

sixteen years of age, with sullen countenance. She kept her eyes sulkily on the floor, and the doctor, turning to the superintendent, said, 'I am fearful I shall be compelled to send Miss — to the "Block." All means thus far used have failed to move her to endeavor.'

She stepped to the base of the great pyramidal piece and immediately a bell rang loudly, and every door of the stalls opened, as if by magic, and every inmate looked out curiously. All sounds ceased, as in kind but firm tones the doctor bade the offender come forward and climb the steps. With a kind of bravado, and with head erect, the command was obeyed.

Doctor Dowell then raised his hand as a signal, and the poor girl, the center of all that sea of faces, began repeating the slang phrase she had last been guilty of using, 'Made a mash,' over and over again, while the silence all about her, and the eyes all upon her, made the scene painful in the extreme.

After a few moments her voice began to tremble, and then her head to droop; and finally, with tears rolling down her cheeks, and sobbing as though her heart would break, she stretched forth her hands pleadingly for forgiveness.

The doctor was quick in granting the pardon sought, and received her with words of encouragement, while the superintendent wound her arms about the repentant girl and led her from the room, leaving her audience with eyes blurred with tears.

Grace was quite overcome. When Miss Heyworth reappeared, she said to her, 'Don't you think that seems a pretty severe treatment for such a slight disease?'

'Yes, it may seem severe,' she replied, 'but this is the fourth month that this young woman has been here. She has persistently, and we believe wilfully, refused to act upon our prescriptions. This was a last resort, and it has never yet failed to effect a cure.'

'I have known cases of a similar nature to produce grave alarm among the physicians in charge, because of the indifference shown, but I have never known a case dismissed without cure.'

'The rules of the institution are iron-clad. After a patient has once entered, her release depends entirely upon the verdict of the Board of Managers, and thus far the wisdom of this has been unquestioned.'

'We have a boys' department in the annex; I will show you the "cleansing room" if you wish to see it.'

With this she tapped gently upon the door, which was opened by a tall man, who motioned them to seats. The sight within was startling, indeed, to Grace. There stood about twenty or thirty boys in a line, with heads bent over marble basins, while attendants, under the eyes of a physician, were scrubbing out their mouths with swabs dipped in soapsuds, rinsing with cold water, and wiping with soft sponges.

The eyes of each patient were full of tears, and there was an air of depression everywhere.

It was too much for the tender, sympathetic heart of Grace Marston, and with trembling voice, she suggested going home.

Miss Heyworth noted her distress, and kindly explained the necessity for such rigid treatment.

'If the disease were allowed to develop,' she said, 'it would prove fatal not only to the well-being of the patient, but, being of a contagious character, would have a tendency to extend to others.'

'But,' said she, 'you must not forget that these are extreme cases. You have not yet seen the first treatment which is very gentle.'

Each patient, upon entrance, is placed in the "home department," where for a month every inducement of a persuasive character is put forth, and not until it is found to be absolutely imperative are the sterner methods resorted to.'

By this time they had reached the entrance, and Grace was about to express her thanks and say good-by, when the superintendent, laying her hand upon her arm, said softly: 'You cannot go, my dear; Doctor Dowell has entered you for treatment.'

'But I cannot stay,' pleaded Grace, and dashing forward, she seized the knob of the door, and tried in vain to open it.

'You must,' answered Miss Heyworth firmly, and at once the portly form of the 'Home' physician appeared. But as he came toward her, Grace uttered a piercing scream and fell upon the floor at his feet.

It was nearly six o'clock as she opened her eyes, and found the gas burning brightly, and her room mate seated at the table studying.

'Oh, I have had such a horrible dream,' said Grace. 'I am so rejoiced to find myself here instead of there, and I assure you once and forever, that I am entirely cured of using slang.'

The Death of Namakel.

(From 'The Story of John G. Paton,')

In claiming Aniwa for Christ, and winning it as a small jewel for his crown, we had the experience which has ever marked God's path through history. He raised around us, and wonderfully endowed, men to carry on his own blessed work. Among these must be specially commemorated Namakel, the old chief of Aniwa. Slowly but steadily the light of the Gospel broke in upon his soul, and he was ever eager to communicate to his people all that he learned. In heathen days he was a cannibal and a great warrior, but from the first, as shown in the preceding chapters, he took a warm interest in us and our work. A little selfish, no doubt, at the beginning, but soon becoming purified, as his eyes and heart were opened, to the Gospel of Jesus.

