

weirder wail from a long curved horn. And the sound of the chopping of wood and the breaking of branches broke through the plaintive minor of death with the rude major key of life. And the silence of men and women answered back with a silence that seemed a sob.

They had the death car there, a raised affair of wicker-work hung with red flags and white scarves; within it, hidden by a brilliant yellow wrapper, lay—it. Yesterday it was a woman, suffering, dying. Dying by the light temporal of a fire on the floor, perhaps. Dying in pitch darkness as to the light eternal. And so close to her there was light and love! To-day it was a body lying on its funeral pyre.

They piled the faggots round it. They lighted them—and a wild, wild wail rose up to the God who looked down and saw it all. Then the horn blew loud and long, and as the fire flamed one part and then another, and the terrible sound which they call the "head-split" cracked through the crackling of the wood, they seemed to put all the dread and horror of it into one intenser yell.

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Why do I tell it so? Why break through the pleasant scenes of home with this bit of the fiery barbaric? Why! Because it is true! *It is true!* It has gone on like that for thousands of years. It is going on so to-day. Is there nothing in it which speaks? Has it not a voice for you? A voice—yes, and a cry. The cry which God heard when He said long ago, "*The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground.*"

To-morrow they will go and gather the poor black bones and weep over them. Then they will "work their charms," and put the bones in a pot, and hide it among the bushes. This time next year—who will remember, I wonder?—May 16, 1897, if all things last till then—they will go again, re-burn those bones, offer two buffaloes over them, and set the spirit free. For it is in trouble to-night—wandering, they say, they know not where. For a year it must wander so. And then when the bones are re-burnt and the buffaloes offered, it finds its way to the gods!

We had hoped we might speak to them. But no, there "was a glow of dusky redness in their eyes, as if their hearts had caught fire, and were blazing out of the upper windows." They repelled our advances, and frowned a fierce refusal. But we will go to their village again. Perhaps they will listen then.

Dear friends who read this little home letter, what will it mean to you? A terrible tale, and a sad one, but little more; or this?—another note added to the call for present speedy help; another small though true share in the fellowship of His sufferings.

Some of you are poor, and you are giving all you can, and at a cost our loving Saviour knows—you cannot give more; but you can care more, and that will mean *pray* more. Some of you are not poor, and are not much giving, not much caring, not much praying. Can it be that we are sometimes too far away from the heart of our God to know His sympathies? *For He cares. He so loved that He gave!* Oh, ask for us who are out, as we do for you in the home land, that we all may be drawn so close to Him that we shall be filled, not with mere human pity, but with Divine compassion which shall burn through all barriers, break through all selfishness, till it reach and touch and win for Him those lost for whom He died.

P.S.—This evening I went to the village in my native dress; and whereas they would not even let me cross the threshold of their huts before, much less listen qui-

etly at all, this evening they invited me in at once, and nestled round me perfectly fearlessly. "You are our friend," said one; and another wild-looking woman took my hand, and touched it gently, and said, "Our love is upon you." They know the English dress well, but I fancy it looks foreign to them, and they seem more at home with me in their own.

A STORY OF THE HYMN "MOMENT BY MOMENT."

A member of my Bible class, a widow, Mrs. A.—, had been going through great trial last year. She had a house on which she depended much for the rent; through false references it had got into the hands of an evil man, who whenever she went for the rent, simply mocked at her, jeered and laughed, and no effort that she had made could either obtain the rent due or turn him out. She had at length put her case into the hands of a magistrate, who said she must appear in court, and the case was pending when my story begins.

She was in deep waters of poverty and had a terrible dread that God had forsaken her, when she saw in some paper, "*Three Days With God*," It was the notice of the Rev. Andrew Murray's meetings to be held in the East End Assembly Hall. "I will go and spend these days with God, and put my case into His hands," she said to herself.

On Wednesday she put on her bonnet to start forth, —a knock—a young policeman asking, "Does Mrs. A.— live here? My wife is dying.—I must be on my beat." It was a struggle for a moment, but she said, "I will go to her." The young man took her to his house, where she found his young wife fearfully ill, indeed she thought dying. She had been nursed by a drunken woman, and her agony was so great that the least touch of the bed-clothes made her scream. "No quiet days for me with God," she thought. She watched till the following morning, when she was relieved by a neighbor and went home to rest. As she entered her home, she thought, "Now is my opportunity," and forthwith started to the Assembly Hall, and reached it in time for the afternoon meeting. Mr. Murray spoke on Love, and the Holy Spirit deeply convicted her of sin. Did she not hate the man who had wronged her? Where was the love? Mat. x. 44, 45. How could she love? When at the close Mr. Murray said, "Let each here tell their Father in heaven their need, pour out your heart before Him while we wait before Him in silence," she knelt down in silence with shame of heart, and confessed her hatred and anger and doubts of God's love to her, sought forgiveness, and asked the love of God to fill her soul. She felt it little mattered what became of the house, if only her heart was right with God. His peace filled her heart as she rose, and the hymn was given out, "*Moment by Moment*." How it thrilled her especially the second verse,

Never a battle with wrong for the right,
Never a contest that He does not fight,
Lifting above us the banner so white,
Moment by moment I'm kept in His sight.

"I'll stay for the evening now," she said; "there is no need for sleep." Though all her money was 1s. 9d. she thought, "Never mind, I'll pay for my tea, for moment by moment I'm under His care."