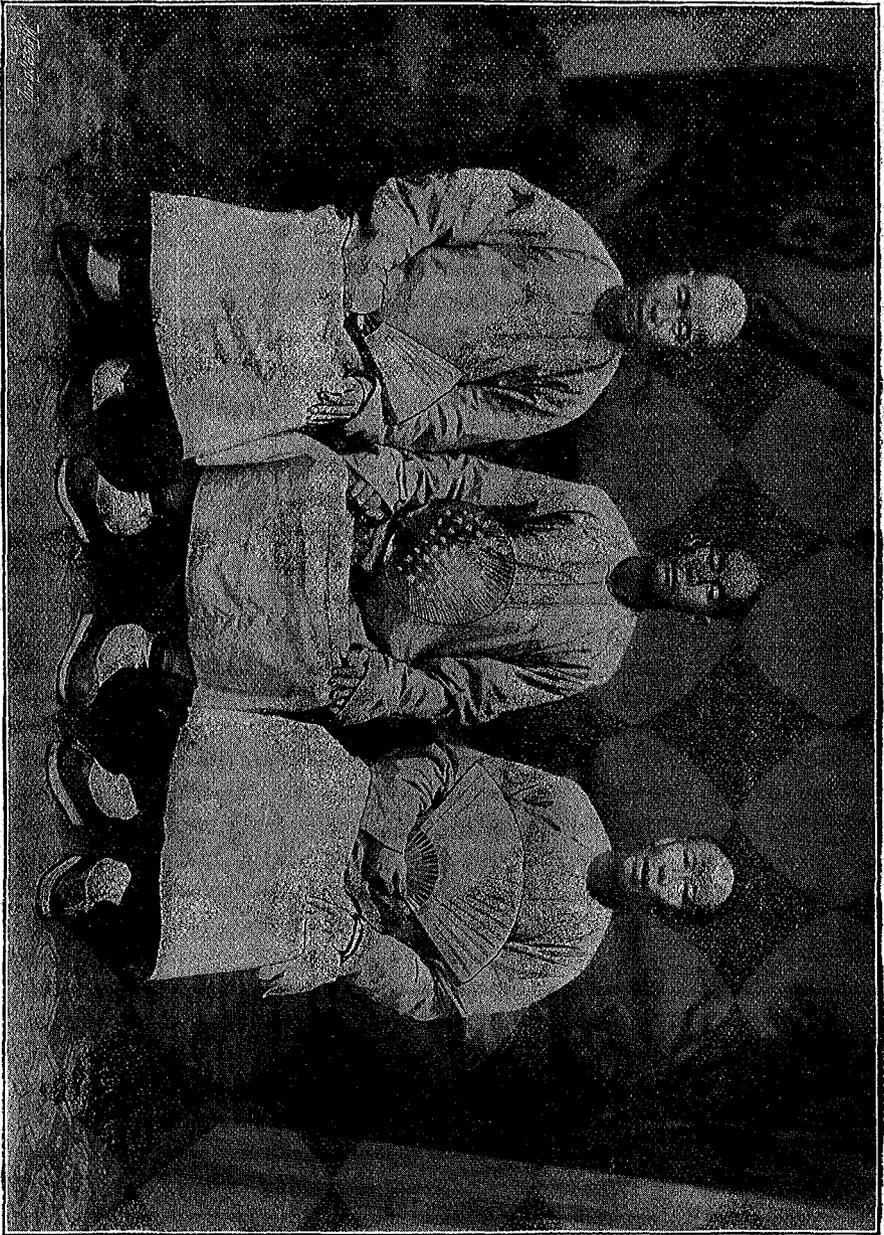
There were two well-educated schoolmasters in Amoy who were heathen. The elder of the two got hold of a gospel one day, and thought he would have a look at the doctrine of the "foreign devil." He read in it about One who spoke and lived as never other man did. He began to inquire about Him from a native preacher, and because he did this he had to suffer dreadful things from his friends, so that his life was in danger. One relative followed both him and the preacher with a knife hid about him, and he threatened to burn the chapel down. But the schoolmaster, with his heart all aglow with love to God and man, told his friend, who also was a teacher, of the new treasure he had found. Tiong Chang was startled to hear the news, and he too was led to read the Bible. He made great fun of it at first, and was quite sure he would never go in for the Jesus Religion. But after a time he came to be taught also, and now the two friends rejoice together.

Tiong Chang's wife was very angry about it, and in her rage she took her baby boy and dashed him against the wall, meaning to kill him. But the child was not much hurt, and the father picked his boy up and comforted him.

The schoolmasters could no longer find work to do in the heathen schools, so the missionaries have opened a way for these men to earn a living.

"I will not abide with Idols"

A man, who once seemed to love Jesus Christ but now forgets Him, was in great need of money. So he thought that he would



CHINESE CHRISTIANS.

sell his little daughter to be a house-slave, as the law of China allows him to do. The price was arranged for about £18 of our money. He received £3 as earnest money, and sent off his child to her buyers in a great city miles away. He did not know she was a Christian, and therefore not as easily crushed as heathen children. No sooner did the little maid find herself in the midst of idols than she became frightened, and cried out that she had never had anything to do with such things, and that she had been baptized. Her owners could not imagine what she meant, and asked what sort of a baptism she had had. They laughed at her and scolded, but could not move her. She made up her mind that she would not stay in the midst of idols. Her father was sent for and blamed too because his child was so naughty, and in turn he blamed and beat her. Anger, threats, beating, were of no use, nor could all the force of parents or buyers change her mind.

In such a case a Chinese parent has power to kill his child if he likes.

She said: "You may kill me, father, but I will not abide with idols."

She blackened her face in an ugly way to make herself less cared for by the family. The master and mistress saw they could do nothing with her. But God, in His own wonderful way, helped the poor little thing out of her trouble. He just touched the hard hearts of her parents and made them see that they would gain nothing by killing her. So they gave the bargain up and took her home. A Christian Chinese took her as her little servant, gave her wages, and was very kind to her. So this plucky little girl won the victory, and is now happy and useful in serving Jesus Christ in a Christian home.

Knocking Her Head Twelve Million Times

James Gilmour, the Apostle of Mongolia, as he was sometimes called, tells of an innkeeper he came across in one of his many

travels. This innkeeper's mother had made a vow when one of her family was ill. Her vow was, that if the patient recovered she would knock her head to the tablet of heaven six hundred times a day. Her son said that she kept that vow. She had the tablet brought in from the yard and set up in the room, that rain and wind might not hinder her devotions. If she visited her friends she would never stay from home more than one night, and next day would knock her head twelve hundred times, thus making up for the lost day. Poor old lady! we are not told how many headaches she got over doing it. Well, she kept this up for sixty years, till her death! How often then altogether did she knock that poor head of hers? Reckon, and you will see it is more than twelve million times, nearly thirteen million. When on her deathbed she called her son and asked him to carry on her vow, but let him off with sixty in place of six hundred a day. He said he was still carrying it out. Mr. Gilmour told him of a better way of saying "Thank you" to God. He got him to read some Christian books, and urged him to show his gratitude by loving and serving the Great Father in heaven. He was a kindly, gentle old man, and let us hope that he soon did give up bumping his head, and that he began to please God another way.

Brave Si

There was a very proud man living near Amoy who was a strict idolater. His forefathers had always worshipped idols, he had always worshipped idols, and he made up his mind that all his family should do the same. But his only son became a Christian, and nothing in the world would make him give up Jesus Christ. At last the father determined to adopt a son who was a heathen. He got a young man who was so bad that even the common heathen blamed him. But this did not matter so long as he would worship the idols. Well, this adopted son, named Si, began to take his place in the family. The Christian son never

complained that the property which should come to him was to be given to another, but he treated Si kindly and did all he could to get him to believe in and love the Saviour of the world. By-and-by this very bad young man, adopted because he was a heathen, actually became a Christian, and would have nothing more to do with heathenism. The father's rage was dreadful. He stormed and threatened that Si should be put away and lose all the property if he continued a Christian. But Si had made up his mind and was contented and firm. The threat was soon carried out. Si lost the comfortable home and friends and all he might have had, and had to go from place to place and work very hard to get a living. He became a chair-bearer. This is thought the lowest and hardest kind of work in China. But Si was full of joy because God was his Friend. All who knew him loved and admired him, and praised God who can give such grace to men.

Little Nine

Some twenty miles north of the great river Yangtse stands a very picturesque little market town. Just behind it rise up great ranges of mountains with temples crowning their tall peaks, which are known as the first, second, and third heavens. At the foot of this Chinese range spreads out a vale of smiling beauty. Small squares of crops of many shades of green form a pretty mosaic work. There is the light green of the cotton plant, adorned with its small yellow flowers and its soft, snow-white balls; the drooping ears of rice, the broad leaves of the sugar-cane, the feathery plumes of the tall, waving millet, all together forming a picture to delight the eye. Trees, too, are more abundant than in some parts of China. Graceful bamboo groves make many a lovely spot of shade; stiff dwarf palms are also very plentiful, and the mountain slopes are in parts clothed with a growth of pine and maple, the leaves of the latter looking perfectly gorgeous in the autumn sunshine.

It was in this country town, whose surroundings contain so

much to please the eye and rest the heart, that, some years ago, a little girl was born. There was no particular rejoicing at her birth, even though she was an only child. "Daughters," say the Chinese, "are like fine young bamboos growing just outside your garden fence"—that is, they may be fair and dutiful, but they do not really belong to you. Before many years have gone by they will be taken into another man's family to be the wife of his son, and then what reward will you have for all the trouble and care you bestowed upon them? and, besides, just think of all the money that will have to be spent upon the marriage! The Chinese, you know, think more of money than of almost anything else in the world. But this little girl being born, and everybody having expressed their regret to the father upon his misfortune of having a daughter, a name had to be found for her. So they called her "Nine," because it was upon the ninth day of the month she was born.

Little Nine grew and flourished in the fine, healthy country air. She was dressed in winter in tiny wadded garments, so thick that she looked like a little ball, and could scarcely move about at all. In summer there was not much difficulty about her clothing, because so very little was needed in the long hot days.

Sometimes, when she was quite small, her mother would put her into a sort of small barrel, so that she could not get into any mischief, and there she would have to keep still for hours together. At other times she would crawl and tumble about the floor—really a ground floor, because it was simply the bare earth beaten smooth and hard. As she grew older, little Nine was taught by her mother to spin the snow-white cotton which was gathered from the fields in the bright summer days. The cotton harvest was a very pleasant time for the little girl, for then whole families would go off to the fields together to gather the little white balls, and there would be much lively gossip and laughter in the pleasant sunshine. While Nine was still very small her mother got some of the strong cotton binding so much used in China, and told her

little girl that she must be very quiet while her feet were bandaged, so that they might become very small and beautiful. Nine was told that if her feet were left unbound every one would laugh at her, and no one would care for a girl who was so coarse and rude and low as to have large feet. So the firm bandages were bound tightly round the small, shapely feet till they were quite pressed out of shape, and looked more like goat's hoofs than anything else.

Poor little Nine! The pain she had to bear was very great, and every few days the bandages were drawn tighter and tighter, and night after night she cried herself to sleep with pain. Then one day the little crushed feet became sore and festered, and had to be dusted with a fine white powder, till at last all the pain went away, and a sort of numbness came instead, and Nine's feet were found to have been so well bound by her mother that they were smaller than the feet of any of the little girls she knew, and everybody who saw said: "What a very careful mother that child must have, and how fond she must be of her daughter to look so well after her feet!"

It was about this time that the people in the town in which little Nine lived first heard about Jesus and the good tidings of His love. For a missionary, who had come far away from his home to tell the people of China this good news, came to settle in this place. Of course a great many strange stories were told about this foreign teacher. Some people said he had come to kidnap and carry away the children. Others said he wanted to get people's eyes to make up into the foreign medicine. But some said: "No; he has been sent by the foreign Queen to try and prepare the way for the conquest of China, just as they have conquered the great Western land near to us!"

But after a time, as the preacher day after day was heard telling of Christ to the people who came to the little Chinese house which he used as a chapel, his reason for coming to this land was more clearly understood, and some hearts were touched and be-



CHINESE CHILDREN.

came lowly followers and simple believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. A few there were, too, who, seeing the foreign pastor was kind and had a heart to feel for all in trouble, thought it would be a good idea to profess faith in this new religion, hoping they would in some way gain benefit from it. Little Nine's father was one of these people, though he used to listen very attentively day after day to the preaching in the chapel, and seemed very earnest in his desire to join the Church. At last he was baptized, and the same day little Nine received baptism also, and had a new name given to her, so that, instead of being called "Nine" only, in future she was known as "Happy Nine." Her mother, one is sorry to say, was not made any happier by this change in her family, perhaps because there was so little reality in it. And one day, in a fit of gloom, to which she often gave way, she took a large quantity of opium, and put an end to her life. Little Happy Nine was now left motherless.

Noticing the little one's lonely and uncared-for state, the missionary coaxed her father to allow her to go to the Christian boarding school for Chinese girls in a port near by. She was at this time about nine years of age, and it was the beginning of a new bit of life for Happy Nine.

She was well cared for at school, and learned to read and write, gained some knowledge of arithmetic and geography, and, above all, was well taught in the Holy Scriptures. She was also taught to make and wash her own clothes, to cook her own rice, so that by-and-by she might become a good housewife in her own station of life. The years rolled on till Happy Nine was thirteen years old, and then a second sorrow fell upon her—the death of the lad to whom she was betrothed.

Probably the little girl had never seen this husband to be, for such is the usual Chinese custom. But she wept violently, and it was soon discovered that her sorrow was not for the dead, but because her father had immediately betrothed her to another lad, the son of a woman who kept an opium den.

Not long after this her father called to see her, and promised that she should have another year at school, and during this year she professed her faith in Jesus Christ.

Before the twelvemonths had expired, the father thought he would sell his poor little daughter to another person, but before doing this it was necessary to settle matters with the Tin family, to whose son Happy Nine was betrothed.

He offered to pay back to them the cost of the betrothal feast if they would return the papers, but they declined this offer.

Soon after the girl's father fell sick and died, and then the Tin family determined to pay all the funeral expenses, and so strengthen their claim upon Happy Nine. But she was too cautious to allow this; she was now her own mistress, and the question arose how would she choose. The missionary ladies could only pray that her decision might be a wise one, and when soon after the widow Tin called to see her, making her large promises of wealth and luxury, an easy life, with servants to wait upon her, the girl stood firm and refused them all.

More than a year passed by, and Happy Nine's Christian friends were rejoicing in the hope that her resolution would remain unshaken, although the Tin family kept sending the girl letters and messages.

At last, we know not how it came about, but in an evil hour Happy Nine was tempted over-much, and her strong resolution failed. It may be that as she grew older she became restless of the loving restraint of the school, and that when she saw all her old companions married and going away, and knew that she could not be free until the lad's family chose another wife for him, she grew impatient. She consented to agree to the wishes of the family who claimed her, and admit the betrothal. Without any delay, the matter was arranged by the Tin family, and Happy Nine was made to repeat her admission before a magistrate. Then, taking off the plain school clothing she wore, they dressed the girl in silks and satins, and carried her away in a chair. It seemed

to be indeed a sad blight cast upon a life which had appeared so full of promise. Very deep was the sorrow of her Christian friends, who could see nothing but a life of misery before her.

The last thing I heard of her since her marriage was, that with her sister-in-law she had come one day to a service in the little chapel of the town in which she lives. In the few months she had changed greatly, I was told; but we cannot help hoping that, even after her grievous failure, in time of trouble she may be turning again for help to that Saviour who is the only source of peace and rest.

From this we see that, while missionaries have great joy sometimes in seeing those who all their lives have worshipped idols turning to God and to His service, they have discouragements and trials also.



AFRICAN WOMEN GRINDING CORN.

CHAPTER VIII

LIGHT IN THE GREAT DARK CONTINENT

After Fifty Years

WHEN that prince among missionaries, Dr. Moffat, first went to Africa, he met with many strange experiences and wonderful adventures. Africa of seventy years ago was not like the Africa of to-day. He found it very difficult to learn the language of the Bechwana tribe, among whom he was to work. So he left his wife and his fellow-missionary and went and lived about a hundred miles away with the natives. He rode as they

did, hunted with them, prepared skins as they did, and sewed too, for he found there that the men were the sewers, and that the women knew nothing about such work. It was a rough and uncomfortable life, and Dr. Moffat used to say afterwards that it was one of those disagreeable things one does not like to think about. He had certainly plenty to eat, for he could shoot the rhinoceros and buffalo, and enjoy a nice hot steak. But he was very glad, of course, to get back to his own home after mastering the language.

After this the natives began to suspect that there must be something after all in *writing*. Once Dr. Moffat asked a man to take a letter to Mrs. Moffat. "I will do it," said the man, "on condition that I put my spear through it." "Why do you want to put your spear through it?" Dr. Moffat asked. "Well, if I put the spear through it, it will not have a word to say to me on the road," was the reply. It turned out that a friend of the man's had taken a letter a short time before, and had thrown it away because he got it into his head that the letter spoke.

The idea that books could give any information was beyond them.

They sometimes mocked Dr. Moffat, and put up the book to their ears. "Listen! Ah! it has not a word to say to us; you must tell us how it manages to talk to you." Besides being so dreadfully stupid and ignorant, the people were cruel and wicked. They killed their children, buried alive their parents when they became useless and old, stole cattle, and did many other bad things. There was one great savage who hated Dr. Moffat very much, and he wanted to kill him. But somehow something always seemed to stop him when he tried to do so. One day Dr. Moffat met this stern-looking would-be murderer coming down a lane. On seeing the missionary, the savage came within three steps, and suddenly dropping his spear and shield, said: "Forgive me, my master." Dr. Moffat's heart just leapt with joy at hearing these words, and he said with a smile, "Forgive you, oh

yes, with all my heart; with all my heart I forgive you, and I could take you to my arms as if you were a child of mine; forgive you, oh yes; but what have you done?"

"Oh," he said, "if I had had my will, you would have been dead long ago. I have waylaid you, but my hand would not throw the spear; I have drawn the bow with the poisoned arrow, but I could not shoot; I have tried to poison you, but I could not."

Dr. Moffat asked him what had made him change his mind. "Ah," he said, "you were kind to my wife; when she was sick you gave her medicine that made her well." So kindness melted the hard heart of that poor savage.

Dr. Moffat was at last able to give the Bechwanas a *written* language, and after some years he had the joy of seeing thousands of men and women, thousands of boys and girls able to read God's Word in their own language. And not only reading it, but becoming in their lives what St. Paul calls "living epistles."

Men whom Dr. Moffat had seen returning again and again with their spears dyed in human blood; men on whose thighs were marks showing how many victims they had killed; men whose joy and rejoicing were to sing of the numbers they had butchered,—these he lived to see singing hymns and praying to the God of Peace and Love, and pleading with their own countrymen to believe in Jesus Christ, the Friend of sinners.

And what a change it made in the habits and lives of these Bechwanas! Before the Gospel came, the men thought themselves the "lords of creation," and their women were perfect slaves and drudges. The latter had to dig in the fields all day long, and then carry home logs of wood to cook food for their lazy husbands. They had to cultivate the ground, gather in the harvests, make the fences, build the houses. There was once only one single plough in the whole nation, and that was the missionary's plough. Before Dr. Moffat left there were hundreds of ploughs everywhere. The men began to learn willingly, after their hearts

were touched the right way, to make bricks, and to build and to plough; and so we see how this corner of the great dark Continent changed under the glorious Light of the Gospel.

Mohiya, the Little Slave Boy

Into a little dispensary on far-away Lake Tanganyika, writes the Rev. R. Stewart Wright, came an Arab slave-dealer one day bringing a little slave boy. I am sure your hearts would have ached as mine did when I first saw the truly terrible condition of that little African lad. He was suffering from small-pox, and apparently dying of starvation and the hardships he had endured while on his journey. And what a fearful journey that had been! For four months he had been travelling through the great forests of Manyema, sleeping at night without shelter and drenched with the heavy dew, while during the day he had to toil along a rough and rugged road, under a burning sky, hungry, footsore, weary. No wonder then that he was reduced almost to a skeleton, and was to all appearances dying.

Cruel as his master had been, the little fellow cried bitterly when he left him. The Arabs, knowing how the white men hate the slave trade, generally try to keep the slaves out of our sight; and further, to prevent them running away and taking refuge with us, they tell them that the white men are cannibals and love to eat the flesh of the black people, so that if they ran away to us we should kill and eat them. Little Mohiya, therefore, apparently thought his time had come, and that I was about to make ready to dine off him; hence his weeping. He was, then, as you may well imagine, greatly relieved when, instead of cutting him up and making him ready for the cooking pot, I gave him food, washed and clothed him, and bound up his sore and tired little feet. This seemed to show him that the white man was not terribly cruel and savage, as the slave-driver had made him out to be, but a good, kind man, with great love for little slave boys such as he.

In his weak and exhausted state Mohiya seemed little likely to pull through the attack of small-pox from which he was suffering, and for several weeks his life hung in the balance.

You may be sure I did my very best to save him. I waited on him day and night, giving him food and medicine, and doing all I could to restore him to health again, and God in His goodness answered my prayers, and I saw him gradually grow stronger.

An incident that took place during his recovery before I thought him strong enough to leave his bed pleased me greatly, showing as it did the noble character of the unselfish little fellow. One evening I was surprised by some one timidly tapping at my door. On opening it, what was my astonishment to find the little fellow, whom I had imagined to be snug asleep in bed, and too weak to walk, had come in the darkness to call me out. Feeling that he must have something very important to show me, or he would not have come in his then weak state, I got my lantern and followed him to the dispensary, where I discovered—what do you think? There, crouching down behind the door, I found two poor runaway slave women, trembling and in terror.

Upon inquiry, I was told they had run away from a slave caravan which had passed some days before, and had been hiding in the wood until they found Mohiya, who, strange to say, had been stolen from the same district as themselves. The little fellow, as I afterwards found, had nobly shared his food with them. He had at first been afraid to tell me, and ill as he was had gone to the village to give food to the two famished creatures.

On Mohiya's recovery, he told me the story of his capture. A party of these cruel slave-traders on the hunt for slaves broke in without warning upon the village in which he lived, buried away in the depths of the mighty forest of Manyema.

The little household, consisting of father, mother, and two brothers, was broken up and the house burnt down. His father and brother were either killed or succeeded in escaping to the forest,

for he never saw them again. He and his mother were taken with others of the villagers and added to the slave gang. Then they started on the long and weary march to the coast. Many, however, would never live to reach it, because great numbers die from cruel treatment, hardships and starvation.

Mohiya, although such a very little fellow, as he grew older, became very useful to me. In course of time I made him my house-boy, and a faithful servant he proved to be—in fact, quite a little man Friday.

Perhaps you would like to hear what work he did. He began each day by coming to me with his face and hands washed clean to wish me good-morning. He would then sweep out my house, dust the furniture, and learn by degrees that there was a place for everything, and that everything must be kept in its place. He would then lay the table for breakfast, after which meal he would wash the dishes. Then one of Mr. Hemans' boys would beat the drum as a signal for all the boys on the station to go to the stream and wash. He would then scamper off and join the others in their bath before going into school. Mohiya, being always with me, made steady progress with his lessons, and in school he had to teach as well as learn, and a fairly good little teacher he made. He also learnt in due course of time the duties of cook. He was always willing to work, and so happy when able to do anything for me. Happy in his work, you may be sure he was happy in his play. None enjoyed their games more than he did; his laugh was always one of the merriest, and sometimes, as I used to see him racing after the ball,

“Turning to mirth all things on earth,
As only boyhood can,”

my heart would rise in thankfulness to God that I had been the means of saving the life of the little fellow.

You may be surprised to hear that African boys and girls like salt much more than they like sugar. So, as a reward for doing



AN AFRICAN WARRIOR.

his work well, I used to give Mohiya a handful of salt twice a week. You all know that a boy or girl who is not greedy, but shares the good things they receive, has many friends. So it was with Mohiya. I am glad to say he was not selfish, and therefore had lots of friends, to whom he gave many a welcome pinch of salt.

Mobu the Outcast

One day the head man among the Bamangwato tribe, and a constant attendant at church and school, came to the Mission House at Shoshong with a miserable-looking woman, who was unable to stand erect, but crept on her hands and knees. The head man explained that, as he was coming down the gorge, he found a number of boys stoning the poor woman, shouting out "thief" at the top of their voices. It seemed that the woman, being almost starved, had stolen a little sour milk from a leathern bottle which was hanging in the sun, and being perfectly friendless and helpless, the cruel heathen children were stoning her in the river. Turning to the poor wounded creature, the missionary found two bright eyes fixed upon him, half in terror, half in entreaty. She had no relatives. Her friends or owners had cast her off. They said she might as well die, seeing she could no longer work for them. In telling her story she hesitated and stammered in her speech, for she had for a long time been afflicted with St. Vitus's dance.

