

Seminary, but also useful articles for the preachers and teachers on the fields. Those native helpers who were personally acquainted with our Brother and Sister Auvache, have abundant evidence that they are held in thoughtful remembrance. For the missionaries, too, came many tokens of loving good-will, from those who are interested in them and their work in this far-away country.

Very many of the articles sent were ticketed with the names of the givers; there is not time or space to mention all these, but in unpacking the boxes our hearts were made glad by the knowledge that there are boys and girls in Canada who know how to make sacrifices for Jesus. He who reads the hearts of men knows the spirit in which these gifts are given, and the cherished dolly, which is of so little actual value, through the love lavished upon it by the tender little mother-heart, becomes of great price. Who shall say that such offerings laid at His feet, are of less consequence than more valuable ones, though by older people?

The friends did not reach us in time for Christmas, and after the boxes arrived there was some delay, for there were shares to be sent to Tuni, Akidu, and Samalkot, so it was not until Saturday, February 8th, that the children were summoned. At two o'clock the girls, dressed in their pretty Sunday dresses went across the grass and took their seats in the chapel, which is also their school room. In a large basket were packed the dolls, work-bags, looking glasses, needle-books, pin-cushions, combs, pieces of cotton and other things to be given, and a sight of their bright, happy faces would repay amply for all the trouble taken in their behalf, so far across the seas.

The boys and girls of India to-day are the men and women of the future. We do want to get hold of the children; we want them to learn about the true God, and the blessed Christ while they are young. How easy it is to bend and train a little sapling, but what can be done with the great forest tree? So if we teach the children the truth, may we not hope for great things? "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." What an encouragement to speak and teach the Word!

The boys and girls of Canada, her future men and women, are learning early the needs of those who are in darkness in the heathen lands of the earth. Thank God that it is so! Those who now give up treasures dear to their hearts for His sake, within the future hold nothing back. May we all learn a lesson from these little children. We have "only one little life to live," shall we not live it for Him? In the words of Miss Havergal, shall we not say—

"Poor is my best, and small;
How could I dare divide?
Surely my Lord shall have it all,
He shall not be denied."

A. E. B.

Among the Hottentots.

In the history of Moravian missions we shall find that the little band of workers did not confine their efforts to Greenland.

About the time when John Beck had the great joy of welcoming Kayarnak as the first convert to Christ under

his preaching in that cold country, a young man named George Schmidt landed in South Africa alone, and almost without money. He was the first Moravian missionary to the Hottentots. More than eighty years before a company of Dutch merchants and traders had settled near the Cape where Schmidt landed. But they were too busy with their own affairs to be interested in tolling the "glad tidings of great joy" to the natives. True, they had some religious services for themselves and their families, but "dogs and Hottentots" were forbidden to come in. No wonder the black people who thus heard themselves classed with the white man's dogs were not anxious to have any "white" religion. So eighty years went by and nobody had told these poor blacks that Jesus loved them; that His blood would make their souls white, and clean, and fit for Heaven.

About 1735, some people wrote to Count Zinzendorf, the great leader of the Moravians, asking if he could not send some of his young men to preach the gospel in Africa, and telling about the sad state of affairs at the Cape. George Schmidt was chosen for this work, and in July, 1737, landed alone in Africa. He was only twenty-seven years old, but had already been persecuted for preaching about Christ. One cold winter he was kept in a damp cell without any warmth in a Bohemian prison with his feet fast in stocks. This made him lame all the rest of his life. Although he became so ill that he nearly died still his courage never failed nor did his love for Christ waver.

A brave old man, one of his fellow-prisoners died in Schmidt's arms in this prison. His last words were, "I have hold of my Saviour. He does not leave me, nor I Him."

After being in prison six years for preaching the Gospel this young Schmidt was set free. Do you think he doubted his "call to preach," and settled down to some other work? Ah, no! The Saviour had suffered much more for him, and he felt that he must go on telling all whom he met about Jesus Christ.

So this was the young man chosen by Count Zinzendorf to begin a mission in Africa.

As many of the negroes had learned to speak Dutch from the traders, and Schmidt also knew that language, within ten days after his ship landed he had begun holding meetings for the Hottentots. He loved them as souls which God had made and longed to save, and in spite of all drawbacks he preached earnestly and faithfully to them of Jesus and His love. After some time one of the converts named Afriko joined him in his work, and they travelled many miles into the country. Schmidt would preach and teach in Dutch and Afriko interpreted his words to the negroes in their own language.

But our story is too long now. We must leave the result of their work until next month.

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Salaams.

To the friends who contributed to the box that reached India shortly after Christmas, the Tuni school girls send their "many salaams."

On Saturday afternoons they all gather big and little as one class to mend their torn clothes; so on one of these days when their two hours-sewing was ended, they came into the little sitting-room in the Mission House, all smiles, and sat down on the floor. The small girls were each given a doll and scrap-book, they at once