

of it to each of the guests. Close behind them follow two other men carrying a large iron pot, from which they give to each one his portion of curry.

They are ready to eat now, and Charles, our pastor, rises and asks our Father's blessing on the feast; then each one rinses his hands with a little water, and all begin to eat as though their appetites were good. Presently two more men come carrying a large iron pot between them. At the sight of them each feaster begins with his fingers to make a little cavity in his pile of rice, like the crater of a volcano. Into each of these cavities these men pour a quantity of boiled dail (a vegetable looking like a yellow pea split into halves). After this a large dish full of curdled milk, prepared in such a way as to be considered a great delicacy by the people here, was carried round and a little was poured into each one's plate. After they had finished eating, each one gathered up his plantain-leaf plate and whatever fragments remained on it, and carried it away a little distance and threw it away. Then the dogs, who had been anxiously waiting their turn, and who had taken no pains to conceal their impatience at having to wait so long, began their feast. On returning from throwing away his plate, each person washed his hands, small pots of water being provided for the purpose. I forgot to say that they all ate with their fingers, not a spoon or knife or fork being used by any of them. Then came the tea, which was served from one large dish, each of the guests being provided with a bowl-shaped metal cup, into which his tea was poured for him. This ended the feast.

After dinner the band struck up a native air. The band consisted of one fiddle and two small drums, which were beaten with the fingers instead of drum-sticks. I neglected to mention that the band was playing when we first arrived at the feast. Later in the evening the band played accompaniments to several native songs sung by the young people and the children. All I can say for this native music is that it was as inimitable and indescribable as the most peculiar plantation songs of the colored people of the South, and yet wholly different from them.

After the music came fireworks. About one hundred guests were present, and all seemed to enjoy the occasion with keenest relish. At 8 o'clock we gave our salaams to our host and returned to our bungalow, hoping that the wedding feast would prove not merely a time of pleasure, but also of profit to all, by binding together our little band of Christians into closer fellowship of love and good will.—P. H. Moore, in *Standard*.

SOMETHING NELLIE LEARNED.

"Nellie," said her mother one day, "I really believe I have forgotten to seal up your furs for the summer, and it should have been done before. Will you lay them in the sun?"

Nelly went to her little room, climbed upon a chair, took the box from the shelf, placed it on the bed where she opened it and took out her pretty white furs, smoothing them as she carried them out. After a while her mother finding them free from moths, asked Nellie to bring the box. She lifted it from the bed and imagine her surprise when she found crawling under and around it dozens of green worms, each nearly an inch in length. She called her mother to come to see them. Where could they have come from? The box was examined and near the top where the cover came over it, were found little streaks of mud.

"I have found out," said her mother. "We have broken to pieces the house of a little brown wasp. She gathers these worms from the rosebushes and other places for her baby-wasps to eat."

"I should think she would kill them," said Nellie.

"I should think they would soon die shut up in such little clay prisons, but many of these are alive, and that is a young wasp," added her mother, pointing to a fat, white, worm-like looking thing.

"That thing?" said Nellie rolling it over. "I don't see how it gets anywhere without legs or head."

"It must have a head and mouth to eat such worms as these, but it has no need of legs, for it has no journeys to make."

"What will it do?"

"There is but one wasp in each cell and its food with it. When done eating it appears to go to sleep, and during the winter,

it changes so that in the spring it wakes up with legs and wings, a real live wasp, just like its mother. Then it is ready to break out of its shell and make a nest like this."

"But is it really alive all winter?" asked Nellie, wondering more and more.

"Yes, God never forgets one of his creatures, however small it may be. And now I will tell you something to think about every time you see a wasp. It is this: If God can keep this tiny worm alive, and make it so much more beautiful, surely he can keep our spirits alive when our bodies die. When we die, it is like the worm going to sleep for winter. When it comes out in the spring, it leaves behind it a little brown shell, which had been a part of itself, but which it does not now need. So our bodies die; and our spirits that part of us which thinks and loves, leaves them as the wasp left the little brown shell. You remember Jesus said, 'I go to prepare a place for you,' and so, when our bodies die, our souls are made more beautiful, and go to this home where Jesus is. All those that love him will be gathered there. We need have no fears if we trust Christ fully. I never see one of these insects but I remember that it has awakened from a death-like sleep. Then I remember that Christ overcame even death, and we, too, shall, if we love him and trust in him and keep his commandments."