The head man said, in his simple way, that now the Word of God had come to the town, it ought to prevent such cruel deeds, and that is why he had brought her to the missionary. A short time after this, Sekhome, the chief of the tribe, came to pay a visit to the Mission House, followed by some twenty of his head men. The poor woman was brought in to show to the chief, and her sad story was told to him. "It is well," said he carelessly; "if you care to feed such a creature as that, you may do so." And he promised the missionary that her owners should never claim her

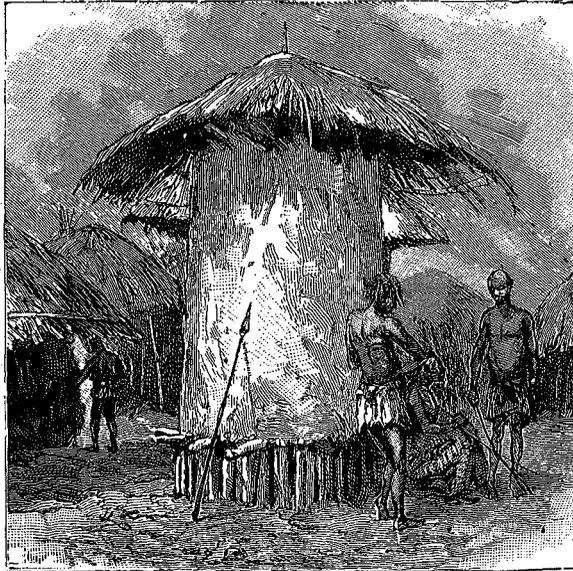
again, should she ever get well under his care, saying: "The woman is as good as dead; if you raise her up again, she is yours."

Mobu, as the poor creature called herself, settled down in the missionary's kitchen, and tried to show her gratitude by doing such little acts of service as she could render without walking, which was quite beyond her power. Regular food and medicine soon brought about a favourable change, and by-and-by she was able to move a few paces. For a long time, however, her walking was decidedly zig-zag, and it required some courage to pass her as she steered her uncertain course to the kitchen, with a pot or other vessel in her hand. If Mobu, however, came to grief, there was no louder or heartier laugh than her own. She was just brimful of gratitude and devotion to the kind friends who had been able to rescue her from a most cruel death.

Buried Alive

One Sunday morning, while preparing for church, wrote the late Mrs. Moffat, some of our children brought in a report that a child was heard crying among the stones on the side of the hill about a quarter of a mile from the house. We set off at once for the spot; we heard the cries, but could see nothing. At length we discovered a poor baby literally buried alive and covered with stones. The inhuman mother had pulled out stones to make a hole large enough for its little body, and then put it in and laid upon it one huge stone, the corner of which rested on its little nose and made a severe wound. Its legs were sadly bruised with kicking about, and its eyes all bleared with the cold. I took it up and brought it home, fed and washed it and dressed its wounds, to the great astonishment of the natives. They viewed it with indifference; said the mother was a rascal, but wondered much that we should love so poor an object. It was only about five weeks old, but very small, like one new born. It appeared that the monstrous mother, helped by the

baby's grandmother, had placed it in its cold tomb about four o'clock the day before, where it remained the whole night till nine o'clock in the morning, when we found it. It was amazing that it still lived, as it had rained hard and there was not an inch of covering about it. And still more that the wolves had not got it, as a wolf will tear a dead body out of the grave if not well



AFRICAN GRAIN STORE.

secured. Baby's mother was a beggar, and had been in the habit of getting food from us. Only the day before I gave her a piece of beef for a small bundle of firewood, merely out of pity, and I gave something to her mother also on the very day on which the crime was committed. She had reported that her child was dead, but when she heard that we had found it, both she and her mother fled to another part of the country. I engaged a good-natured

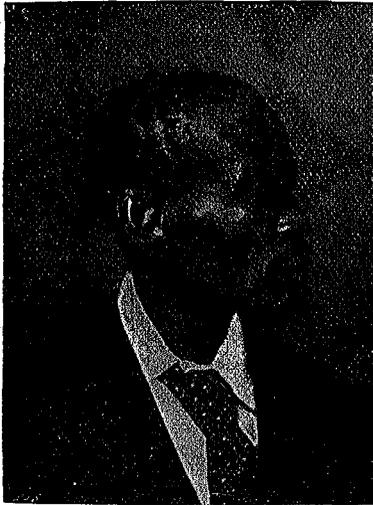
Hottentot, the wife of one of the men, to take the baby for a time, for which I paid her liberally, the food and clothing coming regularly from me. It grew well and was considered a very pretty child. The remarkable way in which it had been brought into our family led us at once to adopt it as our own, and we have had it baptised and named Sarah Roby. I felt as if I had a command from God Himself to nurse the child for Him.

Here Mrs. Moffat's story ends, but it is known that when she returned to England with her children, she took Sarah Roby too. She received a good education and a real mother's love from that great, loving heart, and when she grew to be a woman she married a native teacher in Africa and had children of her own.

Passing on the Light

Mr. Hepburn, that devoted worker of our Society for so many years in Shoshong, was able to establish a little mission in far-away Lake Ngami, which was discovered by Dr. Livingstone. After a time Mr. Hepburn felt very anxious to go back to Lake Ngami and see how God's work was prospering there. Four young African men, members of the Church at Shoshong, said they would go with him, and they began to prepare for the journey. When this became known, the members of the Church at once set to work to gather what was needed for the journey, and to offer them presents, as tokens of their hearty good-will. And so before the little party set out on its mission no less than five hundred gifts of money, goats, sheep, and corn were sent in. Three large dogs also were among the presents, to guard the travellers from wild animals. And a dog among the Bamangwato is as valuable as an ox. Then, all being nearly ready, the people held a farewell service, the chief, Khama the Good, presiding. The congregation numbered thousands, and the four young men were formally set apart to the work of evangelists. With the usual order of hymns and prayer, addresses were delivered by the

natives only. They said that now the light of Jesus Christ's Gospel had come to them it was their duty to pass it on to those who were still in great darkness at the Lake. Khama urged the young evangelists to do their work well and faithfully. Then Khama and a number of leading men in the Church laid their hands upon their heads, and prayed very earnestly that "God Himself would send them by His Holy Spirit to do this work of



KHAMA.

the Kingdom of the great King, Jesus Christ, and that they all should do with their hearts, and not with their lips, and that they might rejoice that God had given them such work to do."

The services, which began at sunrise, went on until after sunset, and a glorious day they made it. The children felt that they must have their share in it too, and prepared a very happy surprise. A troop of little brown bairns came to Mr. Hepburn's study door, saying: "We have brought our gifts for you to count."

And he counted, with a heart full of joy and pleasure, and found one sovereign, eleven half-crowns, thirteen two-shillings, one hundred and twenty shillings, one hundred and three sixpences, and twenty-four threepences, which made the grand total of £12 11s. How their little faces beamed with gladness! It was the Day of Days to the Bamangwato, and that is how they tried to pass on the glorious Light to the other dark places in the great dark continent of Africa.

CHAPTER IX

MADAGASCAR AND THE MALAGASY

Progress of the Mission

THE Madagascar Mission is peculiarly dear to the friends of the L.M.S. Its history is a very simple one. Our missionaries first went out to that island, which is as large as Great Britain and Ireland put together, in 1818. Though it is so near to Africa, no lions, leopards, elephants, rhinoceroses, hyænas, or antelopes are found in it. But there are plenty of buffaloes, wild boars, monkeys, lemurs, crocodiles, serpents, and many-coloured birds.

The missionaries found the Malagasy a bright-minded race, kind to strangers and anxious to learn. But they had many stupid and cruel customs. They believed in witchcraft; they exposed their babies, if born on what they thought was an unlucky day, to a cruel death. They made persons who were only suspected of crime drink a cup of poison, called the *Tangena*; if the person died in so doing, they said he must have committed the crime. (See chap. II.). They worshipped idols, and also bowed down to creeping things, especially to crocodiles. When they were going to cross a river where these fierce creatures were, they would stand upon the bank and say: "Oh, Mr. Crocodile, do not hurt us! We do not hurt you! Our fathers never hurt you, and we promise that the children never shall."

Several of the first missionaries went out as Christian artizans to teach the Malagasy, not only about Jesus Christ, but how to work in wood and iron and other things. The missionaries also

began schools, translated the Bible, and printed books in the native language. At first the people did not like to send their children to the schools, as they feared they would be shipped to Europe as slaves, or be eaten. But the king, whose name was Radama, knew better. He set his subjects a good example by sending the little princes to the school. He also often went there himself to hear them repeat their lessons and sing their hymns. Soon the parents lost their fears, and the children became very fond of their teachers and lessons.

The schools had not been opened very long when the missionaries wanted a little rest themselves, and thought that the Malagasy boys and girls, like English children, would like a holiday. But the parents and the pupils were much surprised at the idea, and could not understand it at all. They did not want a holiday, not they! To them school was much nicer than the fields or streets. So they all got very angry about it, and even the judges held a public meeting, called a *Kabary*, about the conduct of the missionaries. At last the stir got so great that the king wrote to ask the missionaries what the children had done to deserve such a punishment, and offered himself to punish those who had been naughty. But the missionaries soon told him that instead of being angry with the children they were very much pleased with them, and so he was content. By the end of four years two thousand children were in the schools, eager to learn.

That was a good beginning, but, alas! this happy state of things did not go on. The good king died, and a bad queen began to reign. She hated the white man's religion, and made up her mind to crush it out of her country. She ordered all the missionaries to leave Madagascar, and all her people to go back to their idols. Then began the terrible persecution, which you must all have heard of many and many a time. Oh! how hard it was then to be true to the Lord Jesus! Those who would not obey the queen and deny the dear Lord were sold as slaves, or put to death. They tried to run away to the hills and hide in caves,

but they were hunted down and caught. All the Bibles were burnt too, and darkness and sorrow were over the land for many years.

But all things come to an end, even a wicked queen's reign, and she died. Then brighter days dawned for this great island. The missionaries went back. Oh! how glad and delighted they were to find that after all those long dark years, without any Bibles or any one to help them, there were many Malagasy who still loved and prayed to their Father in heaven. So the stopped work went on again joyously, the idols were publicly burnt, and just before the late French war with Madagascar there were some 1,300 congregations connected with the L.M.S., with about 280,000 adherents. We had sixty or seventy thousand children in our schools, and the native contributions to the mission work were five or six thousand pounds a year.

Two Wild Tribes

In some of the outlying districts of Madagascar are tribes who are still heathen of the most degraded kind. They are so given to rum-drinking, and to the worst superstitions, that the missionaries find it very difficult to make them understand what they have come to teach them. The Sihanaka tribe are forbidden, for instance, to eat fowls, lest they should become possessed by a dancing mania called *Salamanga*. They also dare not eat food by the fireside of a stranger, or look at the sun when it is about to set and is red. They are forbidden, too, to work on Thursdays, which is thought to be a most unlucky day. If a little baby be born either on Tuesday or Thursday, it must be thrown away to perish, or should it be born with anything wrong with it the same fate awaits it. When the missionaries beg them to give up rum-drinking they reply: "That was the drink of the ancestors and can never be given up." They drink the strongest rum on all and every occasion. On returning from feeding the cattle, or from

working in the fields, or canoeing; when visiting friends after the birth of a child, or when borrowing a number of their neighbours' slaves for some special work, or on their return from a distant town, they drink rum. They sometimes keep up a drunken revelry for more than a fortnight; and at the funeral of a relative, at marriage feasts, or when visiting friends, they drink enormous quantities.

The Sihanaka heathen worship idols, and also pray at the graves of their ancestors. When illness comes they sacrifice an ox at the grave, in case the attack should prove fatal. They present rum and honey, too, as food for the dead, lest the cattle should be stolen.

When a Bara dies his body is buried the same day. Then the stem of a banana tree is placed in the house and covered with a lamba, in the place of the dead man. Then all the relatives and friends assemble and commence singing and weeping, and they fire off numbers of guns. After a time the stem of the banana is buried; oxen are driven to the tomb, and on the way are cruelly speared by men till they die. When any man wishes to take a girl for wife, he kills an ox and presents it to her father.

When a husband is eating his meals, his wife may neither join him or even look at him. She, poor thing, has a very hard time of it, for her husband won't do any work. She has to fetch in firewood, work in the rice-fields, fetch water, and pound the rice. The only things the men do are fighting and tending cattle. If a wife leaves her husband, being miserable, she is usually shot by her father, as not fit to live.

The Bara do not build their towns on the tops of hills, but on level plains. Each town has several gateways. Everybody builds his house as far away from his neighbour as possible, as they do not trust each other. The houses are made of bamboo, and plastered inside with cows' dung. The idols of the Bara are legion; they say that they believe there is one true God, but as

He lives in heaven He cannot see them in the earth. So they make idols, as substitutes for God, to protect and keep them.

The Bara clans are constantly fighting. To be able to fight well and steal well is a Bara's highest ambition. He sings over his child:

“Oh! be thou able to steal well.
 Oh! be thou able to fight well.
 If thou diest, die by the gun or spear,
 Oh! thou my child.”

If they have a quarrel about property, it is usually settled this way. A large cooking-pot is filled with water, in which is placed a pebble. A fire is made, and when the water boils the one who can take out the pebble without scalding his hand is declared the victor. If both men's hands are scalded, they are kept in the house a week, after which they are examined. The one whose hands show no marks of the scald is said to be the true and just one, and the property becomes his.

The Story of Rafaravavy

This is a story of the great persecution. Rafaravavy had been an earnest idolater, but she had given all that up to become a follower of Jesus Christ. By her lovely example and loving words she drew many to the Saviour. But, one day, three of her heathen servants went to a judge, and told him that their mistress kept the Sabbath day and read the Bible and prayed. The wicked queen heard of this, and it made her very angry. “Is it possible,” she said, “that there is any one so daring as to defy me, and that too a woman? Go and put her to death at once; it cannot be borne.”

But some nobles begged the queen to spare Rafaravavy's life on account of her father and brother, who had been useful to the government, and so she escaped with a heavy fine. But from that day she was closely watched. She therefore went to live in a quiet place in the country, and the Christians often met at her house

for little meetings. The storm, which had only lulled, burst out again. Rafaravavy was seized, put in prison, loaded with chains, and ordered to be speared the next morning. And she would have been if a fire had not broken out in the capital during the night, which frightened the queen and saved the Christian lady's life. But she was kept in prison for five months and then sold as a slave. Her mistress, however, was kind to her and allowed her to visit her friends. And you may suppose who those friends were, and what they did when they met together.

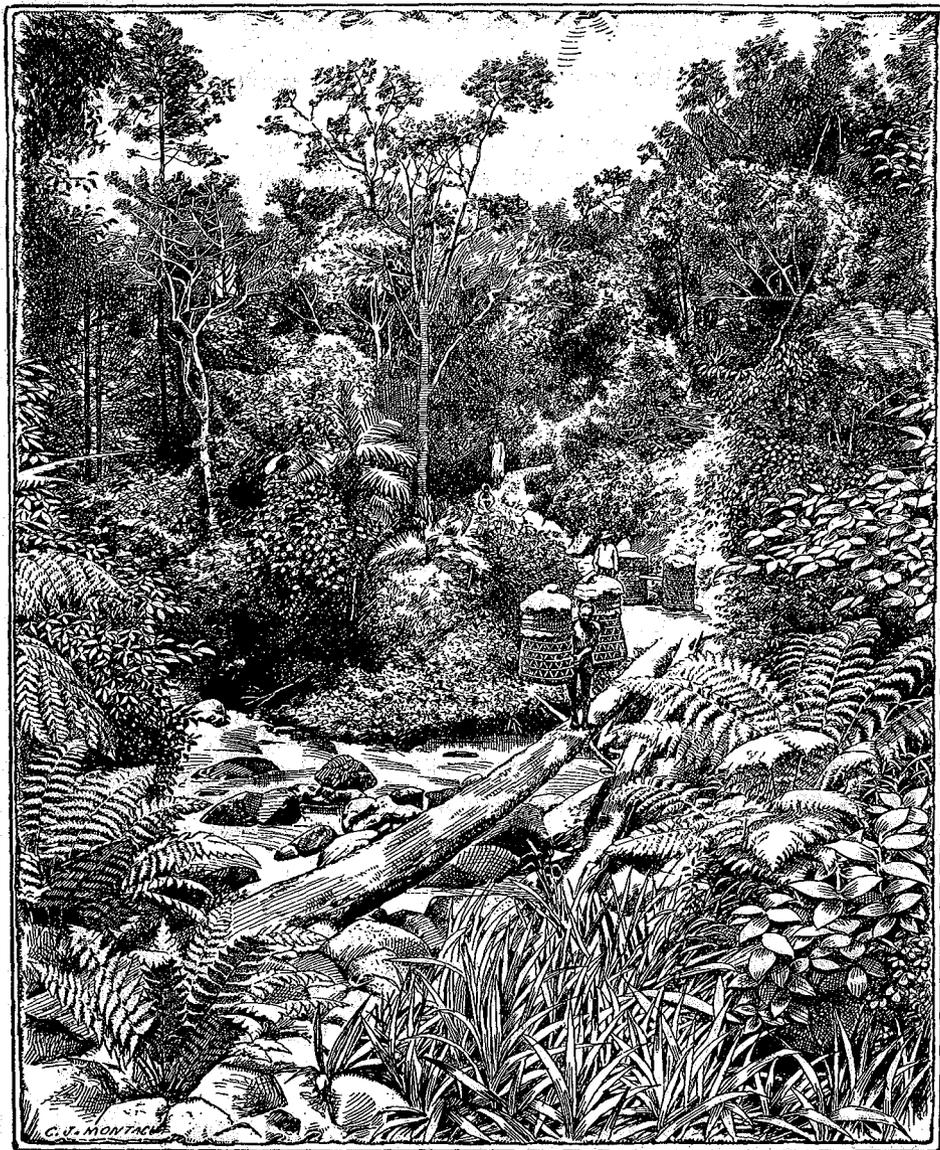
Soon this was told to the queen, and she ordered Rafaravavy and the others to be seized. But they heard of this in time to escape out of her cruel hands, and that night, with four others, she fled. Her adventures, her perils, her hair-breadth escapes would almost fill a volume. At first she and her friend Sarah took refuge in the house of a Christian some miles away from the capital. Generally, during the day, she hid herself in some mountains that were near, and when it was dark returned to the house. But one morning, being cold, she kept within doors, and that very day the queen's soldiers came to search the house. Sarah saw them coming and warned Rafaravavy, who crept under a bedstead and covered herself with a mat. The master of the house kept the men talking for an hour, when they took their departure without even searching the place. As soon as the soldiers had gone Rafaravavy made her escape. Travelling by night and hiding by day, she and her companion came to a village where they hoped to find friends. But they found the soldiers were there searching every house. What was to be done? There was a pit near at hand, covered over with thorns and briers, and in this the hunted Christians spent that night and the next day. After this they hid themselves in a plantation, and once, while hiding in some high grass, they saw the soldiers pass by the place. After spending some days in a lonely cave these poor hunted women pushed on towards another village. On the way they saw in the distance twenty soldiers coming towards them. They

had but just time to run. Rafaravavy fell into a bog, where she sank down in the midst of some high rushes, where she stuck until her friends came to her rescue.

At last they reached the house of a Christian friend, who had a plantation where the grass was very long. Here he put up a tent, and for three months the wanderers found rest. But they worked for their Master as well, held little secret services, and taught several people to read.

While here, Rafaravavy received a letter from a friend, saying that Mr. Johns, a missionary, had come back to Tamatave from Mauritius to help them to escape out of the country, and would they meet him there. This was very good news. And yet it was a dangerous thing to do, for the only road to Tamatave lay through the much-dreaded capital, which was the lair of the fierce lioness who thirsted for their blood. But they resolved to run the risk. Rafaravavy, dressed like a servant, followed her two friends. They walked for three days, and then came to Antananarivo as soon as darkness covered them, and sought refuge with some good friends. But it was very difficult to find a real hiding-place, and she had some narrow escapes. At last all arrangements were made for Rafaravavy to join Mr. Johns at Tamatave on the coast. Late one night she, Sarah, and three men set out upon their dangerous attempt. After travelling about twelve miles they entered a forest and tried to sleep. But they had no shelter and were drenched with rain. When morning dawned, to their horror they heard that three hundred soldiers were encamped about ten miles before them. But they believed the boldest course would be the safest. They went forward, and when they reached the spot they were astonished to find that the soldiers had all left it.

At length they came to the river Mangoro. How were they to get across? To swim was impossible, for the stream swarmed with crocodiles. But they were soon helped out of this difficulty too. A party of soldiers had crossed just before the Christians reached the river, and as it was dark, and the boatmen believed



THE ROAD TO TAMATAVE.

they belonged to the army, they were quite ready to ferry them over.

Passing through several villages, where Rafaravavy was more or less known, they disguised themselves as best they could, and though often meeting soldiers, and indeed followed for some days by two suspicious-looking men, they at last reached the outskirts of Tamatave and hid in a jungle. They knew their risk of being caught increased as they got nearer the port, but happily they had a secret, powerful friend there who knew of their coming, and who had done what he could to prepare their way. So they sent on two messengers to their friend. But they had to wait long for their return, and suffered much from hunger. After being a day and a night without food, they remembered that they had brought with them some stale fat to be burnt in a lamp. This they boiled and eat with thankful hearts. Next morning the messengers brought back the welcome news: "All is right." When the sun went down they went on very cautiously, and before long reached the house prepared for them by their friend, and found that, in ten days, a vessel, which Mr. Johns had engaged, would reach Tamatave to take them away. When the ship arrived some sailor suits were brought, and Rafaravavy and her friends, dressed in these, managed, with great danger and difficulty, to get on board, and so made their escape. They were accompanied to England by their long-trying friend, Mr. Johns, and reached our shores in May, 1839.

What a warm welcome awaited this little band who had now escaped out of the mouth of the lion! Thousands wanted to see and hear them, and the first meeting was held as soon as possible after their arrival, in Exeter Hall. The great room was crowded, and when the six refugees came upon the platform it is difficult to say whether they were greeted with more smiles or tears.

Rafaravavy and Sarah lived with Mr. and Mrs. Johns at Walthamstow for two years, and made many friends. But the

climate of England tried them much, and Sarah fell ill and died. It was soon thought well for the other refugees to return as far as Mauritius, where the climate was more like that of Madagascar and where thousands of Malagasy were living. Here Rafaravavy worked for Christ, though her heart was in her own homeland, and she longed to go back there. The time came when missionaries and other Christians might return to Madagascar, and both Mr. Johns and Rafaravavy did so.

The latter opened a school, and it seemed as if at last her heart's desire was to be fulfilled. But, alas! after a few months the French priests made so much trouble that Rafaravavy had to go back to Mauritius, where she died in 1848 of a disease which had been slowly killing her for some time. Death came very peacefully and gently to close the life of this noble woman, who had given up all, and had suffered so much for the love she had for Jesus Christ.

The Good Old Deaconess

Rasalama was a good old Malagasy woman and the senior deaconess in the city church of Ambohipotsy. She was very old for a Malagasy, somewhere on the heavenward side of seventy. Her face was weather-beaten and deeply lined, and her walk was slow and feeble. She was blind, too, and had been so for many years. She was one of those that were hunted about in Madagascar in the dark, sad years of the persecution. For long years she was away from home, hiding in the forests or in among rocks and caves of the mountains, exposed to all sorts of hardships and dangers for Jesus Christ's sake. Exposed to the burning heat and blinding sunshine and pelting rains of the summer; exposed to the winter cold and to hunger and thirst-nakedness and weariness; all that brought on the trouble in her eyes which ended in loss of sight. She was always in her place near the pulpit in the church, and as soon as the service

was over she hurried along in her slow fashion to the door to catch hold of the missionary's hand as he left the church, and turn her blind old face upwards to his and say a kind word. She often went about, with her little grand-daughter leading her from house to house, talking with the people about Jesus Christ. Though, when young, she was a good reader, of course when she became blind reading had to be given up, but knowing a great deal of the Bible off by heart, she could explain much of it to any one who would listen to her. Sometimes she went away for a fortnight or a month into country villages, that she might speak of her Master to the half-heathen villagers, and in every little way in her power this poor old Malagasy woman worked for Him whom she loved.

The Idol-keeper's Daughter

There was a man in Madagascar who was very rich. He had plenty of money and cattle and slaves, and he thought himself a very lucky man. He and his wife used to go to the little chapel every Sunday, but they did not really love and believe in the God worshipped there, and the dear Christ was nothing to them. They thought their idols were much better, and they trusted in them and prayed to them night and day. But they did this in secret, and only went to chapel because they were ashamed of what people would think and say if they did not do so. When God sent them a little child they were delighted, and they named her Rasoa. As she grew out of babyhood she began to do just as her father and mother did. She began to be quite clever in cursing and swearing and doing all sorts of naughty things. Poor little thing! she did not know that it was wrong. One day she was playing with some girls who went to the Mission School. They began to sing that little hymn "When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus." Rasoa thought the singing lovely, and said to herself: "I wish I could sing like that. I did not know they learnt that sort of thing

in what they call school. I will go there myself." Her parents would not hear of her going to such a place, but being a wilful girl she went off and became a scholar. She very soon learnt to read, for she was wonderfully diligent and punctual. She kept on until she reached one of the upper classes. One day, as she was learning her Scripture lesson at home, her parents heard her say: "Thou shalt not have any gods beside Me. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them, for I, thy God, am a jealous God." Her parents were quite startled at hearing their child say these words, and they asked her to repeat them. They stuck in their minds, and after this they never dare let their little Rasoa see them pray to their idols, because they knew she had changed and no longer believed in the things in which they believed.

