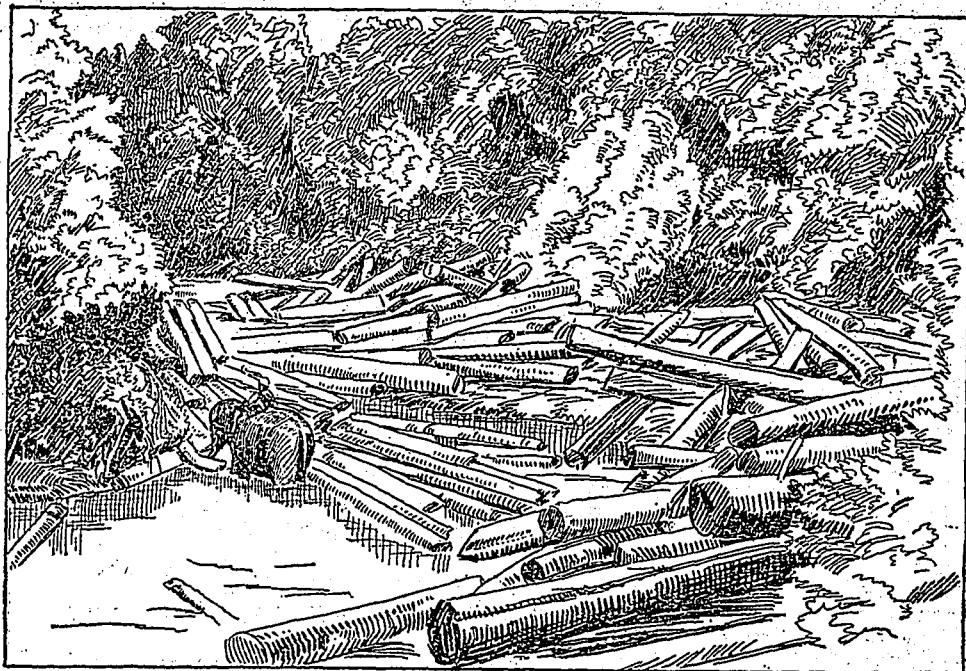


the adaptability of all his works. Sometimes the elephant is aided in his task by the water buffalo, an animal peculiar to Eastern Asia. In the picture you see him harnessed and hitched and ready to go. North of us in Burmah, the buffalo is sometimes used to drag these logs alone, sometimes on the ground, and at other times by means of the cart.

In the season of heavy rains, when the streams are swollen, thousands of teak logs

interest for her I forgot about Africa. I went to her and besought her to give herself to Jesus. She consented, and I went and knelt with her at the altar. I was greatly rejoiced over this, but as I returned to my room it came back to me, "I am going to Africa for Jesus," and then, again, that sweeping, overwhelming joy filled my heart, and pausing she pressed the sweet lips tightly, while her face lit up with a heavenly glow.



TEAK LOGS IN A RAVINE—THE ELEPHANT THERE FOR WORK.

pass our compounds on the floods. So plentiful is this wood, that all our houses and fencing are of this material. The teak business is Laos's source of wealth. This is where all the Chows get their money, and from it the King of Siam derives a large revenue.

A Missionary Offering.

A few days ago a young lady under appointment as a missionary to Africa came to my home. She was a young woman of culture and refinement, had travelled extensively, and held high positions as a teacher in our schools. Now she laid it all, her culture, at Jesus' feet, and said sweetly and quietly, 'I will go for thee, Master, to Africa.'

'Why to Africa?' I asked.

'Because,' she replied, 'I want to go to a truly heathen land. And then, again, I can go to Africa, and if I die, no one will be left alone. Missionaries who have families can more easily go to India or Japan. I did not want to go to Germany, as I had been there several times for culture, and to many it might seem like simply going again. I go now for Jesus; it shall be Africa.'

'How did the duty first come to you?'

