

A HYMN 600 YEARS OLD.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong !
Let no evil word pass o'er it ;
Set the watch of truth before it.
That it speak no wrong.
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes ;
Prying is not wise ;
Let them look on what is right ;
From all evil turn their sight ;
Prying is not wise.
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear ;
Wicked words will sear ;
Let no evil words come in
That may cause the soul to sin ;
Wicked words will sear.
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young ;
For, alas ! these busy three
Can unruly members be ;
Guard, while thou art young.
Ear, and eye, and tongue.

A CONGO SCHOOL.

The following paper prepared by missionaries in Africa refers to a station seven hundred miles inland from the sea on the banks of the Congo.

HOW WE MADE A BOYS' HOUSE, AND COMMENCED SCHOOLS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

When Mr. Petterson had made a small house to live in, he saw a fine large ant-hill at the back, and the happy thought struck him to build the boys' house right upon the top of it ! He cut off its summit, and on the platform thus made built the boys' house of clay with a palm-grass roof. There it was prettily perched on the top, fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, with a wooden ladder to reach it and large enough to hold eight or ten boys. From the river this house looks lovely, and all the boys like it. Here they take their meals of manioc, stewed fish, palm oil and potatoes. For six cents a week they keep themselves. They sleep in it on

mats, or bamboo frames only a few inches from the floor. They are fine and happy in it ; and far into the night their merry laughter and conversation go on till we have to get up and quiet them. For clothing they have two yards of calico around the loins, and a small print coat. We give them a small blanket to sleep under at night.

HOW DID WE TEACH THEM ?

Mr. Petterson planed three boards, nailed them together, and hung the board thus formed upon the wall. On it we wrote copies in charcoal (we had no black-boards or chalk). Round it the boys gathered and did sums till it was too black to do more ; then the eldest boy would wash it with sand and set it to dry till the morrow.

HOW THE BOYS SPEND THEIR TIME OUT OF SCHOOL.

Their greatest pleasure is a game at ball with goals and sides, and fine fun they have. When tired they run off and jump into the Congo. They are clever little swimmers and go far out in races with one another, dive deep, and show their best feats. Later on they sweep up our rooms, make up the beds, lay the table, serve us at dinner, remove and wash the dishes, and cook their own food, rest and perhaps sleep a little, help us in gardening towards the evening time, finally come in to prayers, sing and hear the Gospel, and retire to their house on the top of the ant-hill.

HOW WE GOT ON WITH THE SCHOOL.

We have over twenty boys attending it, and twelve or fifteen of them live with us at the station and very rarely go to their own villages ; some of these boys are slaves who live with us through the consent of their owners ; most of them are free boys. All of them live with us by choice. We are now able to have prayers with them in their own language. When we have services crowds of people gather and look on in much astonishment.

HOW AN ORPHAN WANTED US TO BE HIS FATHER.

One poor little slave boy about six years.