

"What did you say to your father about it?"

"I didn't say much; I wouldn't give up Jesus. I kept praying to God more and more."

"What did your father do then?"

"He beat me a great many times."

"Well, when he found he could not beat Jesus out of you, what did he do next?"

"He got a great many boys to come and dance round me, and laugh at me, and try to get me to dance."

"And wouldn't you dance?"

"No; I just sat down, and would not say anything."

"What did your father do then?"

"He fastened me up in the hut, and said I must give up Jesus, or he would kill me. He left me in the hut all day."

"And what did you do in there?"

"I kept praying, and sticking to Jesus."

"Did you think your father would kill you?"

"Yes, if God would let him. He fastened me in the hut many times, and said he would kill me."

"Umaluna, are you sure you would be willing to die for Jesus?"

"Oh, yes; if he wants me to."

"Are you not afraid to die?"

"No; I would be glad to die for Jesus, if he wants me to."—*Christian Tidings*.

Destruction of Idols in China.

The inhabitants of one village north-east of Peking bid fair to come over almost en masse to Christianity. When Rev. D. McCoy spent a Sabbath there, a short time since, he found the people reading Christian books. Many of those who were at work, were willing at once to leave their occupations, and go off to hear the Gospel preaching. Several families had already destroyed their idols.

The night before the missionary left the village, the innkeeper, whose guest he was, had his family gods taken down and burned. He was still too superstitious to perform the act himself, but he arranged that "the

solemn ceremony" should be performed for him by the missionary's native helper. Mr. McCoy had retired to rest, the lights were put out, and he was almost asleep, when he heard the helper calling for a match to light his candle. The missionary inquired what he wanted, and was told that he had a small matter he wished to attend to, lest in their preparation for departure the next morning, the work might not be thoroughly done. His meaning was understood. *In a few moments the musty gods were crackling in the flames.* Then all united in prayer, that this poor man, his family, and their neighbors, might thenceforth worship the God of the Bible, and rest all their hopes for happiness in this life, and in that which is to come, upon the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of men. The missionary says, "I think I shall never forget that scene."—*Christian Tidings*.

Where is Home.

A little boy about four or five years old was returning from school one day. He bounded into the house, exclaiming, as he hung up his hat in the entry, "This is my home! this is my home!"

A lady was then on a visit to his mother, and was sitting in the parlor. She said to him, "Willie, the house next door is just the same as this; suppose you go in there and hang your hat up in the lobby, wouldn't that be your home as much as this house?"

"No, ma'am," said Willie, very earnestly, "it would not."

"Why not?" asked the lady. "What makes this house your home more than that?"

Willie had never thought of this before. But after a moment's pause he ran up to his mother, and throwing his little arms around her neck, he said, "Because my dear mother lives here."

It is the presence and company of those we love which make our earthly home; and it is just so with our heavenly home—that home which our dear Saviour has gone to prepare for the children of God.

A little Sunday-school boy lay upon his dying bed. His teacher sat at the bedside holding the hand of his scholar. "I'm going home to heaven," said the little fellow.

"Why do you call heaven your home?" asked the teacher.

"Because Jesus is there."

"But suppose," said the teacher, "that Jesus should go out of heaven?"

"Then I would go out with Him," said the dying child.—*Jac. Miss. Magazine*.