

senger of death. The Waikalou were a strong and warlike tribe. They had no personal grudge against Mr. Baker, but one of their towns had been burnt by a Bau war-party, Bau was 'lotu' (Christian), and, therefore, according to Fijian notions to kill the 'lotu' missionary and his party was good revenge. Their messenger carried with him a whale's tooth for presentation to the hill-tribes asking that Mr. Baker and his party should be put to death. The Nandawarau chief refused the tooth, but he sent the messenger on, although he had given Mr. Baker one of his own men to guide him to the Navosa tribe.

The herald followed Mr. Baker from Nandawarau, but did not overtake him that day, for he went to a town called Tavua, expecting to find him there. Mr. Baker had met a Tavua man in the path, and the man invited him to come to his town, but he unfortunately said that he was going to the chief town, and could not turn aside. The man reported this in Tavua, and the people there were very angry because their town had been thus slighted. So, when the Waikalou messenger arrived, enquiring for the mission party, and told them his errand, they sent him on with their own request added to it, and backed by what the natives looked upon as a perfectly irresistible whale's tooth, but which was the tusk of a walrus. Mr. Baker was taken by his Nandawarau guide to Nangandelavatu, the chief town of the Navosa folk. The people here did not seem to be friendly disposed towards him, and their manner was not encouraging. The visitors were taken to the 'Strangers' House,' which was immediately filled by a crowd of men who asked discourteous questions, spoke in a mocking tone, and made themselves generally unpleasant.

The chief, a man called Wawambalavu, was lolling in the doorway of the house, with his feet outside. As he was speaking to the missionary he felt someone touch his foot. Not a muscle of his face moved. He went on talking for a little while with an unmoved countenance, though he knew that there must be some urgent business afoot, for it is a heinous crime to call a high chief's attention by touching him, unless on an urgent matter of life and death. The Waikalou herald had come, and the chief was wanted to receive his message. The rest of the day was anything but a comfortable time for the doomed men, and after dark they saw on the hillsides the torches of the messengers who were sent out to call in the neighboring tribes to the work of death on the morrow. Even then they might have escaped if they had risen and marched out of the town, fleeing for their lives through the night, for the Fijians are thorough fatalists, and the disturbance of the order of a plot is accepted by them as a token that the gods are disapproving of it. But Mr. Baker called his people to prayer, and then lay down to sleep.

THE SLAUGHTER.

On the following morning the chief came to the house with a battle-axe on his shoulder, and called the mission party out. They must go on, he said, and he would show them the way. They went through the town in single file, the chief leading, Mr. Baker next. The last man was a native student, Isalah by name, who carried on his shoulder a small iron box, and Mr. Baker turning to see what was the matter, was cut down by a murderous stroke of the chief's battle-axe. He fell upon his knees and received another blow. Thereupon a hideous uproar arose. Setareke, the native minister, a fine,

powerful man in the prime of life, forced his way through the crowd that had closed round his murdered leader, threw himself upon his body, kissed his bloodstained face, and died with him. Two only of the men who followed them escaped, one being Isalah, the man who was first attacked.

Mr. Worrall gave this pitiful narrative in a manner that moved his audience to tears. He had visited all the places, and had carefully gathered the facts from men who were eye-witnesses, and some of them active agents in the cruel deed. He showed by lantern slides, the likenesses of Mr. Baker and Setareke, the very spot where they fell, the dead bodies piled in a dreadful heap, the precipice down which they were thrown on their way to Tavua, where they were piled up once more. In this place a strange thing happened. While the bodies were lying on the ground a woman of some rank burst into tears as she looked upon the face of the dead missionary. 'This is not a man you have killed; he is a god,' she said, and she went to her house, brought out a bottle of oil, and anointed him for burial. The inhuman wretches answered with a brutal jest. That was a pathetic incident, but more pathetic still was Mr. Worrall's description, illustrated by a lantern slide, of the widows of the slain gathering at the mission house, and weeping together with Mrs. Baker and her fatherless children.

A SEQUEL AND A CONTRAST.

