

DILLON'S BAY, ERROMANGA.

The picture on the front page looks as if it were of a very beautiful place, with its calm waters, its beautiful hills, and its green trees with little native huts scattered among them.

It is a peaceful place now, for one of our missionaries, Rev. H. A. Robertson, and his wife, have labored there for more than twenty-five years, and the people are now Christians, but not many years ago they were all heathen, and if a white man ventured to land there, he would likely be killed and cooked and eaten.

Do you see the mark X by the shore, in the picture. That is the place where a good missionary, John Williams, was killed.

He was landing there with his message of peace and good will to these poor dark people, but they scarce gave him time to land. They killed him by the water's edge.

So honored and loved was this man, that a missionary society in Britain called their mission vessel after him, the John Williams.

Try and find out all you can from your parents and teachers and books, about the good missionary John Williams.

The people were still very savage and cruel when our own missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, went among them, and often they too were in danger of being killed. But God kept them and blessed their work, and now the people gather by hundreds, at Dillon's Bay, to worship the true God, and the Sabbath is as quiet and peaceful and as well kept as it is in Canada, and life and property are as safe as they are with us.

What a grand work, to be means, in God's hand, of turning a wild savage people, fighting and killing and eating each other, into a people with safe and happy homes, and fitting them for a heavenly home when earthly homes are left behind. Many a lonely trying hour our missionaries have had, but they have their reward now, in the change they see around them, and what a joy it will be to them in that better life to see

there the many they have won from darkness and sin.

 HOW THE SALOON HURTS CHILDREN.

This story tells one way in which it makes them suffer. A minister in Philadelphia says:—"I was walking down the street one Saturday afternoon, when I saw a little child, ten or twelve years of age, sitting on the steps of a saloon.

I spoke to her. She at once called me by name. I said, 'How do you know my name?' She replied, 'You came and spoke down at our mission school.' I said, 'Why are you here?' She said, 'I am waiting for my father, who is in the saloon.'

Presently the man came out. I went on the opposite side of the street, keeping my eye on them. He walked unsteadily, partly supported by the little child.

Presently they came to another saloon. I saw that the little child was pleading with him. But he went in and she again sat down upon the steps.

I went to her and said, 'I will go into the saloon and ask them not to sell anything to your father.' She said, 'O, no! That will only make it worse, and when he goes home he will abuse mother.'

'Well,' I said, 'I will wait till he comes out, and urge him to go home without drinking any more.' She said, 'No, that would be still worse.'

I followed them from the other side of the street. He went into one saloon after another until he had gone into thirteen, and had to be almost carried home.

Think what a home and what a life that poor little girl would have, all on account of the saloons.

The people of Canada are to be asked soon to say whether saloons are to be allowed to continue in Canada. Will you not try to get your father and older brothers to vote against allowing them to continue, to make sad the lives of little boys and girls and their mothers.'