

herbs. When the clouds come up from the sea and spread all over the land, and the rain is ready to fall, that *thing* which you have brought into the country, and set up upon a pole on the top of the hill at Etween, goes tinkle, tinkle, tinkle; and the clouds go away, and no rain can fall."

"Now, I know you speak lies," said the missionary. "God never told you that the bell that calls people to worship him prevents rain from falling. I will tell you what I think. Perhaps God sends the drought because the people seek from the rain-makers, who are only men, what they should ask from him alone."

The missionary and the rain-maker talked on for awhile, and then the people went to their homes; but they could not forget what they had heard. They could not tell whether to believe the missionary or the rain-maker. There was so much said about it, that some of the Christian natives were frightened, and thought it would be better not to ring the bell till after it had rained. But the missionary said: "No; that would be yielding to superstition. We will do right, and trust to God." Then he appointed a day for fasting and prayer for rain, saying that God was the giver of every good gift, and that he had told us to pray to him when we needed anything. When the day came, there were several services in the chapel, and many earnest prayers for rain. Just as the people were going to evening service—the last one for the day—drops of rain began to fall slowly, and when the service was over they had grown to heavy showers. Hour after hour it rained. The streams began to flow, overflow; and the people came to the missionary and said:

"The rivers are overflowing some of their banks, and washing away some of the gardens. Would it not now be well to thank God, and tell him it is enough, and pray that he may now withhold his hand?"

All acknowledged that this was "God's rain;" and for years afterwards no one went to Gqindiva for rain. So these poor Africans found out where one of their great gifts came from. Let us all do the

best we can to tell them about the best gift of all—the Savior, who died that they might be saved.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

DEATH FROM TOBACCO-SMOKING.

The death of a boy aged twelve from smoking tobacco is reported in the evening papers of December the 4th last. After eating a hearty dinner on the previous Sunday, he went into a shop and purchased a pennyworth of thick twist tobacco and smoked it. He soon became very sick in the street, so as to fall. He went home, and thence to bed. At four o'clock he got up, and after vomiting went to bed again. A man who slept with him was astonished to find him dead and cold at the foot of the bed at seven o'clock. "We wish," remarks the medical paper, the *Lancet*, "we could hope that this painful case would be a lesson to boys; but the habit is so thoroughly and so vulgarly fashionable that we hope against hope. We may, at least, advise every sensible boy to regard tobacco as a poison."

NOT TOO SMALL.

A minister one Sabbath earnestly besought all the congregation, every one, however small, to give up their lives to Christ. A little boy arose and said:

"Am I too small to serve Christ?"

The minister smiled and answered:

"A little child shall lead them; none are too small or too weak to serve God."

Many who smiled at the time thought to themselves afterwards, "If that little boy was not too young to serve Christ, cannot I, who am so much older, do something too?"

Children, will not you, too, do something for the Savior who died to save you? Give yourselves up willingly, devote your whole lives to Him! That is the most acceptable gift you can possibly give him.—*Sci.*