After they had been going on for some time hiding their evil practices from the child, a change came over them too, and they began to lose faith in their idols. Perhaps Rasoa had been praying that this might happen; and you may imagine how happy she was when she found her father and mother loved the things that she did. They became very true and earnest servants of Jesus Christ, working and giving in every possible way for Him. I am sorry to say that a great grief came to this man and his wife. God wanted their little Rasoa, and they had to let her go. She became very ill, many of her schoolfriends and teachers came to see her, and they sang a hymn and prayed together. Just before she died she said: "I am so happy. He is taking me away that I may go to heaven to be with Jesus, my dear Master. Don't grieve too much for me, for we shall meet again. Good-bye."

CHAPTER X

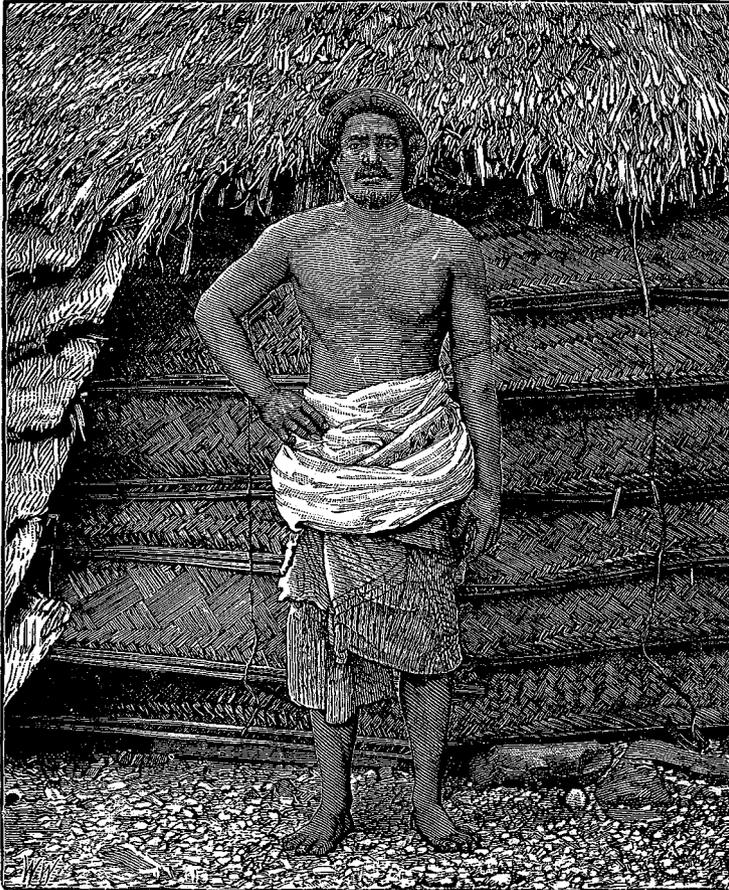
ISLES OF THE SOUTHERN OCEAN

From Darkness to Light

BEFORE English missionaries settle upon islands of the South Seas, native Christians from other islands often begin working on them. After living on one for five months, the teacher, whose name was Samuelu, was able to speak the language of the people, and then got to work. The very first thing he did was to preach a sermon on the text, "The Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost." The next day he began a school. Of course it was a great novelty, and all the people came, and all were naked. Samuelu wrote an account of what he was able to do for this heathen island, and as it has been translated, I can give you his story in his own words. He says:—

"I heard the shell blow for a meeting. I went. The people asked me what was to be done with the idols now that I had brought them a new religion. 'Break them up and burn them,' I said. On this the priests and their people burst out into a 'death wail,' crying as if some one were dead, and declaring to me that destruction would fall upon all of them. Then I told them how useless their idols were, and at last persuaded them to let me destroy them. Then I turned to the heathen night dances, and here I found difficulty again. The people said: 'Let the idols go, but we cannot give up the night dances.' There was one leading man who had the chief rule in them, and I did my best with him; but he was obstinate, and said he knew nothing of any other

God greater than himself, and that he would not give up his night dances. I said to him that if he persisted in these heathen



A SAMOAN.

orgies they would be his ruin. He then turned and said: 'If your God is powerful, tell Him to come to me, and let us have a fight,

and see who is the stronger.' Then I said to him: 'God is a true God. He can do everything. He is powerful, slow to wrath, and of great mercy.' I went on talking to that man for three months, and then he got angry, forbade my going near him, and said that if I persisted in going he would kill me. I gave up going to him, but soon I heard he was ill and crying out in fear. He sent for me and said if I had any compassion left for him to save him. I said I had no power over the disease, that I was only a man, and the power was with God. The disease got worse, and he died, and that was the death also of the night dances.

"My next difficulty was with an old man who was a rain-maker, and was said to be the god of the winds. I persevered with him for four months, but still he said it was no use my trying to change him. I told him that he was only a deceiver, that the God of heaven alone had power over the winds and rain. But to that he only jeered, squinted his eyes, and declared that he had the power over the heavens and the earth. I then proposed to him that he should show us his power by causing wind and rain on the following day; and that if he could do so I would give him a reward, but if he could not do so that he should let me burn his god-house, where he said he made the winds and the rain. He replied that it was very good, and advised me to go home at once and make ready for shutting in my house against a storm of wind and rain which he would bring on in the morning. That night the people in their conversation were pitying me, and saying that the storm of the next day would be death to me. Next morning there was not a single cloud or a breath of wind. All day nothing but blazing sun, and so it went on for days. Then I said to one of my young men: 'Now let us go and burn the god-house of the old rain-maker.' Away we went, and found the old man at his house. He begged us to be merciful, and merely burn the house and not the gods inside. As he begged so hard, and promised me that he would give up the rain-making business and part with his gods, I yielded to his wishes, and did

not burn the house. He was true to what he said, cast away his gods, and began to worship with us. I had still two troublesome men to deal with. One pretended to rule the land, and cause the food to grow, and the other ruled the sea and the supply of fishes. The sea-god forbade that fish should be preserved by sun-drying, claimed all drift-wood or large fish cast ashore, or a turtle caught by any one. These, he said, were presents to him, and it would be death for any one else to take them. The land-god also forbade the use of several things. I said that every one should be at liberty to do what he chose with any fish or other thing which came to his hand in an honest way. Most of the people were delighted, backed me up, and the land and sea-gods had to yield and set the people at liberty.

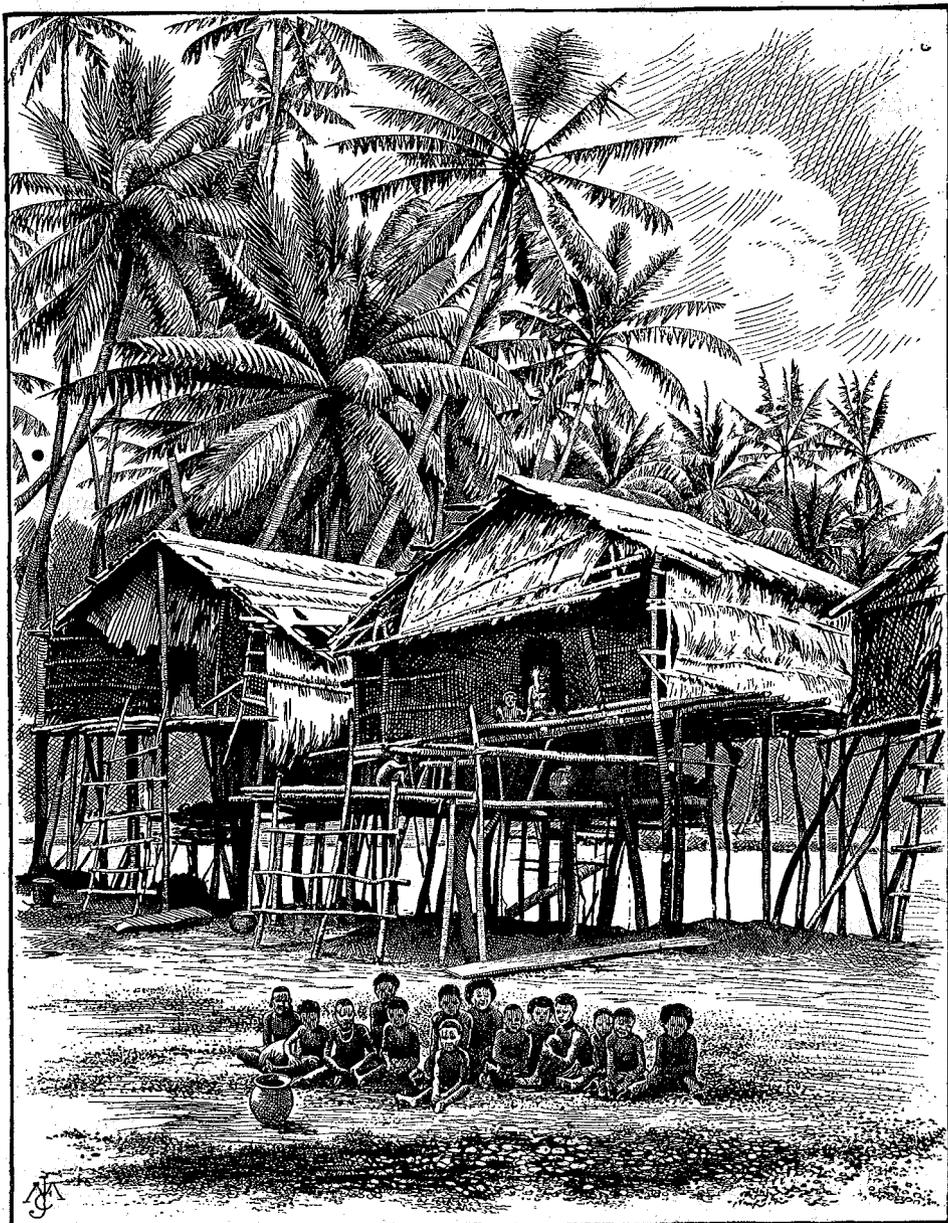
“And now I set to chapel building, but this was very slow work. Then came the missionary ship, and I was visited by Mr. Pratt. There were only six people to propose for Church membership: the people did not seem to care for God’s Word. But the English missionaries at last came to live on our island, and the kingdom of Jesus advanced like a fire in a thick forest. How wonderful is the power of our God in changing for good those who were so bad!”

“Grannie” of Port Moresby

The Rev. W. G. Lawes has given us the following sketch of a New Guinea woman. Her real name is Kena, but some one gave her the name of “Grannie,” and everybody here knows who “Grannie” is. She is a widow, and though her husband has been dead at least ten years, she always carries about little relics of him, and nothing could induce her to part with them. He was a very good husband, as New Guinea husbands go, but he used to beat his wife, and Grannie has a good many scars which she will carry to the grave, all of which are memorials of her married life.

When the first teachers for New Guinea were landed at Manu-

manu, thirty-five miles from Port Moresby, one of their first visitors was Kena. She told them of Port Moresby, and advised them to go there, as being much more healthy than Manumanu. To this day she takes to herself the credit of bringing the teachers there. It was, however, sickness and death which did it. When they came Grannie was among the first to welcome them, and when, a year later, we arrived, one of the first natives we knew was the energetic widow, Kena. If we wanted firewood or water, she was always ready to fetch it, but she needed constant watching. She expected to be paid for everything she did, which was right enough; but in addition she used to help herself to whatever she could lay her hands on. I remember losing a bunch of keys, which was a great bother, for my desk, as well as other small things, was locked, and the keys gone. Presently Grannie appeared with something in a native basin for sale. It was my bunch of keys which she had stolen, but for which she could find no use, and so she brought them to me for sale! However, notwithstanding her thievish tricks, she stuck well to us, and was very proud, when the *John Williams* came, to go on board with a huge card hung round her neck: "This is Mrs. Lawes' servant." She went all round the deck, shook hands with all on board, and collected as many presents as she could. Kena is a great traveller, and can carry heavy burdens. When I went for my first inland journey, Kena went with us, and was the most useful member of the party. We had some natives to carry our things and several white men. As one after another of the latter caved in because their swags were so heavy, Grannie took their extra stuff and marched on until her bag was three times the size it was at starting. The native women in New Guinea always carry their burdens in a netted bag, called a *kiapa*, suspended by a broad band across the forehead and hanging down the back. These *kiapas* are very elastic, and it is scarcely possible to fill them. Grannie's grew bigger and bigger every mile, but still she tramped on as fresh as ever. Mr. Chalmers soon found out the



A NEW GUINEA VILLAGE.

advantage of having Grannie with him on his long and frequent journeys. She is not only strong to carry and clever to cook, but she is good to talk. There is no better interpreter in New Guinea.

A good many old superstitions still cling to her, but I believe she is now a true disciple of Jesus Christ. Grannie tries to learn to read, but her attempts in that direction are not very successful. I am afraid she does not know when the book is upside down. She is great, though, on figures; and when the children at the school are puzzled by some ugly question in the multiplication table, Grannie often comes to the rescue.

Grannie is a very general favourite. All the animals know her. I do not think I ever knew any one more kind to all dumb animals. She would share her last morsel with a pig, or a fowl, or a pet kangaroo. Pigs, fowls, dogs, cockatoos, kangaroos, all know her, for she is sure to feed them. If one is away when the others are fed, she will keep his portion and give it him when he comes back. She would have been called a "New Guinea Savage" a few years ago, but she was kind to dumb animals, helpful to strangers, and industrious. Let such "savages" receive the Gospel and the grace of God, and what fine men and women they will make. There will be many such in New Guinea.

A South Sea Yarn

Captain Turpie, who for so many years commanded the *John Williams* missionary ship, tells the following story. There was one island of the Gilbert Group which was utterly in heathen darkness. I think we were the first white men that the natives had ever seen. We were two hours landing amongst them, and when we did so we had to stand another hour to be put through heathenish rites to propitiate the gods, lest we should bring disease into the island. When we asked the old king to allow Christianity to be introduced into the island, he said: "No;

the gods of Nanumanga are my gods; we know of no other, and do not want you or your message." They were herding together at that time like beasts, and that is a mild way of putting it. In that island now, under the care of a young Samoan teacher, named John, the people have learned to read and write and to worship our God.

To go on to the Loyalty Group, I myself was in a boat landing goods for the missionaries, when the people came down fully armed with clubs and spears, whitewashed on one side and their natural colour on the other; but to-day you may walk the length and breadth of Maré and find the people clothed and in their right mind, with schools in every village. And if you want to buy a hundredweight of yams, or a pig, or fowls, or whatever it may be, and ask the native what you owe him, he will take out a pencil and paper, or a slate, and work it out in plain arithmetic and say: "There is the bill."

When I arrived at New Guinea, I found Mr. Chalmers there before me, and he had made himself felt, of course, in the village where he was living. He came off to me in a boat with a number of natives. I said: "Mr. Chalmers, what about this place? What are the people like, and what am I to expect?"

"Well, Turpie," he said, "I do not think the people of our village will interfere with you or annoy you, but I will not say so much for any other village within sight." Gathering the few people who came off with him on the deck, he translated to them, as well as he could, the following speech: "We have come to you as your friends. We are not a fighting ship, and we never have fought, therefore let us have no fighting." They said: "Good, good." "Now," I said, "don't steal from this ship"; and they laughed in my face, and said: "No, they would not think of stealing from such a ship." Mr. Chalmers said to me: "In the morning you will be surrounded by war canoes; there is no doubt about that."

And we were surrounded by war canoes. Although, as com-

pared with our modern ironclads, we may laugh at them, as war canoes belonging to New Guinea natives, with their cruel-looking spears and clubs, they are not to be trifled with. They came near to us, and when they saw the large ship it struck me they were as much afraid of us as we were of them. I beckoned to them to



A SOUTH-SEA ISLANDER IN HIS CANOE.

come alongside, and picked out one who was chief for especial marks of my favour. He came on board, and the first thing I did was to buy his spear. He readily took hoop-iron for it, and we were friends so far. I took him down into the ship's saloon, where there was a mirror. This man was perfectly naked, and when he saw a true picture of himself he did not seem pleased.

I took him through the ship, and made him presents of glass beads, with which he was highly delighted.

The rest of the natives came on board, and as they reached the deck I bought all their spears and took them down into the cabin until it was chock-full.

In a short time a canoe-load of ladies wished to come on board. I was sorry to refuse them, but we gave them some presents of beads and gay ribbons, and they seemed content. The men were pleased because we were kind to their women, and the women more pleased for their own sakes. When they left the ship they cried, "Good, good," and I felt that we had made friends at once. It was a day well spent. The day after that we began building, and landed a printing press and many other things, besides the luggage of some forty or fifty of the missionaries and native teachers.

While doing our work there, an old chief came up to me with a note from Chalmers, which said: "Be kind to this old chap; he has been kind to us." I took him into my cabin, and gave him a lady's collarette and several pieces of hoop-iron, and told him that it was in return for his kindness to our people. We gave him a looking-glass, and as soon as he got the looking-glass he made up his mind that he wanted to go ashore, and we sent him ashore with as much care, perhaps, as we would have sent one of the Directors of the Society.

Paiao, the Blind Boy

A few years ago a blind boy might have been seen hanging about the fence of the teacher's house in Port Moresby. Dirty, hungry, neglected, Paiao was glad to pick up any scraps of food that were to be had. The teacher's wife pitied the little fellow, and brought him to live with their family. He is an orphan, and with no brother or sister. He lost his eyesight when he was quite a small boy, with an attack of smallpox. He soon proved to be

no drone in the teacher's hive, and certainly has not eaten the bread of idleness. He is really a very clever boy. We could scarcely believe at first that he was totally blind. He digs the garden, pulls up the weeds, and makes the fences as well as those who can see. All the Mission premises are fenced in, and there are many roads, fences, and narrow gateways. But Paiao walks as straight to the gate as if he saw the road, and very rarely misses it. It is amusing to see him in the cook-house. He is very fond of being there, and can cook as well as any one. He boils the kettle, cooks fish, and is more handy in the kitchen than many. The girls are fond of teasing him, but he can hear the faintest whisper, and before they are aware, he will pick up a stone, throw it at them, and almost always hit one of them.

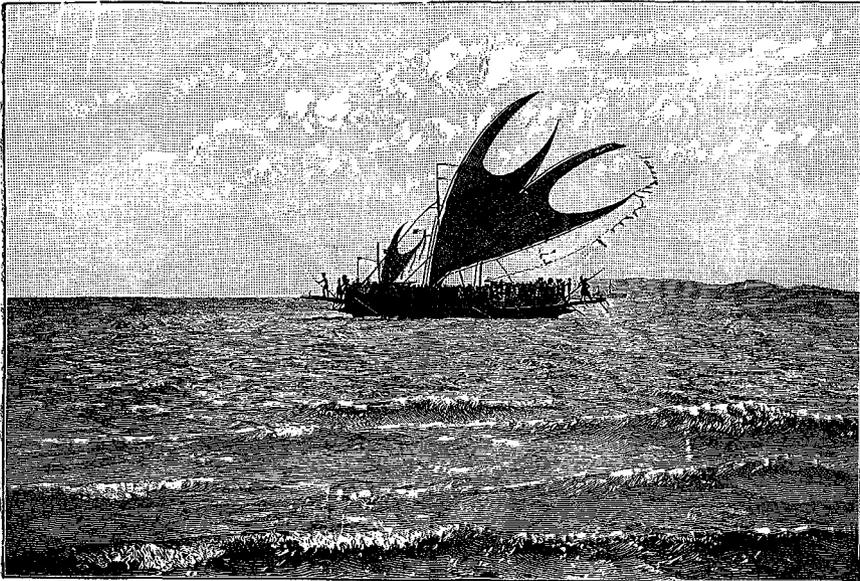
When Mr. Chalmers came here, Paiao used to come and sleep near the house, "to protect him." Paiao has more light in his mind than in his eyes. He has learnt to pray, and, I believe, is a disciple of Christ. He went with a number of natives, a few months ago, on a trading expedition. He said he was "going to see Elema." The teacher's wife gave him a bullock-bell before he left. While at Elema they had services every Sunday, and then the bullock-bell came out. Paiao rang his bell for every service, and lots of Elema men came and, for the first time, heard of God and heaven and Jesus Christ. He himself took part in the service, and often conducted family prayer on weekdays. Paiao lives on the Mission premises, and is a great favourite with everybody.

A Terrible Voyage

One day a native Christian, named Elekana, in the island of Manihiki, wanted some wood to build a new house. So he and a party of friends set out in a large canoe to a distant island where they knew they could get wood.

But somehow or other they failed to find the island, and being unable to return they drifted on and on, not knowing where they

were going. They had taken a large supply of cocoanuts; but as week after week passed without sighting land, the store got very low, and in the seventh week only six cocoanuts remained. During those weary weeks of voyaging Elekana and his friends never neglected morning and evening prayers, and as each Sunday rolled round they still had their worship. Their trust was strong



A NEW GUINEA LATAKOI.

in the great Captain of their salvation that their cries for help would be heard.

On the evening of the ninth Sunday, and after drifting twelve hundred miles on the wide ocean, they sighted land. It was Nukulaelae. At midnight they got near the reef. Then they prayed. The surf lifted their frail craft on to the reef. Four of their number, worn out with hunger and thirst, expired here—two

men, one woman, and a child. The remaining five crawled on to the shore, where another soon after died too. The four friends sat on the beach till noon, when a man suddenly came up to them. When he saw their distress, he cried over the dead body of their comrade and covered it with a cloth. He saw they too were ready to perish, and made a fire and baked a cocoanut for them. He then went to the wrecked canoe, and bundling up all the clothes he found in it, he took them for himself and off he went.

Towards evening the man came again, and Elekana asked him if the people of that island would kill them during the night. He said there was no fear of that. By-and-by they heard the shouting of men coming, and as they landed from four canoes and were all dressed as if for war, the poor weary castaways did not know if it were life or death for them.

But these natives of Nukulaelae lifted the four weak men and carried them very carefully to the house of the king. The house was crowded with people who had come to see them. The king was on a raised seat. He was very kind to them, and ordered food to be given them. The king and people then held a meeting, in order to consider what should be done with the strangers. It was agreed that the king's bodyguard should feed those who were alive, and that the dead body of the man should be buried in front of the king's house.

Elekana had three books with him—a New Testament, Notes on Matthew, and a hymn-book. After a time he got well, and began to hold little services, and at the end of three months he started a day-school. The people tried to learn with all their might, and at last coaxed Elekana to give them a leaf each of his New Testament. So he tore it up and distributed it among them, and his book on Matthew shared the same fate. He refused to give away his hymn-book, as he wished to keep it, in order to be able to sing himself and also to teach them.

Teaching school on Nukulaelae proved a very difficult task,

each scholar having a different lesson and a different leaf. Sometimes after poor Elekana had taught from early morning till dark, only taking time to eat his food, some of the natives would get angry with him because they had not got a new lesson.

At length Elekana asked the king to let him try and get a passage in a vessel bound for Samoa, in order to let the missionaries on that group know that they wanted teachers and books sent to them. The king begged that he would stay with them a year longer, to teach his people.

But Elekana was very anxious to go, and at last the captain of a vessel promised to take him. But instead of landing him at Samoa, he left him at another island, where he was kept eight months and treated unkindly by the natives.

But when another vessel bound for Samoa called there our hero was allowed to go in her.

At length Elekana reached Samoa, and went to see the British Consul, who passed him over to the missionaries. He told his interesting story to them, and they sent off a Samoan pastor to live and work in Nukulaelae, where, owing to that terrible voyage, Elekana had been able to tell for the first time the good tidings of great joy.

CHAPTER XI

RESCUING THE NEGROES OF THE WEST INDIES

In Demerara

BEFORE missionaries went to British Guiana the poor black people living there had no one to tell them about their Father in Heaven. These negroes did not belong to that country, but had been snatched away from their own African homeland and friends many years before. They were carried off in those dreadful slave-ships to work in the sugar-plantations of the West Indies. And what a life was theirs! Their masters looked upon them as beasts of burden, and not as men and women. They made them work all day long with but little food to eat, and then they flogged them if the right amount of work was not done at the right time. Perhaps some of you have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that wonderful book which tells us so much about the life of the negro slaves in America. The slaves were despised and hated, and they were not allowed to be taught to read by the law of British Guiana. If they tried to hear about God, and went to a church, they were driven away, as we should drive out a donkey if he came to our service. Upon some of the church doors this notice was hung up: "Dogs and negroes not admitted." Poor black people! how could they ever learn about the loving Master who longed to set them free?

It was said in those days that you could as easily find a slave knowing about religion as find one wearing shoes and stock-

ings. This will show you that the white people living in British Guiana thought it quite impossible for any of the blacks to become Christians.

As long ago as 1738 two Moravian missionaries tried to get leave to preach the Gospel to the slaves there, but this was not allowed. Then again, in 1805, a good Wesleyan missionary landed and went to see the Governor, who asked him who he was and what he had come to do. The missionary told him. "Oh," he replied, "if that be what you are come to do you must go back at once. I cannot let you stay here." And the missionary was obliged to leave.

Two years after this, God put it into the heart of a Dutch gentleman, who had a large plantation in Demerara, to write to the London Missionary Society and ask for a missionary to come and work among his own slaves. So the Rev. John Wray went out and lived and worked among his poor black friends for thirty years. He was the right man in the right place. He found the negroes in a most terrible state. They knew nothing at all except how to work in the sugar-plantations. But Mr. Wray began to teach them all sorts of simple little things, and even from the pulpit he would tell the women how to wash and dress their children and how to comb their hair. Just think of their not knowing such things! But the white people in Demerara were very angry at this work amongst the slaves, and they did all they could to hinder it. One day a kind man was found to have been teaching some of them. He was brought before the magistrates. "Is it true that you have been teaching these people to read?" they asked him. "Yes." "Without getting any payment?" "Oh, yes!" he said. "Then we will pay you;" and they ordered him to be strapped down and whipped.

