

executioner's hand as in Mujasi's heart, and he too undergoes the short agony and the flame.

"And now the saddest scene of all! Mujasi bids them treat Lugalama as they treat the others. Surely even these men, hardened by frequent executions, have never had to do a deed like this. They came nearer, and he cries out, 'Oh, do not cut off my arms; I will not struggle I will not fight! Only throw me into the fire.' Surely this was the saddest prayer ever prayed on this earth—'only throw me into the fire.' The butchers do their work, and in a moment what was so wonderfully made, and the poor bleeding boy is placed on the frame-work, that the slow fire may finish what the cruel knife has begun. A wail of anguish goes up, becoming fainter and fainter; a last sob, and then silence.

"Musali stood sadly watching the sorrowful scene, wondering, perhaps, whether his turn may be next, when Mujasi, drunken with blood, came to him. 'Ah, you are here! I will burn you, too, and your household. 'Yes, I am,' said Musali, 'and I am not ashamed of it.' Never a truer word was said, and never a braver man spoke. Mujasi then left him."

A while after this Musali was arrested; he might have made his escape, but he refused to do so. Sentence was pronounced against him, and he was killed with a club. Not one of these African lads but might have saved his life by denying Christ, and yet, although just out of heathenism and surrounded by heathen, they willingly faced death for Jesus' sake. What witnesses they are to us!—*Mission Dayspring*.

### BOYS AND GIRLS IN SOUTH CHINA.

South China swarms with boys and girls, crowds of them in the cities, flocks of them in the country. They are slant-eyed. They are straight-haired. Babies have their heads clean shaven when they are three months old. Girls, so long as they are little girls have part of the head shaven from time to time. Every man

in China must wear a cue. This is ordained by law. So every boy who is a candidate for manhood gets his head shaven, leaving a bunch at the crown from which he grows his cue.

Boys and girls, men and women, old and young, all dress in blue. On special occasions girls wear brilliant red dresses. And rich city boys march out in suits of green and yellow and blue silk. But nearly everybody's every-day dress is blue cotton. A boy can get a new suit for fifty cents, often less. The city boy wears a black cap with a red knob. The country boy wears a blue rag in the shape of a turban, or a big bamboo hat, alike a screen from the sun and a shelter from the rain.

The girls never have to worry about the styles. Their dresses are always made after the same pattern. And they wear no hats. So who cares whether hats are high-crowned or low, broad or narrow-brimmed?

Boys go to school, but by no means a majority of them. Thousands grow up who cannot read a line nor write a character. Girls never go to school. A man would be afraid to marry a young woman who could read. They say it is very unlucky. They say a man who marries such a young woman won't live long.

The boy who does go to school makes a business of it. He starts at his desk at seven in the morning. At nine he goes home for his breakfast. He gets back by ten. He studies till one. Then home for his dinner, and back to school until five or six o'clock. He has no time, you see, for spinning tops or playing marbles, or baseball, or hide and go seek. The result is, he is an old-mannish boy. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

At school young John Chinaman studies aloud. Last year I roomed over a Chinese school at Changchiu for three months. What a volume of ear-piercing Chinese eloquence would ascend from the room below at times! A Chinese school would be a capital training-ground for