

held by all classes of the natives.— Even the poets have introduced it into their poems. We had some difficulty in convincing our Christian boys that this notion is erroneous. It was only done by breaking down a row of cells, and showing them the various stages of the egg hanging in them, then the small grub, and lastly the chrysalis changing into the wasp.

But you know, dear young friend, that most of these people are ignorant on a far more important subject than this. They know indeed little about the works of God, but much less about his word. Ignorance about the former is bad; but this is of little consequence compared with ignorance about Jesus Christ, the great God and the only Saviour. Pray that the Holy Spirit may incline these poor heathen to listen to the instructions of their teachers, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that they may have eternal life.

You are not thus ignorant, you have heard of the redeemer's love. Love him then in return, and strive to please him, by trying to lead others to love him too.

### Craft of the Zulus.

The missionaries among the Zulus hire their laborers by the month, but as the natives have no knowledge of months as we reckon them, they almost always come before the time saying, "The moon is dead; give us our money." As this made much trouble, for often they were very clamorous, the rule was adopted of having them keep a cane, in which they should cut a notch daily till thirty were cut, when their month would be out. And does this rule work? With some it does, but others cannot wait so long for pay-day to come, and therefore cut a few extra notches, in order that their time may tally with the "moon's death."

Sometimes too the natives, like workmen in this country, strike for higher wages, and if their demand is refused,

they leave in a body. For they well understand how dependent the missionaries are upon them. "Who," say they, "but natives can drive your wagons, herd your cattle, bring your wood and water, and carry your mails over this hilly country."

### Like the Master.

"It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord."—

Very oft the voice of sorrow  
Rises from the stricken breast;  
Very oft the tossing spirit  
Seems as though it could not rest;  
Very oft the way seems rugged,  
Though it leads to heaven our home;  
Oft we search the dim horizon,  
Watching for the morn to come.

But if in our silent musing,  
We will pause and list awhile,  
We shall hear a gentle whisper,  
We shall see our Saviour's smile;  
While he bids us each remember,  
'Tis enough, so says his word,  
The disciple, like his Master  
Be, the servant like his Lord.

Are we pressed with sore temptation?  
He has known the very same!  
Do we feel the pangs of sorrow?  
"Man of sorrows" was his name!  
Does the way seem very rugged?  
He has marked each step with blood!  
Shall we shrink to go wherever  
He the path for us has trod?

If the earthly servant follows  
At the calling of his Lord—  
If the loving pupil treasures  
Eagerly his Master's word—  
Shall not we our Master follow,  
Satisfied like him to be,  
Knowing if we meet with peril,  
He can bid the danger flee!

If, like him, awhile in sorrow,  
We shall travail here below,  
We shall join in his rejoicing,  
When from earth to heaven we go;  
Like him in humiliation,  
If we are content to be,  
We shall share his exaltation,  
When he makes his people free.

'Tis enough, we are contented  
Ever to obey his will—  
Soon the journey will be ended,  
Soon the throbbing heart be still;  
Then the Master we have followed  
Will receive us to his rest,  
We shall be like him for ever,  
Be with him for ever blest.  
—Presbyterian.