In a few years Mr. Wray was joined by other missionaries, and a great work went on. Meeting-houses (as they were called) were built in various parts of the colony, and Sunday after Sunday, although the slaves were often punished for attending the

House of God, the meeting-houses were crowded with negroes. They did not care for the whip, nor for the stocks, nor for the black-hole, if they could but hear the "old, old story," which never tires. Soon hundreds knew and loved the Master.

There are other things that the Gospel of Jesus Christ has done for the negroes. It really gave them their freedom. Yes, it did away with that cruel, wicked slavery. There were many persons in England who thought slavery a bad thing; but if missionaries had not lived in the midst of it, and then told the people in this country what it really was, it might not have been stopped. And the negroes felt they owed their freedom to missionaries. They would often say to one and another of these friends: "Oh, massa! if Gospel no come, free no come." "It was God's Word that broke our chains." When the negroes became free men and women, they could send their children to day-schools, and they themselves, instead of being lazy, became industrious and active. This brought them in money, for now they worked for wages, and soon they began to buy little bits of land and build cottages. So, instead of being the most despised and miserable of all people, without prosperity, with scarcely any clothes or food, they became well-to-do, educated, happy men and women.

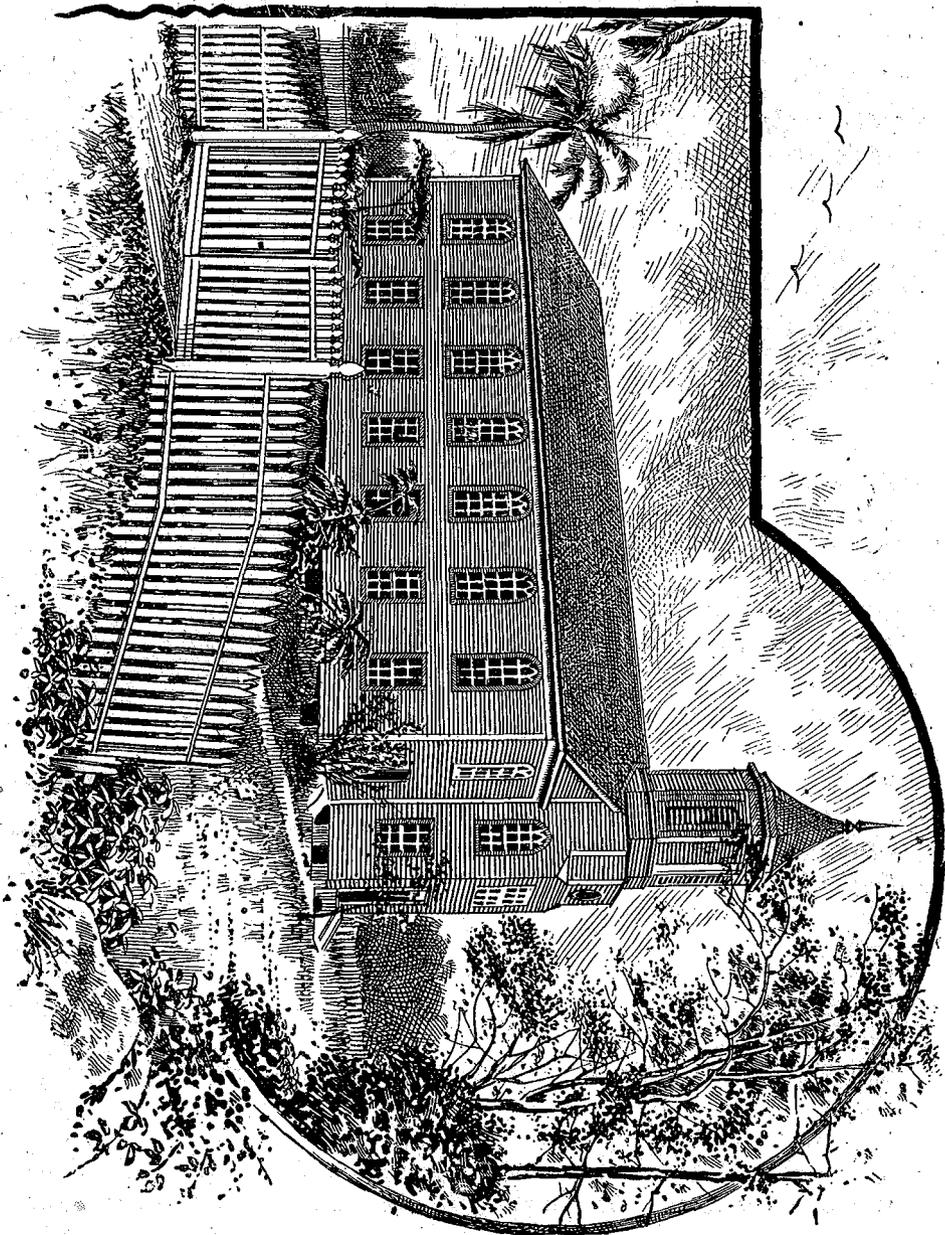
The Martyr of Demerara

In the early years of this century, when our first missionaries went out to British Guiana and the West Indies, so little was known of these places that the devoted pioneers were warned by their friends that to go meant certain death either from cannibals, wild beasts, or fever.

But nothing daunted these brave hearts, and, as told above, John Wray and his clever wife settled down in Demerara in 1809, to rescue and help their negro brothers and sisters.

They began a little school, and held services for these slaves; but the cruel slave-owners at first flogged them if they attended,

MISSION CHAPEL, DEMERARA.



Indeed, the cart-whip was used for most things. If the coffee trees were not so full of berries as usual, and the baskets got less well filled, the wretched slaves were well whipped, and sometimes larger baskets than they could possibly fill were given to them to be ready by a certain time; and, of course, the manager, finding them not full, would give the poor coffee-pickers the lash. John Wray did all he could to comfort and help these people, whose yoke seemed harder than they could bear. When saying to one poor creature that he feared her sorrows would end with death, she said: "Yes, massa; der be no flogging in Heaven."

Mrs. Wray was once looking out of her window, and saw some white men seize a negro, stretch him all naked on the ground, and tie his hands and feet to some stakes. After seventy lashes had been given by the cart-whips of the drivers, Mrs. Wray called to the men for God's sake to have mercy on the sufferer; but they went on until the poor fellow had received one hundred. She found, on inquiry, that this punishment was inflicted for a little bit of rudeness to a slaveholder who had wronged the negro.

Of course the white people in the country who were slave-owners hated the work which the English missionary was doing.

Sometimes the white young men would attend the services in large numbers, on purpose to annoy Mr. Wray. They would repeat all that was read or spoken from the pulpit, and make a great disturbance, smoking cigars all the time. On one occasion four young men, the sons of planters, edged their way to the corners of the pulpit, and tried to push it about and raise it from the floor, in order to tease and provoke the preacher. Mr. Wray knew well the secret of his safety, of his power, and of the way to victory. He thought if they could keep at it so could he; and as for the negroes, they could sit it out at meeting with any man. He laid hold of each side of the bookboard to steady himself, and spun out his sermon to such a length that it seemed as if he would never stop. The hearers, sitting still, listened with untiring

patience. The gay young fellows pushed and lifted; but they wearied at last, and slunk away outside, utterly defeated.

After a time Mr. Wray was sent to begin work in Berbice, and the Rev. John Smith and his young wife took his place in Demerara.

After working some time, there was a rising among the slaves against their cruel taskmasters. Mr. Smith heard of the intended rising, and he did what he could to stop it, saying it was contrary to the religion of Jesus Christ. But it was all in vain; a fight took place, and about two hundred negroes were killed, though not a single white soldier lost his life. A great many blacks, too, were taken prisoners, and most cruelly treated; some received a thousand lashes, and were sentenced to work in chains; forty-seven were executed, and their heads stuck on poles. Well, false reports and lying statements were soon afloat that the good missionary, Mr. Smith, had helped the negroes to revolt. This was a grand opportunity for the enemies of Jesus Christ to rise against His servant. Mr. Smith was sitting in his house one day busy writing to the secretary of the London Missionary Society, telling him about the real causes of the sad affair amongst his negro friends. In the middle of his letter he was disturbed by a party of soldiers arriving at his door. They seized him and all his papers, and hurried him and Mrs. Smith off to prison. They were confined in a small room near the roof, exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun, with door open day and night, and challenged every two hours by a sentry. For seven long weeks they were kept there, denied pen, ink, the sight of any face except that of some prison official, or permission to write to the London Missionary Society directors.

Meanwhile his enemies were hard at work, and after they had made full arrangements the trial began. Mr. Smith had to conduct his own defence, which he did very well. The trial occupied twenty-eight days, and at the end of it the poor man was pronounced guilty of treason, and sentenced "to be hanged by the

neck until dead," but recommended to mercy. The prisoner was now removed to the common gaol, put in a room on the ground floor having stagnant water underneath, with holes in the floor. Here he was kept seven weeks, although the prison doctor made loud complaints to the authorities that their prisoner was being killed. He became so ill that, though he was moved to a more healthy part of the prison, poor John Smith sank gradually away, and died in great peace.

A carpenter and bricklayer, negroes and members of Mr. Smith's congregation, began to fence and brick over the grave where their dear missionary friend was laid. But their work was stopped by the authorities, who ordered the bricks to be taken up and the railing to be torn down. And so just a piece of board with the letters "J. S." painted on it marks the last resting-place of him who has been so truly called "the Martyr of Demerara."

Something to Do

Peter Parson was a negro with a very ugly, cross face, he looked as if he were ready to quarrel with everybody, and to fight any one who was willing to fight him. Nobody liked him or thought him good for anything; even the dogs kept away from him, as if in fear of a kick or two. You would think a man with such a name should be very different. But God's grace is very powerful, and it was just wonderful what it did for Peter Parson. Everybody was astonished at the change in that negro; it seemed almost like a miracle.

It was always expected in the mission field that those who became Christians should also become workers; but poor old Peter could not read, nor indeed could he very well tell to others what he knew or what he felt, and he was much troubled to see so many at work and he doing nothing. So he came to the missionary one morning, looking as if he had something very important to say, and after a good deal of hesitation said, "I feel too sorry

when I see everybody working and me doing nothing; I have been thinking that I might ring the bell."

"I am very glad," said the missionary, "to see you wish to do something, and you shall ring the bell."

Peter went away, looking a very happy man. The Sunday morning service in that hot country began at seven o'clock, and the bell was rung at six. But long before that hour Peter might be seen anxiously looking up to the window of the mission house for a sign that it was time to ring. And he always went about it with the greatest cheerfulness, and seemed to be right glad that he had got something to do for his Master.

CHAPTER XII

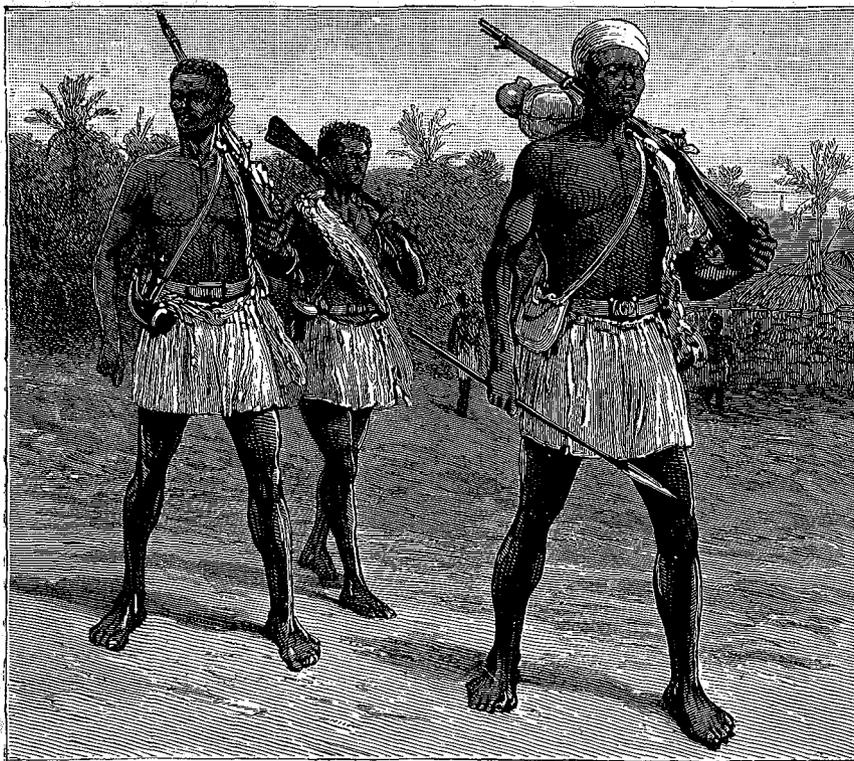
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

A Hero of Central Africa

JUST about fourteen years ago a brave hero died far away in the heart of tropical Africa. Dr. Southon—for that was his name—was a kind-hearted, unselfish man, glowing with love for his Master and for those heathen souls who knew nothing about the glad news of salvation. Before he offered himself for training as a medical missionary, he had travelled in various countries, and had been army surgeon in the war in Texas. But his longing desire was to be a missionary, and to be able to use his knowledge of medicine and surgery in heathen lands. At last the way opened, and Dr. Southon was sent out to Central Africa by the L.M.S. with Dr. Mullens. He had to help to nurse and then bury that honoured Foreign Secretary of our Society, who while visiting our mission stations fell ill and died. Dr. Southon settled down at Mirambo, and opened a dispensary and a school, winning many of those hard African hearts by his loving sympathy and help. The great warrior chief, King Mirambo, became his great friend, for he felt that this white medicine-man was indeed good and true. So he gave him ground for a dwelling-house and for a hospital, and was willing to help him in any way.

Dr. Southon worked away, aided by Mr. Williams; but at last the latter died from the deadly climate, and Dr. Southon was left alone. But he never felt lonely, for his dear Master was with him.

At last, feeling rather tired and ill, he thought he would go out for a day or two by the river and have a little picnic, and perhaps shoot some game and get a change of food. He took his two much-loved and trusted native lads and his servant, to carry his



CARRYING LETTERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

tent, bed and food. He went forth in peace and gladness, little thinking how he was going to suffering and death. So true it is that we never know *what* a day may bring forth! Well, they reached the river, and after breakfast Dr. Southon fished and

shot a duck and guinea-fowl. Towards evening he was walking, nearly a mile from the tent, when he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his left arm, and heard the report of a gun. Looking round,—for he did not know for the moment that he was shot,—he saw his dear boy Uledi running towards him, in great grief, crying out: “Oh, master! I did not mean to do it.”

Then he saw that his left arm was dreadfully shattered and wounded, and the blood was pouring down over his hand. He bound it up as best he could, for fear he should bleed to death, and with help he managed to reach the tent, where he fainted. When he recovered consciousness, he told his weeping, trembling lads how to make a litter, and putting his mattress in it, they carried him home. There he soon saw that if his life was to be saved he must lose his arm. The chief Mirambo came, full of sorrow, begging his kind doctor friend not to die, for they could not spare him. They sent for a missionary at a station some miles away, and when Mr. Copplestone came Dr. Southon asked him to cut off his arm just above the elbow. Mr. Copplestone, not being a doctor, thought he could not do such a thing, and felt sick and faint at the idea. But seeing it was a matter of life or death, he prayed very earnestly for God's help, and receiving very careful directions as to how to do the operation, he did his best. Dr. Southon was still in great pain, and it was soon seen that more would have to be done or he would die.

They sent a messenger off to a Dr. Bohn at Uganda, and about a fortnight later he arrived, and said another operation was necessary, and this was performed.

Dr. Southon wrote his last letter just before this was done—a wonderful and beautiful letter.

“Since I have been lying here, I've had ample time for reflection, and find this comfort. God has ever led me and trained me in this work. I came into it with all my heart and soul and body, and I determined to make it a success. I bless God; my trust in Him is as strong as ever, and if He allows me to live I will do

Him good service yet. But oh! if He calls me to help Mullens and Thomson and others gone on before, how gladly will I respond, and joyfully 'knock off work' here! . . .

"I feel as if I can't last much longer. My sufferings during the past five weeks have been simply awful, and nothing short of Divine grace and a good constitution could have pulled me through till now. I cannot tell you how gladly I should welcome death; but oh! I must confess I do most earnestly pray for it. My morphia is nearly finished; I have about two doses left, which I am reserving for extreme agony. As long as I could get a dose every three hours I was moderately easy, but for days I have only had an occasional dose. Mr. Coplestone has promised to do an operation to-day, which, if successful, will ease my sufferings and enable me to get well quickly; but I am of opinion that, if not successful, it will cause my death. Tell everybody, if I die, that my most earnest wish was to die at my post, and nothing short of death could make me leave it. . . . Don't grieve for me. I would you could be glad, yes, positively glad, and rejoice most unmistakably about the event. I expressly desire no one to go into mourning on my account, but get your most beautiful garments out and have a feast, inviting all kindred souls. I shall be with father and mother and dear Steve ere you get this, and how we shall rejoice you can't think. . . .

"Oh! Sam, I could not have believed any person could stand the sufferings I have gone through, and live. And I myself feel sure that there is some great and grand purpose to be accomplished by it, but at present I can't see it. 'Perfected through suffering,' perhaps; but anyhow, I only ask that it may soon end in the way He desires it. My faith in Him is strong and reliant, and I feel perfectly at peace with all. I leave no regret behind, except as to the unfinished way I leave my work to my successors; but even that is swept off by knowing that He will have it so. Good-bye, and good-bye, all true friends. Let your efforts be to carry on the work by prayer and money, if none can give themselves."

But God wanted His dear servant, and at the early age of thirty-one He called him to the higher service of heaven.

In Death not Parted

About twenty-two years after John Williams and Mr. Harris had been killed and eaten by the cannibals of Erromanga, two more brave missionaries set out for that island, to take the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the poor savages.

Two Samoan native teachers had before this been able to settle there, and so open the way for Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, who now volunteered to go on with the work. They must have wondered, as they went, what their reception would be, but how little they thought the martyr's crown would await them a few years later!

They found the two Samoan teachers both alive and well, but with a fearful tale of suffering and danger to tell. They had been left to starve by the Erromangans, who refused to give them any food. But God helped them out of their trouble, and put it into the heart of one savage, Vorevore, to be kind to the strangers. For about five months he used to steal down day by day to their little hut, and hand in food for their daily supply. And though the teachers must have been greatly cheered at the sight of the Scotch missionary and his wife, yet it was sad to have to tell them that the door of hope that had been opened for Erromanga was shut again, that the little light that had begun to glimmer upon its gloomy shore was extinguished, and that the dark night of heathenism had again set in.

For about five years Mr. and Mrs. Gordon lived on the island. Hardships, dangers and trials were plentiful. But they stuck to their work, feeling sure that the Master was with them; and in time they began a little school, and printed one or two small books. Mr. Gordon made a tour of the island, preaching wherever he went, and was generally well received by the savages. A small chapel was built, and a little bell, echoing from hill to hill, would

call sometimes as many as one hundred and fifty people together. Oh! how happy and encouraged the missionary would feel as he saw that God was blessing the work!

But a dreadful change took place. A hurricane swept over the island, destroying plantations and crops, and causing great scarcity in food. Then measles, which was a new illness to the natives,



A COCOANUT GROVE.

came like a scourge, and cut off hundreds of people. Both storm and disease were said to be due to the foreigners' religion, and now the lives of the missionaries were in great danger. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon did their utmost to nurse and to cure the sufferers; but as they would not obey any rules or take any care, the loss was very heavy.

The savages at last were determined that the white people must die, and talked about it openly.

Some of the native Christians went and warned the missionaries, but, strange to say, they would not believe the report. They could not think it possible that the people whose friends they had been for five years would do them harm. So they went on with their work as usual. But one day a party of natives came to the house and asked where Mr. Gordon was. Mrs. Gordon told them that he was at the new house, and offered them food. They took some cocoa-nuts and fish-hooks and went away, saying they wanted some cloth from Mr. Gordon to cover themselves, as they wished to come to chapel the next Sunday. They went to the place where the missionary was, and Nahobili, with a hatchet in his hand, went in to speak to him, and asked him to come and see a man who was ill.

On the way the savage struck Mr. Gordon, who set off running at once. But he tripped on some loose stones, and the savage, who was following him, struck a deadly blow at the poor man, killing him instantly.

Another savage rushed on towards the house to complete the dreadful tragedy. Mrs. Gordon, having heard a noise, went outside to see what it was, and was struck with the hatchet of the man, who came stealthily behind her. She, too, died almost at once, and without knowing that her dear one had been killed also. The little servant girl saw the murder of her mistress, and, terror-stricken, rushed to some friendly natives, who came back with her as quickly as possible, lest the bodies should be carried off to the oven. They buried all that remained of the two, who were "lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death were not divided."

A Child Heroine

It was the 1st of August, 1895, and the almost tropical sun was already hot and glaring, although he had hardly been up an

hour, when three happy children—Mildred, Kathleen, and Herbert—started out from their home to gather flowers on the hillside near. It was Herbert's birthday, and they wished to decorate the breakfast-table with flowers, in honour of the six years of the little birthday-king. He was proud of his six years, and his sisters, who were several years older, were proud of him. Their father and mother were missionaries working with the Church Missionary Society, and giving their life and love and all their energies to bring to the Chinese the knowledge of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men. The place where they lived was in Ku-Cheng, near Foochow, and they were very happy in their work there.

As they were flower-hunting that morning, the children heard the sound of horns and drums, and saw a party of Chinese marching out with flags from the city of Ku-Cheng close by. They had no fear of the Chinese—they had spent the most of their young lives among them, and they were quite familiar and happy with them. So they ran and stood to watch the coming procession. Suddenly, as it came near, one of the foremost of the party caught Kathleen by the hair; and then, first seized by a sudden fear, the children turned and ran screaming towards home. Kathleen, wrenching herself free, ran also, but their pursuers were close upon their heels—not one or two, but the whole procession, yelling and shouting. They entered the house with the children, who were fleeing to the refuge of all true children—their parents' arms—but fierce men rushed into their parents' room before them. They were thrust at with swords and spears, separated, and hustled this way and that by the yelling crowd. Kathleen crept under a bed, and Mildred cowered under a quilt on the top. They knew nothing, only that the men in the house were like wild beasts let loose—wild and ferocious, and thirsting for human blood—and they feared everything. The house was full of cries and pleading voices and shrieks and the yells of savage cruelty and triumph. Then, again, they heard no more

the sound of voices that they loved or knew—nothing but Chinese shouts; and one man rushed past them crying: “We have killed all the foreign devils!”

By degrees the sounds grew fainter until they died away into distance, and then, trembling and sick with fear, and with a bursting grief, Kathleen crept out from her hiding-place. An awful silence was over everything—a silence such as she had never known before—the silence of death. There was no sign of life anywhere, no sound, only a faint moaning from Mildred on the bed. Then a hissing, crackling noise came rushing by, and the truth flashed upon her mind that, to complete their work of destruction and desolation, these evil men had fired the house! She did not think of herself; Kathleen’s one thought was that her sister, lying faint and bleeding from a great sword-cut through her knee and many other dreadful wounds, must be got out of the burning house. She was herself hurt and bruised, and the younger of the two, but the brave spirit gave strength to the young arms, and she carried her wounded sister out and placed her at a distance outside. As soon as Mildred was in safety, Kathleen dashed again into the burning house, for her ears had caught a faint sobbing, and she knew the voice. Her parents were lying there, pale and still, covered with wounds and blood, and she knew, only too well, that they would never speak to her again. Her heart was breaking with the horror and anguish of that hour, but she hardly seemed to feel—she could only *do*. She must find the sobbing child at all costs. And she did, and swiftly a little three-year-old brother was borne out, sick and bruised, and placed by poor fainting Mildred. A second journey into the burning house, so full of that awful sorrow, too great for words, was made by this brave maiden of only eleven summers, for the mother-heart was strong within her—it did not fail or falter. This time it was the little birthday-king—but two short hours before so happy, now wounded to death with cruel, horrid wounds—that the strong, pitiful sister’s arms rescued from the

flames. Then a third time the devoted child went back, and from under the dead body of the nurse she dragged the baby—the pet—white and moaning. The spears of those wicked men had not even spared the baby!

Then she could do no more; there were no more to bring out, the flames must do their work; they were less cruel than evil men.

But not yet was Kathleen's work accomplished. The sun was hot and fierce, and the wounded brothers and sister must be got into shelter, or they would faint and die. They were faint and dying even then. There was another house not far off, but no sign of any one to help. That morning—could it be only that morning?—as they went out so gaily, the voices of lady missionaries had greeted them, and wished them "many happy returns of the day." Kathleen sickened at the thought; now there was only silence, awful silence. But nothing could daunt the brave, faithful heart, and one by one she carried her little dying brother, the younger one, and the baby, to the silent house. Then she found a Chinese Christian going by, and persuaded him to help her with poor tortured Mildred. Before long one lady returned who had escaped without much harm, and they found a second lady severely injured—the only two left out of *eight* who had been there that morning.

