

A YOUNG AFRICAN HERO.

A TRUE STORY.

IN Central Africa, few years ago, some boys' were burned to death by order of the king because they were Christians. Yet, in spite of this, a boy of about sixteen years was brave enough to wish to become a Christian. He came to the Missionary, and said in his own language:—

"My friend, I wish to be baptized."

"Do you know what you are asking?" said the Missionary in surprise.

"I know my friend."

"But if you say that you are a Christian, they will kill you."

"I know, my friend."

"But if they ask you if you are a Christian, will you tell a lie, and say 'No'?"

Bravely and firmly came the boy's answer:—"I shall confess, my friend."

A little talk followed, in which he showed clearly that he understood what it was to be a Christian; so the Missionary baptized him by the name of Samweli, which is the same as our Samuel.

The king found him so useful that he employed him to collect the taxes, which are paid in cowries, little shells which in Africa are used instead of money.

One day, when he was away on this business, the king again got angry with the Christians, and ordered that all the leading ones should be killed. Samweli's name was found upon the list. As he came back he heard of the death that was awaiting him. That night, when it was quite dark, the Missionary was awakened by a low knocking at the door. It was Samweli and his friends, come to know what he should do. Should he run away, or, must he go and hand over the money he had collected? After a silence the Missionary said: "Tell me what you think."

Looking up, Samweli replied: "My friend, I cannot leave the things of the king."

His friends earnestly begged him to fly, but the Missionary said: "No, he is right. He has spoken well; he must deliver up the money."

They all knelt down in prayer together, the Missionary wondering sadly if he should ever see the young hero again.

"My friend, I will try to start early, and leave the cowries with the chief," said the lad, as he set off; "but I fear my carriers will not be ready till after daylight, and if I am seen I shall be caught. Good-by."

But God kept him. He went boldly to the chief's hut, put down the cowries, and walked away. He went again a few nights after to tell the Missionary, who said: "You ran when you got outside."

"No, my friend, for I should have been

noticed at once. I walked quite slowly until I got out of sight, and then I ran as fast as could, and so I escaped."

This is a true story, taken from Mr. Ashe's book, "Two Kings of Uganda." Some of you young people may be laughed at, because you dare to do right, but this story shows that Christ can make a boy brave to do his duty in the face of laughter, danger and even death. "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence."

CHARLIE'S BOOK.

MOTHER," said little Charlie, "Will Hardin says his mother writes books."

"Does she?" said mother, and then she went on sewing, and forgot Charlie, who was trying to stand on his head.

"Mother," said Charlie presently, "is it very hard to write a book?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said mother.

"I'm going to write a book," said this small man in petticoats. Just then the door-bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back her little boy was sitting on her foot stool busily writing in a handsome book, but as he wrote with a slate pencil, it didn't do the book any harm.

"Now, mother," said her little boy, "I'm done my book."

"No," said his mother, thinking a little while, "you are not near done. God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a big, long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What is the name of my book?" he asked, coming close to her.

"It's name is 'Charlie's Life'; you can only write one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page, but when you help mother, and keep a bright face, and don't quarrel with Teddy, that makes a nice fair page with pretty pictures on it."

"And when will I be done writing that book?" asked Charlie.

"When God sees that your book is long enough," answered mother, "he will send an angel to shut its covers and put a clasp on it until the great day when all our life books shall be opened and read."

Charlie sat very quiet awhile, and then said softly, "Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket, and laid the white roses over her."

"Yes," said his mother; "her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God; its pages were clean and white, no stains on them."

Charlie looked up and saw two tear-drops fall on mother's work, but they were bright tears, and a bright smile came with them.—*Sunbeam.*