

"INTO THE HIGHWAYS."

IN a little Malay cottage, at the Cape of Good Hope, a young girl lay dying.

The hot sun was beating down upon the dusty roads, the ground was parched and hard beneath the waveless trees, and only the shadows of the ravines of Table Mountain seemed to whisper of shelter and rest. The young girl lay upon her hard bed, weary with pain and restless with thoughts.

Was she thinking of the Koran, or of Mahomet, or of the future world? She had been at St. Cyprian's school at Cape Town as servant, and though the dear sisters did not mean to treat her harshly, yet the breaking of a saucer was punished by the wearing the cup round her neck with a string, and this and other little things did not make the poor Malay love Christians.

The long black hair was hanging about the yellow pale face and the large black eyes seemed looking for something, and someone they could not find. But at the humble door stood a stranger, knocking rather fearfully. Unable to reach the Malays, the thought had come to knock at some of the house doors in passing, different mornings, and, if received, say a little word for Christ, as He should enable. As this door was opened by the mother, and the sight of the dying girl met the eye, the stranger took courage, feeling that the Lord was seeking a soul for Himself.

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