Later in the day help came to them, and a doctor for the wounded; but the little birthday-boy was going fast, and went before another sunset to join his father and mother in that home where there is neither sorrow nor suffering, "nor any more pain." The baby has since gone too, and Mildred was for a long time very ill. Dear little martyr children! May God forgive their cruel murderers! Dear, brave little Kathleen! May God give her a noble and a beautiful womanhood, for her bright, happy childhood is gone for ever, and her young life cruelly robbed of its sweetest joys and hopes. Let us think of her in our happy homes, and pray the "God of the fatherless" to be with her and

with the others. And let us remember all suffering ones, and all the boys and girls whose parents are missionaries, and who miss so much that children hold most dear, and sometimes suffer so much for the cause of Christ.

From the Coral Reef to Heaven

Moanakino and two friends went fishing on the coral reef. It was a lovely day. They had been fishing some time with good success, and were just saying to each other that they would return home, when two of the little party found that their fish-hooks were caught in the coral in rather deep water. Now the poor natives in some of the South Sea Islands set much value on their fish-hooks—they cannot obtain new ones very easily. As the sea was smooth, they dived for them, as was the custom of the fishermen of those parts. But, alas! they had scarcely left the reef when suddenly a breeze sprang up and the sea became very rough. They tried to return to the reef, but could not, for the surf was running very high, and dashing with great force against the sharp coral. Their friend ashore on the reef could do but little for them. He held out his long fishing rod for them to catch hold of, but it was too short. There was no canoe near, but he ran off for one. An hour went before the canoe arrived. In the meantime one of the poor fellows in the sea complained that he was getting weak and very cold. His friend tried to hold him up by his arm. After a time poor Moanakino, fearing his friend's strength might also fail, said: "Let us pray together to God for help; but if He should see fit to take us to Himself, we will say: 'Thy will be done.'"

When their little prayer was ended, poor Moanakino said, "I know I shall be drowned—I have no feeling left in any of my limbs; now leave your hold of me, for fear you also should sink. Good-bye; I am going to Jesus and to heaven."

His friend continued holding on to his hair as long as he could, and for some time after he was dead. When the canoe arrived, several men dived for poor Moanakino's body, and got it after difficulty. They ran for the missionary, who did all he could to restore life, but to no purpose. The poor young wife of Moanakino was standing on the reef tearing her hair when her husband's lifeless body was brought to shore.



A CORAL REEF.

CHAPTER XIII

NATIVE WORKERS FOR CHRIST

Mr. Wang

MR. WANG was a Chinaman, and a great worker for Jesus Christ in Chung-King, who was called home to heaven not very long ago, when quite a young man. He had heard the Gospel for the first time about seventeen years before he died, and was baptized by Dr. Griffith John in Hankow. Mr. Wang was no ordinary believer; he accepted the Gospel with his whole heart, and the one idea that possessed him was to serve God with all his mind and strength. Everything he did came second to his work for Jesus Christ. It mattered nothing to him who the person might be with whom he was talking, he always took care to lead the talk to Christ and His power to save men. On a board in his room he had written: "Visitors must be willing to talk of the 'doctrine', if they have no wish to talk about it, they must read a book." The grand point about Mr. Wang was that he lived out all the things that he preached about to others. A Chinaman, who was not a professed Christian, once said of him: "There is no difference between him and the Book." For many years Mr. Wang was a colporteur, selling Bibles for the American Bible Society; but he afterwards joined our own Mission in Chung-King, as a native evangelist. He was never very strong, but becoming still more feeble, he was sent to his native place for a rest and change. But he got no better, and his friends soon saw that God wanted him for heaven. During the last year of his life he seemed to

live constantly with his Saviour. He was so sweet, gentle and thoughtful, and always thought so very little about himself. A favourite text of his,—one which he got a friend to write out in big letters to hang on his wall,—was, "Sinners, of whom I am chief." Just before he died, Mr. Wang gave a parting word to all his friends who were gathered round him. He said: "My time has come. I am going home first. You will follow, but see that you bring many with you to glory. Be filled with the Spirit."

To the missionary's wife he said: "You will get a reward for loving the Chinese." He sent, too, a message to his old pastor, Dr. John: "Tell him that his crown of glory awaits him."

When a friend said to him: "You will soon be with Jesus," Mr. Wang replied, "Oh! I am always with Him." And in this way the Chinaman went to see Him whom he had so loved.

His missionary in Chung-King says of him, that his character was indeed beautiful; all his life, his strength, his possessions, everything was daily given to the Lord. He was truly a brother greatly beloved.

Nritya Kali

Here is the story, in her own words, of Nritya Kali, a Brahman widow, who has been, for some years one of our most useful native helpers in Calcutta.

"I was born in the house of my grandfather, a high-caste Brahman, and am about thirty-four years of age. My marriage took place when I was fourteen years old; my husband had been married before, and had one son. After my marriage, my husband gave over the charge of this boy into my hands, and I came to look upon him as my own child, and brought him up with great care. We went to live in Berhampur, and my son attended the Mission school there.

"My husband was very kind to me, and I was very happy, and persuaded myself that I should always be as happy as I was then. But, alas! my husband took fever, and, after three months' illness

he died. My only hope in life was thus taken away. I was torn with anguish. In my agony I tried to embrace my husband's dead body, but my friends removed the body to the burning ghat. I tore off my ornaments, the gifts of my husband's love, and removing my handsome clothes, put on common ones. In my sorrow I saw nothing but darkness on all sides; life became unbearable. I cared for nothing, and cried day and night. I became very weak, and I made up my mind to commit suicide rather than endure a widow's life. My tender, loving heavenly Father delivered me from this sinful desire. I know now that God spared my life that I might glorify Him.

"I had read in the Hindu books that a widow who does certain things will be re-united with her husband after death. In this blind hope I began to do all sorts of hard and painful things. I gave up reading novels and dramas, ate common food, wore coarse clothes, afflicted my body in various ways, but found no peace.

"Then I went to live with my uncle at Sadipur. While there, I got a letter from Kali, my step-son, to say he had been baptized by one of the missionaries in Calcutta. I was almost mad on hearing this news, and rushed off to Calcutta with two relatives, in the hope of finding my son. I heard he was living in a missionary's house in Bhowanipur. I wrote to Kali, who replied that he had been a Christian for five years, but that his love for me had kept him silent. My heart was full of grief, but I could not give up my son. When I met him, I embraced him warmly. He tried to comfort me. I told him unless he would renounce the Christian religion I did not wish to hear anything he might say. Whenever I met him I always tried to coax him to become a Hindu again. I angrily abused the Christian religion, and also the missionary who had baptized him.

"Kali begged me to read the Bible. I replied: 'I have resolved never to read the Scriptures.'

"Six months passed. I was staying with some relatives, and one day I saw some books put into the sun to dry. Among them



A HINDU LADY IN HER JEWELS.

I saw one called 'The True Teacher.' I read it, and was very much pleased with it. From that time I wished to read the Bible, but my pride would not let me borrow it from Kali. But I did so at last. After a year's study of the Bible, I was sure that Jesus Christ is the only Teacher and Saviour, but I dared not confess my faith.

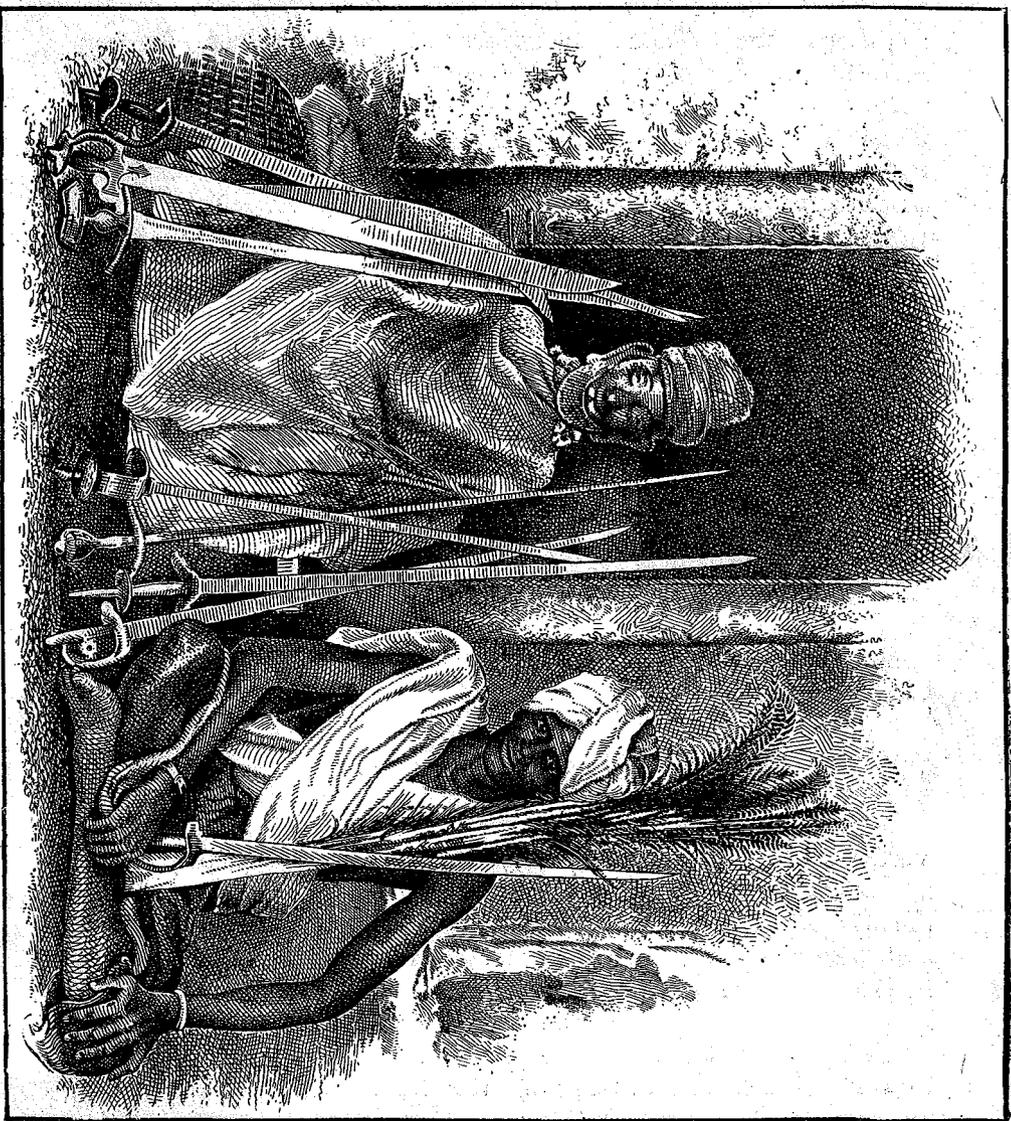
"At last I went to live with my son, and about two years after I first read the Bible I was baptized. I determined that the rest of my life should be spent in God's service.

"My heart from that time has been full of peace and joy. I am a teacher in the mission. I go about from place to place, preaching the Gospel, singing hymns, reading the Bible. God has graciously blessed my work. I am always kindly received, and some of those whom I have taught have begun to love Jesus. Thou, Lord, art my only hope and refuge."

The Idol Vemana

In March, 1894, the Nallacheruvu festival was held in the Telugu country, South India. Venkataswami went to the temple of the idol Vemana, and declared that he was no god at all, but that Jesus Christ was the true Saviour. Upon this, the priest and many others said: "Well! if there's no truth in Vemana, you hold up this umbrella (probably a heavy thing used in the processions), and we'll see!" He agreed, saying: "If I hold it up, what will you give me?" They replied: "If Vemana doesn't cause you to swoon, we will give you a hundred rupees; but if you do swoon, you must give us ten rupees. We'll give you an hour—that's a wager!" Venkataswami accepted the terms, and lifted up the umbrella. The priest and others then prayed to the idol, shouting out: "O Vemana! thou art here! This man says thou art no god; knock him down!" They also took large swords, with the flat sides of which they beat themselves, offering incense, and making a frightful uproar. The young man kept on praying:

VEMANA AND HIS KEEPER



"O Lord Jesus! Thou who treadest down the power of Satan! give me strength!" The people every now and then asked: "Now is not Vemana God?" to which he loudly replied: "No, he is not!" This continued for one or two hours, after which they began to be ashamed and to say: "After all, Vemana is nothing; he is but an image." However, they refused to pay the rupees.

Shortly after this, Dr. Campbell and Mr. Ure, our missionaries from Cuddapah, visited the village, and found it still greatly disturbed over the incident. They saw the young man, and encouraged him to stand fast in his faith in Jesus. "Venkataswami was quite alone, for I was absent at the time," the native preacher told them, in evident admiration, "yet the lad did such a thing as this! Nor is this all; for he will go to the stone idols, and declare before all that they are no gods. Krishnaji also (a recent convert) is full of joy over the affair. Thus does God stir up His people!"

Perhaps one cannot highly commend the wisdom of this boy's action; still, his faith in Jesus and zeal for Him are evident and pleasing. Many are the villages in South India now where scenes similar to this are witnessed, forming in truth modern chapters of the Acts of the Apostles.

A Betsileo Slave

There is a young Betsileo slave at Fianarantsoa, who was converted a little time ago. He is remarkable for the simplicity of his faith, and therefore receives gifts from the Spirit denied to the wise and prudent. For instance, he can read only very slowly and with difficulty, but he says that, when preaching or reading in the pulpit, he has no difficulty whatever, but can read quickly. He seems possessed with the redeeming love of Christ, and can talk of nothing else; that love constrains him to preach the Gospel to every creature. Passing by the Norwegian leper settlement, he saw a little leper girl with a basket before her. He had just

come from market, where he had gained twopence; he sat down by the child, gave her the money, and preached to her about Jesus. "Some," he said to me, "are afraid of leprosy, but I was not at all afraid, because I knew that I ought to speak to her about her soul." He begs to be a preacher to the lepers at the new settlement.

Only a Poor Cripple.

Limóti was a native of Samoa. He was one of the very first Samoans to come out on the side of Jesus Christ, which shows us that Limóti lived some years ago. He was sadly deformed, quite a hunch-back, and yet he was very active, and could do as much as most people. When he was a young man he was very wild and wicked even for a heathen. He was first in all the mischief which was going on, and in everything that was bad. He was even clever in war, although one would think in those times, when guns were not used by the Samoans and when men had to fight near to each other with clubs, that Limóti's poor little deformed body could not do much in that line.

When he was about thirty years old, John Williams took the Gospel to Samoa, and Limóti was one of the first to be interested in the strange story which the wonderful white man had come to tell them. And when a school was opened, he became a scholar and learned to read. Then his heart was touched with God's love, he became a changed man, and a member of the first little Samoan church. Of course, when the missionaries first went to that island, its language was not written, and there were no books. But they as soon as possible began to prepare some school books and to translate the Bible, and Limóti was employed in the printing of them. He lived with the missionary, and spent almost the rest of his life in the printing office, taking charge of the building. Owing to his deformity, he was unable to do any of the harder work; but such lighter duties as folding the printed sheets, arranging and sewing them into volumes, suited him well.

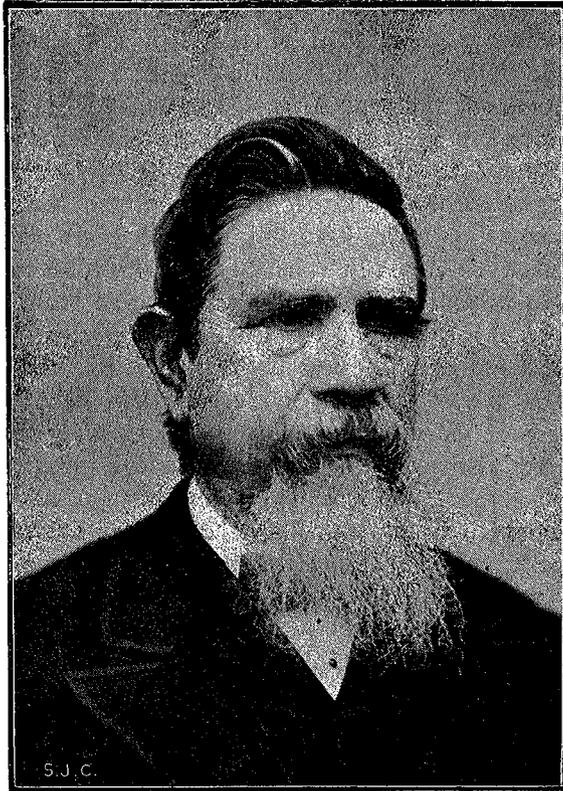
His chief value, however, was in keeping the lads and young men employed in the office in order. Limóti did his work out of love for his Master Christ. To him the printing of the Bible and the preparation of the copies, so that the people of Samoa might read God's Word for themselves, was a great delight. He never got much in the shape of wages. His food he obtained from his own bit of land, and from the mission he received a few cotton clothes, but no money. His reward was the joy he felt in doing good. He was not fitted to become a real preacher of the Gospel; but he did what he could with all his heart.

The "Vilest Sinner"

Dr. Griffith John was one day preaching as usual in one of the Hankow chapels, about Christ's power to save from *sin*. At the close of the service a man went up to him and said: "Pastor John, I have just heard you say that your Jesus Christ can save men from their sins; is that true? and if so, can He save me?" Dr. John asked him what were his special sins, telling him that Christ could forgive and save the worst of sinners.

Lin-kin-Shan replied that he committed every sin that could be imagined: that he was an opium-smoker, a gambler, a drunkard, a bad son, and loved to do everything that was evil. Dr. John had no difficulty in believing him, for he looked it all. They prayed together, and it would seem that there and then God's Spirit came to him, for ever after that the change in him was very marked. He not only attended the services and joined the Church, but became a very active worker. His one aim seemed to be to bring his old friends and comrades to know Christ too, and to help the victims of opium out of their bondage. He went about saying to them all: "Jesus Christ came to save *sinners*; He has saved *me*—the vilest of all—and He can save you."

When the missionaries in Hankow resolved to make special efforts in the hospital to cure opium-smokers, they felt they needed



DR. GRIFFITH JOHN.

the services of a man full of real sympathy and courage to take charge of these poor creatures. Lin was fixed upon as the man for the post, and he entered into the work with his whole might and heart. Owing to some of the wards in the hospital being flooded with water part of one summer, Lin got leave to go and visit his native village, for he burned with a desire to tell his clansmen there about the wonderful Gospel.

On his return he informed the missionaries that many in his village had listened to his story, and that some of them had lost faith in idolatry, and had thrown their idols into the flood. This was welcome news, and Dr. John felt it to be his duty to visit the place without delay. When he reached the village, he found matters just as Lin had described them. He asked them what it was that had led them to think well of the Christian religion. Their reply was that it was seeing the great change in Lin-kin-Shan.

He had been one of the very wickedest men in all the country side, and now here he was as a new man, and they really thought that the religion that could effect so much in a man must be true and heaven-born. Dr. John learnt many things about the past history of Lin which he did not know before. His first twenty-five years were spent at home, where he was looked upon as the wildest and worst of men. He then joined the army, and roved over the country as a soldier. He had many a fight with the rebels, and slew about thirty of them with his own hand. When he got tired of the army, he set up as a sawyer in Hankow, where, till the time he found Christ, most of his time was spent in riot and wickedness. For eight years he never paid his home a single visit, and during a period of twenty years he was seen in his native village only three times. Such was the man as they had known him. Now he appears among them as a kind husband, a loving father, and a good neighbour. No wonder was it that his old village friends should stand amazed at the change, and feel wishful themselves to know something of the religion that had done all this.

The Story of Aunt Luck as told by herself¹

I was born at Koi Tau, a village in Po Leng. My father was a store-keeper, and I was the youngest of seven children. When I was seven years old, I was betrothed for two pounds to a man at Nam Leng, a village a mile from my home. I had never seen the man, nor any of his family. I took nothing from home with me but the tunic and pair of trousers which I wore. My mother and the two go-betweens who had acted as agents in my betrothal led me to his house and left me there. I jumped up and down and screamed to go back with my mother. My husband's mother told me not to cry, for my home was to be with her henceforth, and my husband's grandmother carried me on her back to please and quiet me; but I kept crying more or less for years. Indeed, I never really stopped crying till I had children of my own. In the family there was my husband's grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, uncles, aunts, five brothers, and four sisters-in-law. I was told which man was to be my husband, and though he was handsome, I immediately disliked him, because he seemed so old to me, being nine years older than I. I did not see my own mother again for three years, for she was afraid I would cry and be discontented if I saw her. I always slept with my mother-in-law, and during the day I spooled the yarn which the elder ones spun and wove into cloth. At this I worked from daylight until dark, only stopping to eat. I had plenty to eat, and was whipped only when I nodded over my spools. Once a year one of my brothers came to see if I was well. He stayed but a few minutes when he came, because it might make me homesick if he talked much with me. All this time I never spoke to my betrothed husband, and he only spoke to me to tell me to do something. At fourteen, when his mother told me to do so, I became his wife. I cooked rice, fed the pigs, and did other work for the family.

My husband never called me by any name whatever. When

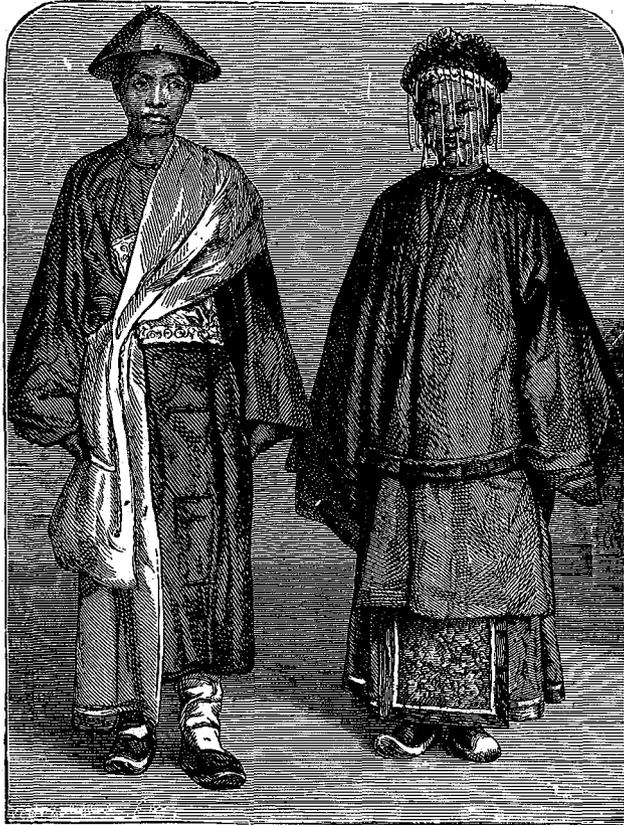
¹ See "Pagoda Shadows."

he wanted me to do anything, he said: "Here, you"; and of course I knew he meant me. When I was sixteen I had a little girl, and then another and another. The third I strangled when it was born, for I was frightened, and knew I should be hated for having so many girls. Then I had three boys and another girl, and by the time I was forty I had nine children. My husband was a good-natured man, and he was not very hard toward me. In all the forty years I lived with him he beat me only four or five times. These were occasions when I moved too slowly in serving him, and then answered back when he scolded me. There are not ten men in a thousand in China who do not beat their wives at all.

I never believed much in the gods in the temples, and we seldom went to worship there. Once, twice, sometimes three times in a month, I and my husband and children, with many others, used to go on fixed days to the tops of the mountains and worship the heavens and the earth. Sometimes it was the moon we went to worship, sometimes the sun, sometimes the thunder-god. Sometimes we went to one peak, sometimes to another, and in the course of years we went to nearly all the high peaks in and around our district. We spent from ten shillings to two pounds each time on our offerings. Sometimes my husband sold products of the farm, and sometimes I sold one of my fat pigs to get the money. We took rice, pork, tea, cakes, fruit, sugar, pies, everything that is nice to eat, and spread it out invitingly on the rocks, and burned incense and mock money.

One by one the elders of our family, and all but three of my children, died. When I was fifty-four my husband died also. After that I spent more time than ever worshipping upon the mountains, but I got sick and had no strength. My nephew, Leng, who had heard the True Doctrine, used to come often to see me, and tell me that there was only one God, and He was everywhere—that He made the sun to rise, the moon to change, the wind to blow, the rain to fall, and all that is. Little by little I believed what

he said. As soon as I believed, I destroyed the censers we used in worshipping false gods. My sons saw me taking them out of the house, and asked me if I was not afraid to do it; but I told



CHINESE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

them that what I had myself set up I could myself take down, and they said no more. Then I prayed earnestly that I might have strength given me to come and be baptized. And when the next

communion season came I told Leng I was coming with him to Swatow. At that time Leng was the only Christian in Po Leng, and his mother and wife beat him for worshipping God, and their neighbours praised them for so doing.

Leng said I was too weak, and must not think of coming to Swatow. But I got up off my bed and walked very slowly the whole forty miles, and when I got there the people said a dead woman had come.

Since then I have been in all the Po Leng villages speaking the Gospel, and can walk fifteen or twenty miles a day.

