



A CAIRINE LADY AND A GALLA SLAVE.

THE GALLA TRIBES.

ALMOST nothing has been ascertained about the early homes and migrations of the Galla race. The Gallas are for the most part still in the pastoral stage, their civilization is not very far advanced. But in their more northern settlements, in Abyssinia, they share the domestic and agricultural habits of the inhabitants of that kingdom. Among the southern tribes it is said seven or eight head of cattle are kept for every man, woman, and child; and among the northern tribes, as neither man or woman thinks of going any distance on foot, the number of horses is very large. With the Gallas honey is a staple article of food. Now and then the Gallas break in with a bloody raid, and waste the land; and the Abyssinians collecting their forces, exact a fearful retribution and bring back many slaves, which, sold from one master to another, drift down, some of them as far as Cairo, and become attendants in the harems of the wealthy. Our picture shows us one of these Galla slaves waiting upon her mistress in Cairo.

darling?" he asked.

"Oh, papa, it's so dark. Take Nellie's hand." He reached out and took her tiny little hand, clasping it firmly in his own. A sigh of relief came from her little heart. At once she was quieted and comforted. All her loneliness and fear were gone. She felt that a loving father was near her, and in a few moments she was sound asleep again.

That father felt that his little child had taught him a valuable lesson.

"Oh, my Father in heaven, my Saviour and my God," he cried "it is dark, very dark in my soul. Take my hand."

So he turned to Jesus, and trusted in Him; and he had a sweet feeling of peace come over him. "This is all I need," he said. "Jesus, my Saviour, keep hold of my hand."

And this is the way to find peace and salvation. When we feel afraid on account of our sins or of any trouble, we must put our hand in the hand of Jesus, and trust in

IT IS DARK.

HERE is an incident that illustrates how plain and simple the way of salvation in Jesus is.

The father of a little girl was once in great trouble and distress of mind on account of his sins. He lay awake, after going to bed one night, in fear and dread; he felt like a ship tossed about by the storm, and unable to find any rest or peace. The hours of the night were going slowly and wearily by. He could not sleep because of his trouble. His little daughter was sleeping in her crib beside his bed. Presently she began to move about uneasily. Then he heard her voice, speaking timidly amidst the darkness:—

"Papa! papa!" she called.

"What is it, my

him, just as this dear child trusted in her loving father. This is the way of salvation that Jesus came to teach us. And this is a simple, plain way.

BABY'S STORY.

BABY tells a little story,
On its mother's lap;
When the pretty eyes have opened
From their pleasant nap.

It's about the land of By Lo,
And its flowers and streams;
Or the loving, smiling angels
Babies meet in dreams.

Mother's face is bending over,
So to catch each word,—
Bending as a birdie's mother
Bends above her bird.

Never legend, penned by poet,
Is to her so dear;
Though the language is the quaintest
Any one could hear.

How the tiny tongue is trying
Something to impart!
Eagerly the mother listens,—
Hears with all her heart!

Hears the story,—understands it,
If no others do;
Though that story just commences,
As it ends, with "goo!"

LOVE CONQUERS.

WHAT is the best way to conquer?
"I'll master it," said the ax; and his blows
fell heavily on the iron.

But every blow made his edge more blunt,
till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw. And
with his relentless teeth, he worked back-
ward and forward on its surface till they
were all worn down and broken, and he fell
aside.

"Ha, ha!" said the hammer. "I knew
you would not succeed, I knew you wouldn't
succeed; I'll show you the way."

But at the first fierce stroke, off flew his
head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small
flame.

They all despised the flame; but he curled
gently round the iron and embraced it, and
never left it till it melted under his irres-
istible influence.

And what is that flame whose "irres-
istible influence" cannot but melt iron? It
is assuredly love.—*The New Dispensation.*