

evil spirits about him; and he also told him to put a goat in the bush near the house, and some time in the night the evil spirit would come and take the goat; he would then be pleased and leave Batula, who would soon be well.

Now, Batula was a wealthy chief and had many fine goats, and, to use a Congo expression, the doctor had 'reddened his eyes' on Batula's goats; in other words, he coveted them. Batula had a goat placed in the bush, and in the night it disappeared; but the poor man, alas! grew no better. Every day the doctor told him the same story, and every night a goat was tied in the bush till all Batula's goats were gone, and he grew no better. Then the witch doctor said some one has bewitched Batula, and he must find the witch and put him or her to death.

Now, among Batula's slaves was a bright, happy-faced girl, named Moso. This girl he had brought home with him a few days before he was taken ill. He had been down the river in his canoe and had bought the girl. This girl spoke a different language, and the marks on her body were different from those on Batula's people, showing that she belonged to a different tribe. Then another thing was odd about this girl; she had a very queer-looking fetich, and she had been seen talking to it. It was white inside, with little black marks over it, and she would look at it and talk to it, then kneel down and say some words, and two of the words she often said were 'Jesu Christu.' Now, why did she kneel down, and why did she say, 'Jesu Christu,' and what did those two words mean, anyway? She must be the witch, and if the witch doctor would tell Batula to have her put to death, then all would be well again. So spoke the village people, and so said the witch doctor. He must do something to keep up his reputation, so he will tell Batula Moso is the witch.

Poor Moso! She cannot understand their words, but she knows what was done in her own village before the missionaries came and told them 'God palaver'; and ever since she had been a Christian she had tried so hard to teach others the blessed story of Jesus and His love—that story which had changed her life so much and made her love

her neighbor as herself. But what could she do? She went into her little grass house, and there knelt down and asked God to help her in this dark hour. Outside she could hear the frantic shouts and yells, and her name spoken many times; then the people burst into her hut and dragged her forth to the 'palaver house' (you would call it the 'courthouse') of the village, and set her before the witch doctor. He wore a large mask on his head, made of fur, and decorated with beads and cowrie shells; around his neck a necklace of leopard teeth strung together with elephant hair; his dress was woven of grass, with a deep fringe of the grass on its lower edge; his body was covered with grease and red paint. He denounced her as a witch, and said she must die that Batula might be saved. Just as he pronounced these words there was a noise of approaching feet, and through the tall grass there burst into view three tall young men, dark-skinned like themselves, and a fourth man with skin like milk, eyes the color of the sky, and hair like the grass when prepared for weaving. Never before had they seen a man like this one. To be sure, Batula had told them that he, when down the river, had seen men like this; but to most of the people this white man was a revelation, so much so that for a time Batula's illness and the palaver about Moso were forgotten. But the sharp eyes of the stranger had seen there was something going on in the village and knew the witch doctor held the cup for some purpose; so they asked what the palaver was. At the sound of their voices Moso started to her feet; they were speaking the language of her far-away people; 'perhaps God had sent them to save her.'

So she spoke to the strangers and told them her story. When her story was finished, the white man said, 'Show me the sick man,' and took her by the hand.

The story that follows is too long for telling here, but it is enough to say that the white man was a missionary physician, and, by God's blessing, he was able to save the life of Batula. This made a wonderful impression not only upon the chief, but upon his people. After a time they learned that what they thought was Moso's fetich was a book, and later on she began to

read to them from it. It was the Bible, and they learned from it of God, and of His love for them, and both Batula and the old witch doctor became Christians. When a few years afterwards Batula died, everything was changed. There was no witch doctor, and no talk of killing slaves in honor of the dead chief. Such is the power of the gospel to change hard and cruel hearts.

### A Zealous Attendant.

Mildred's papa was pastor of a village church, and Mildred's playmate was Speaker, a big dog just outgrowing puppyhood and its pranks. One Sabbath morning Mildred showed symptoms of measles and mamma said: 'No going to church to-day.' Later Mildred went to the woodhouse to condole with Speaker, imprisoned there to prevent his church attendance.

'Poor, shut-up Speaker,' said Mildred, 'I'll make believe send you to church.' So, with much trouble, she arrayed him in one of her outgrown dresses. Through the full sleeves Speaker's fore legs were forced, the waist safety-pinned across his shaggy chest, and a little sunbonnet tied under his chin.

'Now, Speaker, I'll just peek out, but you musn't go,' said Mildred, unfastening the door.

Speaker's paws went against it with force; open it went in spite of Mildred, and up the street dashed Speaker.

In the midst of hymn-reading there was a rush of pink gingham up the church aisle, a bombardment of the pastor's knees by clumsy, ruffle-encircled paws.

Then Speaker sat on the platform and surveyed the congregation from the shade of the pink poke bonnet. No 'make-believe' for Speaker. He was really there. — 'The Congregationalist.'

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