

ated lions as to take care to sleep by night in trees, lest they shall be devoured by them. Elsewhere, he saw pathways that led into the dark recesses of forests, where they worshipped unknown spirits. What gods are these! What blinded worshippers!

CRUELITIES OF THE HEATHEN.

Do you remember the two heaps of human heads at the gate of Samaria, 2 Kings x. 7, 8, 9. These were slain by an act of judgment. But think of the sight presented to the view of the missionary in an island of the Zambese, called Kalai, eight miles from the Mossiotunga Falls. A savage tribe there used to delight in the skulls of their fellow-men; and at one village sixty of these were stuck on poles. They used to kill strangers for no other end than thus to exhibit their skulls. Were not those "dark places" the "habitations of cruelty?" (Ps. lxxiv. 20.)

HARDSHIPS OF THE MISSIONARY.

Dr. Livingstone notes his thankfulness for what we every day enjoy, on two occasions. For six months, day by day he rode mostly on an ox, and slept on the hard ground; and "never will I forget the delicious pleasure of lying down in a bed." So, also, when near the end of his last journey, he notes the refreshment afforded him by a proper meal, and the comforts of a European dwelling, as something equalled only by that memorable rest. Yet far from fancying there was any merit in such self-denial for his Master's cause, he writes, "I think the word *sacrifice* ought never to be mentioned in reference to anything we can do for Him who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor."

THE HONEY-BIRD.

And now, dear young friends, are you not longing for the day when the light of salvation shall reach these souls in Africa? The missionary tells us that often did he hear the inviting note of the *Honey-bird*, a bird that finds out the bee-hives, and by its note calls the traveller to follow it, and take the honey. Is not the gospel messenger like that bird? He invites to where you find what is sweeter than honey or the honeycomb (Ps. xix. 10.) Have you found out this hive of divine sweetness? Have you yourself been there? Then invite others also, telling men of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and tribe, that God himself invites us to the fulness of his manifold grace in Christ Jesus, to all we may get now, and all we may get in glory, saying, "With honey from the rock would I satisfy thee."