

mark of civilization is even more evident in the women, many of whom wear becoming dresses, comb and part their hair, and are modest and respectable in appearance. The Sabbath is observed even in many heathen villages, while 1,350 men and women are professed followers of Christ. They have confessed him before all men, and are assuredly recognized by him. In ninety villages the school bell is heard five days a week, and 3,000 boys and girls are scholars. Books are printed in seven different dialects, while in the principal language of the coast the New Testament and part of the Old, a hymn-book of 200 hymns, and a catechism, geography and arithmetic book are in the hands of the people. A people with no written language have not only to acquire the art of reading, they have also to learn that symbols stand for ideas, and that the printed page takes the place of the human voice. The power of the press grows slowly among a non-literary people. In the New Guinea of to-day its value is being felt. Forty New Guineans and their wives are schoolmasters and pastors, respected by men and honored by God. A second generation is coming on. Four boys taught first by New Guinea teachers are now themselves teachers, and the sons of three are now in the college preparing to follow in their fathers' steps. Peace has been established, and all along the coast friendly relations have grown. Traveling parties go unarmed, and visit places that were a terror to their fathers. Spears and clubs are sold as curios. The food produced has increased both in kind and quality, and there are many more mouths to fill than twenty years ago. This part of New Guinea (S. E. coast) is now a British colony, and England may be proud that British rule has been perfectly established, and the foundations of law and government laid in peace and righteousness. The Lieutenant-Governor, as the representative of the Queen, is feared, trusted and honored. Home rule has been inaugurated, and in many villages the constable and chief appointed by the Governor, keep order and ensure obedience to law. All this change is on the outer fringe of the great island. The interior waits for the Gospel. Hundreds of tribes have never seen a missionary nor heard the name of Christ. Who will come to the help of the Lord in New Guinea?—L.M.S. 'Chronicle.'

Jesus, My Saviour,

It was a beautiful day in autumn; one of those indescribable October days, so calm, so bright, when Heaven seems bending low to earth and earth is lifted up to Heaven. The afternoon sun shone softly down as we gathered in the quiet of the cemetery to lay away the form of a little child. The tiny casket had been lowered, the grave had been filled and the last spadeful of earth smoothed and patted down as with a caress and a 'hush-a-by' to the still form beneath. Hats were lifted and heads bowed as the man of God began the benediction. Old Uncle Billy, our long-time village sexton, leaned his spade against a railing, bared his gray, woolly locks to the breeze, and then, tottering forward, fell heavily to the ground, dead, without a groan or a struggle—without a note of warning or a word of farewell to earth. Yet how beautiful to fall thus upon his field of labor, among the mounds he had builded, with the sunlight of God and the flickering shadows of the leaves upon his face and the unconscious birds twittering out their gay melodies overhead; passing at once, without sickness or mortal anguish, from the toil of earth to the reward of Heaven.

It seemed as though a voice spake through the stillness, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; entered thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

He had been a faithful servant, honest and true in the days of his slavery, just and upright when he became a free man, humbly obedient to the will of the great Master.

A crowd quickly gathered and preparations were made to convey the dead man to his home, a friend and I having volunteered to go on before and prepare the old wife for the sad home-coming. She met us at the gate in all the glory of cap and spectacles, her face radiant with an almost infantile smile of joy at sight of us.

'Come right in, honey,' she said, taking a hand of each. 'La, I is so glad to see you.'

We looked at each other in dismay. What a pitiful task was before us. I began:

'We have bad news for you, Aunt Matilda.'

'Bad news! Oh, now, you must be joking.'

'About Uncle Billy,' my companion added.

'You don't tell me Billy's done took another one of them bad spells!'

'He's dead, Matilda,' said her former master, who had entered the roof. 'Try and bear it.'

A dazed look of surprise and unbelief clouded the eyes that had beamed so kindly upon us.

'Dead, Mars Shapley. Why, it can't be.'

'Yes, Matilda, he is dead. They are bringing his body home. They are almost here.'

'Dead!' she repeated, and oh, I can never forget the look of anguish that overspread the quivering old face as if some sudden calamity of which she had never dreamed had stricken away its brightness forever. Why is it that we can never realize that we must leave all that we love in this world, and that we must lose all who love us.

