

should think, and quite impossible to put in one's pocket; but the Africans wouldn't put them in their pockets even if they had any. They keep their rods stored away, and bring them out only when they are engaged in trade.

An American Baptist missionary, Rev Mr. Eddie, at Equator Station on the Congo River, tells of a little slave boy, about six years old, who came to him many times and begged him to buy him of his master. Mr. Eddie was much attracted by the boy's appearance, and asked him: "Who is your owner?" "Ran-angesi." "Where are your friends?" "I have no brothers." "Where is your father and mother?" "I have no father and mother. I wish you to be my father." "Where is your home?" "I came from far, far away. I should like your house to be my home." "Poor little homeless, friendless Loleka! I could not resist his entreaties, but went to the chief and got his consent for the boy to come and live here. Poor little fellow! When he got dressed in a coat and cloth, he came running to me, threw his arms around me, and said, 'You are my father and friend; I will live with you day by day.' This little boy and two or three others have begged me again and again to go and buy them, so that they might not have to leave us. One little fellow said to me, 'First offer them two hundred brass rods for me, then little by little increase the number to three hundred; they will give me for that.'"

Think of it! How would you like to be sold for \$25; to leave father and mother and home, and go you know not where, to be the slave of some one who would care for you only to get as much labor out of you as possible! No wonder this little slave boy wanted to be bought by the missionary, who he was sure would care for him and treat him well.

This same missionary, Mr. Eddie, tells a story of a boy who came from a native home and was accidentally drowned in the Congo, while bathing. The parents of the child were frantic with grief and beat

their heads and tore their hair. They seemed to love their child very much, but when the missionary and the boys who were at the station went out to the native village to attend the funeral ceremonies, they found that the people had painted the body of the boy with red and white and black paint, so that it was very hideous to look at. Then they took the body far up into the forest and left it there, probably to be devoured by the wild beasts.

These stories show something of what Africa now is, but if God prospers the missionary work already begun, there will soon be a great change, and no more boys will be sold as slaves.

A LITTLE BROWN JUG.

Frank Masters came home from Sabbath-school fully resolved to join the "Lend a Hand Workers." Not that Frank cared anything about the heathen or wanted to help them. Far from it. He wished to join this mission circle because he had heard the other boys say that they had good times at the meetings, and besides, there were rumors of a children's sociable and supper at some future day. The latter inducement proved too much for Frank. He presented his name for membership at the next meeting of the "Lend a Hand Workers," and pledged himself to do what he could toward filling a certain brown money jug.

It was singular, but that very day Uncle Robert, hearing about this new missionary society and what they proposed doing, gave his nephew a silver quarter, saying as he did so, "Here's so much toward filling the little brown jug."

Frank's face, which had brightened at the sight of the quarter, fell as he heard these words. He had hoped Uncle Robert would help to swell his velocipede fund, but swallowing his disappointment, he took the money with many thanks. Before going to bed that night Frank looked long and earnestly at the