

more quick to recognize a 'real gentleman' than the African savage. He must at all times assert himself, and repel an insolent familiarity, which is a thing entirely apart from friendship born of respect and affection. His dwelling house should be as superior to those of the natives as he himself is superior to them. This, while adding to his prestige and influence, will simultaneously promote his own health and so save money spent on invalids to England, and replacements due to sickness or death."—*Review of Missions.*

NINTH READING.—A FIELD FOR THE AMBITIOUS.

"No man, no woman, however able or ambitious or enterprising or intelligent, need fear that if they devote themselves to Africa their lives will be lost and wasted. Every faculty of their being, every fibre and force of their natures, will be brought into play. The highest powers of body, mind and spirit will be called forth.

"The providential shapings and turnings of Livingstone's career made him a missionary, but Africa made him not only a great missionary, but a great explorer, a great scientist, a great soul.

"Mackay of Uganda waxed ever great and greater as the seasons rolled, till Christian missions had made him a captain of industry, the pilot of a storm-stressed nation, and the statesman whose monument is British East Africa.

"Cardinal Lavigerie was so broadened and invigorated by his African activities that he became Rome's apostle to Islam, the crusader against the slave-trade, who stung the conscience of papal Europe, and the representative of France in Africa."—*Student Volunteer.*

TENTH READING.—ENGLAND, THE GREAT CIVILIZER.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 9.—The Rev. Francis W. Bates, a missionary of the American Board, connected with its East Central Africa Mission, who has been connected with that mission since 1888, is in this country on furlough, and was in Boston to-day. His residence of seven years in the region where the present hostilities between the Dutch and the British are taking place has made him familiar with the situation. He says that England is the great civilizing influence in South Africa, and that the world would be the better for it if Great Britain owned all Africa.

"We believe in the future Christian development of Africa; we know the receptivity of the native mind for Christian truth; we have seen its effects in the lives of scores and hundreds of her children. But how long, O Lord, how long shall the coldness, the indifference, the neglect of Thy children in Christian lands delay the coming of the King to His kingdom in Darkest Africa?"—*Missionary Herald.*

The Kru Boy.*

SAMUEL MORRIS was a Kru boy. An African of the Africans, a pure negro, probably about 20 years old. He was a resident of Liberia, where he was employed among English speaking people as a house painter, and where he first found the Lord. A missionary girl came from the far west to go out under Bishop Taylor, and, as I was secretary for the Bishop, I received her. I had become intimately acquainted with the Holy Ghost and, of course, was full of Him.

I talked from the abundance of my heart to her of Him. I told her if she would receive Him she would be a success in Africa, and would not be sick, nor lonesome, nor wearied. He would be her strength, wisdom and comfort, and her life would be a continual psalm of praise in the Dark Continent. She hearkened, desired, consented, asked, and He came—an abiding presence. She reached her station, set down to her work, contented, blessed and happy.

This Kru boy heard of her arrival, and walked miles to see her and talk about Jesus. She was filled and overflowed with the Holy Spirit, and was glad to pour out of Him on Samuel. He became enthused, and he desired and was determined to know the Comforter Divine. Journey after journey was made; hour after hour was spent in conversation on the darling theme, when she, wearied with a constant repetition, said, "If you want to know any more you must go to Stephen Merritt of New York; he told me all I know of the Holy Ghost." He said, "I am going—where is he?" She laughingly answered, "In New York." She missed him—he had started. Weary miles he walked before reaching the ocean. As he arrived on the shore a sailing ship dropped her anchor in the offing, and a small boat put ashore. Samuel stepped up and asked the Captain to take him to New York. He was refused with curses and a kick, but he answered, "Oh, yes, you will." He slept on the sand that night, and was again refused; the next morning, nothing daunted, he made the request again the third time, and was asked by the captain, "Well, can you do?" and he answered, "Anything." Thinking he was an able-bodied seaman, and as two men had deserted, leaving him short-handed, he asked, "What do you want?" meaning what pay. Samuel said, "I want to see Stephen Merritt." He said to the men in the boat, "Take this boy aboard."

He reached the ship, but knew nothing of a vessel or of the sea. The anchor was raised, and he was off. His ignorance brought much trouble; cuffs, curses and kicks were his in abundance; but his peace was as a river, his confidence unbounded, and his assurance sweet. He went into the cabin to clean up, and the captain was convicted and converted; the fire ran through the ship, and half or more of the crew were saved. The ship became a Bethel, songs and shouts of praise resounded, and nothing was too good for the uncouth and ungainly Kru boy.

They landed at the foot of Pike Street, E.R., and after the farewells were said, Samuel, with a bag of clothing furnished by the crew (for he went aboard with only a jumper and overalls, with no shoes), stepped on the dock, and stepping up to the first man he met, said, "Where's Stephen Merritt?" It was three or four miles away from my place, in a part of the city where I was utterly unknown, but the Holy Spirit arranged that. One of the Travellers' Club was the man accosted, and he said, "I know him; he lives on the 8th Avenue, on the other side of the town. I'll take you to him for a dollar." "All right," said Samuel, though he had not one cent. They reached the store just as I was leaving for prayer-meeting, and the tramp said, "There he is." Samuel stepped up and said, "Stephen Merritt?" "Yes!" "I am Samuel Morris; I've just come from Africa to talk with you about the Holy Ghost." "Have you any letters of introduction?" "No; had no time to wait." "Well, all right; I'm going to Jane Street prayer-meeting. Will you go into the mission next door? On my return I will see about your entertainment." "All right." "Say, young fellow," said the tramp, "where's my dollar?" "Oh, Stephen Merritt pays all my bills

* This true story, "The Kru Boy," by Stephen Merritt, may be had in tract form for 15 cents per dozen, or one dozen and CAMPAIGNER for 20 cents, from F. C. Stephenson, Trinity Medical College, Toronto.