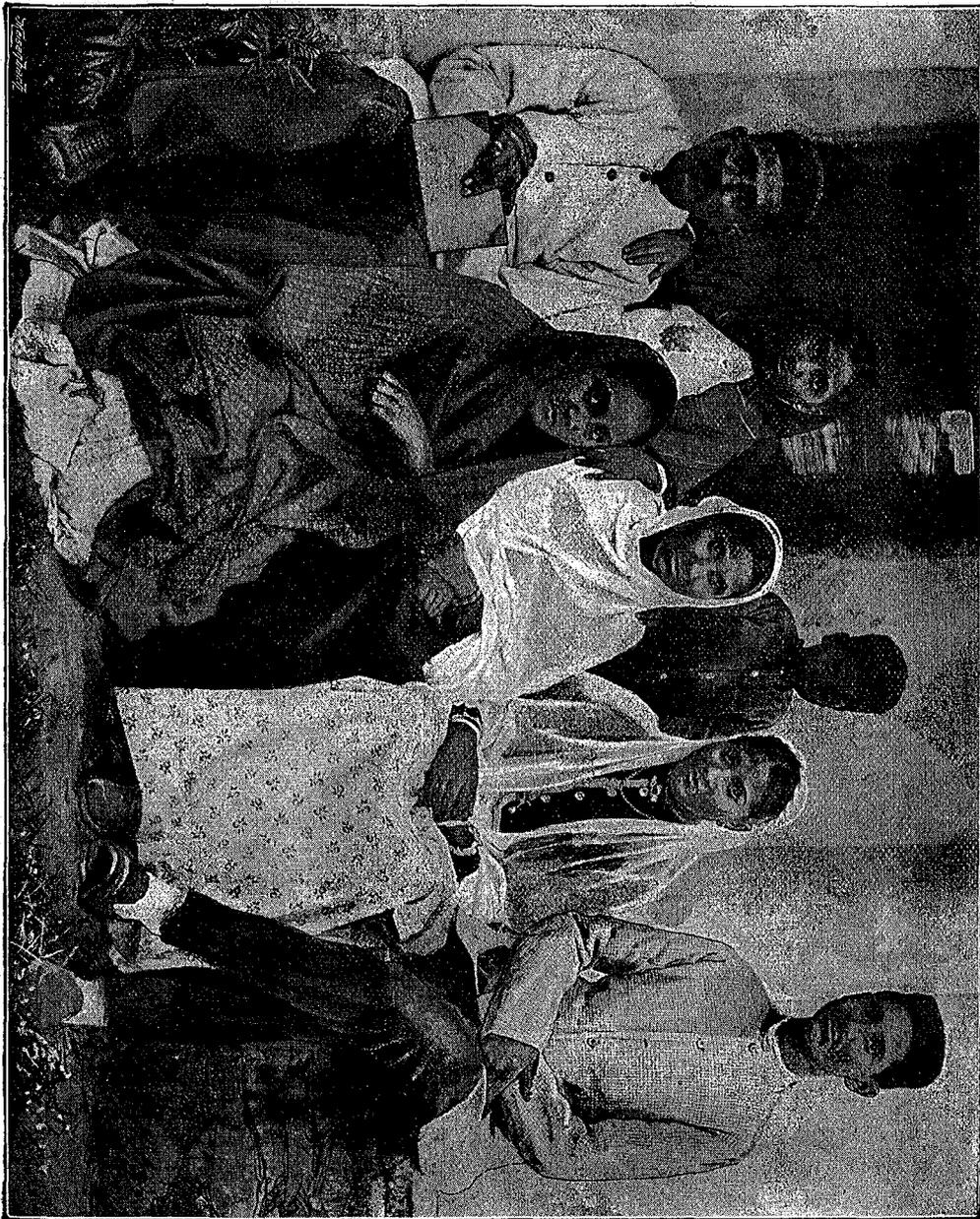
Nobody dares molest me when I speak of God, and those who do not believe keep silent and listen.

The Hindu Priest becomes a Christian Teacher.

The very first native preacher that our London Missionary Society ever had in Bengal was a high-caste Brahman, called Narapot Singh. He was a Hindu priest, and he performed service in one of the chief temples in the sacred city Benares. He was thought so holy by the people that crowds would wait by the roadside till he passed, and then would cast themselves upon the ground, that he might honour them by placing his foot upon their heads. They even went so far as to beg the water in which he had bathed his feet, that they might drink it, for they thought that in this way they might get some of his holiness. Narapot was very rich, and lived in luxury. He was also very clever and learned in all the books of the Hindus, and his opinion about these was thought much of by the other Brahmans. So he was puffed up with pride, and thought himself to be little less than a god.

Now it happened he had to go to Calcutta, which was 500 miles away from Benares. He hired a beautiful boat and sailed down the Ganges. With him were two great friends who were Brahmans, and a large number of servants. Several idols also were taken on board, to which prayers were offered twice a day

INDIAN CHRISTIAN FAMILY.



In Calcutta he went about to all the amusements of the place. On the evening before he began his voyage back home, he passed a building which was lighted up with oil lamps and filled with a crowd of natives. Supposing it to be a hall of amusement, he and his friends went in; but great was their surprise at finding, instead of dancing girls or jugglers, a white man talking about religion to the people in their own language. It was one of our missionaries telling the "sweet story of old." This subject was quite new to the proud Brahman priest, and with surprise he listened to the tale. In God's own wonderful way he was made to feel it must be all true, and that his gods were mere senseless blocks. His friends saw that he was distressed about himself, and tried all they could to drive what he had heard from his thoughts.

But it was of no use, and when he went to the vessel, which was to sail next morning, he was filled with concern about the salvation of his soul. As soon as he came on board, one of the Brahmans began, as was the usual custom, to ring a small bell before the idols, and to commence the evening worship. But Narapot commanded him to stop, and for the first time the worship of the idols was given up. Early next morning he found out the missionary's house, and had a long talk with him. Then, receiving a New Testament and some little books, he began his voyage home. This lasted two months, and during that time he studied the Testament every day, and by the time he reached home he had begun to see Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Friend.

He was now no longer a Hindu at heart, and although he still wore the *poita*, or sacred thread, the sign of the Brahman caste, he was a sincere though secret believer in Jesus. What he should do now was his one great thought. If he publicly confessed his faith in Christ, he knew that he would lose his caste, which is the most precious thing a Hindu can lose. He knew, too, that he would be driven from his home and friends and lose all he had, even his life, perhaps.

But at length he was able to come out on the side of Jesus

Christ. As he expected, the natives were filled with rage against him. A mob came round his house, and declared they would have his blood. They said he was worse than a pariah, and unfit to live, but that if he wished to save his wretched life he must quietly give up all his property to them, and leave the city and never come back. This he did. Packing up a small bundle of clothes, he left his house at midnight. For the love he bore to Christ, this great and rich man cheerfully gave up his honours and property, worth more than thirty thousand pounds, and became an outcast and wanderer upon the face of the earth.

But God was with his dear servant, and after a time he led him to our missionaries in Calcutta, and he became a native catechist with them. Until his death, Narapot was a most earnest, loving worker. Knowing so much about the clever books of the Hindus he was able to expose their false ideas, and was never weary of telling the glad tidings to everybody. He would stand by the banks of the Ganges, where the people flocked to bathe in the sacred river, and would tell them of the fountain of living water. In the public fairs held at the holy places, where thousands of pilgrims met together, he would speak boldly against their idols and preach Christ to them. He lived and worked for many years, and saw hundreds of his fellows turn to the only true God.

Lim Cheng Hoe

The Rev. J. Sadler tells us how a heathen boy became a widely-honoured minister of Christ. He was early taken into the Mission School in Amoy, and was thus saved from the roughness of a heathen home and treated tenderly. He early learned the difference between good and evil. He was saved from the fear of ghosts, which haunts the Chinese so much that when they hear the doors creak in the evening they are terrified with the idea that a hungry ghost is come seeking food, and will bring trouble if not attended to. Instead of being taught to burn incense to idols and

spirits, this boy was taught to pray to our Father in heaven. He was saved from idol feasts, processions, and plays, and brought to know and love the service of God.

Lim was one of the quickest boys in school, and worked hard at his lessons, and even studied the English language. Mathematics was a favourite study, but he liked to learn all he could about every subject. When he made up his mind to be a native minister, he was able to pass the examination with honour. Lim is a very successful pastor. All his people respect, love, look up to, and provide for him, just in the way that a good minister is treated in this country. He has had many dreadful temptations, but has stood firm through them all, by just depending on the Spirit of Jesus Christ. Lim is a man of prayer. His manner impresses you. He *lives* in thinking about and trusting God. At his ordination, now many years ago, he seemed full of the Holy Ghost—so bright and cheerful, yet quiet and solemn, as in the presence of God. And though, like all of us, he has had his times of sadness, and for Christ's sake lives in poverty, while his old companions have made fortunes, yet the same blessed Spirit of God has been his comforter all along. So he has been such a comfort to others that he has even been sought after in the dead of night—an unusual thing in China, because the Chinese are afraid of the darkness.

CHAPTER XIV

SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS

New Guinea Specimens

I MADE up my mind, says the Rev. C. W. Abel, soon after I came to New Guinea and saw things for myself that I would in all my future work go straight for the youngsters. Whether in school or out of school, it is seldom now that I have not some of them about me. I do not call that time wasted which I spend at one end of a skipping-rope, or in teaching boys to play marbles without "fudging." Unless you are really interested in them, these New Guinea boys and girls are not easily caught. When I see my schoolroom so full sometimes that many have to write upon the floor, and the heat is very oppressive, and I can hear the other boys and girls playing in the village, and, looking out of the window, can see some of them paddling about in the sea on small canoes, or having sham fights with little blunt-ended spears, I am surprised and delighted that so many are willing to leave their games, and every morning and every afternoon are being taught to read and write. We teach them to read from the Gospels written in their own language, and in this way, even while they are children, they become familiar with the incidents of our Lord's life and death. I must admit I am very proud of my schools, and I am very fond of my children. They read exceedingly well, and they hardly ever make a mistake in spelling. I do not teach them to spell, for this reason. Any boy or girl

who can read at all can spell any word in the four Gospels correctly, provided it is well pronounced.

Many of these children could read and write well before I came to Hanuabada (Hanoobahda), but there are others who came to me straight from the village, and for whom I set their first lesson in strokes and pothooks. You will like to know how I have managed to keep these children regular in their attendance. They do not come to school, I think, from any great thirst for knowledge. I find they are no more enraptured with the multiplication tables than I was once. They would any day prefer in this hot climate to be splashing about in the sea to being confined in a room learning to write. I have been told that I bribe them into school. Well, suppose I do. You are not bribed to go to school because, in the majority of cases, you are compelled to go. But you are "bribed" when you get there to do your best to get on by being offered a prize if you succeed. Only in this way can it be said that I "bribe" my children into coming to school. You must know that nearly all the people here wear next to no dress. The village men and boys wear nothing at all. When my boys have attended, say, thirty classes, I present them with what we call a *rāmi* (*rāh-me*). This is simply a piece of blue or red print a yard and a half long, which they tie round their waists. They have some idea of their own importance when they strut about among their naked companions in these fine feathers.

The girls and women here wear a short grass petticoat which, tied round the waist, falls down to their knees. This is, to my mind, a most admirable dress for them. When my girls have attended, say, from thirty to forty classes, I present each of them with one of their native dresses, also called *ramis* (*rāh-me*). Don't let English girls think they are the only people in the world fond of finery. I have often smiled when I have noticed how closely these little Papuans (Papooans) resemble their English sisters in this respect. Dear me! how hard it is sometimes to satisfy the tastes of these particular young ladies! *Ramis* are not

made here at Hanuabada, where I am living. They are made in different parts of the country, and then given to these people in exchange for some of the ornaments which are made here. At Kabadi (Kahbahde) and Manumanu (Manoomanoo) and Aroma (Aromah) hundreds are made by the natives and distributed in the way I have mentioned. They all differ in the material used, therefore a good deal also in appearance. The Kabadi rami is the general favourite here. It is made of fine grass, and many of them are highly coloured and very showy. The Manumanu rami is of plain, coarse, bleached grass. I dare not offer one of these to my girls. Those which are made at Aroma are, to my mind, the most superior looking, but in this respect my taste is not appreciated, for nothing but a Kabadi rami will do for my girls. So, as you may suppose, I am always open to buy Kabadi ramis from any one at a reasonable figure.

The walls of my room (which I use as a study and office and dispensary combined) are at times simply covered with Kabadi ramis, of different colours and sizes. No canoe ever goes to Kabadi from here, if I know it, but the natives are told by me to bring back all the gayest ramis they can procure. Now I do not simply give the girls a Kabadi rami. I cut strips of white calico and Turkey red the length of the petticoat and about two and a half inches wide, and sew six of these streamers, alternating the colours, on to the waist-band. To see my girls walk off with their new ramis on with these bright colours flashing in the sunshine is a sight almost worth travelling all the way to New Guinea to behold. Is not this a very harmless way of "bribing" children to come to school? And, besides, see what a grand advertisement it is in the village, where everybody sees them, and I am sure none can see without being filled with admiration.

If ever you visit Hanuabada and you come across some delightful little girls very gaily attired, with a good deal of red and white about them, you will know at once whom they belong to, where they go to school, and, moreover, that they have been regu-

lar in their attendance. I have told you that we have no means of compelling the children to come to school. All we can do is to entice them in some such way as I have adopted.

The boys have very little to do besides play; but the girls have sometimes to work very hard in their gardens. Often, when I ask where a certain girl is who does not answer to her name when the attendance roll is called over in the morning, I am told she has gone inland to her garden to get food to keep her lazy brother and father from starving. They account for being late sometimes by saying they had to be up before the sun and hasten to their gardens and hurry through their work in order to get back again in time to be at school. I am sorry to have to admit that the men and boys are lazy, and that nearly all the hard work which in civilized countries is done by the men falls here almost entirely upon the shoulders of the women and girls. A native once applied to one of our teachers for assistance. He said he was starving. He was an able-bodied fellow, and there was no lack of food in the village at the time. "Have you no food in your garden?" asked the teacher. "Garden?" replied the native, as if he was sure the teacher must deeply pity him, "I've no garden—I haven't got a wife!"

There are a few boys and girls here over whom we have much more influence. We keep quite a number of them about the house. In one sense they are our servants. That is to say, they clean our knives, sweep our rooms, make our beds, cook our food, and, in fact, do the hundred little things there are to be done in a large establishment like this. In this sense they are our servants, but, indeed, they are more like our own children. There are so many of them that each has very little to do, and in all their spare time they are much happier living about our English house than they would be if they were like the other children, living in their natural state in the village. Now over these we have much more control. They are obliged to attend school regularly, and, in consequence of this and of the extra attention they receive at odd

times, they turn out our best scholars. Many of the boys thus trained grow up to be students, and after a few years' training they are sent out themselves to settle in small villages all over the country to teach their own countrymen.

One of the brightest of our boys is a little fellow named Noho. He is one of my private boys, and is supposed to look after *me* in some sort of way; but I assure you it often takes me all my time to look after *him*. However, he is a dear little boy, and I have the very best of characters to give him. There are not a few boys in England of his age who will read this description of him who would have all their work cut out to beat Noho at reading, writing, geography, and arithmetic.

My other boy is a little fellow named Lebasi (Lebāsee). He accompanies me when I am travelling about the country. He is always very willing to attend to my wants, and has the advantage of being able to cook a little. I have only to give him a tin of meat and a match, and after a short absence he returns with as good a hot dinner as any one could make out of such materials. Lebasi does not belong to Hanuabada. His home is nearly three hundred miles away, at a place called Suau. It was at Suau I first picked him up last Christmas, and since then he has journeyed with me a good many miles. We have travelled together in a lugger, in a whale boat, on foot, and for nearly a week once in a native canoe.

Some of our house boys and girls are orphans, and would have no home at all if they were not with us. There is one little girl who was brought here some time ago in a most distressing state of destitution. She belonged to a village some distance from here. After her parents died, her friends—if that is the right word to use about such people—turned her out of the village to shift for herself as best she could. She was only a child, and perhaps they thought she might after a short absence return to them again. In order to prevent this, they burnt her body with hot wood cinders before driving her into the forest. The poor child, suffering

terribly from her wounds, lived for some time wandering about



CHILDREN OF MOTUMOTU.

like a wild animal, and finding nothing to eat but berries and roots. At length she came to a small native house not far from

here. She was caught in an attempt to steal some food, and was brought to the Mission House. Fortunately at that time there was an English lady living here, and if you knew Mrs. Lawes as I do, it would not be necessary for me to tell you how soon Meaka's (May-ah-kah) sores were healed, and how kind a mother and comfortable a home she found here amongst the other children.

Then there is a very tiny little boy with us who is a great favourite with everybody, named Nou (No-oo). Nou is not an orphan. I think he wishes he was. He too comes from a village some distance from here, but belonging to the same tribe. His parents are very anxious to get him home, and on two or three occasions during the last few months they have made unsuccessful attempts to get him away from us. His father or his brother will come in unexpectedly and carry him away to Pari. Somehow or other Nou always turns up again within a few days, having cried so much during his visit to Pari that his friends are all willing for a time to get rid of him again. Nou is quite an important little fellow here; he is our bell-ringer. Three or four times a day, either before church or school, he toddles down the hill to the bell-tower, and pulls away at the rope to let the natives know it is time for service or lessons. Nou is a very good reader for a child so young as he is, and every evening at family worship he takes his turn and reads his verse from the Bible with the rest.

Chinese School Girls

Miss Edith Benham thus describes some she knew: There are as many millions of people in China as there are days in the year! You cannot imagine that, can you? Neither can I, but I know that it means nearly ten times as many boys and girls and men and women as there are in this dear old England of ours, and yet there are at least sixty times as many ministers here to preach God's Truth as there are over there! That sounds all crooked, does it not? You and I must work away in our little

corners and help send more missionaries to great, dark China. At six of the London Missionary Society stations in China there are girls' boarding schools, and there are also several large day-schools in Hong Kong, besides small ones in other cities—altogether hundreds of girls, big and little, to be taught and taken care of. Their funny, half-shaven heads, and black pigtails, their



A CHINESE MAIDEN.

bright-coloured jackets and trousers, their ear-rings and bangles, all make them look very different from English girls; yet, do you know, in their hearts and their ways they seem very much like the girls with whom I went to school many years ago. Now come and see our girls. School is just over, and they are all crowding round to say a last word to Kor-niu (my Chinese name), who is just going home. One little woman, whose turn it was

to help cook, comes running forward with a bowl of hot rice water; this has just been poured off the rice the girls will have for dinner, and it is a very pleasant drink after a busy morning. Now we go towards the gate, and one little round-faced girl keeps her hand tight in Kor-niu's; she came to school when we last had a long country trip. Two little dirty, ragged girls were put in our charge, and were very funny, riding together in a big bamboo Sedan chair, or trotting merrily by the roadside, or at night sleeping cosily on the floor in the corner of my bedroom in the little village chapel. The boat journey was not such fun, for it was rough, and they were sea-sick; but morning found us safe in harbour, and as it was raining I wrapped them up in shiny, yellow oiled paper and sent them to school like two big parcels! Little Sa-mui always felt she belonged to me after that; she was a good little woman, though not very clever. I must tell you about one bigger girl who was clever, but, alas! not good. Holidays had nearly come, and we were going to have a written examination for the first time. It was Bible history, and all the first-class girls had been working well; but when they wanted to work up a little at the end, the books were nowhere to be found. Oh, how they hunted! One girl had a book and was reading hard, and would not help search! At last they turned out every desk, and there they were hidden in the desk of this girl! The time was then nearly gone, but when they had finished writing the teacher told me this, and I would not look at the paper of the culprit at all. Oh! how sad we all felt, and how ashamed she was! You see, we have all sorts of girls at school, just as you have in your schools, and you must pray for them as for yourselves and each other that God will keep them from all that is mean and unkind, and teach them to love and serve Him. I cannot tell you how many millions of girls and women in China are never taught anything beyond cooking and needlework. Pray that every one who goes to school may be a bright, shining light in her own home afterwards.

Learning God's Word in the Jungle

When Mr. Hawker, our missionary in Coimbatore, was visiting his out-stations a few years ago, he was told by a catechist in Kanjicovil that there was a youth in the next village who seemed anxious to become a Christian. There had been an Indian car-festival a few days before in Kanjicovil, and this youth with his relatives had come to take part in it. But that day he had met and talked with the catechist, and then he refused to worship the heathen gods when his relatives did so. Two years before this, a Bible which had been given to his uncle by a former missionary had become his, and, filled with a great longing to know what it was all about, he had coaxed another boy who had been to a Mission School to teach him the Tamil letters. Then all alone this brave fellow learned to read in a village in the jungle, miles away from any school or even from any high road. Day after day, while sitting out in the fields watching the flocks and herds, did he pore over his Bible, until he could read well and master its meaning. One evening Mr. Hawker and the catechist walked out to the village where he lived, but they found he was in the fields. So into the fields they went, and there met the father, uncle, and brother-in-law of the lad Periyannan, whom they were told had gone into the jungle to meet the missionary, having heard that he was coming. So Mr. Hawker sat down under a straw-stack by some palm trees, and the others squatted on their heels, with their chins on their knees, in that strange way which only a Hindu can pack himself into, and talked.

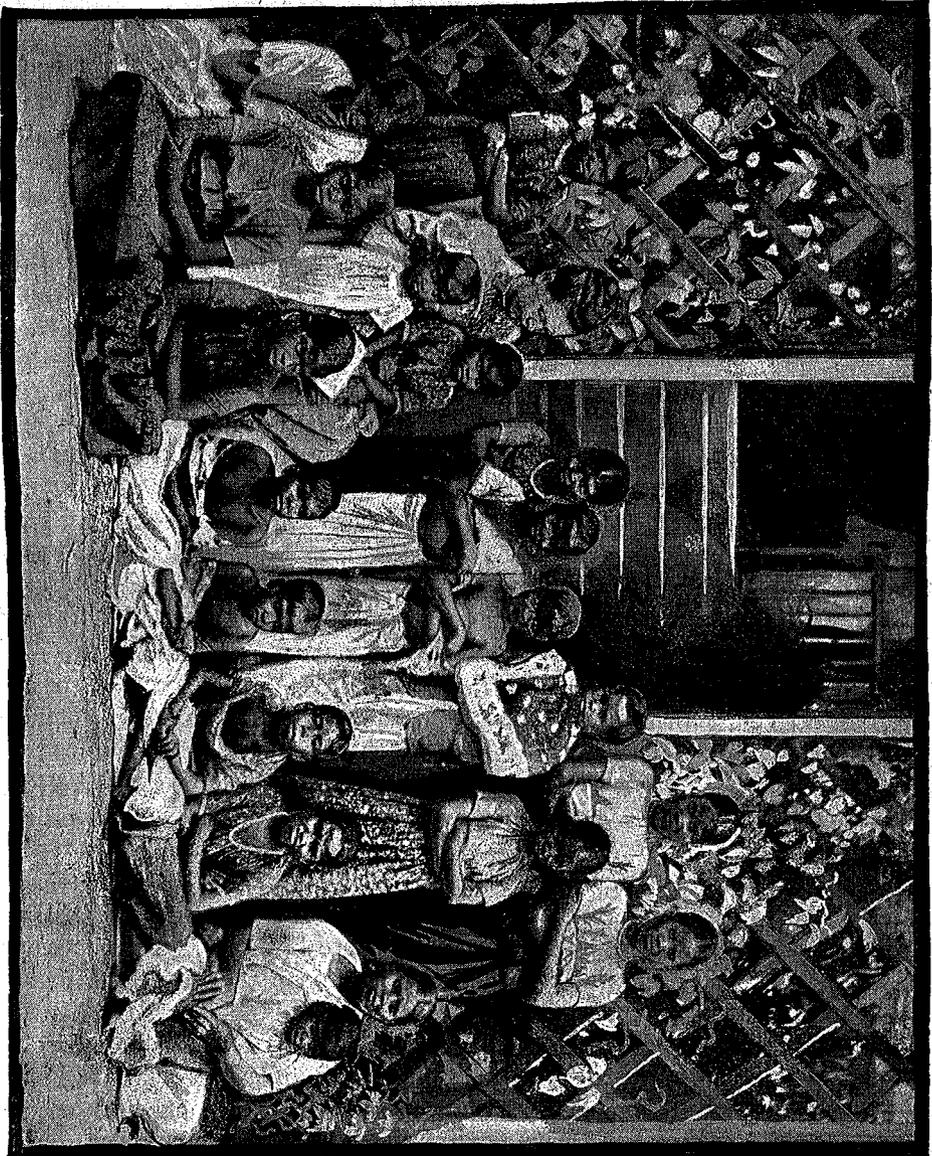
They quite agreed that the Christian religion was a very good thing and that all the missionary said was true, but that just as there were different countries, so there were different gods. Mr. Hawker was white and they were black, they said; therefore it was quite plain that they ought to worship different gods. While they were talking this way, Periyannan came up, with his Bible carefully

wrapped up under his arm. He was a fine, tall, manly young fellow, with a handsome face and open expression. Mr. Hawker asked him how much he had read of the Bible, and he said that he had read all through the Old Testament once and as far as the fiftieth Psalm the second time, and that he had read the New Testament through three times, and had nearly finished the gospels the fourth time. Anxious to know how much he had grasped of what he had read, Mr. Hawker began to question him. His knowledge of the history parts was simply amazing. He almost always answered the questions in the words of the Bible, too. When asked who was David, he replied very touchingly: "He was once a poor shepherd boy like me; but God protected him and made him a king. Why will not God also take me and protect me?" Periyannan could not write. He had sometimes tried to trace the letters on the sand, but all his time was given to mastering the Bible. Mr. Hawker sent him a slate and a book, and he promised to try and write a letter in a month. Periyannan was very anxious to go to school, and did not mind the idea of sitting down with tiny boys. He just said: "What can I do? I *must* learn." His friends call it "madness," and they think learning will make Periyannan good for nothing. Those of us who are sometimes tempted to be a bit lazy over our lessons and work must think of that poor heathen lad, who in a dark, ignorant village, overcame all the difficulties and learned to read and understand the Bible unaided and alone.

