

TWO LITTLE BROWN BROTHERS.

BY EMILY P. WEAVER.

"Sahib, sahib; give us rice. We are starving, dying!"

Only a few weeks ago, as an English missionary walked along the narrow street of a little village near Allahabad, in India, this terrible cry rang again and again in his ears. But he had nothing to give. Not one crumb of bread, nor grain of rice, for he had already shared his supper amongst a crowd of little brown-skinned children, who were so weak from the want of food that they could scarcely walk.

For once the missionary tried not to listen when they called after him. He hurried out of the village and away down the country road as fast as he could, but still he seemed to hear those heart-rending cries.

Suddenly he almost stumbled over a child who was grouping in the dust by the way-side. He was miserably ragged and dirty, and his little bare arms were almost as thin as those of a skeleton, but when the missionary stopped beside him, he clenched both hands and looked at him fiercely.

He did not beg nor speak one word, but the missionary said, "Where are your father and mother?"

"I don't know," said the child; "they are gone."

"And what are you doing?"

The little fellow looked earnestly at the kind face bending over him, then suddenly unclosed his fingers and showed a few seeds of weeds and grass, picked from the dust.

"Are you not hungry?" asked the missionary, wondering that the boy should be able to resist even such poor food as that.

"They are for Shoshi, but he won't eat them," was the answer.

"Where is Shoshi?"

"Over there," and the child led his new friend a few steps from the road towards a great tree.

A younger child lay under its shadow, but when the missionary touched his wasted hand he knew that he would never suffer from pain or hunger again. He was dead—starved, but his brother did not know it, and again and again he begged him to eat the food he had gathered with so much trouble.

"Dear child, Shoshi is not hungry now," said the missionary, and as gently as he could he explained the sad truth.

But for a long time Shoshi's little brother refused to be comforted in spite of all the missionary could do. He took him to his own home, but, much as the child loves his new friends, he cannot forget Shoshi.

And there are hundreds, thousands of others, little children, and men and women, too, who are dying in India even now for want of food.—*The Faithful Witness.*

A BRAVE AFRICAN BOY.

A writer in the *Golden Rule* gives a thrilling account of the heroism of native converted children in Africa.

About three years ago our missionary and his wife, who for three years had been in charge of Baraka Station, on the west coast of Africa, were driven away by the chiefs, and were threatened with death if they should attempt to return. They had done faithful work, and left the mission house and farm in charge of Tom and Uriah, two converted nursery boys. The kindred of Uriah came in force, seized him and dragged him from

the mission, and gave him his choice between renouncing Jesus and being beaten.

Uriah said: "I no give up Jesus."

Then they beat him nearly to death.

He kept repeating, "I no give up Jesus."

Then they took him to a small stream of water, and held his head under until the poor boy was nearly strangled; but every time he got his head above water he said: "I no give up Jesus."

Then they tied a rope around him, and ran him up into the inner cone of one of their round huts, and kindled a fire underneath him, and threw on it a lot of red pepper, the strangling fumes of which surpass anything, this side of perdition. Poor Uriah sneezed and coughed and fainted. When they supposed that he was dead, they lowered him, and dragged him out of the hut; and in the fresh air he soon opened his eyes, when his would-be murderers crowded around him, shouting, "Now you give up Jesus!"

"No; I die for Jesus. He died for me, and I want to die for Him."

Thinking that they could not prevail, they left him, and he returned to the mission, and he and Tom held the fort.—*Young People's Paper.*

HOW UNCLE BILLY CAME 'ROUND.

Uncle Billy Shaw had the kindest heart in his little, wiry body, that moral over possessed. Indeed, his heart seemed to be the largest part of his anatomy; certain it was that no one ever sought aid of him in vain. The hungry child got something to eat; the broken-hearted widow, the cheering assurance that she should be looked after; the struggling student, the loan of money without interest, till he could repay; and the happy-go-lucky spendthrift, a bit of advice, which not only aided by him better than cash, but was of far more benefit.

The minister, too, was his especial care, for not only was the full complement of his salary made sure, but anything that looked like pinching or want in the minister's family was quickly noted, and, if possible, remedied.

But Uncle Billy had one fault: he did not believe in foreign missions. The principal reason for this, though, was his ignorance of the subject, for people are seldom interested in what they know little or nothing about.

"There are enough who need help right around my door," he would say. "Heathen? Plenty of them at home, if people only cared to find them," and so he would take no pains to inform himself about any other.

To be sure, he always gave a dollar when the collection for foreign missions was taken in the church, but he did it from a sense of duty and to please his pastor, and so, as no love or prayers went with it, he received no blessing, and had no desire to contribute more largely.

But a change was gradually taking place. The minister's wife had organized a woman's foreign missionary society, and Aunt Mercy had joined it, and she used to tell Uncle Billy seemed perfectly indifferent, and made no comments on what she read, still some truth penetrated his heart, like the good leaven hid in three measures of meal.

So matters went on till one evening the missionary society gave a concert, and, of course Uncle Billy was there.

There was plenty of bright music—the minister's wife saw to that—and then, after prayer and responsive reading of the Scriptures, a sweet little girl spoke a piece, telling how glad she was she had not been born in heathen