

THE BLIND ZULU BOY'S STORY.

My name is Tungwana. I was born at Natal, South Africa. My father was chief of a tribe of a thousand or more people.

When I was eight or nine years old I went to work in a sugar mill which the English government built at the station for the people. One day while there I saw a man working in iron; I was interested, and went near to see how it was done. The man was working fast and the sparks were flying. That was the last thing I ever saw, the last ray of light. One of the sparks flew into my eye and I became totally blind.

I was sick three months; I cannot tell how great the pain was. No words can tell. Oh, how dreadful, too, it was to me that it was always night! It was like death. Often I cried with the pain in my heart, which was sometimes harder to bear than the dreadful pain in my eyes.

At times, like weddings and feasts, when the people would all go and I could not, I felt as if my heart would break. My mother would never go and leave me, and many bitter tears we shed when alone together. I longed to die, and often felt as if I could kill myself. "Then," I thought, "all would end. I would just die as the beasts die." Sometimes I ran hard, saying I did not care where I went or how I fell and hurt myself. I would fall in the tall grass many a time, and lie there hoping I might never get up again. But my mother would be sure to find me. I knew nothing of God; all was dark, dark to body and soul. I knew not that I had a soul.

One morning I waked when the cocks began to crow, and thought I should like to try if I could go alone and take my bath. The river was about half a mile away. I got up and set out. The air was fresh and pure, and the birds were waking up to sing their morning song. I went safely to the river and had a nice bath.

I do not know when I had been so happy as that morning; I was pleased to have got on so nicely alone; I wondered how it was that I had such nice thoughts, where they came from, where everything came from? As I quietly walked home thinking on these things, it seemed as if I was not alone, that some one was with me, was helping me, and that was the reason I had gone on so well this morning. Yet I could hear no sound that told me anyone was near.

I now believe these were my first thoughts of God. It was like a little trust! I hardly know what it was like. From the children in the school I had heard that there was a God. But the thought was very vague, and had taken no real form in my mind.

About this time "Inkosazana," a missionary, began to have meetings at our kraal for the women. They were sometimes in my mother's house. One day I was there at the meeting; they spoke to me, but I would not say much; just sat as I often did with my blanket on my bowed head.

The words did not go out of my mind; I thought of them continually. A night or two after this, I had a dream. I thought I was trying to walk by myself, and I fell into a dreadful mud-hole. I tried to get out, but could not; slowly and surely I felt myself sinking. I called, I struggled, but all in vain. No one came to help me. Suddenly I thought that I could see, and there, quite near me, stood some one who was a stranger. He reached out his hand and said, "Come to me; I will help you." Eagerly I put my hand in his; I had little strength for doing more. Safely and tenderly he brought me out of the mire on the dry land. I tried to thank him, and as I looked into his face, quickly the thought came, "This can be no earthly being. It must be he who is the friend of the troubled, the friend of sinners." I felt that he was my friend. Then I awoke and knew that I was still blind, that I had only been dreaming.

I could not get away from the thought that this same being, Jesus, was near me, was my friend; and I longed to know more about him. I could scarcely wait for the next meeting. I asked her to tell me more about Jesus.

As I heard more and more of his love, a stillness came into my soul when I thought of his being my friend. She told me of his opening the eyes of the blind, and then she said, "It may not be in this world, but some day you will again see. Jesus can make you see; it will not be a dream!"

Oh, I cannot tell you how sweet it was to hear all these glad tidings. They were continually in my thoughts, and were to my

heart-like rain in a dry and barren land. Yet I felt that I did not know how to speak to him, who was so great, so pure, so holy; yet I hoped that he would understand me. So that night, and when alone, I often put my head in my blanket and whispered a few words to him.

The desire to know better how to pray, grew very strong upon me; I could not wait for the next meeting. I went to the teacher in the school and asked him if he would teach me how to pray. He told me to keep on trying to know Jesus, and not to be afraid to tell him all that was in my heart; and so light and trust kept coming into my soul. He wished me to learn the third chapter of John. While I was learning that chapter, I saw very plainly that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was my Saviour. I asked him with all my heart to take my sins away, to take me and keep me. I trust that I was then truly born again.