'Dead! Why, I can't live without Billy!' she cried again and again. 'Don't tell me he's dead. De Lawd knows I can't live without Billy.'

The feet of those who bore their burden were at the door; they entered and laid the stiffened form upon the bed, but, she heeded not.

'What's I gwine to do widout Billy?' she moaned, seeking each face in turn in piteous appeal for the answer that none of us could give.

'What's I gwine to do widout Billy?' she called again, in piercing tones, that brought its answer in sounds of convulsive weeping from the dusky throng that by this time had crowded into the house and yard. 'De Lawd knows I can't live widout Billy!'

The poor old form was trembling and ready to fall. We tried to place her gently in the low rocking chair, but she fell upon her knees before it and in tones of pleading and pathos unspeakable, murmured the words, 'Jesus, my Saviour.' Over and over again she pleaded, 'Jesus, my Saviour; Jesus, my Saviour.' This was the only prayer her trembling lips could frame. What need of more. She had found her refuge, the only source of all consolation. And do you not think the blessed Saviour understood better than her poor, stammering tongue could tell, all the need of that sorely wounded spirit? I do not know how long she prayed. The sun was sinking as we stole away, and as we passed from the midst of the wondering, awe-struck throng that crowded the doors and windows, the faintly-uttered words floated out upon the evening air, 'Jesus, my Saviour.' They have followed me always, and it has been my prayer that when the bills of life overtake me and all the waves and billows sweep over my soul, I, too, may lean upon the everlasting arm and, lifting up my

voice out of the depths, be able to utter the cry of faith, 'Jesus, my Saviour.'—Ellen Woolfolk, in 'Herald and Presbyterian.'

A Missionary's Son.

(From Northfield Echoes.)

A good many years ago I was stopping in a home in the west and saw there a bright boy about thirteen years old. He didn't bear the name of the family he was living with, yet he was treated like one of the family. I asked the lady of the house who he was, and she said:

'He is the son of a missionary. His parents couldn't educate their sons in India, so they came back here. But they had learned the language of India and they did not feel that it was right for them to stay.'

'Finally the husband said: "You stay here and educate the children, and I will go back." The mother said, "No, God has used me there with you, and we will go together." "But, the father said, "you can't give up those children. You never have been separated from them since they were born. You can't leave them in this country and go back." She said, "I can do it for Christ, if he wants me to."'

They made it a matter of prayer and put a notice in the papers that they were going to leave their children, and asking Christian people to take and educate them. This lady saw the notice, and wrote that she would take one child and bring it up for Christ's sake.

She said: 'His mother came and stayed a week, and observed everything. She watched the order and discipline of my family, and after she was convinced that it was a safe place to leave her boy, she set the day to leave. My room was adjoining hers, and when the time came to start I heard her pray, "Lord Jesus, help me now. I need Thee. Help me to give up this dear boy without a tear, that I may leave him with a smile. The last time he sees me I don't want him to see a tear in my eye. O God, help me, and give me strength."'

Then she said that mother came down and took her boy to her bosom, hugged him, and kissed him with a smile on her face—not a tear, and left. She went to five homes in the same way. She went back to India, but only lived a year, and then went to meet her Lord and Master. Some years afterwards I was preaching in Hartford and found a young man who was in the habit of picking up the rough boys of the streets and bringing them to his meetings.

He would sit with them around him, and after the sermon, would try to lead those boys to Christ. It pleased me very much, and I asked him who he was. They told me his name and said that he was in the theological seminary. I found that he was one of those five sons, and all of them expected to return to India to take up the work that their father and mother have left. There is no account of that in history, but it is known up there in heaven.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

- Nov. 4, Sun.—Clothed in white raiment.
- Nov. 5, Mon.—Hear what the Spirit saith.
- Nov. 6, Tues.—I have set before thee an open door.
- Nov. 7, Wed.—I have loved thee.
- Nov. 8, Thurs.—I also will keep thee.
- Nov. 9, Fri.—As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.
- Nov. 10, Sat.—Behold I come quickly.