

God knows where the lost children are. His eye is on many a lost child both in Africa and England, wandering away from the fold of Christ, wandering in the paths of sin and ignorance. They know not the dangers that surround them. Oh, let us strive to search them out, and bring them back to the fold of the Good Shepherd, who came "to seek and to save that which is lost."

A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

IN some countries, as in Africa, there are vast regions over which one language is spoken, and when once the Book of God is translated into that tongue, it makes its way where travellers and missionaries have never been, and carries light and blessing on its way.

In the closing pages of Robert Moffat's *Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa*, he tells of finding a New Testament where he little expected to see it. In one of his early journeys with his companions, they came to a heathen village, on the banks of the Orange River, between Namaqua Land and the Griqua country. He says:

"We had travelled far and were hungry, thirsty and fatigued. From the fear of being exposed to lions, we preferred remaining at the village to proceeding during the night. The people rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons which still remained on my jacket for a little milk; this also was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. We found it difficult to reconcile ourselves to our lot, for, in addition to repeated rebuffs, the manner of the villagers excited suspicion.

"When twilight drew on, a woman approached from a height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking-vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand, and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire, and put on the meat.

"We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, till affectionately entreated to give us a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. The solitary tear stole down her sable cheek when she replied:

"I love Him whose servants ye are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place."

"On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the life of God in her soul in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament which she had received from Mr. Helm, when in his school some years previous, before she had been compelled by her connections to retire to her present seclusion.

"This," she said, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp burn!" I looked upon the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society; and the reader may conceive how I felt, and my believing companions with me, when we met with this disciple, and mingled our sympathies and prayers together at the throne of our heavenly Father. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!"

How important that the word of life be scattered abroad among the nations of the earth who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. Let every Christian child pray and labour to bring this about, for such labour is not in vain in the Lord.

THERE is a curious custom of the Esquimaux that when a baby dies the next child born in the village shall receive its name and take its place; and it is always thought by the parents that the new baby is in some measure their child. They have a share in the care of it, and advise with its own parents about the best way of bringing it up. Sometimes the father and the mother of the new baby are too poor to feed and clothe it, and then the other father and mother take it to their own "igloo," or snow hut, and give it a home there. No doubt they are very glad when this happens, and the place of their own little one thus filled; but, of course, the parents to whom the baby really belongs are not always willing to give it up so entirely. In that case the foster-parents contribute something every year to its support; and it lives at home, coming, perhaps, now and then to make a long visit at the "igloo" that is its other home.—*Missionary Visitor*.

A NUMBER of clergymen got into a railway car, and began to chatter, as only parsons can, when a layman, who was present, began muttering aloud, as rapidly as his tongue could wag. "At Parbar westward, four at the causeway, and two at Parbar." After he had repeated it several times, one of the clergymen wanted to know why he uttered such gibberish. "Gibberish," he exclaimed. "Call yourselves clergymen and don't know the Bible when you hear it!" The layman was right. The words he quoted are a verse of the Bible. Find it.