

kraal, where he lived as all Zulu children did, naked and untaught. He was the son of a chief, but when he was quite a boy his mother fled with him towards the coast because a war had broken out between the tribes in the region where they lived. They came to one of the missionary stations, built a kraal, and there James cared for his mother.

He soon became a Christian, and when he had gained an education he was made a teacher. After a while the people of his tribe came to get him away from the mission, offering him the place of chief, to which by birth he was entitled. He had only a small salary as teacher, and the chieftainship would have given him every thing which an ordinary Zulu thinks worth having: cattle, wives, and authority. But he answered them: "I want you to take Christ for your chief, and then I will gladly be your servant and teach you about him." He seems to have acted on the command Jesus gave his disciples when he said: "He that is great among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief as he that doth serve."

In 1870 Mr. Dube was ordained as a pastor over the native church at Inanda, and one of our missionaries, writing about him at that time, says: "While he has renounced every rag and tatter of heathenism, he is still greatly respected by his people. They know him to be a true man, a wise man, inside and outside a nobleman." He was a little over six feet high, of splendid form and feature, and though black as any negro, it was rare for a stranger to meet him without asking: "Who is that fine-looking man?" His preaching was said to be remarkably serious, earnest, and eloquent, so that he always deeply moved his hearers. But before he had time to show all that a Zulu could be or could do, God called him away from earth. He died in 1877. Well did one write about him at his death under the title "Ripened Fruit." There is more of such fruit to be gathered in Zululand. — *Mission Stories of Many Lands.*

CHINESE WOMEN.

Their homes, the homes of a third of the human race, are windowless, floorless, and ceilingless. They are very hot in summer, very cold in winter, dark and dark all the year round. They are small because of poverty; low for safety from typhoons; unventilated, because openings would give egress to the long hooks of thieves; densely crowded together for mutual protection; opening only on tiny courts and narrow streets, where all filth fumes because every iota must be saved for fertilizing the rice fields. Villages so made up and surrounded by walls to keep out marauders, are but a few minutes' walk from each other, all over the land.

From such a home, to such a home, a woman is brought and married to a man she has never seen before, to serve a mother-in-law who is kind to her in proportion to her diligence in rearing pigs, and her aptness in bearing sons. The greater portion of the women have seen only the village in which they were born, and that into which they are married. All the world outside is unknown to them as is the planet Mars.

Toward the life to come they look blankly, hoping only that their male descendants will feed their wandering spirits after death with earthly food. The Chinese women are grave and patient women. Of all in the world, there are none to whom a knowledge of the way of salvation would be a more blessed boon, and none more capable of appreciating and using the gift. — *Miss Fiddle.*

BRING YOURSELF TO HIM.

A minister had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him to Jesus." As he was going home his little daughter, walking beside him, said, "I like that sermon so much!" "Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied, "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him." Her father thought that would do admirably for a beginning.