

to God to strike her dead, and thus to save the poor suffering Christians from her bloody persecutions?" The answer was very general, "No!" "Well, what shall I pray God to do for her, or with her?" James was at the farthest end of the school, amid a crowd of children; but, with great energy he said, "Ask God to change her heart and pardon her sin." James went from the school to the chapel, and from the chapel home to his father's house. As he reached the steps of the door he began to stagger. His mother caught him in her arms, and kept him from falling. He saw his father lying on a sofa, sick. He cried out, "My father! what is this? My father! I am dying!" and never uttered another word, and soon after breathed his last. What an affecting case! The dear boy in the school hearing about the new birth, telling us to pray for the conversion of the Queen of Madagascar, and so soon afterwards in another world! The following day we committed his mortal remains to the silent dust, amidst hundreds of his sobbing, weeping, play and school mates.—*Rev. James Scott.*

UMATANDA THE BLIND ZULA.

Many years ago, a little boy was very sick. His father thought he was going to die; and so, instead of watching over him tenderly, and getting every thing done that might promise to make him well, as your kind father does when you are sick, he carried him out into the forest, and left him there to die alone. Yet this father was no more hard-hearted than many others. He only did what relatives and friends often do among the heathen. They do not want the trouble of taking care of the sick; they do not want them to die in their houses; and therefore they carry them where they will be out of their sight and hearing. No one bends over them, to soothe their fears, and to speak to them words of comfort, and to close their dying eyes. They are alone in the thick woods, carried out there by their friends, left there by their friends. They may call for help, but no one hears them; they may be tossing in agony, but there is no one to pity them; they may be consuming with thirst, but no one lifts the cooling draught to their lips. Hateful reptiles, or greedy birds, may begin to devour them, and there is no one to scare them away.

This little boy lay in the "bush" two days. On the third he felt stronger, and attempted to crawl to the kraal. He did

not know what it meant, but he could not see the path. *He was blind.* He now supposes, that while he was lying helpless on the ground, insects ate his eyes out. He is still living, and in his old age has had sight given him. He cannot, indeed, behold the sun in the heavens, but he sees the Sun of righteousness. He does not know when the morning purples the east, but he feels that a bright day has arisen on his soul. He cannot trace out with his eye the path that leads into the forest, but he clearly discerns the narrow way that conducts to heaven, and is walking in it.

An incident which took place near Ifumi, where he lives, will show you that he is kind-hearted, as all true Christians are. As two young men in the employ of Mr. Ireland were chopping poles in the "bush," they saw a man taking a sick woman out to die. It was with difficulty that she crept along on her hands and knees; for she was very sick. Sometimes he would lead her along a little way, and then he would drive her. Who do you suppose that monster was? *He was her brother.* Remember, now, that it is because that he has not had the gospel, that he could do this. None of the little girls who read this account, will be treated so by their brothers, because we are in a land where the gospel shines. When the gospel is known throughout the world, all such cruelty will cease. How we ought to strive to hasten that day.

Well, the young men knew that it was intended to leave the woman to die alone, and they went and told the missionary, and he had her brought to a place where she was taken care of. One of the men who went for her was Umatanda, the blind old man; and he also received her to his house, and kept her there till she died. Such examples of the kindness and love which the gospel produces, will lead others to embrace it.—*Youth's Day Spring.*

Longing to hear all the Bible.—The Old Testament is not yet printed in the language of the Nestorians. The missionaries hope it will be in the course of the year. Many are longing to have it. A short time ago a pious woman, whose daughter had read to her the New Testament in course, expressed the fear that if the rest of the Bible is not soon completed, she may not live to hear it all read.