

MOURNING HER BOY BABY.

"When visiting a distant estate lately," writes Rev. Dr. Morton, our missionary in Trinidad, "I found a man reading his Hindu book.

"Seeing his wife looking ill and sad, I asked if she did not want some medicine. She said her heart was sick for her only child, a boy of a year and a half who had lately died.

"I tried to lead her to think that it was 'well with the child,' but she refused to be comforted.

"She thought her child must have been a great sinner in a former life, to die so soon in this life, and that now he was likely a toad, or an ass, hated or ill-treated, with no mother's love to comfort him. How could she think of that and be happy?

"I assured her that her fears were groundless, that Jesus our Lord, of whom she had heard, took the little children and kept them safe with Himself.

"If only that could be true, she thought it would give great comfort, but she never heard it before, and she could not be sure of it.

"I saw her again last Sabbath. She was still ill, but less hopeless.

"Her husband professes to have no sympathy with her sorrow. He says that each man, woman and child has his burden fixed by inevitable fate. 'My burden is heavy enough. Why should I increase it by sorrow for others?' This is his cold, unchrist-like creed."

What a grand thing mission work is, telling such poor sad mothers, of Jesus who has their little ones safe in His keeping, and who is ready to give to themselves peace and hope to brighten their dark lives.

This is part of the work that you are doing when you give to send our missionaries to the heathen.

Do all you can this year.

A PIECE OF GOOD NEWS.

FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Near the Island of Efate, where our missionary, Rev. J. W. Mackenzie, has labored for more than twenty-four years, is a small island called Meli, which has always been very bitter against the Gospel.

For more than twenty years the missionary has visited them, and tried to win them, but in vain. Sometimes he would be threatened with death, but bravely and patiently he kept on.

Now all is changed. Within two years they have become friendly, and many of them are true Christians.

Read this little bit of Mr. McKenzie's letter which has just come:—

"I can hardly realize the change which has taken place. It is simply marvellous. To see those who in former years scowled at me whenever I went among them come up to me now, all smiles, to shake hands, and bringing a present of food, or coconuts for drinking, to show their goodwill, is ample reward for our long night of toil.

"When I went to visit them a few days ago, a native, who had once pointed a gun at me to shoot me, but who is now a church member, came three miles in his canoe to meet me.

"They knew of my coming, so nearly all the women of the village prepared food in order to give me a royal reception.

"Shortly after I arrived, they came in a string, each with a large piece of native pudding in her hand, which she placed upon my table until there must have been more than a hundred pounds weight of it.

"A missionary has dark days, but he has bright days too. To God be all the glory."

Last Sabbath was a grand day here. We had about five hundred natives present. Twenty-one new members were admitted to the church. One hundred and eighty-six took their seats at the Lord's Table.