

FOLLOWERS OF THE GOLDEN RULE IN AFRICA.

BY HOPE.

It is not a story of two rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed little girls I am going to tell you; because, as I have not seen such a little girl for over five years, you certainly know more about them than I do. But these I am going to tell you of would be a curiosity to you, for you have never seen them or been in the place where they live. True, some of you may go every summer, to have a good time, on the other side of their bath-tub; but even your bright eyes fail to catch a glimpse of them, or your sharp ears to hear their *splashing*, as I heard it last Saturday afternoon, when they had a good frolic in the Atlantic.

These brown-cheeked and black-eyed girls began life in a poor little smoky hut, and were not taught anything good, or, in fact, much of anything, until they came into the mission school, where their gentle earnest, missionary mother, Mrs. Reutlinger, has taught them a great many good things.

Let me tell you one lesson they have learned, and how nicely they put it in practise yesterday. We have in our prayer room one bench, which is counted as a sort of "high seat," occupied by the older girls. On Wednesday and Sabbath evenings, as a special favor, the little girl who asks first is allowed to sit there also. Last evening, just as the lamps were being lighted, Matomba, one of the roundest-faced and brightest eyed little tots, put in her request for the place of honor, and permission was given. A little later she came to me with the same bright smile, to say, "Iya, after all I don't want to sit there." "I said, 'Very well; but another time don't ask for what you do not want. What is the reason you have changed your mind?'" "Because I did not know when I asked you that Ediya-boka was ready to make the same request. I would rather she would take the place." All right. But when we came to take our places, Matomba had the coveted seat, Ediya-boka refusing to accept the sacrifice. What did I

do? I let them both sit on the "big bench," and thought they deserved it, too. Don't you think so?

This leads me to think of what happened a little later in the evening. About nine o'clock on Saturday night, three new girls had appeared in our midst as suddenly and unexpectedly as though they had dropped out of the moon. They had really come over the ocean, a distance of about one hundred miles, in a native boat or "dug-out," the trunk of a large tree hollowed out by burning and cutting. Don't you think they were anxious for an education? We thought we were full before, but there was no possibility of turning these away. Ordinary evenings we let the girls have a lantern burning until eight o'clock; but prayer-meeting evenings, it being already late, we take the light away as soon as they have made the necessary preparations for bed. This evening they said, "Leave the light a little longer, as we must provide for these strangers." When we went to get the light, we found that two of the older girls had spread all the mats, and made the little ones lie down "spoon fashion" to save room. They pointed to the prostrate forms, making a row clear across the room, and said, "But now, Iya, we two have no mat left for ourselves." This want was soon met from the other room where the larger girls sleep, who readily and cheerfully furnished a mat out of their not over-abundance.

I am sure you will think these girls did very nicely in both these instances, and you would appreciate it still more highly if you could contrast this thoughtful kindness with what they are taught in their heathen homes. Several of them want to be Christians, and that is best of all.

Dear young friends, show your love and gratitude to the children's Saviour by praying for and caring for the little heathen children. — *Children Work for Children.*

According to a statement made at the Unitarian Convention in Philadelphia lately, there are in this country only 360 churches scattered over 24 States.