

kill it, it is Mama's, let me catch it for her.' They stopped, and Ekuva, after a little run, caught the Lisile, who had been wandering about in the grass and bushes for nearly three days. They brought him in, and such a pitiful little object he looked—wet, dirty and cold. His hands were like ice; his eyes filled with grit and sand, and his fur all rough and wet with the dew. He was trembling and so frightened that he knew not where to go. How glad he was to find his home again and nestle in my hand. When I had smoothed his fur, washed his eyes, and fed him with nice warm milk, he soon grew better. The boys stood round, looking on and doing all they could to welcome the wanderer home; and then they turned and said one to another, 'See, the prodigal son has come home; Mama's prodigal has come home.' (Bona o fitaki baumba ao ya).

And so our Lisile got his name, 'Bona o fitaki baumba,' and you see how well the boys of Bongandanga had learned their lesson; so well, that they were able to apply it as soon as they had a chance.

I hope all you dear boys and girls remember the Story of the Prodigal Son as well, and that you will not forget the Bongandanga children who learn such stories in our school. Pray for them—that they too may come home to their Father in Heaven, Who is waiting to give them a welcome.

Ada's Victory.

(By Rose K., in 'The Canadian Baptist'.)

(Concluded.)

'Oh, yes, grandmama, I would. I have tried, and tried not to get angry, but just seems that I cannot help it. I am afraid I never can slay my "Bad Temper," grandmama,' Ada replied with tears springing to her eyes.

'No, Ada, you cannot, "Bad Temper" is a too powerful giant for you to combat. But do you remember how David told Goliath that he came, when he went out to fight him?'

'I think he said he had come to him in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, grandmama,' answered Ada, after thinking a moment.

'And how did David succeed in the fight?' asked Ada.

'Do you think he would have been successful if he had gone in his own strength, not in that of the Lord God of Israel?' questioned grandmama.

'Why, no, grandmama. He was only a mere boy, and Goliath was a great big giant,' replied Ada wonderingly.

'Then if you would slay this giant enemy of yours, who is so much more powerful than you, in whose strength must you go, dear?'

Ada did not reply immediately, but sat quietly thinking. At length, looking earnestly up into the old lady's face, she said, 'Do you mean that I am to meet him in God's strength?'

'Yes, Ada, you, too, must go in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, if you would conquer,' replied grandmama. And sitting there, that beautiful autumn evening, with the departing rays of the setting sun falling upon them, she who was nearly through with the battles of life, and rich in wisdom and experience resulting therefrom, talked with the little girl who was just beginning those battles about the great Deliverer, who delivers His people from their enemies; about the Conqueror by whose strength his people may conquer all giants of evil; about the Counselor, who bade her bring all her difficulties, all her perplexities to Him, promising that He would make plain the path in which she should go at all times.

'In His name you can conquer, Ada,' said she. 'You remember reading, do you not, of how the men working under Nehemiah in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, worked with their sword in one hand, ready at any moment for an attack of the enemy? So must you in your warfare with this giant, and all gaints of evil, keep your sword ever ready for use; for you do not know at what moment your enemy will attack you.'

'Sword, Grandmamma?' said Ada, 'What sword am I to use?'

'Bring your Bible, Ada,' said grandmama in reply. Ada crossed the room to her little table, picked up her Bible which lay upon it, and after handing it to her grandmama, seated herself again at her side. Mrs. Smith turned to Paul's description of the Christian armour in the sixth chapter of Ephesians.

'Read this, Ada,' said she. Ada read it carefully.

'What does it say there the sword is?' asked grandmama. 'And the Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God,' Ada read in reply.

'Oh, yes, the Word of God, it truly is the sword of the Spirit. Used by the Spirit, all evil dies at its touch.'

Ada then, as grandmama told her where to find them, turned and read aloud other passages of Scripture where the Bible is referred to as a sword. 'Paul bids us take it,' said grandmama. 'Of what use is the Bible to us when it is lying upon a shelf or a table in our homes? Let us take it, not only in our hands to open and read it, but take its words into our minds, its teachings into our hearts. Study it thoroughly, asking God, whose great love has given us this Word, to send the Holy Spirit whose sword it is that He may reveal its teaching to us and give us wisdom, courage and strength to follow it. Thus Bad Temper and all evil giants in your life will be slain. And you will need an instrument of defence as well. Paul speaks of a shield. What shield are we to use?'

'It speaks of a shield of faith,' answered Ada.

'Ah, yes, dear, in life's battles you will need the shield of faith, for the enemy tries with all his might to discourage us. Fiery, indeed, are the darts with which he tries to wound us. But have faith in God, have faith in His Word, knowing that he is able, knowing that he is willing, and that he will help us conquer. And Paul says, 'Praying always,' bringing all our hopes, all our plans our discouragements, our disappointments, our trials to God, talking freely with our Councillor about them. And beside praying we are to do what?'

'Watch,' answered Ada, promptly.

'Yes,' replied grandmama, 'we are to be on the look out for the enemy, having sword and shield ready for use.'

They talked in this manner for some time about the different pieces of armor, then knelt and asked the guidance of the Great Captain in whose service Ada had enlisted.

Ada got no chestnuts that evening, but she got something of many thousand times more value. She pondered over this conversation for many a day. Indeed, in all her after-life its influence never left her. She is now a young lady so calm and pleasant that, if you were to meet her, you would never dream of her having been at one time a slave of that hateful giant Bad Temper.

To be sure she had many and many a struggle, but, thanks be to God, He always gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.