

Childrens' Department.

We call the special attention of our young friends to the story of the little blind Zulu boy. He tells, in his own simple way, how he found Jesus, or rather how the dear Saviour found him, for it is this we want each one of you to notice. Although he knew nothing of God, yet all the while, God knew and was loving him, and one day, when he was all alone, met him, and helped him in such a way that afterward he knew it was God who had done it. As you read his touching little story, notice how easily the little Zulu learned to know Jesus, and ask yourself, "Why cannot I learn to know Him in the same way?"

The first thing he did, after hearing who Jesus was, was merely to whisper a few words to Him one night when he was all alone. Then he followed the advice of the teacher in the school, "to keep on trying to know Jesus, and not be afraid to tell Him all that was in his heart;" and "so," he said, "light and trust kept coming, coming into my soul." This is the way for you, too, to get light and trust. There is no better, no other, way. After that, he learned the third chapter of St. John, which taught him that Jesus was His Saviour from sin; and ever since then God has been with him like a near Friend, so that he has never again been lonely or unhappy, notwithstanding his blindness.

How strange that a little heathen Zulu boy should tell children in Christian countries how to find Jesus!

THE BLIND ZULU BOY'S STORY.

My name is Tungwana. I was born at Natal, South Africa. My father was chief of a tribe of a thousand or more people.

When I was eight or nine years old I went to work in a sugar mill which the English government built at the station for the people. One day, while there, I saw a man working in iron; I was interested, and went near to see how it was done. The man was working fast and the sparks were flying. That was the last thing I ever saw, the last ray of light. One of the sparks flew into my eye and I became totally blind.

I was sick three months; I cannot tell how great the pain was. No words can tell! Oh, how dreadful, too, it was to me that it was always night! It was like death. Often I cried with the pain in my heart, which was sometimes harder to bear than the dreadful pain in my eyes.

At times like weddings and feasts, when the people would all go and I could not, I felt as if my heart would break. My mother would never go and leave me, and many bitter tears we shed when alone together. I longed to die, and often felt as if I could kill myself. "Then," I thought, "all would end. I would just die as the beasts die." Sometimes I ran hard, saying I did not care where I went or how I fell and hurt myself. I would fall in the tall grass many a time, and lie there hoping I might never get up again. But my mother would be sure to find me. I knew nothing of God; all was dark, dark to body and soul. I knew not that I had a soul.

One morning I waked when the cocks began to crow, and thought I

should like to try if I could go alone and take my bath. The river was about half a mile away. I got up and set out. The air was fresh and pure, and the birds were waking up to sing their morning song. I went safely to the river and had a nice bath.

I do not know when I had been so happy as that morning; I was pleased to have got on so nicely alone; I wondered how it was that I had such nice thoughts, where they came from, where everything came from! As I quietly walked home thinking on these things, it seemed as if I was not alone, that some one was with me, was helping me, and that was the reason I had gone on so well this morning. Yet I could hear no sound that told me any one was near.

I now believe these were my first thoughts of God. It was like a little trust! I hardly know what it was like. From the children in the school I had heard that there was a God. But the thought was very vague, and had taken no real form in my mind.

About this time "Inkosazana," a missionary, began to have meetings at our kraal for the women. They were sometimes in my mother's house. One day I was there at the meeting; they spoke to me, but I would not say much; just sat as I often did with my blanket on my bowed head.

The words did not go out of my mind; I thought of them continually. A night or two after this, I had a dream. I thought I was trying to walk by myself, and I fell into a dreadful mud hole. I tried to get out, but could not; slowly and surely I felt myself sinking. I called, I struggled, but all in vain. No one came to help me. Suddenly I thought that I could see, and there, quite near me, stood some one who was a stranger. He reached out his hand and said, "Come to me; I will help you." Eagerly I put my hand in his; I had little strength for doing more. Safely and tenderly he brought me out of the mire on the dry land. I tried to thank him, and as I looked into his face, quickly the thought came, "This can be no earthly being. It must be He who is the Friend of the troubled, the Friend of sinners." I felt that He was my Friend. Then I awoke and knew that I was still blind, that I had only been dreaming.

I could not get away from the thought that this same being, Jesus, was near me, was my Friend; and I longed to know more about Him. I could scarcely wait for the next meeting. I asked her to tell me more about Jesus.

As I heard more and more of His love, a stillness came into my soul when I thought of His being my Friend. She told of His opening the eyes of the blind, and then she said, "It may not be in this world, but some day you will again see. Jesus can make you see; it will not be a dream!"

Oh, I cannot tell you how sweet it was to hear all these glad tidings! They were continually in my thoughts, and were to my heart like rain in a dry and barren land. Yet I felt that I did not know how to speak to Him who was so great, so pure, so holy; yet I hoped that He would understand me. So that night, and when alone I often put my head in my blanket and whispered a few words to Him.

The desire to know better how to pray, grew very strong upon me; I could not wait for the next meeting

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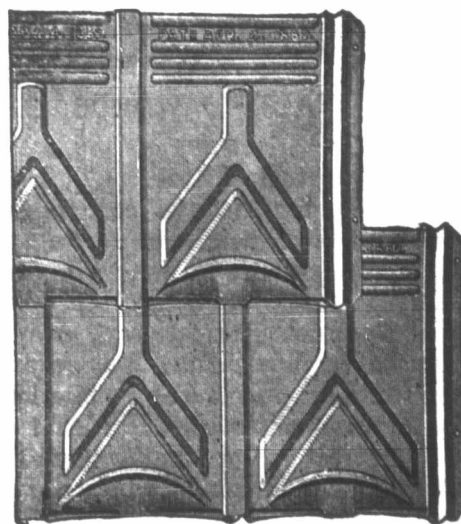
Plymouth, England.

I went to the teacher in the school and asked him if he would teach me how to pray. He told me to keep on trying to know Jesus, and not to be afraid to tell Him all that was in my heart; and so light and trust kept coming, coming into my soul. He wished me to learn the third chapter of John. While I was learning that chapter, I saw very plainly that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was my Saviour. I asked Him with all my heart to take my sins away, to take me and keep me. I trust that I was then truly born again.

Since that day I have never known a time when I did not feel that God was with me and heard my prayers. I never now feel lonely and sad as I used to do, I have continually so much to think of that is pleasant. I have even grown happy in the thought of being blind. If I had not been blind, I might never have sought and found Jesus Christ. To have found Him is more to me than eyes or any earthly thing.

My one great desire and joy is to tell others of Jesus and how they may find and follow Him. I trust that God will help me to be pastor over the people of my father's tribe, and to lead many of them to love and follow

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