Then as a sequel and a contrast Mr. Worrall told his hearers of his visit to that district in the after years, of his administering the Lord's Supper to 400 worshippers, among whom were many of the actors in that awful tragedy, and of the school-examination there, when over 2,000 people were present watching the children's performance with great delight; and when at the close of it the little ones struck up 'God save the Queen,' the chiefs took off their turbans, and all that great assembly rose to their feet to do her honor, for Britain's peace has come upon the land, and with it there has come the peace of God.—Exchange.

'Yes' or 'No.'

A beautiful young girl, after much persuading, gave her heart to Christ.

She found that she had a great many habits to stop and many crosses to bear.

Her parents were worldly people, and though much displeased in the step that their only child had taken, decided to let her have her own way in the matter.

With a great struggle she gave up dancing and other worldly pursuits, but the greatest struggle was to tell her friends; for she knew they would laugh at her, and scorn the idea.

After much prayer she succeeded in doing this, and, of course, ceased to receive invitations to balls and dances that she had before frequented.

But she made an important discovery—that these worldly friends had not cared for her, but the pleasure they found in attending the balls, etc., that she gave.

Her giving up these pleasures hurt her parents more than it did her, for she had Christ while they had not.

Among her many friends was a young banker, Ralph Belford by name, who thought that Grace's decision was but a whim, and hoped she would soon forget it, for he had learned to love this beautiful girl.

But as time went by, Grace grew more earnest and resolute.

When Ralph Belford asked for her heart and hand, he was startled by the firm answer, 'Ralph, if you were a Christian, I

would say yes; but as it is, I can't—really I cannot.'

She had prayed over this, and had decided, or Christ had decided for her, which was the right answer.

'Can't!' said he, with a sneer on his handsome face. 'Can't! Why don't you say won't! I will tell you now, your religion has wrecked one man, for I go, where and when I do not know and do not care.'

With these bitter words, he turned to leave her, but looking back, said, 'Won't you alter your decision, Grace?'

With a fervent prayer to Christ for help, she answered, while her eyes swam with tears, 'Oh, Ralph! don't be so unjust. I say once more, I can't. Don't tempt me again. Oh, if you would only accept Christ, we might be so happy!'

'Happy! there is no more happiness for me; besides, I don't want a God that makes a person as hard-hearted and cruel as it has made you,' and he left her.

Dropping her beautiful head upon the table she sank into a reverie. How long she stayed here she never knew; but she was not alone, for He who is always watching over the lambs of His fold was with her, and comforted and sustained her through the trouble which she could not have borne without Him.

She knew she had done right, and left Ralph and the future to God.

But she did not sit down and idly wait for results, but did all in her power to win souls for Christ; and before many months went by she had the pleasure of seeing both her parents accept Christ.

One cold wintry evening she was alone in the parlor, at the piano, singing, 'Are you saved to-night?'

'Yes, I am, and have come home to claim you,' said a voice behind her. Looking around, she saw Ralph, who, indeed, had come home a Christian.

If you had been in her place, what answer would you have given—'Yes' or 'No?'—'Christian Standard.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Tempest-Tossed.

Helpless, and tossed 'mid boisterous waves
Of agonizing doubt and fear,
Past cruel rocks and treacherous shoals,
I strive in vain my barque to steer.

In darkening skies thick clouds hang low,
The heavens are rent with lightnings
fierce;
Deep thunders roll from cloud to cloud,
The deepening gloom I cannot pierce.

O Sun of righteousness, arise
With healing in Thy wings, and shine
Through lowering clouds; and deepest gloom
Make radiant with Thy light divine!

O Master, who dost hold the sea
As in the hollow of Thy hand,
Bid this wild tumult cease, and all
Will peaceful be at Thy command.

O Pilot, who alone canst mark
O'er trackless wastes a course secure,
Take Thou the helm and make that port
Where perfect peace and calm endure.

ANNIE RICHARDSON.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN PROVERBS.

Nov. 17, Sun.—The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Nov. 18, Mon.—The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.

Nov. 19, Tues.—The hope of the righteous shall be gladness.

Nov. 20, Wed.—A false balance is abomination to the Lord.

Nov. 21, Thur.—Riches profit not in the day of wrath.

Nov. 22, Fri.—He that uttereth a slander is a fool.

Nov. 23, Sat.—To him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward.