

A YOUNG MARTYR IN AFRICA.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY.



LITTLE and black, eight years of age, he went to the mission school to learn to "talk American," and heard for the first time the sweet story of Jesus.

As soon as he was made to understand that Jesus died to save sinners, and loved black children as much as white ones, he gave Him his heart, and loved Him with his whole soul.

Then he began at once to pray for his family at home, that they, too, might love the Saviour.

But they were very angry when he talked to them, took him away from the school, and beat him almost to death to make him stop saying his prayers, and singing the hymns he loved and had learned to sing sweetly.

For many days the poor boy could neither raise himself upon his lashed knees, or make any sound with his weak voice but low moans of pain, but he sang and prayed in his heart, never complained of his suffering, and was very happy.

He prayed constantly that Jesus would help him to be faithful to Him, and convert his wicked parents.

When he was able to raise himself, and get upon his knees again to pray, his parents dried some red pepper, which grows wild in Africa, and is much stronger than what is raised in America; then they beat it very fine, and his father held him while his mother rubbed it into his eyes, nose, and mouth, until he was in an agony of pain, and almost entirely blinded.

Then they threw him upon the ground in the corner of their hut, where he lay for many days with his eyes so dreadfully swollen that they could not be opened, and only food enough occasionally thrown to him to keep him from dying of starvation. Nothing was done to soothe the dreadful pain, but the brave little Christian did not utter a murmur.

At last the swelling and soreness were relieved enough for the little fellow to creep out of the door, but the bright light was so painful to the poor, weak eyes that he could not hold them open long enough to do any work.

When his parents told him he must stop praying or they would kill him, he answered, "Jesus died for me, and I can die for Him, but I cannot stop loving Him and praying to Him."

Then they tied a rope around his neck and swung him up to the pole in the top of the hut, until his toes just touched the floor enough to keep him from being choked to death.

When that was done they took a quantity of dried red pepper, beat it quite fine, put it into a pan with coals of fire under him, shut up the hut, and left him to die of suffocation.

At night, when they thought him dead, they threw him a short distance from the hut, hoping some wild animal would carry him off.

But the cool air revived the poor sufferer before morning, and with great effort he crawled to the mission station, where he was tenderly nursed and comforted as long as he lived.

He lingered for two months, rejoicing that he had been allowed to suffer for Jesus, praying constantly for his persecutors, and died triumphantly, fully assured that his prayers were answered, and all those he loved would be with him in heaven. - *Children's Missionary.*

HOW YOUNG MEN MAY SUCCEED.

Samuel Sloan, the great railway magnate, struck the right keynote in the following words which appeared in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post:

"I know of no better guide for the young man who wants to steer clear of failure, than the Bible. The good old Book has lost none of its helpfulness in the on-rolling of the centuries, and is to-day the best chart extant for the youthful voyager on life's stormy sea.

"It is the custom of some men to sneer at the teachings of Holy Writ, but they are not the men who have attained the greatest heights in either business or society. Let a young man study the Bible, and acquaint himself with its naked, strenuous truth, and he cannot go far wrong in his every-day life.

"Fortified by a sound, moral self-training, the young business man of to-day will never know the real bitterness of failure, and the lives of those who go down in the struggle for existence will be to such a young man a perpetual wonder."—*American Messenger.*

The Story of "Brownie in Underland" which you have been reading in *THE CHILDREN'S RECORD*, you will find in *The Presbyterian Record* for January, where the children will have a corner to themselves. Don't forget to look for it.