

beatings from him not to know that he must do as he was told. So he sat down upon the stone tiger head in the doorway, and sobbed as though his heart would break.

So absorbed was he that he did not hear the clatter of donkey's hoofs and the merry shout of children, till they were close upon him and asked him what the matter was. He stood trembling, without a word, at the strange sight. He knew they were children; but whether boys or girls, or both, he could not tell, because of their odd dress; but he could understand every word they said, and they soon had him inside the court to tell his story to their father.

He was not a bit afraid of this man, the very one he had seen on the street before he took his nap on the log. This man urged him to tell the truth, and not to tell one lie, and he would help him. Encouraged by the kind voice and by the children standing by, he told his story truly, just as it had happened to him. Then, realizing what he had done, and remembering what his brother had said about the dragon and what he would do, he turned pale with fright, and began to sob and tremble violently.

After a while he told the missionary what his brother had said; and was wholly comforted when told that he could have a home there, and go to school with the other Chinese boys he saw playing in the yard.

The missionary told him that there was no dragon at all; but a kind father in heaven who would be his father to protect him from all evil. Little Yung Fu's tears were dried, and there were smiles on his face instead, and though he could not understand the meaning of a Father in heaven, he knew it must be something good. The missionary's children were as happy as they could be, to think they had found and saved this little boy, and he was their special charge and playmate from that day.

Yung Fu's brother never came for him, and so he grew up under the care of the kind missionary, and will some day be a

preacher of the gospel to those of his people who do not know the Father in heaven, who led him to the kind missionary's home.

THE CANNIBALS OF FIJI.

SUSIE.—What have you been reading about, Nettie?

NETTIE.—Something terrible about people eating one another.

SUSIE.—They must have been cannibals, and certainly did not live in our or any other Christian country.

NETTIE.—They were cannibals of the very worst sort, and lived on the little island of Bau, the capital of the Fiji Islands.

SUSIE.—I should not like to go to such a place.

NETTIE.—That was fifty years ago, and no one else cared to go there except to fight the cannibals, and if anyone was caught he was soon roasted and eaten. They were delighted to have strangers come to their shores, for they were then provided with a good meal.

SUSIE.—That was dreadful. But do these people still eat human beings?

NETTIE.—No; through the influence of Christian missionaries, who dared to go among them, they have been won over to Christianity and become kind and gentle.

SUSIE.—That is a wonderful change for such savages. But I wonder they did not kill and eat the missionaries.

NETTIE.—It does seem that they were miraculously preserved. They were given a home on the top of the hill above the town, and, while they often saw the ovens heated to cook the captives taken in war, they were not molested, but left to pursue their work.

SUSIE.—They must have been brave men and had great faith to take them among such ferocious creatures.

NETTIE.—They did have both courage and faith, and God has greatly blessed both; and to-day there is no safer place to go to than Bau, though it has been said that more human beings have been killed and eaten there than anywhere in Fiji. Such is the power of religion.—Sel.