The furs were now securely put away, and there was also put into Nellie's little heart a thought which she would not forget.—By Mrs. J. M. West, in *The Advance*.

TRIBUTES OF THE WORLD TO RELIGION.

BY N. S.

The three narratives that follow are well worthy of permanent record, as the names and dates alluded to can be given for each.

Some thirty years ago a young man from Southern Pennsylvania was on his way to college, and entering the stage-coach he found as passengers several men, whose loose talk was chiefly in ridicule of religion and the Bible. He himself was not a Christian, but was of a Christian family, and he revered his father and mother and their faithful piety, which he felt were both the strength and beauty of his early home. Pained and provoked by the blasphemies of his fellow-travellers, he was silent till he could bear it no longer, and then he contradicted their statements and denied and opposed their assertions. Amused at his unexpected boldness, and thinking to make short work of the youth, they became more reckless and impudent than before. He was not then the keen and practised debater he afterward became, but by the Christian teaching of his home and church he had been well informed, and with his spirit roused and speaking on the side of truth, he gave them blow for blow and facts for arguments, till soon they were silenced and gave up the discussion. At the end of the stage-route they all entered the steamboat which was in waiting, and had not been long on board when one who had been foremost in opposing and ridiculing religion came to the young man and asked,

"Have you a stateroom?"

"I have."

"Will you let me share it with you?"

"Why?"

"Because I have a large amount of money with me, and I am afraid to sleep with any one I do not know lest I should be murdered for my money. If you will let me have one of the two berths I shall esteem it a great favor."

His request was granted. But what a commentary on his previous words and his ridicule of the Bible and Christians!

Some fifty years ago a gentleman from one of the Southern States was obliged, on a journey, to pass through the then wild region now known as Western Virginia. He was an avowed infidel, often saying that Christianity was false, and would ultimately lose its influence and die out. He had been advised to make a certain part of his journey by day, as at night the region spoken of was unsafe. But being delayed he was on his way through this very region when night overtook him. Approaching a small cabin and enquiring where he was, he found to his dismay that he was in the very neighborhood he had been warned to avoid; but thinking it as dangerous to go back as forward, he determined to stop where he was. So he entered the hut, in which there was only a woman, and among the rude furniture saw knives that to his eyes looked very

large and guns enough for many assailants. Before long the cottager himself came in, a rough mountaineer, and in a frank but uncouth manner welcomed the stranger, who quietly took a seat. When supper was ready they asked him to draw up and eat with them; but as his appetite was spoiled by anxiety and fear, he declined, saying he was not hungry. After supper and a long silence as he expressed a desire to rest the cottager replied,

"You can lie down wherever you like on the floor there. I am sorry I haven't anything better to offer you. But we always, before we go to sleep, read a chapter in this book," taking down a Bible, "and ask God to take care of us through the night."

The stranger's relief from anxiety and fear was instantaneous. The book which he had often ridiculed and opposed he at once felt was the guarantee of his safety during the silent watches of the night, and he lay down as securely and quietly to his rest as if he had been in his own home, and with a lesson to his conscience and sober judgment that made him a wiser and better man.

The third case is that of a well-known judge in one of the Southern States, a memoir of whose life has lately been published. The judge himself, speaking of his younger days, says that at this time (some seventy years ago) he had become sceptical, and that Mr. H., a noble, whole-souled man, whom he revered almost as a father, but who was a confirmed Deist, though he had a Christian wife, soon found him out and endeavored to instil into his mind his own deistical notions.

"But he charged me," says the judge, "not to let his wife know that he was a Deist or that I was sceptical. I asked him why. To which he replied that if he was to marry a hundred times he would marry only a pious woman. Again I asked why. 'Because,' he said, 'if she is a Christian it makes her a better wife, a better mother, a better mistress and a better neighbor. If she is poor it enables her to bear adversity with patience and fortitude. If she is rich and prosperous it lessens her desire for mere show. And when she comes to die, if she is in error, she is as well off as you and I; and if we are in error she is a thousand times better off than we can be.' I asked him if he knew of any other error, or system of error, attended with so many advantages. His reply was evasive. But what he had said led me to examine the subject for myself. And I often look back to that conversation as one of the most important incidents of my life, and to it I trace my determination to study the Bible carefully and to examine the evidences of the Christian religion for myself, the result of which has led me to a full and living faith in the Saviour."

