

"He'll sell 'm!" cried Jack.

"For money!" said Tommy.

"And so we can help!" exclaimed Ted.

"Now, mother," said Jack, "read the whole letter straight through so we can sense it."

The boys contrived to hold themselves while she did so, to the end of the affectionate closing words.

"I tell you," Jack gave something between a gasp and a sigh of great contentment, "if it doesn't take him to 'ut things!"

In overflowing enthusiasm plans and ways were discussed. Then the boys made a rush among their boy friends and enlisted their sympathy and aid. A grand pine-knot picnic was arranged. Never before, surely, had those pine woods rung with such happy voices as filled them on the day of the great knot gathering. In liberal quantities they lay on the ground—the brown treasures with their drops of balsamic gum, hoarding up the sunshine of summer days to be let loose for the enjoyment of many, perhaps, who could not seek the outdoor sunshine. What a joy it was, after faithful work, to see the goodly number of barrels carried out from the freight shed! They waited—a little longer than suited the patience of the boys. "For time to sell the knots," mother said. It came at last, the letter telling of plenty more hearts which had been warmed and lightened by the pine-knots. "Warmed and lightened further," he said, "by the story of the boys away up in the woods who, out of their far-reaching sympathy, have done their very best—the only thing they could. And so many have been roused by it that we are going to begin building at once.

He sent, that they might have the happiness of seeing it, this money which they had won in the Lord's service.

"That little scrap of paper!" said Jack, reverently, taking it into his hand.

"It is fifty dollars," said mother.

They caught their breaths as each one held it for a moment. Then it went back to lay the foundation of the new church.

### BISHOP HANNINGTON.



ABOUT ten years ago a bishop of our Church was killed in Africa by some of the savage people whom he wanted to teach about Jesus. His name was Hannington—James Hannington. When a boy he used to be called "Jim Hannington," and he was such a wild, noisy kind of a boy that some people called him "Mad Jim." He was brought up a Baptist, but when he was grown up he chose the Church of England to be his church, and then he soon became quiet and thoughtful, and at last gave his heart entirely to the Lord. He wanted to be a mis-

sionary, and to go away out to some distant land to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. He went to Africa. Once, when he was travelling on foot in Africa, he shot a lion's cub, which he saw moving in the shrubs before him on his way. The black man that was with him took to his heels and cried, "Run, bwana, run," and immediately two large lions, one a lioness, the mother of the cub, came rushing to them, giving forth terrible roars. The natives are very frightened of lions. When one is near they run for dear life, and if water is at hand they rush into it and stand in it up to the chin, with chattering teeth and rolling eyes, till the lion walks off, which he soon does; for lions, like cats, have no love for the water.

But Hannington did not run. He turned towards the furious brutes and looked straight at them with steady gaze. They stood glaring at him, but did not dare to face the steady eye of the Englishman. It was the power of a strong will that kept them back in this way. The eye of a man is very strong when it shows no fear, and such was the eye of Hannington. The lions were frightened at it. Hannington, still staring at them, gradually walked backwards till the lions themselves turned away.

Hannington returned to England and was made a bishop. Then he went back to Africa, and this time found that he had worse than lions to face. He took a journey to Uganda, where he went to preach and to teach; but the young king Mwanga wanted to stop the white man from coming to Africa, and seized poor Hannington and those that were with him—chiefly natives, fifty in all—and after keeping them prisoners for eight days killed them all.

It was a dreadful death for the brave young Englishman, and it was a terrible thing for him to have to die far away from home, and when he was so anxious to do work for God. But he did work for God by his death, for others, hearing of it, went to the same place and taught the poor people who murdered him better things, and made them sorry for what they had done. You remember what the Saviour said, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Because Hannington died, others at once did the work. He was a martyr, and the death of martyrs always made the Church grow larger.

### WORK TO BE DONE.

Up, soldiers of Christ! there is work to be done;  
The world must be conquered for God's Holy One.  
Lay hold of your weapons, prepare for the fight,  
The sword of the Lord and the Spirit of might.

Then forward, press forward; the strong and the bold  
And loyal of heart shall his banner uphold.  
Let this be the war-cry from darkness to light:  
The sword of the Lord and the Spirit of might.