

"O yes; we are all ready to sell other people's lockets," said the mother. "Away over in Africa, Trypho, among the Yoruba nation, one of the first converts was a woman named at her baptism 'Susannah Kute.' Her friends put her in prison for leaving the old heathen ways; they put her in chains; but she bore it all with a patient meekness which by-and-by shamed even her persecutors into setting her free, and now she was living in one of the towns and near the mission church. One Sunday morning a heathen woman from the country came to her house, asking some business questions. But Susannah told her to come another day, for this day was the Lord's and she could not talk business. Then, as the heathen turned away, Susannah called to her, 'Stay and go with me to God's house.' The woman stopped and looked down at herself. Legs and arms and neck and fingers were covered with all sorts of heathen charms and adornments. 'I cannot go to God's house with these,' she said. 'Do not mind them,' said Susannah Kute, 'come just as you are.' But now another native Christian came up, and, hearing the talk, said, as the heathen had done, 'No, you cannot go with all those things upon you,' and the poor woman again turned away. And again Susannah stopped her and would not let her go, and finally carried off her heathen sister to the mission church."

"How did she like it?" asked both the children.

"She was all astonishment at first with the quiet order of the people, the singing and the prayers; but when the missionary began his sermon she was rapt in the deepest interest and looked at no one else. And as she listened, children, as the 'wonderful words of life' rang their sweet music in her ears, gently and silently she began to unfasten her heathen ornaments, one by one, and one by one she dropped them softly on the floor—rings and bangles and gree-grees and necklaces—until before the service was over she had cast them all away. And sometimes I think that if we, in our churches, who have heard of the Lord Jesus all our lives, could but have such a view of Him as that poor heathen did, there would be many a little shining heap left on the floor of the church, and the congregation would come away looking less like—like South Sea Islanders," the mother ended, with a laugh.

"O mamma!" said Trypho.

"Within a fortnight that woman presented herself for baptism."

"I must say that it turned out well," said Lex; "but it seemed rather hard not to answer the woman's questions just because it was Sunday. She didn't know."

"But Susannah did. Remember the Lord said, 'My Sabbaths ye shall keep, for it is a sign between me and you;' and one of the first tokens of a man's change of heart will be a change of life as to keeping the Lord's-day holy. In Fiji not a boat belonging to native Christians goes out on Sunday, even to harvest a favourite kind of sea-food which comes to that coast but once or twice a year. If the shoal rises on Sunday, the Christian natives stay quietly at home leaving the rich spoil and the gay frolic to their heathen neighbours. In Madagascar a native woman and her daughter became Christians; but the father of the family, a heathen still, set himself in every possible way against their new religion

and their new life. And one of his chief endeavours was to make them break Sunday,—so well he read the sign. They were poor people, living chiefly on rice, and this man would sometimes throw away all the rice bought Saturday night, to force his wife to break the Sabbath by buying more. The mother and child made no complaint, gave no hard words. If there was any cold rice left from Saturday's boiling they ate that: if not, they patiently went without till Monday morning. Sometimes he would pour into their Saturday-bought rice other rice which he had bought on Sunday; then the mother and child would set the whole aside and never touch it."

"But," said Lex, "that don't seem so much, when you're hungry, just to buy a little rice."

"You know there is no little or much about obedience," said the mother. "A crack open is as bad as a foot, if the command is 'shut the door.' And when people obey, even at their own cost, it proves that religion is worth something to them. The Malagasy mother and child made no parade, no fuss; they just simply obeyed. And the quiet reality of their faith was too strong for the heathen father. By-and-bye he, too, gave up his old life, was baptized, and became a right hand to the mission."

"Mamma, I believe your hard stories come out righter side up than if they were easy," said Lex.

"Things always come out right that are done for God. But I think of that mother and daughter sometimes, when I see hot rolls going to one house Sunday morning, and ice cream to another Sunday afternoon,—houses where there is no 'famine of bread or famine of water,' but only 'of hearing the word of the Lord.'"

"So these women did something for missions, too," said Try.

"Ah!" the mother answered, "there is no missionary like a holy life, whether lived at home or abroad, and people living such a life will always find countless other things to do. One receives a sick missionary into her house and persuades her rich neighbours to send him dainties she has not. Another takes many a weary step about the city, to find good, cheerful rooms for a poor missionary family come home to get well; and another takes the children for a time into her own over-crowded hands, that the mother may rest. For people may give service as well as money. Look at your bits of wood, Lex: they were once the church bell in Raratonga, and a young man of the island when he became a Christian begged that he might always sound the call to service. It was one little thing that he could do to show his love for the cause and to help it on."

"I could ring a real bell, but I don't see what he did with this thing," said Lex, studying his bits of wood.

"They were used somewhat like a gong, the long piece beaten sharply against the broad piece."

"O, how queer!" said Tryphosa. "Then when the clock struck ten the Raratonga man came out and made his sticks go, and the people came to church."

