

burdening our hospitality by eating our food. So he vanished into the unknown from which he came, and we concluded that he would probably die. Months afterwards one of our colporters, reporting the incidents of a tour in a region seldom visited, asked me if I remembered such a man. I said I did, but supposed that he was dead. He said no; he had found him alive and well, and preaching the Gospel at a fair.

While in the hospital he had seemed very stupid; no one thought that he had taken in much of the truth; but he had bought and paid for a little elementary book, and learned to read it. The simple explanation had remained in his memory, and after his recovery at home he had taken his book with him when visiting the little fairs where all the business of neighboring villages is done. He had been notable as the man with the large tumor, and now when he came around without it he was naturally an object of curiosity.

They said he kept a handkerchief around his neck, and when the crowd gathered around he would say: "My friends, when I was in the hospital they taught me of a religion there that is far more precious than the cure of my body. I have a little book here that tells about it, and if you will sit down and let me read and explain it to you, then I will show you my neck."

And so, a self-appointed evangelist had been telling his little story. That place is one of the most encouraging of the outstations around Pao-ting-fu; a circle of believers is gathered there, and the little patient remains a humble and converted Christian.—*Dr. Peck, of Pang Chuang, China.*

## Our Young Folk.

### Sarah and Her Dream.

I AM going to tell you about Sarah. When she was a little baby girl her mother was going to sell her for five rupees, or \$1.66 $\frac{2}{3}$  in our money, and to wicked people, too, who would bring her up to lead a bad life. But a Christian man bought her, and kept her until she was eleven years old. Then, as he had several children of his own, he gave her to us to be educated for a Christian worker. Sarah gave her heart to Jesus a few months ago. One day, however, she got to feeling dissatisfied, and she found Satan trying to enter in and get possession of her. And he did get possession of her so far that I had to punish her for disobedience. Then I talked to her kindly and told her that I did not like to punish her, but I wanted her to become a good woman, and when I found her disobedient I knew she could not be so and be good. I said my mother punished me when I was little if I did not do right, and I am glad, for I should not have been a good woman if she had not. That night Sarah went to bed very unhappy. She felt that she had displeased Jesus by disobeying me. She cried much that night, and arose in the morning with swollen eyes and headache. But her heart ached more. She was sad all day. I said to Miss Parsons, the lady who helps take care of the children, "We will await and see why she does thus, and pray for her." At night, after all the others were asleep, Miss Parsons went in to see if all was right, and found Sarah sitting up in bed. Miss Parsons asked, "Sarah, have you pain anywhere in your body?" "No," said Sarah. "Have you pain in your heart?" "Yes," said Sarah; "I feel very bad because I disobeyed Miss Abrams, and I am asking Jesus to excuse me." "And has he not excused you?" asked Miss Parsons. "No," said Sarah; so Miss Parsons knelt with her and prayed, and when they arose Sarah said, "Jesus has excused me." The next day she was singing around all the morning, and Miss Parsons and I thanked God for blessing our little girl.

That night before Sarah went to bed she said to Miss Parsons, "I have joy in my heart, because Jesus has forgiven my sin." That night Sarah had a dream, and this evening she told it to me. She said that "angels came,

and a beautiful light. Two angels were at my feet, and two were at my head, and two on each of my hands. And up high was Jesus, and such a beautiful light shone all about him, and he said, 'Sarah, come to me'; but Satan sat near my feet, and tried to get me to go to him. Then I said, 'Dear Jesus, don't let Satan get me; let me come to you.' Then Jesus took me to such a beautiful place, where all the people were dressed in clear white, and a bright light shone all around him. The first song I sang was 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' and then Jesus gave me a lovely silver book. When I woke up this morning I looked all about me and said, 'Am I still here? I am so sorry, for I wanted to stay with Jesus.'" But she is very happy, and does good work for Jesus among the other girls. We hope he will spare her to us a long time, and keep her just as sweet and good as she is now.—*Miss Minnie F. Abrams, Bombay, India.*

### The Goat and the Chop.

#### *Young African Cooks and their Peculiar Difficulties.*

JUST as I sat down to write a ten-year-old chap in the mission yard set up such a fearful crying that I left my work and went to find out what was the trouble. It took him quite a good while to get his face in talking shape, and even then, in spite of his heroic efforts to gulp down the mingled grief and anger, a sob found its way to the outside.

All African children that I have ever seen are very fond of sitting around a fire cooking, and are never happier than when they get possession of an empty tomato can or a fruit tin. Into this he puts a little rice or cassava, some meat or fish, no matter what kind, a few leaves such as he knows are good to eat, and the inevitable red pepper. It is rather interesting to watch half a dozen youngsters as they sit around the fire in the thatch kitchen with their cups, compounding the different ingredients and commenting on their merits, or telling about some famous cook they had last "moon." No matter how good a meal you might give them they would go directly from the table and cook their own. "He own chop pass all t'other chop," he declares, and maybe there is something in it.

This boy of whom I am writing was the fortunate owner of a two-quart cup, and had gone to extra pains to fill it. He had set a trap last night and caught a couple of crawfish. He had a whole pint of rice and some salt from an old fish barrel, which would give the stew the flavor so much admired by the African. He had invited half a dozen of his special friends to help eat the "mess" when it should be finished. He was all ready to begin cooking when he discovered that he had forgotten the most important ingredient, pepper. To leave that out would have been to bring on him the ridicule of the invited guests, who would have shown it, not by words, but by making wry faces at the insipidity of the chop. He set the cup full of food on the ground by the fire, which he had kindled, and went off to hunt the pepper. The bushes were some distance away and the pepper was scarce, so it took him a long time to get red pods sufficient to season a large cupful like that. While he was gone one of the twenty or more goats that make night hideous about the mission came prowling around, found the cup, and, goat-like, proceeded very leisurely to eat up the contents, crawfish and all. Goats here are very much like the same animals in the United States, only, I think, they have a little more goat nature. The owner of the cup came and protested, and the goat butted him over. This was adding injury to insult. To show his utter contempt for the boy he then kicked up his heels and went off as fast as he could go. The boy had his hand on the place where the goat hit him, and was rubbing it vigorously; but his feelings seemed hurt worse than his body. He said, "Dem wawa goat bin hit me for my own chop."—*Selected.*

THE Sultan of Morocco is reported to be sending private emissaries into interior Africa to propagate the Mohammedan religion, and set a barrier to the advance of Christian powers.