

lives, is made of wood, to which he ascends by a flight of steps on the outside, as you will see in the picture; and the entrance to the cellar is underneath. Sometimes he has a gallery running round on the outside of his house, which affords him shelter from the heat. Perhaps you think his house looks very much like an English house, but it has no tall chimneys, with cans on the top of them, as we have. There are no chimneys because they require no fires, as the weather is always warm enough without them. Of course they require a little fire to cook their food; but this is done in a small oven outside, and detached from the house altogether. The missionary's house, as you may suppose, is much superior to the huts of the natives among whom he settles; for his duty and object is to raise them up to his level, if possible, not that he should sink as low as they are; but, even with a better hut than a native one, he has to forego many of the common comforts which he used to enjoy in his native land. The climate of that part of Africa is very noxious, and often so deadly that the district has been called "The White Man's grave." You will be surprised to know that often, when suffering from intense heat, his clothes and shoes get so damp, and mildewed in his house that he is obliged to put them out to the sun to dry; a fact sufficient to show how deadly the climate must be.

But men are to be found willing to go there and labour, even if for a few years, among the swarthy sons of Africa, if they may be able to bring *some* to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

How small a part *we* have to perform in this great mission work! We think it a great deal to go a mile for a subscription for Mission Funds; but what is that to crossing distant seas, and living in a land of drought, and damp, and death, amidst a beathen and often a filthy people, far from home and kindred? How do men have hearts brave enough to do it? The apostle Paul explains it—"The love of Christ constraineth me,"—"I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me."—*Juvenile Messenger*.

A TIGER STORY.

Lucy and Fanny were two little girls, who lived with their father and mother in London. When Lucy was six and Fanny five years old, their uncle George came home from India.