

cared for him. She watched him as he rolled about in the sands like a little black dog, and carried him, strapped on her back, when she went to the market or to the farm.

His mother was his teacher; and, oh, what teaching! He was taught to kneel before the household gods and pray to them. He was instructed as to the worship of the mud image at the entrance of the hut. He was told how, by sacrifices of goats, pigs, dogs, chickens, etc., to appease the wrath of the evil spirit which was supposed to exist in the fetish tree close by. Iron rings and beads were placed upon his legs, arms and around his neck, as charms to protect his body. In this world of superstition and heathenism he was brought up. There were no schools or books; they did not know what a book was.

It was when Ifagbemiro was about twelve years old that the missionary established a school in that neighborhood. At first he had no slates, pencils or blackboards, but arranged the children before a mud wall upon which he wrote the letters of the Yoruba alphabet, and thus gave them their first lesson in the knowledge of their own language.

Ifagbemiro was one of the first to attend. He went out of curiosity, of course, but a love for school grew upon him. His mother became alarmed, and remonstrated with him, and shut him up in a dark room; but as soon as he secured his liberty, he went to school again. Three times he was beaten nearly to death with the slave whip by his old grandmother, but nothing would keep him from school.

Under the faithful teaching of the missionary he soon learned to love the Lord Jesus Christ. He was baptized, and a new name given to him. "Josiah" took the place of "Ifagbemiro."

One day when going home from school, he noticed blood upon the mud image at the entrance to the hut. He knew there had been a sacrifice, and that the meat cooking for the noon meal was that which had been sacrificed to idols, and so he refused to eat it, saying, "I shall abstain from everything that is heathen."

One of the first things Josiah learned was the Lord's Prayer; this he thought very wonderful, and was never tired of repeating the first sentence, "Baba wa"—"Our Father."

Josiah was the first to be able to read the Bible in his own language. He would go with the missionary to the preaching service in the market-place, where a thousand people would be

gathered, and, standing upon a biscuit-box, would read to them the Word of Life.

Some people look upon the child of the Dark Continent as not being capable of learning. The facts about Josiah speak for themselves. He is still in school, being trained and prepared to join the noble army of native ministers who shall carry the light of the glorious Gospel to every part of the Dark Continent.—*Selected.*



SHIP was far away upon the Atlantic Ocean, a storm came on. The captain was below, the mate upon watch, when the cry arose, "a man overboard!"

The moon was bright, but the sea was running so high, and the danger so great, that the mate could not bring himself to order out a boat and risk the men's lives in such a sea. He offered, however, to go himself, if two others would go with him.

Two at once offered, and a boat was let down into that terrible sea, but with small hope of saving the drowning man. Struggling through the great waves, they reached him just when sinking, and drew him helpless into the boat. After another struggle they again reached the ship, and got all safe on board.

They were all exhausted. The saved man could neither walk nor speak. But he was sensible of his deliverance. "He clasped our feet," said the mate, as he told the story, "and began to kiss them."

We disengaged ourselves from him. He then crawled after us, and as we stepped back he followed us, looking up with smiles and tears, and then, patting our wet footprints with his hand, he kissed them with eager fondness.

I never saw such a scene in my life. He was a passenger in the ship. During the rest of the voyage he showed the deepest gratitude, and when he reached the port he loaded us with presents."

Such is the love of man to man for kindness received; a man's heart is touched when a fellow-man loves him and shows his love by risking his own life.

Far beyond this ought to be our love to Him who came down to this world to live and to die for us. For who has loved us as Jesus has loved us? Who has done for us what Jesus has done?—Christian Age.