

Young People's Department.



AN ABYSSINIAN CHURCH.

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ABYSSINIA is a very distant country and difficult to reach. It takes a long time to hear any news from there. More than three years ago the London Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews sent three missionaries there and have only heard from them quite lately. They found whole villages of strange, round buildings with peculiarly thatched roofs, shaped like the "church" shown in the picture. Churches and dwelling houses seem all alike. The Abyssinian Christians are very ignorant, and the missionaries who labor to teach the Jews the way of Christ have to warn them against their corrupt practices. They say that the people everywhere received them kindly, took them to their homes, washed their feet and gave them food and would not take any pay for it. After they had been refreshed the people squatted on the ground and said, "Now teach us the right way." The missionaries began with the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, as Philip did with the Ethiopian eunuch, and they listened attentively and said, "Your faith is good; but that of the Abyssinian Christians we dislike, because they worship saints

and images and such things. The missionaries tell of great troubles which occurred in Abyssinia, but the Lord preserved them through them all, and enabled them to work well for the souls of men.

"INASMUCH."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

IT was a dull, grey afternoon; the daylight was just fading into darkness, and the muddy pavements and muddier roads told of a heavy fall of rain earlier in the day. The great clock in the watchmaker's window proclaimed to the passers-by that it was a quarter to five.

Already the night air was making itself felt, and the foot-passengers hurried on their way, evidently united in the desire to get indoors as quickly as possible.

There was, however, one exception. Under the clock, leaning wearily on the sill of the shop window, stood a little boy about six years old. His clothes looked neat and clean, but his face was sadly besmeared with the tears which he was vainly trying to wipe away with one dirty little hand. Now and again he stopped crying, to gaze