'The thought nestled in my heart; then it grew. I told no one, not even my father. I wanted it permanently settled before I told him,' and her eyes grew dreamy for a moment, and the words came slowly:

'When I offered myself for Africa,' she continued, 'there was some delay before my acceptance, and I found myself praying that if the way did not open, I might be-willing to stay at home. I think I never was so happy as when I knew I could go. We were holding revival services at that time, and one evening, on my way to church, I met the secretary of the mission board, and he said to me, "You are accepted for Africa." For a moment I thought I was in heaven, such joy was mine. I went on to church. I was greatly interested in one of the college girls, who was under conviction, and in my

And still she talked on, 'It will take only five weeks to reach Freetown, and then, oh, the joy of telling the glad tidings of a Saviour's love!' As she arose to go I folded her in my arms; so young, so bright, so accomplished, and yet no thought of self showed itself in word or manner. Consecrated to Christ! I looked long into the beautiful face. I seemed to see Africa, its noble table-lands, its luxuriant forests, its millions of souls, while I realized, as never before, 'Africa stretches out her hands to you.' Again I pressed her to my heart, while from its depths welled up the words, 'The Lord go with thee, and bless thee!' then the sweet face melted, the sensitive lips quivered, and softly whispering 'Good-bye'; she was gone. I turned away with tears, while a great, sweet gladness thrilled me, that by "dying for Africa," or rather, by thus living for Jesus, all the world would know how she loved him. O comrades, let us crowd the altar with our offerings, and from adoring hearts cry, 'Me, too, blessed Lord; I love thee, too.'—Mrs. M. N. Ben-schoten.

Killing An African Snake.

The following is abridged from a letter by Mrs. McKenzie, of Bonginda, Congo, given in 'Regions Beyond.'

'Opposite to this station is a large island covered with grass and bush. The grass is so tall and coarse that you could not possibly walk through it, and if a man were to try and struggle through it, he would get his face and hands badly cut and his clothes torn. At one end of the island is a small portion of land cleared of bush, and on this are built two shimbaks, or native huts, made of palm-leaves, and one large log house. Two Christians live over there in the huts. In the large house are kept our goats and sheep, and Nsombo (a native convert) lives on the island to take care of them.

'One night Nsombo and his wife were alone on the island, when they were awakened out of their sleep by hearing a loud

shrieking in the goat-house. Nsombo jumped up, seized a stick, and ran to see what was the matter. Imagine how horrified he was to see a huge serpent, ten or eleven feet long, gazing at one of the poor sheep, with its cruel, glistening eyes, waiting to devour it! Nsombo had no gun, spear, nor knife, and knew if he touched the terrible creature without killing it, it would be sure to make an end of him instead of the sheep. So he stood quite still until the serpent darted out its forked tongue and stung the sheep, which was too frightened to move. Then the serpent opened its mouth and took in the poor sheep's head and gradually sucked in its whole body. When Nsombo saw that it had swallowed the sheep, he knew it could not drag itself along quickly because of the heavy sheep being inside, so he ran to the beach and called to us for help. No one on the station heard him shouting, but one of our boys in the town, Eliya, heard the noise, and taking an iron-pointed stick in his hand, paddled himself over to the island in a small canoe.

'Then the two crept up softly to the serpent and struck its head with the iron-pointed stick. They had to keep out of the way of its dangerous tongue, and at last severed the head from the body.

'Early next morning I was awakened by a great chattering outside my window, and going out, saw the serpent lying outside the door. Afterwards we cut it open, and took the sheep out quite whole. Then we dried part of the serpent's skin, which is very beautiful. When dried it was so tough and strong that we put a little boy in it and carried him as you might be carried in a hammock.

'Only a year ago Nsombo was a miserable, hunted, runaway slave, who came to us for protection. But now the Lord Jesus has saved him, and he is quite a different man. "God gave me strength to kill the serpent," he said, when telling us his story, and again when the people praised him, he told them the same thing.—'Christian Herald.'

Gambling.

I rank high among the signs of a choice human youth the clearness of sight and healthiness of soul which make a man refuse to have anything to do with the transference of property by chance, which make him hate and despise betting and gambling under their most approved and fashionable and accepted forms. Plentiful as those vices are among us, they still, in some degree, have the grace to recognize their own disgracefulness by the way in which they conceal themselves. Some sort of hiding and disguise they take instinctively. Let even that help to open our eyes to what they really are. To keep clear of concealment, to keep clear of the need of concealment, to do nothing that he might not do at noonday—I cannot say how more and more that seems to me to be the glory of a young man's life. It is an awful hour when the first necessity of hiding anything comes. The whole life is different henceforth. When there are questions to be feared, and eyes to be avoided, and subjects which must not be touched, then the bloom of life is gone. Put off that day as long as possible. Put it off for ever if you can. And as you hold no truth for which you cannot give a reason, so let yourself be possessed of no money whose history you dare not tell.—Phillips Brooks.

He who intermits
The appointed task and duties of the day
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day;
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow, when purposes are lightly changed.
—W. Wordsworth.