Similar facts and testimonies might be multiplied by the score, but these three are most striking tributes from the world to the reality and value of religion.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

LED BY THE SAME HAND.

Divine mercy follows human souls and shapes their history. Sometimes it seems as if separated friends who are no benefit to each other, for their own good, to bring them together again purified.

A soldier in the Confederate army, J. H. Reed, by name, was taken prisoner in 1862, and lodged in the barracks on Johnson's Island. As he was of a social nature, he was soon on intimate terms with the other prisoners, but there was one among them for whom he conceived a particular liking. The two became fast friends.

Their identity of political sentiments, and the similarity of their tastes, habits, and views of life, made them congenial companions. When the order for their release finally came, though freedom was welcome indeed, they were sorry to separate.

After celebrating their liberty as soldiers too often do, they went their different ways. The world was wide. They lost sight of each other. Though friends still in heart and memory, they were enemies to themselves. But divine love had not lost sight of them.

For ten years Reed neither saw his old prison companion, nor heard from him. By the end of that time his appetite for strong drink had obtained such control over him that he was sent to the Washington Home for Inebriates in Chicago.

One of the first persons he met there was his friend of Johnson's Island. Both men

were under treatment for delirium tremens. They had survived to renew under pitiful circumstances their intimacy again. Again they separated, to pass years without mutual note or sign.

Neither of them kept his promise of reformation, for neither had pledged himself by a higher strength than his own.

Reed pursued a downward course, till one day in Chicago, happening in at one of Mr. Moody's meetings he heard the message of Christ, and was led to love Him in whose love alone he could find help and resolution to overcome his insatiable appetite.

He then obtained employment as a travelling salesman. Called occasionally, by his business to Boston, he always sought the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in that city, and attended their meetings.

At one of these meetings he saw a familiar face, and at the close greeted with joy his old friend.

"Are you a Christian?" was the first question.

"Yes; a Christian six months old."

"And I, two years ago, accepted Christ as my Master," and as the two men embraced each other, Mr. Reed told to the surprised bystanders the story of himself and his friend—now book-keeper in a St. Louis wholesale house.

"When we first saw each other," said he, "we were in prison together; then, after ten years apart, we were in delirium tremens together; and after nine years' separation again, now we are bound together by a new tie, that I trust no temptations of earth can sunder, and that will find its blessed fruition where all temptation and sin shall have passed away forever."—*Youth's Companion*.

Question Corner.—No. 14.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

157. How many books are there in the Bible?
158. How many in the Old and the New Testaments respectively?
159. How many years intervened between the Old and the New Testaments?
160. When, and by whom, was the first English version of the whole Bible published?
161. What high priest anointed Solomon to be king?
162. Who was Adam's third son and how many years did he live?
163. Who was the father of Methuselah?
164. To what patriarch was a famine the means of restoring his lost son?
165. Which two of Jacob's grandsons took the places of Levi and Joseph as representatives of two of the tribes of Israel?
166. Who was the first Judge of Israel?
167. Who called his armour-bearer to slay him with a sword that it might not be said of him, "A woman slew him"?
168. Which of the judges of Israel is better known as a high priest?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 12.

133. Kirjath-arba. Joshua xiv. 15.
134. For Arba the father of Anak from whom the Anakims were descended. Joshua xiv. 15; xv. 13.
135. Gibeon, Chephirah, Beeroth, and Kirjath-jearim. Joshua ix. 17.
136. Jericho. Joshua vi.
137. On the Mount of Olives. Luke xxi. 37.
138. At Paphos in the island of Cyprus. Acts xiii. 6.
139. Proverbs i. 10.
140. Luke viii. 24; Jonah. i. 5.
141. Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho: he shall lay the foundation thereof in his firstborn, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates. Josh. vi. 26.
142. Isaiah lv. 7.
143. The battle of Ebenezer. 1 Sam. iv. 1, 2.
144. One thousand. Judges xv. 15.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

H-elam. O-bed. L-aban. I-thamar. N-isroch. E-zri. S-himec. S-amar. T-abset. O-both. T-admor. H-eadbands. E-glon. L-aver. O-zem. R-ehoboth. D-aniel.—*Holiness to the Lord*.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 12.—Annie D. Burr, 12 ac; Maude Armstrong, 11.
To No. 11.—Maude Armstrong, 10; Samuel McDonald, 9; Agnes Murdoch, 8; W. H. Simmons, 7.