"There was no clock to strike in Raratonga, and I am not sure how they knew the time; but in Fiji, Try, it was told by the opening of a certain flower. The bell-ringer stood watching his

plant, and as soon as the buds began to open he sounded his bell."

"Did he have a real bell?"

"No, it was the old death drum, which used once to summon the natives to their cannibal feasts. You see, children, struggling little churches cannot always afford a 'real bell,' even in our own land. At one of the Indian settlements in Canada a man steps out and gives a great shout when it is church-time. And it does not much matter, so long as the Lord knows and the people hear. But it was one of the many pretty kindnesses of R. L. & A. Smart, that after spending some weeks in a country village one summer, they made the little church there a farewell present of a bell."

"I like that," said Lex. "But I guess somebody must have made up your Fiji clock story, mamma. Flowers don't care when they open."

"O yes, they do; some of them," said Trypho. "Don't you remember the evening primroses last summer, and the four o'clocks?"

"Fact," said Lex. "Well, I s'pose nothing's too queer to happen. What next, mamma?"

"The young Raratongan gave his services. In one of the Hervey Islands each Christian family set apart a pig for the mission. The pigs were sold to the captain of a trading ship and brought more than a hundred pounds sterling; and, although this was the very first money the people had ever had, they gave every penny of it to the mission 'to cause the Word of God to grow.' Then I read the other day of a poor woman here in New England. She had a houseful of children, and she kept one cow. All the milk the children did not need the mother sold, putting the pennies, as they came, into the savings bank. There they lay at interest, and before her death she asked that the sum, whatever it was, might be given to foreign missions. Children, those stray milk pennies had grown into more than three hundred dollars."

"But mamma," said Trypho wistfully, "we haven't got a cow, and we can't take care of tired missionaries, Lex and I."

"A little girl," said the mother, smiling, "earned two cents a week by carrying water to an old woman, and dinner to a young man; and all that went to missions. Another girl, laid by with her last illness, unable to leave her bed, made for herself secretly, a list of people to pray for. There was a revival in the village, and friends noticed that she asked eagerly from time to time the names of the converts. After her death the little list was found under her pillow. Every one named there had been converted; and, name by name, she had checked them off as the glad news was brought that one by one they had entered the kingdom."

"Mamma, was that missionary work?" said Trypho.

"A soul is a soul anywhere, child. It was work for the Master; it was bringing sinners to him, and I suppose that is the essence of all true missionary work. Another a very old lady this time, in New York, for many years before her death, had two particular people on her heart, and never once missed praying for them every day. These were the queen of England and the queen of Madagascar."

"Mamma," said Lex, "you give a fellow too much to do. First he's got to live all right, and that isn't a small

job: then he's got to pray, and that takes lots of time. Then he must run around and tell folk, and then he must give away all he's got and rake and scrape to get more."

"Very correctly stated," said the mother with a smile. "And so you see how true are the Lord's own words: 'Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.' No one can serve Christ first who does not in every way put his own self second."

#### Consternation in the Ranks.

THE Scott Act workers knew that the Hulton victory would prove a terrible disaster to the anti-temperance party, but they did not anticipate that it would so utterly break up and demoralize that party. From recent articles in the *Toronto World*, it is quite clear that the campaign manager in the whiskey interest are at their wits' end. On Friday came the announcement that the Dominion Brewers and Wine and Spirit Merchants' Protective Association had formerly retired from the fight. The representatives of the association made haste to contradict the rumor; but enough discussion came out to plainly show that there is embarrassment and disunion as well as disappointment and chagrin in the whiskey ranks. The *World* insists that it has the best authority for asserting that its first announcement is correct, while Mr. Dodds and a special committee have declared that the fight has not been abandoned.

The temperance workers need not be affected by the matter at all. Our duty is plain. We have undertaken a task that must be done, and done well. We have a foe that is both powerful and crafty. We must use every energy to carry the Scott Act in every county; and the carrying of it by such overwhelming majorities that our Parliament at its next session will have before it the strongest evidence that the people of Canada will not tolerate any legislation on the liquor question that is not progress in the direction of total prohibition.

In our ranks to-day, we have union, harmony, energy and determination. Let us carefully guard these essentials to success in our conflict, and let our opponents' discomfiture only warn us against mistakes, and encourage us to renewed efforts.—*Canada Citizen*.

#### What Tracts Have Done.

It is said that a torn copy of the Gospel of Mark, given in Orissa to a man who could not read, was one of the most important links in the chain through which the Church at Khunditpur was formed which has been in existence some forty years, and from which some of the best Orissa preachers have come. A tract, *The True Refuge*, received at Chiltagong, led to the formation of the Church at Comillah, in Eastern Bengal. The same tract has led many others to Christ. Tract distribution lay at the foundation of the great work in Backergunge. *The Jewel Mine of Salvation*, and other tracts, have been wonderfully blessed in Orissa. A Gospel and tract, given on a tour in Assam, to a Garo man, led to his conversion, and eventually to the commencement of that promising work of the American Baptists in the Garo Hills, where there are now, we believe, a thousand Church members or more. Scatter good tracts.