A Peep into an Orphanage

In a wonderful manner, step by step, God has opened up the way for beginning Mrs. Fry's children's home in Neyoor. The picture shows us some of the first inmates—six boys and twelve girls. They were a merry lot, and in play hours they made the compound ring with their happy laughter. Some of them did not know in the least what would happen to them when they were

told to sit down and look at the camera. The matron is sitting at one end in the front row with her baby in her lap. By the bye, that baby was in a fair way of being spoilt, for she was the pet of the Home, and some of the elder girls quarrelled as to who should have the honour of carrying her when they went for their walks. The five children sitting in front next the matron were the healthy children of some lepers, and were kept away from their parents, so that they might have every chance of escaping from the dread disease. Sattiai, the little girl next the matron, and Samuel, the third from her, were the best-behaved children in the Home, and they gained the good-conduct prizes that year. Sattiai got a big doll, and Samuel was made the happy owner of a gay handkerchief. The little girl on Mrs. Fry's lap she called "her bairn," as she gave her food and clothes till she could find some friend to support her. All the other children were "hospital children." Their parents or friends came to the hospital so ill that nothing could be done for them; they only came to die, and their poor children were left homeless and friendless, and the missionaries could not turn them adrift. They all had a sad history. Behind the matron we see three girls standing. The middle one is Pakkiain, and her little sister, Guanapoo, is standing by Mrs. Fry's knee. Their mother came to the hospital very sick, but getting somewhat better, she returned home, but soon got worse, and being unable to come back, she died, leaving her two girls without a friend in the world. They were so thin and starved-looking when they came to the Home, and their clothes were in rags. Mrs. Hacker gave them some nice new clothes, and a few weeks of good feeding and mixing with their companions in the Home soon made them more like other children; but they did not quite lose their solemn, frightened looks. The tallest girl in the group is Arulaie. Poor girl! she had led a wild, reckless life, and was very troublesome, disobedient, and unruly. But kindness and firmness worked wonders in her, and she ended by trying to be good and obedient. She felt that she was getting a big girl, and must make



THE NEYOOR ORPHANS.

the best use she could of her life in the Home. Then there are Amy and her brother Devasagam. Their father, who was suffering from an incurable disease, died in the hospital, and his last request was that his boy and girl might always stay with the missionaries and learn to love Jesus. The tallest in the group of boys is Devadasen, and his sister, Kirubey, is sitting close to Mrs. Fry's right. She was not very strong. She had fits sometimes, and was rather deaf, which was a trial to her. Her brother was a bright, clever lad, and they were both trying to serve Jesus. They were patients in the hospital at one time, and were both heathen. When they were well enough to go home to their aunt, they said: "No; we will stay here, for we are Christians." The aunt was very angry, and after trying several times to get them home, she left them. They were both baptized some years ago, and show by their changed lives that they are indeed walking in the light. Masillamoni, the boy in the middle, is the son of one of the hospital servants, who died very suddenly. The widow barely earned enough to keep herself, so they took the laddie into the Home. Anuntham (the last girl in front) used to attend one of the heathen schools. One day Mrs. Fry saw her covered with a dreadful eruption, which made the other girls shun her. She told her to come to the hospital. Her mother brought her, and they stayed three months, as the disease was very tiresome to get rid of. But they would not go home again. Why? Because while there they had learned about Jesus' love for them, and resolved to become Christians. When their heathen friends heard of this they were furious, and tried all means to make them change their minds. But it was of no use, and they were baptized. The mother joined the Church, and began learning to fit herself for Bible-woman's work. Her daughter was bright and quick at her lessons, and promised to be a clever girl. The last girl is Guanavadivu. Her father was a helpless cripple, and beat and illtreated his girl when she was at home. She was for months in the hospital with a terrible sore on her chest. She, too, was a wild, careless girl,

having led a wandering beggar's life. At first she was very naughty, and would not submit to rules, but the mere threat of sending her home to her father if she did not behave had the desired effect, and she really tried to do better, though it was a hard struggle.

Bible Teaching in Hindu Day-schools

Some time ago, a lady, high in the social world in Madras, visited Chulai School, and remarked in rather a discouraging way that she wondered what became of all the Bible teaching given in Mission schools, and what effect it had on the lives of the girls; one heard so little about it afterwards. I must confess, says Miss Brown, who relates the incident, that what she said, as well as her manner of saying it, troubled me, for I began immediately to question in my own mind what *was* the result of all the Bible teaching, and to feel sad that I knew so little of the after results. Just then, as if in answer to my questioning, an old friend—Mrs. Saltrianadhan, of the Church Missionary Society—said to me: “I have been wishing to see you for some time past to tell you that one of your old pupils in Chulai School wishes to be baptized. She says she has long believed in Jesus, and traces her impressions to the Bible lessons she used to receive when in your school. I know you will be glad to hear of it.” And I *was* glad. It seems that Alammamma's family had removed from Chulai to Chindratapetta, and in this way Alammamma had become a Zenana pupil of Mrs. Saltrianadhan's. Her elder sister, now married, and once a pupil also in Chulai School, had encouraged her throughout in her wish to become a Christian, and helped her by sympathy and in every way she could. Alammamma came to see me, and I asked her about her fellow-pupils in the class, if they had also been impressed by the Bible lessons. She said: “Yes; we used often to talk together, but what could we do?—we were only girls.” A few weeks after, I was present by invitation at Zion Chapel, and

had the happiness of seeing Alammalamma baptized. How true is the saying: "One soweth, and another reapeth," and true also "that both rejoice together," as Mrs. Saltrianadhan and I did that morning in Zion Chapel. Alammalamma is now married to a Christian schoolmaster belonging to the Church Missionary Society, and both are engaged in teaching in a village school.

Some years ago a little girl was reading in one of our London Missionary Society schools. In her lesson-book there was a chapter about idols and the folly and the uselessness of worshipping them. This lesson had such an effect on the girl's mind that she resolved she never more would worship an idol, and she kept her resolution; for, soon after becoming a child-widow, she was strictly looked after, and she worshipped the Lord Jesus only. By-and-by a Zenana teacher visited the house, and taught Rukmanny, with the result that she left her home, came and joined herself to God's people, was baptized, and is now a Zenana teacher.

Another Hindu girl attended a Mission school, and became very interested in the Bible lessons, so much so that she daily told her mother at home what she heard in the school. The mother also became interested, and after a time both mother and daughter resolved to accept Jesus as their Saviour. The husband and father had left them some time before, and had become an ascetic, wandering through the country from shrine to shrine seeking peace of mind and salvation; but at last he returned home as weary and unsatisfied in heart as when he left them. They told him the glad news about Jesus, what He had done and suffered for men, and how they had come to believe in Him, with the result that the man also became a believer, and now the three form a united Christian family.

And still the leaven works. Not long ago several of the girls in Chulai School were observed to retire daily into a little room built on the verandah. The head-mistress, becoming curious, went one day to see what they were about, when she found them on

their knees praying. On being asked about it, the girls said that their teacher had told them that if they wished to understand the Bible lessons, and to learn them well, they must ask Jesus to help them, and they were doing so. These were heathen girls, remember.

Two sisters were kept from school lately, and on inquiring the cause, we found that their uncle had become enraged because they had in their home lifted up their little voices against idol worship. He said if that was what they learned in school, he would keep them away from it.

These are only a few incidents to show the results of Bible teaching in our girls' day-schools. They could be multiplied a hundred-fold.

CHAPTER XV

AMONG THE SICK AND SUFFERING

In our Hong Kong Hospital

THE patient was the wife of a Chinese doctor. She was brought in to our hospital at Hong Kong too late, alas! to be cured of her dreadful disease. But during the twenty-four hours which passed between her arrival and her death she heard, for the first time, of the one true God, and learnt to love and trust Him. On the evening of the day that she came to the hospital, Mrs. Wong, one of the nurses, sat by her bedside telling her the "old, old story," and explaining the "Jesus doctrine."

"Where is He, that I may pray to Him?" the patient asked.

"He is here—everywhere—in our hearts when we love Him," was the answer; and the nurse went back to her room to rest awhile. But through the open door she could hear the voice of the woman earnestly praying for the forgiveness of her sins, all that she had ever committed in her lifetime. And all through the night until the early morning she was heard crying out: "Lord Jesus, save me, forgive my sins, and save my soul." Very early in the morning Mrs. Wong called to a Biblewoman, who lived next door, and who had once been a patient herself: "I wish you would come here a minute and talk to this poor woman," she said. "Tell her about yourself, and perhaps it may help and comfort her." So the Biblewoman came and told her how she herself, two years before, had come to the hospital, and how ill she was; and how she had heard about Jesus Christ, and had trusted Him and

found Him mighty to save and to keep; and she begged the poor sick woman to do the same. When she had done, the woman said: "Ah, I do not doubt any more; I do trust in the Lord Jesus. Lord Jesus, have mercy on me and forgive my sins."

All through the hours which followed she still kept on repeating the Name which is above every name, and her faith in Him, and begging Him not to leave her. She had no idea that her end was so near; but no fear of death, as it drew near, seemed to dim the brightness of her hope. And when she was taken, it was "to be with Christ, which is far better."

Into this same hospital came one day a poor girl very ill with fever. She was a very naughty girl, and had lived a very bad life. But while lying on her little hospital bed she heard about Jesus Christ, and how He died for us. Ah Ngau found Him, and before she left hospital she was baptized. Oh! how angry her friends were when they heard this! They persecuted her, and were most unkind. Her missionary friends heard of this and sent her to school, and they say she is now doing so much good in telling other people about the dear Friend she has found.

Then there was little Sau Wan, who had never walked, though she was six years old when she was brought to the hospital. She had double club-feet, poor little girl, and she had to undergo an operation. She belonged to a heathen family—one which hated the very mention of the "foreign devils'" religion. But Sau Wan soon heard a great deal about Jesus, and she learnt to love Him and to pray to Him. And the missionary doctor hoped that when she was cured she might herself become a little missionary to her friends still in darkness, and that they would learn, too, to love that great Physician who had made their little girl walk.

Some of the Little Sufferers

Mrs. Stevens, the kind and devoted matron, shall tell us all about them. The little girl sitting on the bed, she says, with her leg in a splint, has been with us since last year. She has disease

of the ankle-joint, and has been under operation several times. She is wonderfully better, very fat, and, in spite of the pain, very happy.

The little boy next to her, who is peeping out from under his blanket, is suffering from hip-joint disease. He has been with us for four months; but I grieve to say he seems just fading away. He is such a sweet, lovable child, with large, soft eyes and a beautiful smile. When he came to us first he was like a little shy bird, but he soon felt at home. He has never been able even to sit up in bed all those months; but he suffers very little pain, and never complains. His name is Ayau.

The little girl next in order is called Chan T'o. She is *my own* child, and I am sure to have more to say about her in future. She came to us very early in the year in a most miserable condition—head, body, and limbs one mass of dreadful abscesses; the whole of one side of the face and head one large black bruise; the bones absolutely bare, except for the yellow, shrivelled skin; and such an old, weary-looking face. I thought I had never seen such a miserable living creature, and longed that God would take her away out of all her pain and misery. Every day, while her wounds were being dressed, I held her in my arms, and her cries were agonizing. One of our visiting doctors did everything in his power for her poor little body, nor did his kindness stop there; he found out the cruel people whose little slave she was, and handed them over to the authorities, who took the child under their protection, and, at Dr. Hartigan's request, gave her to me, and now she is my very own child to provide for and educate. By slow degrees, and after being long, long on the very brink of the grave, she began to show signs of returning to life. The little body became more human in appearance, the limbs resumed their office, and by-and-by, oh, joy! she became able to walk. Now she is a jolly, round little woman, full of life and pretty ways, a little lame at present, but Dr. Thomson hopes to cure her of that; and then I shall send her to Miss Davies' boarding school to be educated, and

SOME OF THE LITTLE SUPPERS.



hope, with God's blessing, that she may grow up to be a good, happy, and useful woman.

The child, Yuk Kwai (precious pearl), lying under the red blanket in the middle of the picture, died the day after the picture was taken. She was the daughter of the photographer, and had been with us almost from the first opening of the Nethersole Hospital. Last year, during the plague, while our hospitals were closed, she was taken home, but brought back afterwards. She was most gentle and lovable, but a great, great sufferer, and I am sure one of our dear Lord's own little ones.

The girl with closed eyes was, as you can see, almost blind, but she has gone out quite cured.

The girl at the extreme left came to us several months ago, dreadfully injured by a lamp explosion, her body and limbs being seriously burned.

The little one with her arm in a sling has disease of the elbow-joint. I fear she will always have a stiff elbow.

As the children get better and go out, their places are filled up by others; and to all the afflicted little folk the toys sent by the kind ladies and children from far-away England are great treasures. I think almost the first thing the tiniest creature takes an interest in is a piece of thread and a few beads. These give endless occupation. And who can imagine the delight of possessing, for the first time, a doll or a little looking-glass—not to speak of balls, marbles, etc.?

For a long time the interior of my toy cupboard made a brave show, and the missionary children loved to peep inside. Little Connie Pearce, when ill in bed, had some *lent* to her. Little Ruby Thompson, being told that all were for the Chinese children, asked very wistfully: "If I were sick *and English*, would you *give* me some?" But, alas! day by day the shelves become more empty, and I fear some day soon history will repeat itself, and it will be too true that, "When she got there, the cupboard was bare"; but not for long, I hope.

Mr. Lin, the Mandarin

Mr. Lin had a post on the Viceroy's staff, and was a mandarin of good family and education. He had something wrong with the left elbow-joint, which made the arm quite useless. He came to our hospital in Tientsin as an in-patient, and got quite well in time. While there he read the Scriptures and other books, and took a pleasure in talking about the new doctrine. He had less pride than most men of his rank, and was altogether a very lovable man. When he left the hospital he was undecided, like so many more, and the missionary doctors could only leave him to God, not knowing what the result would be. However, he went on attending the Sunday services, and after a time was baptized. His friends proved his greatest hindrance, and for a time kept him back. Some of them belonged to the order called in China, "Chin jou pêng yu," which really means, "wine and meat friends." One wonders if that is anything like what we call "cupboard love"? In China such men are like leeches, and Mr. Lin found it no easy task to shake them off. The first thing in the morning he would find them in his guest-room, and whenever he went out of doors they would be sure to turn up to go also. Before his baptism, Mr. Lin several times started to service, but with these friends dogging his steps he was ashamed to go. Then they began to say that he was going over to the "foreign devil." To become a Christian is, with the wealthy Chinese, to become what they are pleased to call "a devil's slave."

It was his good old mother—all honour to the old lady—who at last came to the rescue and gave the so-called "friends" a thorough scolding, saying that her son was doing no disgraceful thing in joining the foreign religion. From that moment Mr. Lin took a firmer stand. He threw away his ancestral tablet, and cleared away all trace of the idols from his house. His old mother, over sixty years of age, who reads well, is much interested in the Gospel, having studied the New Testament herself. And so mother and son are learning together the wonderful truths of the Bible.

For Jesus' Birthday

Sometimes "doctor" missionaries are cheered by little acts of love and gratitude from their hospital patients. A Chinese woman, who had been in our Tientsin hospital for some weeks, had learned something of the "doctrine." She left the hospital, and after a time returned to give the missionary three strings of "cash," which was about five shillings of our money, saying it was for "Jesus' birthday." She had walked more than a hundred miles, carrying the heavy "cash" on her back. Surely "she had done what she could."

A Soldier for Christ

In this same hospital in Tientsin a young soldier named Chang-te-Chun lay for more than two years. Here he heard for the first time the wonderful story of the Gospel, and became much interested in it. He got quite well, and before leaving the hospital for camp he was baptized. But as often as he could he used to pay little visits to the hospital, and always showed a warm love for the Saviour, and a great desire to work for Him. Once he brought some money for the hospital funds. On another visit he met in the gateway a Bible colporteur, whom he invited to the soldiers' camp at Lu-tai. The colporteur went, and the soldier gave him a hearty welcome. He introduced him among his fellow-soldiers, and in the public street urged the people to buy the Gospels and turn to the Saviour. This action brought upon him so much bitter persecution in the camp, where the men are often ruffians and ne'er-do-wells, that, after receiving a severe beating from his comrades, he left the army. It is very difficult in China for a man to be a Christian and a soldier at the same time. Quite apart from the character of his comrades, he has to face the observance of idolatrous practices. Two or three times every year the cannon are brought out for worship, offerings are presented, incense is burnt, and officers in turn prostrate themselves before the guns.

Well, though Chang left the army he did not leave Lu-tai, but having saved some money, he opened a shop, and prospered very well. He was always a real witness for Jesus Christ, and has been able to help many of his fellow-Chinamen.

Only a Little Drudge

A little Chinese girl about ten years old was for a long time in the Mission hospital at Shanghai, with a sore head. She was a funny, dark, wild-looking child, and so dirty! From time to time she listened to the teaching given to others in the ward, and with great quickness she seemed to grasp its meaning. The child grew more gentle as the days passed, and she began to welcome the missionary ladies, who visited the ward, in a very sweet way.

Poor little thing! she was but one of the world's waifs, a little household drudge, a slave one might almost say, in a family living in Shanghai. She left the hospital, but came back one Sunday not long after to beg the missionary lady to go and see her mistress. Her request was granted, and many were the visits and talks that followed. More than this, Kwailing, as this little friend was called, did not rest until she had coaxed her mistress to send her own little girl to the Mission Day School, and one morning, in great glee, Kwailing brought the child. Dear little Kwailing! with all her dirt and ignorance she has certainly done her best to spread the "good news."

Seeing Him with the Heart's Eye

In the boys' school in Hankow there was a little blind boy who wished to join the Church.

Dr. Griffith John asked him: "Do you know where Jesus is?"

"He is here," replied the lad.

"You are blind; how do you know that Jesus is here?" asked Dr. John.

"Because I can see Him with my heart's eye."

The Hopeless Patient Cured

Here is the story of a Chinese patient in the waiting-room of a Mission hospital who draws near to the doctor to be prescribed for. He is middle-aged, and though a countryman, has an air of refinement, and a gentle face and voice.

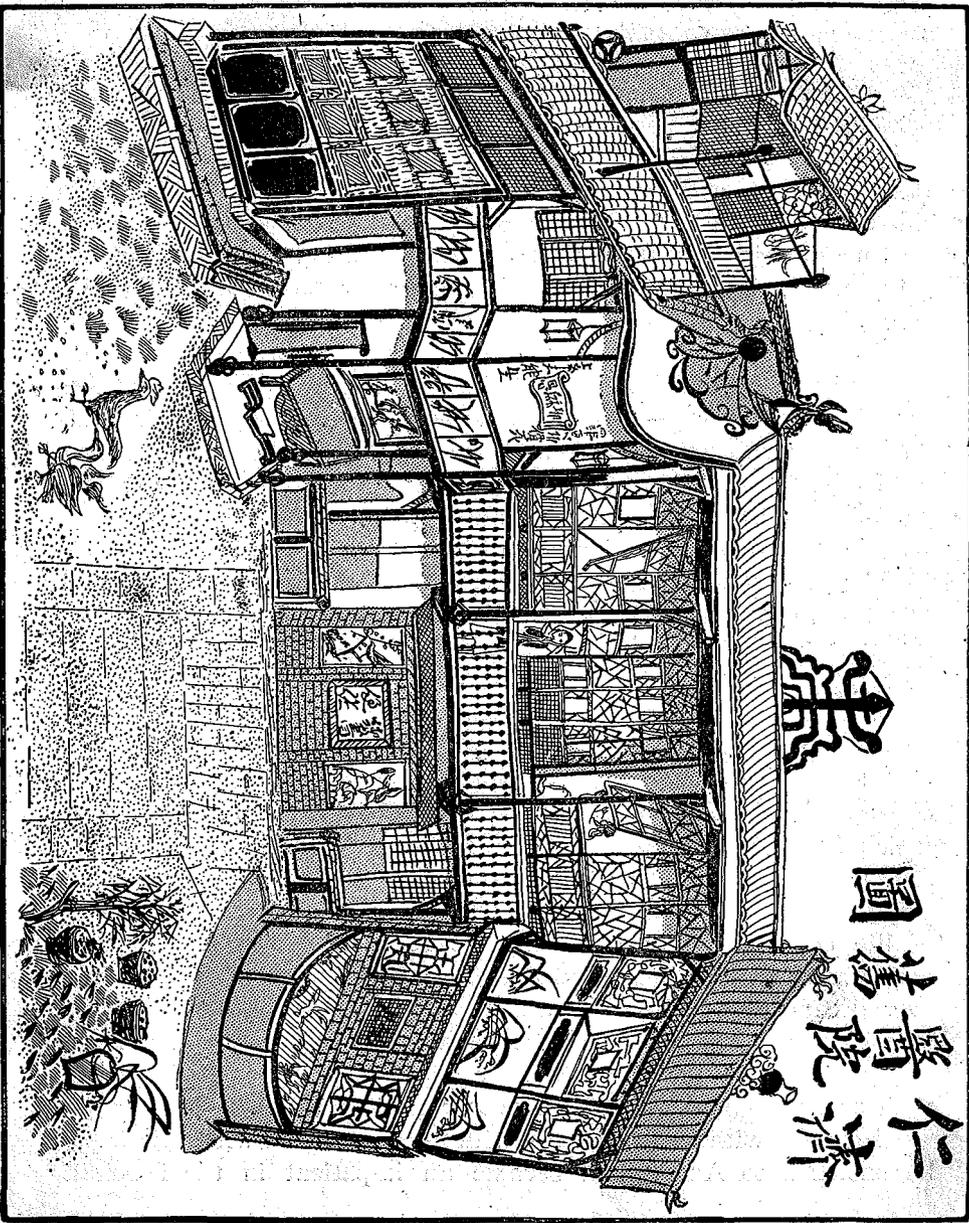
Some years before he was very ill, so ill indeed that he had given up all hope of ever being well again. He had applied to the idols in his own neighbourhood for relief, but he went on growing more and more seriously ill. In his despair, he joined the sect of the Vegetarians, who are very strict idolaters in the way of eating nothing which has ever had life in it. He had been promised that the "Goddess of mercy," the chief idol of that sect, would quickly cure him. But their promises were never fulfilled. He grew worse and worse, till his life became a perfect misery. What he was to do now he did not know. He had visited every idol far and near, and for a man in his position he had spent a small fortune upon them, but relief seemed farther off than ever. One day he had walked ten miles along a most rough and dreary road to the county city, where there was a famous idol, to see whether it could not heal his disease. The temple is a celebrated one, and crowds with every kind of trouble and sorrow thronged it from morn till night. The roof and walls of the building were black with the smoke of the incense that countless worshippers had burnt, and even the god itself, though frequently re-gilt, had become grimy and tarnished, so that it looked as though it needed washing.

This man with anxious heart took his place amongst the worshippers who were waiting their turn to make their offerings to the idol, all the while wondering whether he had at last come to one that could give him hope. He was told by those who were in the secrets of the idol that his disease would in time be cured by its powerful influence.

Again he walked the dreary ten miles back to his home, but there was now a spring in his step that had been put into it by

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仁濟醫院舊圖



A MISSION HOSPITAL AS DRAWN BY A NATIVE.

the promise of the god, and which made the way home seem wonderfully pleasant.

Time went by, and every day he looked anxiously for returning health, but it did not come. He had been deceived again, and this time his faith in the idols received a terrible shock.

One day he was told that at the Christian church near his home medicines were given away to those who were in distress. In the hope that there might be some that would suit his case, he at once applied to the native pastor for some, who said that he believed that he had just the very kind of medicine that was needed for his case. "Before giving you the medicine," the pastor said, "I want you to kneel down with me and ask God's blessing upon it. He is the Great Healer, and without His power no disease can be cured." But the man utterly refused to do this, and went away without the medicine rather than kneel down and pray.

The pastor was much surprised, for the Chinese are willing to worship any object in the world if they only believe they are going to get some good by so doing. The fact of the matter was, that this poor man had been to such a large number of gods for relief that he had become suspicious. He imagined that the God he was asked to kneel down and pray to was but another idol, and that by performing this act of worship he would in some way or other be bound to it, and that he would have to pay money to it, which he could not afford to do. Better pain, and even death itself, than to be always deceived and cheated out of his money by empty promises. Cast down and miserable, and with every hope of life crushed out of his heart, he returned to his home. But deliverance was coming, and that in a larger sense than he had ever dreamed of. While he was in sorrow and despair about the future, some one told him that there was a foreign hospital in Amoy where wonderful cures were effected by the English doctor, such as no Chinese doctor had ever been able to do.

Delighted with the news, and with his heart filled with new hope, he hastened to Amoy, and became an in-patient in the hospital.

His disease began to yield to the medicines used, and health slowly came back to him. Having nothing to do all day, he became a most regular attendant at the missionary's services. Slowly the truth entered his mind, until at last he was able to trust in the "Great Physician" for salvation. He returned to his home well in body and happy in mind. He was received into the Church by the pastor with whom he had refused to pray, and he became a most earnest and true member of his flock.

