

—the tables were often of sufficient size to accommodate a considerable number of persons.—*Christian Herald.*

### The Coming of the King.

(Marie Joussaye.)

They summoned the myriad slaves of earth;  
The sad-faced toilers of humble birth,  
Saying, 'Work, we bid ye, oh, slaves of the land,'

Build us a mansion, more high and grand,  
Than ever was seen on earth before,  
For our King is coming to rule once more.  
So build us a palace, grand and great,  
Where our King can rule in royal state.'

And the toilers labored with all their might

Through many a weary day and night,  
And the palace walls rose high and grand.  
'Neath the wondrous skill of brain and hand,

And the feast was spread in the banquet hall,

Where the rich and mighty assembled all,  
In costliest garments all were dressed  
Waiting to welcome the Kingly guest.

And luxury, warmth and light were there  
And the glimmer and gleam of jewels rare,  
And the sheen of garments rich and grand,  
The labor of woman's toil-worn hand,  
And the bells rang out in joyous mirth  
To welcome the Prince of Peace to Earth.

And the work of the weary slaves was o'er,  
Their masters needed their toil no more,  
All was in readiness for the guest  
And the weary slaves, for a while might rest,

'Hasten,' they said, 'from the palace door,  
All ye who are lowly born and poor,  
When the King arrives in royal state  
It is fitting that none but the rich and great,  
The ruler, the statesman, the scribe and priest,

Should sit with Him at the royal feast,  
So depart ye slaves from the palace door,  
Go, seek your homes in the haunts of the poor,

Lest your garments worn and your faces thin,

Should offend His eyes as He enters in.'

And the weary toilers went slowly home  
Through the darkening streets, their work was done,

But some of them lingered and dared to stay

To see the King as He passed that way,  
Though the royal feast was not for them  
Yet they might touch His garment's hem.  
But even as the rulers sat in state  
A knock was heard at the palace gate,  
'The King has come, at last,' they cried,  
And their hearts beat fast with joy and pride,

'Our King has kept His royal word,  
Let us all go forth and meet our Lord,'  
And they all went forth, that stately throng,

And the palace gates were open flung,  
And there in the entrance stood a man  
In the humble garb of an artisan.

A murmur of anger, loud and long,  
Went up from that jewelled, silk-robed throng,

That one from the ranks of the low and poor,

Should dare to knock at the palace door.

And they frowned on Him as He meekly said,

'I am tired and hungry, give me bread,

I have journeyed many a mile this day  
And my path lay over a rugged way,  
My limbs are weary and ready to sink,  
I am tired and thirsty, give me drink

And they answered Him as with one accord,

'This is the palace of Christ the Lord,  
Within the hall the feast is spread,  
Is it right that a beggar should eat the bread

That is meant for a Prince of royal race?'  
And they shut the door in the stranger's face.

Then they all went back to the banquet room,

And waited long for the King to come,  
And the lights burned dim as the night wore on,

And hope from their bosoms was almost gone

And they said at the first faint gleam of day,

'Surely the King has lost His way.  
Let us all go forth with willing feet  
Through every by-way and every street,  
Let us hasten before it is too late,  
And show Him the way to the palace gate.'

So all that day with willing feet,  
They searched through the crowded city street,

For a Kingly Stranger, but all in vain,  
And their tears fell fast like the summer rain,

And their sorrow was deep as well as loud,  
For they loved their King, but their hearts were proud,

### Imitating a Native Lullaby Collects a Congregation.

Many were the linguistic mistakes made by Mr. Ruskin when at first preaching the gospel in the tongue known by the natives; and on one occasion a boy who acted as interpreter reminded him that in his prayer he had asked God to 'chastise' them, the word for 'chastise' being similar in sound to the word 'bless.' Possessing natural powers of imitation as well as of language, Mr. Ruskin was able to learn the mother's lullaby song so perfectly that on one occasion he used his art to soothe the feelings of startled natives, who had fled to the bush. 'Some of the natives heard me sing the lullaby,' said Mr. Ruskin, 'so they held a palaver, when my conduct was discussed. They came to the conclusion that I was a very strange white man, for I had learned their language and their songs. Going into a town one day, I tried to gather the men and the woman to a gospel meeting, but they fled at my approach. In their flight they left a wee baby by the roadside. I took the child up and sung to it my lullaby. The baby was soothed. I sang the lullaby louder, and presently men and women came from the plantation to the spot where I had concealed myself. Imagine their astonishment when they saw me singing their song to one of their own babies. Thus reassured, they assembled in large numbers, when I preached to them the gospel of Jesus and his love. It had such an effect. "White man," said one chief, "we have heard the story of slavery, we have heard about Arabs who have only come to kill us; but we have never before heard the story of Jesus and his love." So delighted were these poor people that they pressed me to call another meeting and preach the gospel again.'

### Related at Mildmay Conference.

#### CANNIBALS SCARED BY A PRAYER.

Mr. A. E. Ruskin, of the Congo Balolo Mission, related the following incident at the Mildmay Conference: 'We had a unique prayer-meeting at one town of the cannibals. We were to have an open-air gospel meeting, and Mr. Sinclair said to a chief, "Before I tell you the story of Jesus I must pray." He did not understand, and so he told them to close their eyes and he would pray. At the end of the prayer, Mr. Sinclair, on opening his eyes, was surprised to find that there was not a single individual present but himself. He went in search of his congregation, and found the warrior chiefs hiding behind trees, the women and children crouching under bushes. "What does this mean?" asked Mr. Sinclair, who demanded an explanation. "Well," said the chief, "you closed your eyes, lifted up your face, and we heard you speaking. We began to look up there (pointing to the sky), and we thought something was going to happen—an explosion; we thought you were calling down supernatural power, and we just bolted." Then we preached the gospel to them and prayed. The natives don't run away from a meeting now, because they have been taught what prayer means.'

Touching stories in relation to the heroic Christian conduct of Mr. Scarnell, who not long ago died in the Bonganda district of the Congo Free State, were related by Mr. Ruskin, who was one of his fellow-workers. 'Worn out by the climate and his duties, brave Mr. Scarnell, who lived at a station where there was no other white man, was stricken down by a fever, and took to his bed. The nearest doctor was 900 miles off. So the native boys, who loved Mr. Scarnell, acted as doctors; but they were puzzled as to what they should give him. They brought him some sulphuric acid, whereupon Mr. Scarnell said to them, "This is poison. You do not know what to give me; but there is one thing you can do—you can pray." But the time came when the noble missionary said to the boys, "I am going home to be with Jesus." "Don't die," they exclaimed; "if you die the cannibals will come to our town and eat us." They left him for two hours, when an aged chief knocked at the missionary's door; but there was no answer. Then the chief and the boys crept in. There was the heroic man, on his knees, with his arms stretched out and his face lifted heavenward, but his spirit had gone to be with Jesus. No mother to stand beside that bed, no sister to weep for him, no undertaker to bury him. Then the natives said, "What can we do? Let us weep"—and they wept. Next they tried to make a coffin (they had never made one before), and were constructing a rough one, when a cry was raised, "The cannibals are coming! The cannibals are coming!" The boys buried Mr. Scarnell in haste, out of sight of the cannibals, and for several nights watched over his grave, now and then firing off old muskets to scare away the man-eaters. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." Before this heroic man laid down his life there was scarcely a Christian in that district. Now there is a native church of believers with a membership of forty-five.'

General Cotton, of Dorking, now in his ninety-sixth year, attributes his good health to abstinence from alcoholic drinks, and smoking.—*League Journal.*