Since that day I have never known a time when I did not feel that God was with me and heard my prayers. I never now feel lonely and sad as I used to do, I have continually so much to think of that is pleasant. I have even grown happy in the thought of being blind. If I had not been blind, I might never have sought and found Jesus Christ. To have found him is more to me than eyes or any earthly thing.

My one great desire and joy is to tell others of Jesus and how they may find and follow him. I trust that God will help me to be pastor over the people of my father's tribe, and to lead many of them to love and follow our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Parish Visitor.*

CONCERNING CONSECRATION.

It is very important that Christians should not be ignorant of the devices of Satan; for he stands ready to oppose every onward step of the soul's progress. And especially is he busy when he sees a believer awakened to a hunger and thirst after righteousness, and seeking to reach out to apprehend all the fulness that is in the Lord Jesus Christ for him.

One of the first difficulties he throws in the way of such a one is concerning consecration. The seeker after holiness is told that he must consecrate himself, and he endeavors to do so. But at once he meets with a difficulty. He has done it, as he thinks, and yet he does not feel differently from before; nothing seems changed, as he has been led to expect it would be, and he is completely baffled, and asks the question almost despairingly, "How am I to know when I am consecrated?"

The one grand device of Satan which has met such a soul at this juncture is one which he never fails to employ on every possible occasion, and generally with marked success; and that is in reference to feeling. The soul can not believe it is consecrated until it feels that it is; and because it does not feel that God has taken it in hand, it cannot believe that he has. As usual, it puts feeling first and faith second. Now, God's invariable rule is faith first and feeling second, in everything; and it is striving against the inevitable when we seek to make it different.

The way to meet this device of Satan, then, in reference to consecration, is simply to take God's side of the matter, and to put faith before feeling. Give yourself to the Lord definitely and fully, according to your present light, asking the Holy Spirit to show you all that is contrary to God, either in your heart or life. If he shows you anything, give it to the Lord immediately, and say in reference to it, "Thy will be done." If he shows you nothing, then you must believe that there is nothing, and must conclude that you have given him all. Then you must believe that he takes you. You positively must not wait to feel either that you have given yourself, or that he has taken you. You must simply believe it, and reckon it to be the case.

If you were to give an estate to a friend, you would have to give it, and he would have to receive it, by faith. An estate is not a thing that can be picked up and handed over to another; the gift of it and its reception are altogether a mental transaction, and therefore one of faith. Now, if you should give an estate one day to a friend, and then should go away and wonder whether you really had given it, and whether he actually had taken it and considered it his own, and should feel it ne-

cessary to go the next day and renew the gift; and if on the third day you should still feel a similar uncertainty about it, and should again go and renew the gift; and on the fourth day go through a like process, and so on, day after day for months and years, what would your friend think, and what at last would be the condition of your mind in reference to it? Your friend certainly would begin to doubt whether you ever had intended to give it to him at all, and you yourself would be in such hopeless perplexity about it that you would not know whether the estate was yours or his, or whose it was.

Now, is not this very much the way in which you have been acting towards God in this matter of consecration? You have given yourself to him over and over, daily perhaps for months, but you have invariably come away from your seasons of consecration wondering whether you really had given yourself after all, and whether he has taken you; and because you have not felt any differently you have concluded at last, after many painful tossings, that the thing has not been done. Do you know, dear believer, that this sort of perplexity will last forever, unless you cut it short by faith? You must come to the point of reckoning the matter to be an accomplished and settled thing, and leaving it there before you can possibly expect any change of feeling whatever.—*Mrs. R. Pearsall Smith.*

Question Corner.—No. 16.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who is first spoken of in the Bible as being a prophet?
2. Which of the Old Testament saints are mentioned in the New Testament as having been righteous men?
3. From what saying of our Lord was it supposed that St. John would not die, but would live to see the coming of Christ?
4. Which of the Psalms are considered to be historical?
5. Where are we told that if we do not forgive we cannot be forgiven?
6. What are the first recorded words of our Lord?
7. Where do we read of a dead man's coming to life again on touching the bones of a prophet? And where are we told that no man had ever been laid in the sepulchre in which Jesus was put, so that His resurrection could not be attributed to a similar cause?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Noah. 2 Peter 2:5.
2. Aaron and his son. Lev. 10:9.
3. Gaspar, Greece, Melchior, from India, and Balthazar, from Egypt.

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