When he heard of the prosperity of the Lord's work, and how island after island was learning to sing the praises of Jesus, his heart glowed, and he said, 'Missi, I am lifting up my head like a tree, I am growing tall with joy!' On the fourth or fifth day, however, he sent for me, out of the Synod, and when I came to him, he said to me eagerly, 'Missi, I am near to die! I have asked you to come and say farewell. Tell my daughter, my brother, and my people, to go on pleasing Jesus, and I will meet them again in the fair world.' I tried to encourage him, saying that God might raise him up again, and restore him to his people, but he faintly whispered, 'Oh, Missi, death is already touching me. I feel my feet going away from under me. Help me to lie down under the shade of that banyan tree.'

So saying, he seized my arm, we staggered near to the tree, and he lay down under its cool shade. He whispered again, 'I am going! Oh, Missi, let me hear your words rising up in prayer, and then my soul will be strong to go.' Amidst many choking sobs I tried to pray. At last he took my hand, pressed it to his heart, and said in a strong, clear tone, 'Oh, my Missi, my dear Missi, I go before you, but I will meet you again in the home of Jesus. Farewell!'

That was the last effort of dissolving strength, he immediately became unconscious and fell asleep. My heart felt like to break over him. He was my first Aniwan convert—the first who ever on that island of blood and tears opened his heart to Jesus; and as he lay there on the leaves and grass, my soul soared upward after his, and all the harps of God seemed to thrill with songs as Jesus presented to the Father this trophy of redeeming love. He had been our true and devoted friend and fellow-helper in the Gospel, and next morning all the members of our Synod followed his remains to the grave. There we stood, the white missionaries of the Cross from far distant lands, mingling our tears with Christian natives of Anicityum, and letting them fall over one who only a few years before was a blood-stained cannibal, and whom now we mourned as a brother, a saint, an apostle amongst his people. Ye ask an explanation? The Christ entered into his heart, and Namakel became a new creature. 'Behold I make all things new.'

Our Book Corner.

The Evangelical Publishing Co., (51 Lakeside Building, Chicago) publish a unique book of sacred songs entitled "Best Hymns No. 2." The special feature is a series of eighteen portraits and brief biographical sketches of well-known hymn writers. The music is simple and we are pleased to note many old favorites as well as some of the newer hymns such as 'I'll go where you want me to go,' 'The Comforter has come,' 'Jesus knows all about our struggles,' 'The cross is not greater than His grace,' 'Oh, it is wonderful.' Also some quite new hymns and tunes. (Different bindings, 15, 20 and 25 cents each).

Commentaries.

Arnold's Practical Sabbath-school Commentary for 1900, edited by Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Abbie Morrow, contains the Lesson Text, Commentary, Practical Survey and Application, Questions, also a Blackboard lesson for each week and Hints to Primary teachers. Maps, Bible dictionary and a class Record are among the features which combine to make this an attractive and useful volume. (Revell Co., Toronto. Price \$1.00)

'Peloubet's Select Notes' on the International Sunday-school Lessons is a yearly volume which has attained fame and popularity among the best equipped schools and teachers of these lessons. It is full of suggestive notes, illustrations and comments on the lesson text. Dr. Peloubet has acquired much skill in the art of making a Sabbath-school lesson interesting as the present volume, (the Twenty-sixth Annual) amply attests. (Revell Co., Toronto. Price \$1.25).

Thank You and Yes, Please.

We thank those who are responding so kindly to our request to send their renewal subscriptions promptly. Those who delay involve the additional expense of time, postage, and stationary required to give them a second notification. In the aggregate this amounts to a heavy item. Our subscribers can scarcely realize what a great deal a little promptness on their part means to us, or they would all, as many are doing, send their subscriptions a little before the expiry of the old subscription, instead of behind time. Of course, the renewal always dates from the expiry of the old subscription, unless, indeed, the subscription is deferred too many days, when, according to our system, the name of such tardy subscriber is inevitably dropped from our mailing list. Some of our oldest and most regular subscribers are among those who delay sending their subscriptions, and in such cases it is particularly distressing to see their names dropped from the list.

We hope that every 'Messenger' reader will take the Daily or Weekly 'Witness' this year. Especially in such exciting times a reliable daily or weekly newspaper is a necessity.—The Editor.