

shall not starve by the way. Now we shall know what becomes of us when we die."

Cannot we think how sad it would make our lives if we watched our friends die, and knew not whither they were going? Would it not make even the summer sunshine dark and cold to know that we must leave it and yet have no hope beyond? To die, and what then? How dreary, how dreadful to get no answer to the question!

The Indians asked it as they started for the hunt, or as they sat round their watch-fires at night. Then came the teacher who explained it all. He told them all that though after death is the judgment, after death is also heaven for those who have been washed in the blood of Jesus. He told them of "the happy land, far, far away," yet so near that the weakest child, or the humblest believer may be safely carried there in a moment in the arms of Jesus, if only they are trusting Him.

And I am sure the perils of the journey were little thought of in the joy of delivering the Gospel message to these trusting hearts. Alas! how often *we* hear it and take little heed, but to the poor Indians it was as light in the darkness, and a very blessing from God!

I told you they were simple and trustful in their faith, and so they are. And in their practice, too, these unlettered children of the forest might teach Christian England a lesson.

As they depend for their living upon the wild animals caught in the chase, the supply of food is somewhat irregular. It cannot be certain, as it is when bought at the butcher's and baker's next door! On one occasion a tribe of converted Indians were nearly starving, owing to the scarcity of game. They put the matter simply into the Great Father's hands, and when Sunday came went hungry to church. They would at anyrate have the Bread of Life for their souls. One of their number spoke to the others of God's goodness, and their worship was concluded.

Scarcely had they left the church when a herd of deer was seen not far off. Then came their difficulty; *it was Sunday!* Were they right in going out to shoot when God had said, "Thou shalt do no manner of work on the Sabbath day"? But, on the other hand, they had been praying for food, and was not this the answer? Yes, they thought it was; but still so fearful were they of disobeying His commands, they contented themselves with killing but one deer, enough for the day's need, and on the Monday, as the herd were still within reach, they shot as many as they wanted.

They had learnt the lesson which we, perhaps, with all our advantages have not learnt; viz., to put *all* things, even the common things of everyday life, into a loving Father's hands.—*From the C.M.S. Picture Leaflets.*

THE OPIUM SMOKER.



THE missionaries in China have prepared an anti-opium literature which they circulate, and also use in their schools, with occasional excellent results. The Rev. Dr. Corbett, of Chefoo, reports a remarkable instance of a conversion occurring through the sight of a picture in, and the reading of, one of these books. A Christian by the name of Chang was asked one day how he came to know the truth and to begin a Christian life. In reply he told the following story:

Some three years ago a nephew of his, who had been at school at Chefoo, came to spend a vacation at his uncle's, and one day asked him: "Would you like to see your photograph two or three years from now?" Mr. Chang replied that he would, and the lad handed him one of his school-books, pointing out the picture of an opium-smoker who was nearing his end. Mr. Chang was exceedingly angry, and the boy took to his heels. At that time this man was an habitual smoker of opium, and had wasted his property, and though full of wrath, he could not but see that there was a good deal of truth in the reproof the boy had given him in the picture. He could not get the impression out of his mind, till, much against his will, he read the book that contained the picture. After a terrible experience and struggle he broke off the practice, with God's help, and commenced a new life as a Christian. Mr. Chang then went to an uncle of his who was also an opium-smoker, and told him how he had been delivered from the curse. This man also became a Christian, and his wife and son and son's wife have recently been baptized. Others connected with the family have been reached, and seem to be seeking a new life. So much from the work of a lad who wisely used a picture.

WHAT A LITTLE HAND DID.



HERE are times when children can do what their parents could never accomplish; when weak persons can do work which the strong could not perform, and when a little hand may be more useful than the broadest and lustiest palm.

The *Woman's Journal* tells of such an instance. On the 25th of November, 1888, a number of seamen were clinging to a vessel which was stranded at Hull, Mass. An attempt was made to reach them by firing the Hunt gun, and so send a line to the doomed vessel, to connect it with the shore. The attempt was vain. The powder was damp, and the gun did not go off. What could be done? Time was precious. It was not easy to draw the charge, and who knew but the fire might be smoldering and