A Lady Patient in Peking

One day, our missionary doctor in Peking saw among the usual crowd of poor hospital patients waiting for him a very nicely dressed little lady, attended by her maid. The maid gave him a note from her master, a Chinese official, asking for treatment for his wife.

The doctor found her to be very ill, and ordered her to go home, giving her medicine. He asked a lady missionary to go and see her, so as to save her the trouble of coming to the public dispensary. Mr. Chang, the master of the house, received Miss Philip politely. He was a stately old gentleman of sixty, while his wife, the patient, was only twenty-six. He seemed to love his little wife, in his own Chinese fashion, and spared no expense in trying to tempt her to eat with luxuries and dainties, but she seemed to grow weaker. Mrs. Chang and Miss Philip often saw each other, and got to be great friends, and many were the talks they had about the "foreign doctrine," and the life after death which poor little Mrs. Chang must now soon begin.

One afternoon they were sitting together, talking of Christ's love in coming to save us, when suddenly Mrs. Chang asked the very question put to St. Paul so long ago: "What must I do to be saved?" Oh! how glad Miss Philip was to be able to tell her "little sister," as Mrs. Chang liked to be called, the Gospel message. Mrs. Chang had only been able to attend one service in her life, she could not even read the Gospel for herself; but if ever a soul

by simple faith took Christ as its Saviour and Friend, she did that afternoon, and, from that time onward, her religion became a very real thing to her. At last poor Mrs. Chang became too ill to leave her bed, almost too weak to move, and she suffered great pain. The missionary told the husband that he must soon lose his little wife. She pinned up some bright Bible pictures inside the patient's mosquito curtain, to try and comfort her. One of the favourites was that of Christ receiving and blessing the children, for she said the Saviour's face looked so very kind, as if He really loved and pitied her. But in spite of the bad pain she had always to bear, she was bright and calm, and was so glad if she could see her dear Miss Philip every day.

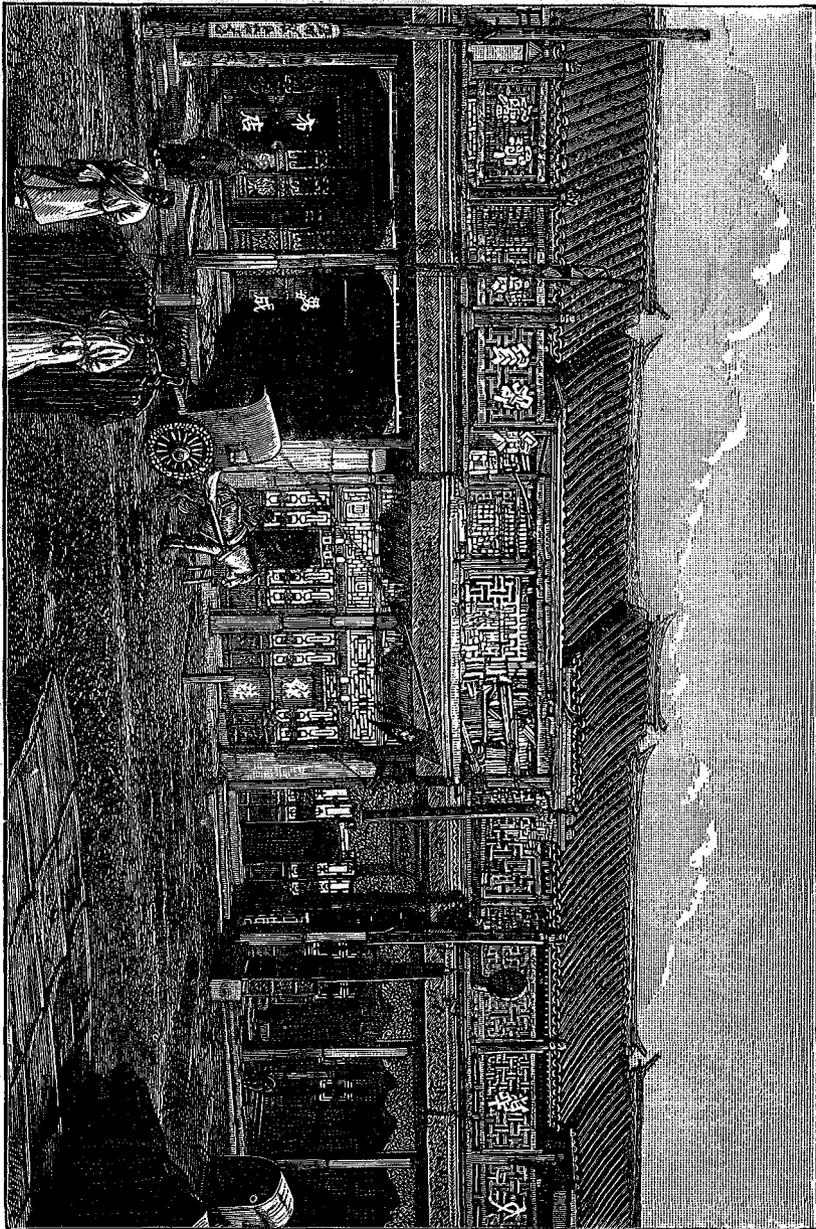
The old husband, too, was most kind, and even accepted copies of the Gospels at different times, for he was quite a scholar, and seemed to enjoy reading the books that his little wife liked to hear.

Miss Philip was hastily summoned early one day, and found her friend just at the point of death. According to native custom, she had been dressed up in her richest clothes and jewellery. She lay so still that all thought she must be dead. But as Miss Philip's tears fell on her face, she opened her eyes once and looked up into her dear friend's face with such a sweet, bright, restful smile, and moved a hand feebly as if seeking hers. She just whispered the words, *Ping au* (peace), and in a few minutes she gently passed away to be with God.

How the Lepers Help One Another

High up on one of the lower spurs of the mighty Himalaya Mountains stands the hill station of Almora. It contains a leper asylum, where about one hundred and forty of these terribly afflicted outcasts live and die. Many of the lepers have given their hearts to Christ. They do not live long, but Christ makes them happy, and they die peaceful deaths.

Some of these poor creatures had long wished for baptism, but



A STREET IN PEKING.

had been kept back until they knew a little more about the Gospel. But one day it was arranged that a baptism should be held. Mangaluwa was such a helpless sufferer that he could not get to the asylum chapel, but another Christian leper, who was not quite so helpless, offered to carry him there, so that he might be baptized with the others, and not all alone in his own barrack-room. It was a most touching sight to see Bijna hobbling along (for his own feet are toeless) with his friend Mangaluwa on his back. Just behind them was another group of three, two of whom were helping a third one between them, and taking him to the house of prayer. Another poor creature was painfully crawling along on all-fours, and obliged every few steps to halt in order to get relief, for besides being terribly crippled, he was suffering from asthma, a disease which often accompanies leprosy. Such scenes as these lead onlookers to say: "See how these Christians do love one another."

In various parts of Madagascar, too, this dreadful disease is found. Our society has opened some "Homes" for the sufferers—nice little cottages, where they may pass the rest of their sad lives in comfort, and die in peace among kind friends.

Sad to say, there is no doctor in the world clever enough to cure leprosy, so all we can do is to try and ease the pain and make the lepers happy in the thought of soon going to that beautiful land where there is "no more pain or sorrow."

Rabao was a Malagasy slave-boy, who served his master well and faithfully for several years, but when his leprosy was so advanced that he could not use a spade any longer, his unkind master cast him off, or turned him out to die, one may say.

He dragged on in his miserable life for three years, when, hearing about the Homes which the missionaries had opened, he begged to be taken in. He was in a most wretched plight when he entered, but was so grateful for all the kindness done to him. He was made very happy by finding a friend in Jesus Christ, that loving, pitiful Friend of lepers. He became much worse, but

was very patient in his sufferings, and just before he went to the "home over there," he said, "I do not fear to die; I am trusting in the Saviour."

The Neyoor Hospital Cots

The Neyoor Hospital is rarely without children, and the cots provided by the boys and girls in England are seldom empty.

Indian boys whose parents are poor are sent to work while very young. One little fellow, who daily climbed the tall palmyra palm-trees in order to get the juice, which is much used in India, fell from a tree sixty feet high, and broke both his thigh bones. He lay in hospital for a long time, and there learned about Jesus, who loves children. He got well, and was soon again climbing trees, but it is to be hoped he will not forget what he was taught.

The children are generally very grateful for the kindness shown to them, and many are the salaams sent by these little sufferers to their English brothers and sisters who send out money to support the cots, and so many beautiful toys and scrap-books besides. How they do love these presents, to be sure! Some of the wee girls quite think it is worth while being ill, or having a broken leg, to have a dolly given them for their very own. How many an otherwise weary hour is spent in dressing and undressing the wonderful baby which has come all the way from England. And when the little mother takes her treasure back to her own heathen home, what a source of interest it is to her friends and neighbours! Sometimes they crowd in to have a look at it, and to see the curious English clothes, and the proud owner tells them all she has seen and heard while in the little hospital cot; and so, in her own little way, she, with the aid of her dolly, is sometimes a true missionary, and is able to lead her friends to know the God of whom she has heard from the kind English friends.

CHAPTER XVI

WOMEN TO THE RESCUE

The Broken Jars

“TEACHER, teacher, will you give me a penny for another jar?” cried a little Hindu girl between her sobs, to a missionary lady one morning. It was in India. The lady was just entering the yard in which stood the schoolhouse, a few acacia trees, and some rose bushes in full bloom. Twenty brown-faced, bright-eyed girls were playing there. But at sight of their teacher all play ceased, and touching their foreheads with the right hand as a sign of welcome, they ran before her into the low building made of sunburnt bricks, which served as a schoolroom. Here, seated upon the floor, they waited until school should open with a lesson from the New Testament. The missionary lady came slowly in, leading poor little Tara, crying bitterly. In the corners of the bare, cheerless room stood black stone jars filled with water. The pieces of a broken jar were scattered around, which, when the little girl saw, she wept afresh.

“Tara,” said the teacher, “is this your jar? Who has broken it?”

“I smashed it myself,” sobbed the child.

“You did it yourself on purpose, and yet you cry!” said the lady with wonder.

“Shanti touched it with her hand and made it unclean, so I did as our holy books tell us to do—I broke it. Oh! teacher, *will* you give me a penny to buy another?” said Tara, looking up through her shining tears.

"Poor little one!" said the teacher, smoothing the long tangled hair, "obedience to such commands does not bring happiness. My child, does your 'book' tell who made the world and the people?"

"Yes," said Tara; "one god, whose name is Brahma, made the world and all the people in it. He made the people from his own body. From his head he made wise men, and from his arms and shoulders he made strong men, like soldiers and kings. Merchants and others he made from his loins, but poor men and servants came from the feet of Brahma."

"And from which part were you, do you suppose, Tara?"

"My father is high up, he is a merchant; but Shanti's father is a servant. So when she touched my jar it was polluted—my nice new jar, and now it is broken. Oh dear!"

"Sit down, Tara," said the teacher, "and when you are quiet we will talk about it."

In obedience she turned away, but, half-blinded with tears, she fell over a rude bench that served as a table. It gave way, and she was thrown to the floor, when, striving to disentangle herself from the broken bench, without thinking, she caught hold of one of the jars.

Instantly a girl of twelve or fourteen years started up with words of abuse falling thick and fast from her lips, and before any one could prevent her, had dashed the jar into a hundred fragments upon the ground. Slowly streamed the water over the coarse mud floor, which drank it up as parched earth drinks the rain; but the tears quickly flowed from the eyes of the excited girl.

"Tara! Tara!" she screamed, "thou daughter of a merchant! why hast thou touched my jar?"

Many bitter words would have been spoken by the two girls, but the teacher bade them be silent. It was then explained that the oldest girl was of "high caste," and none of her inferiors might so much as lay hands upon—much less drink from—the jar she called hers. As the low-caste Shanti had broken this

rule of caste in regard to Tara's jar, so in the same way had Tara offended the high-caste Salusi.

It is too true that in India all the people are divided into separate classes or castes, that never intermarry, never eat or drink together, nor may they even *touch* the vessels belonging to one another.

Three different castes were represented in this Mission school. They were all Hindus, and strict in obeying the commands of their so-called "holy book." The missionary could not forbid this, for they would have left school had their idolatry been interfered with.

So easily are these little creatures made to fear the breaking of caste that Tara declared she "would rather die than drink from Shanti's jar."

A few days before this little event the girls had asked for a few pennies to buy water jars. Willingly the request was granted, for in that hot country the little ones wish often for a cup of cold water. There were no wells near. All the water was brought from a river that flowed by at a distance from the school, too far for little feet to travel in the burning sun; so it was well that fresh water should be kept in the schoolroom, and this was the first day of their use.

Half an hour before, three of the girls might have been seen coming from the riverside, the jars poised easily on their heads, while they sang the new hymn their teacher had taught them.

Now two of the jars were broken. The one belonging to the lowest caste alone remained. No fear of any one polluting *their* jars.

Here was the beginning of trouble to the new teacher. Caste, that fatal hindrance to all good, to all progress in India, met her on the threshold. What should she do? Knowing the power of music, she said quietly to her troubled school: "Let us sing our new hymn."

Clearly, sweetly, and in unison rose the words, "Let us love

one another." Then she read how God made of one blood all nations; how Christ came, the Prince of peace and love. And the noisy lips were still while in a few words she asked that peace and love might be given to them.

Although none of the young hearts had given themselves to Jesus Christ, yet there stole over them a sudden quiet, and when asked: "Who shall have the remaining jar?"—for it was still unused—the generous Tara said: "There is no one else like me; I will drink at home before I come."

And the angry high-caste, forgetting her pride, added: "And there is no one like me; I am big, I will go to the river, let the 'outcastes' have it." And thus the last were first. The twenty girls of lower caste each drank from one jar; and though the caste of each scholar remained unbroken, the school became a house of peace, for they loved one another, and soon forgot the broken jars.

A Visit to a Zenana

A Zenana? What is that? Most who read this will know that it is that part of a Hindu's house which is set apart entirely for the use of the women of the family. It is generally at one end of the building opening upon a courtyard of its own, and all the view that the women shut up in it can see is that yard, with a solitary tree perhaps. The Hindu Scriptures teach that a woman must never stand at a door or look out of a window. The ladies of India are not allowed to receive visitors as they like, or to go about and see their friends, as we do in happy England. They never leave the house unless they are obliged to, and then they are closely veiled, so that they know very little of what goes on outside their home. And indoors what a dull, idle life they lead, to be sure! Poor women! they cannot read, and they are taught to do nothing but attend to the wants of their families and go through long prayers and ceremonies in the worship of their idols. So their time is spent chiefly in eating, drinking, and sleeping,

and dressing themselves up in their jewels. Of course there is endless gossip, and often bitter quarrels arise among these poor sisters of ours. When a girl reaches the age of thirteen or fourteen, though she may have been married as a child of five or six, she leaves her own home for that of her husband, who lives with his parents, grandparents, and brothers and their wives. Her husband's mother rules her daughters-in-law with a rod of iron. All have to obey, and the new-comer, the poor little wife, is turned into a perfect drudge, and has for some time a very sad and hard life.

Since lady missionaries have gone to India, and little by little have got leave to visit these Zenanas, the lives of the poor women are beginning to be better and happier.

At first the Hindus were horrified at the very idea of their wives being taught anything. They treated them more as slaves than companions, and thought them much too stupid to learn, and therefore not worth the trouble of teaching. One man, who knew a little English, on being asked why he did not have the ladies of his house taught to read, replied: "They no learn; they stupid. You see my wife there? the beast! she never learn."

The women welcome the missionaries with great delight. Many an hour that would have been spent in idleness and gossip now is spent in listening to the wonderful things the kind English lady tells them, or in learning to sew and read and write. Singing too is a great help in the work, and many are the hymns that they can sing. And many too are the hearts that have been won in this way for Jesus Christ.

The Almora Orphanage

The girls in the Almora Orphanage have been collected in various ways, chiefly from the leper asylum in connection with our Mission. Leper parents come bringing with them a child whom they cannot leave behind. The ladies coax them to give up this child to them to care for and love, in the hope of saving it, if possible,



AN INDIAN LADY WHO BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

from the dreadful disease that the parent is suffering from. The children of lepers have proved the brightest, cleverest girls among the whole number. Still it is a great cross these poor little Indian sisters have to bear all their lives, for it is thought to be a sad disgrace to have leper-parents, and men are not willing to marry them, and they are generally looked down upon. But they don't mind such things so much when they learn to really love Christ, for they get His love and sympathy to comfort and help them.

Other children are sent to the orphanage through Government officials, and these are very miserable little waifs and strays. They are generally so dreadfully poor and ill that the missionaries hardly think they will live. Some are more like little animals than human beings, and so hungry that they will eat all day long, and anything too that they can lay hands on. One poor wee boy who had got all his teeth, so was not a baby, could not speak, and yet had all his senses. He seemed to think everybody was his enemy, and tried to bite them, and the only thing that seemed to touch the soft side of his nature was a goat. He would put his arms round it, and smile and coo over it, and look heart-broken when it had to be taken away. But he soon learned to talk, and what is more, to pray to the Friend of little children. He is now a most kind-hearted, hard-working boy, and a great favourite. One thing they have to teach these poor little unloved mites is to love, and it is very beautiful to see the first dawn of love awakening in their hearts and faces.

Sometimes orphans come to the orphanage of their own free wills. I was walking down to school one morning early, says Miss Budden, and on the road met a sad-looking girl, quite young. I wondered what she could be doing alone so early, and something in her face struck me as being sad. So I stopped her and asked her where she had come from, and where she was going? She said she was wandering about, and did not know where she was going. She had no one belonging to her in the whole world; she was eighteen, and had been a widow for nine years. For

some time she had lived with her married brother, but he too had died, poisoned by his wife, they said, and since then she had lived as she could, doing work for her neighbours and having food given in return. I asked her what her caste was. She instantly drew herself up, saying: "A Brahmin of the Pant family," which is the highest Brahmin caste in the hills, and then asked what my caste was. I answered: "A Christian." Then I said: "If you have no home and no friends, won't you come with me, and I will give you a home and food and care and love?"

She said at once she would, and I took her down to the orphanage, and handed her over to the matron. On coming out of school I more than half expected to find she had run off; but no, there she was, and already smiling and looking happy, and said she would like to stay.

So I arranged for her to cook her own food, and not break her caste until she had learnt something about Christ Jesus, and did it of her own will. She was very quick to learn, and the love of Christ soon touched her heart, and after a while she was baptized.

Two Sad Little Pictures

They are drawn for us by Mrs. Du Bose in the following words:—

One morning in the cold season, a missionary wandered into a little village in India to try and do some work for the Master. Through an open door she saw a woman sitting on the ground, clasping her knees before a smouldering fire of dead leaves. Entering, she said to the woman: "Salaam." But she did not seem to take any notice, but continued to stare into the fire with a sullen, intense gaze. The missionary asked a man standing near: "What is the matter with this woman?" He sorrowfully replied: "Oh! Mem Sahib, yesterday the funeral pile of our only child, a boy, was lighted, and since then she has neither spoken nor eaten, and has refused to be comforted."

The poor creature's coarse, scanty garments were very filthy,

her hair was in the wildest disorder ; but as she sat there, with that stony look in her sad eyes, the missionary's heart went out to her in the tenderest sympathy, for only a fortnight before her own and only child had been taken from her arms. She told the wretched mother this, and instantly her attention was aroused, for she said : " And you mourned ? "

" Yes, but with the hope of meeting her again." And in a few simple words the missionary tried to make her poor Hindu sister understand something of the beautiful hereafter through Jesus Christ.

It must have been a wonderful idea to her, for she had been always taught that the spirits of the dead at once entered into some beast or reptile or insect.

She seemed somewhat comforted, though sadly she said : " I never, *never* expected to see my boy again ! I thought he was gone for ever."

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It was a dark, dreary night ; not a star gleamed forth from the gloomy sky ; even the wind seemed rushing by with a weird, lonely sound. There was not a light to be seen anywhere ; not one lamp sent out a friendly ray upon the cheerless street ; the whole city seemed asleep, for the hour was midnight. Suddenly a door opened, and a Chinese woman stepped out into the still night air. In one hand she carried a lantern, while the basket hanging upon her other arm was filled with paper money. She walked slowly along till she came to the first corner. Here she stopped, and taking out several handfuls of the paper from her basket, she placed it on the ground and set fire to it, and as it burned quickly up, she called out in a loud, shrill voice : " Ah ! Chao, come back ! Ah ! Chao, come back ! " The fire having burned out, she slowly passed to the next street corner, and went through the same performance. Then to the next street and the next, and so on and on she wandered. Her piercing cry seemed to tremble

with the deep, unspoken anguish of a hopeless and bursting heart, and it grew fainter and fainter as she crept farther and farther into the dark distance. Poor mother! Ah! Chao will never come back to you again!

When she reached her home in the early dawn, she found only the lifeless body of her loved one. His soul had gone into the unknown future; she could not follow him. She was almost beside herself in the blackness and darkness of her great grief.

This son was her only child; for him she had lived and toiled and saved. She had loved him with all her heart; she had fed, clothed, and educated him. Now that he was twelve years old she had begun to form great plans for his future. She hoped that he might worship and take care of her soul after her death. Now all her hopes were blighted, and her life seemed a perfect blank. Only four days ago he was quite well. He was standing with her and many of the neighbours to watch the procession of the god of the fields go by; he had seemed afraid as the idol passed, and by-and-by had fallen asleep. He waked up in terror, crying: "Oh! mother, the idol has hold of my hand, and is dragging me to the temple to burn incense."

The mother, in great fear, ran out and bought two dollars' worth of incense, candles, and paper-money, and went quickly with them to the temple to worship. All the next day she knelt before the idol, pleading for the life of her child, and all the third day she knocked her head on the ground before him, making vows and promises, but all was useless.

"Foreign teacher," she exclaimed, "don't tell me that these idols have no power, for they have taken my boy." Yet she was interested in and listened earnestly to the words spoken about the "Great Physician, the sympathising Jesus," who says to every mother-heart: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of *such* is the kingdom of heaven."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "if I had only known this before, so that I could have told my boy!"

Saving Some

If the reader could go to Hankow and pay a visit to the Sunday afternoon service, he would see a large number of women present with their hymn-books and Testaments. In most of the chapels in China about three-quarters of the building is set apart for the use of the men, and just a little corner for the women. In explanation it should be said that men and women in China never sit together at service, nor do they eat or walk together in the street.

Teaching women to read, the missionaries tell us, is very slow work. But they are gathered into small classes, and are taught little by little, and when they become Christians, it is wonderful how much more anxious they are to learn to read, so as to know more about the "doctrine."

One of the women in Hankow came to her reading-class one day bringing with her a sweet little girl about two years old. The missionary lady asked the name of the child. "Picked up," said the mother, with a smile. "Why is she called that?" "Oh," said the mother, smiling yet more broadly, "it was because when she was born I wanted to drown her; I had one girl already, so I threw this one away, but her father picked her up, and said he was a Christian, and she must not be drowned. I did not know the doctrine then."

The missionary turned to another woman present, and asked the name of her little one. "Rest and Happiness," was the reply. "He was born on the day of rest, and it was Communion Sunday." That mother is a bright, clever woman, reading her Bible easily, though she, too, was not long ago an ignorant country-woman, and but for the "Jesus religion" would be so still.

Sold to a Mandarin

The Chinese heathen women are often so densely ignorant, with little thought or care beyond that of food and clothes for

daily needs, that our lady missionaries sometimes feel utterly helpless to do anything for them. The women understand nothing of their need of a Saviour, and take but little interest even in heathen ceremonies. No wonder is it that Chinamen say: "A woman cannot learn; you might as well try to teach an ox or an ass."

But little by little the women are beginning to take an interest in the classes which the "foreign ladies" hold for them. It is such a new idea to find any one caring for *them* and wanting to help them that it takes time to realize such a wonder. In the women's class in Tientsin there was one bright girl of eighteen who seemed very much interested in what she was learning. But after a time she left off coming, and it was found that she had been sold by her heathen mother for one hundred dollars to a mandarin in the city.

Only a Blind Girl

Passing from day to day a house in the city, the missionary heard always a low moaning sound, as of a child in pain or sorrow.

Asking at last the cause of this, she was told that it was only a little blind girl who was locked up by her mother while she went out to work, as she had no one to take care of her.

The missionary went and saw the mother, and asked her to let her have the care of the child. This was agreed to. At first it was thought that the little thing must be an idiot, though she had a pretty pale face and beautiful long hair. But her lonely, sad life had given her such a stupid, hopeless look it was painful to see her. The only thing to do was to be kind to the poor little girl and try and amuse her, for it did not seem possible for her to learn anything at all. But she used to sit in the schoolroom with the girls, and, as the Chinese children always study aloud, she began to pick up little things. She seemed to be interested in their Bible lessons, and after some months could

repeat the Lord's Prayer and some texts. After a year she showed so much quickness and intelligence that she began to do regular lessons with the help of one of the older girls. She was always so gentle and amiable that everybody loved her. In three or four years' time she had learned by heart all the four Gospels and some of the Epistles. She became a little follower of Jesus Christ, and was baptized, and has ever since led a happy and useful life, though only a blind Chinese girl.

