

Besides these, there are four unmarried women in Trinidad, four in Honan, and eighteen in Central India.

We have thus thirty-two men, and twenty-six married women, and twenty-six single women,—in all, eighty-four—from our own country, doing our work among the heathen.

Besides these, there is the great number of native workers, hundreds in all.



Christian Teacher and his Wife, Aneityum. L.]

Our young people will now take up the work where their fathers and mothers are laying it down, and will send out still larger numbers, and some of you will yourselves go.

I cannot give a better New Year's greeting than to pray that you may do more this year than ever before to send the Gospel to the world's perishing millions.

This will be one way to insure for yourselves a "Happy Year."

A ZULU CONVERT.

"I have just returned"—writes a missionary—"from a two months' tour through Zululand. It was my joy to see the power of the Gospel in the remarkable conversion of an old man of considerable influence and the owner of many cattle.

Our missionaries had visited him three times, always getting a kindly welcome and a request to come again. He had, on each occasion, allowed them to hold a meeting. Consumption laid hold of him, and he rapidly wasted away.

His sons had cut him a little "clearing" in the dense forest behind his kraal, to shelter him from the winds, and there we found him dying. A small hut, beehive shape, was in the corner of the clearing, and beside it lay the dying Zulu.

When he saw us his face literally shone with joy. Pointing up with his thin finger, he said in Zulu, "My heart is right with Jesus; I trust Him only. He has washed my sins away."

He could not read—had no Bible—was buried away with his people in the densest heathendom, but through it all the message of life, taken by our dear missionaries, had broken in upon his soul.

The old Gospel, in the power of the Holy Ghost, has the same effect to-day as at Pentecost. Pray for this country with its half million of Zulus.

COUNTING UP HER MERCIES.

Once there was a poor old woman sitting in a chimney corner, and she always looked so happy that people wondered, who saw her bent, tired old shoulders and her wrinkled face and her knotty, pain-twisted hands. At last somebody said:

"Granny, what are you doing there all day? How do you pass the time?"

"Counting up my mercies, dear!" she answered cheerily. "Such a blessed lot of 'em! You can't think how many new ones I find every morning!"