

**How the Sun and Moon Stood Still.**

There were a great many wicked people, who once came up against Israel, and they intended to have destroyed them all; but they could not do it, because God fought their battles.

At that time the leader of the hosts of Israel was a young man who was very valiant, and his name was Joshua. And the Lord was with him. And it is nothing with the Almighty, to save by many, or by few, or by none at all.

And God spake to Joshua, and told him not to be afraid of his enemies, though they were so numerous and so mighty, and though they made so sure of victory.

And he filled Joshua's heart with courage; and he marched all night from the place where he was, and came up against the multitude which was encamped against him suddenly. He cut off a great many, and the rest fled before him.

And God himself was so angry with these wicked people, that he cast down hailstones from heaven, so that nearly all of them perished. It is sure, you see, to go ill with the wicked.

Then it was that Joshua said, in the sight of all Israel, "Sun! stand thou still upon Gibeon! and thou Moon! in the valley of Ajalon!"

He did so, that none of these wicked people, through the coming on of night and darkness, might escape, and do any more mischief in future. And the moon stayed, and the sun stood still in the midst of the heaven, and hastened not to go down for a whole day; so that there was no day like that, before or after it.

So the Lord heard, and answered the prayer of Joshua. He is the hearer and answerer of prayer.

He is the same now, as he was then. He will hear and answer my prayer too. God never changes. I will call upon his holy name. I will ask him to pardon, to bless, and to save me. I will never give up praying to him, till he hears my prayer, and till he takes me up to heaven to live with him for ever.

**A Horrid Practice.**

When a husband dies in Aneiteum an island of the Pacific Ocean, it is the custom to strangle his poor wife by drawing a rope round her neck, till her breath is stopped, and her face shows signs of agony, and she dies. Her body is then bound to that of her husband, heavy stones are fastened to their feet, and they are then taken in a canoe out to sea, and cast into the deep. If any little children are left who cannot take care of themselves, they are strangled to death, and cast into the sea also. "Why should they live," say their barbarous friends, "since there is no one to take care of them?" Now all this shocking, merciless work is done, not by some stranger or enemy, but by friends. The poor widow is strangled by her own brother; and, unaccountable as it may seem, the horrid deed is done as a mark of respect and compassion! Do such people know what true compassion means? The cries and shrieks of their writhing widows and infants, as the fatal rope chokes their struggling breath, answer in agony, "No." Can they ever be taught what pity is, and how? How, but by being told the melting story of the cross; of Jesus, pierced and dying for them, that they might never die? Yes, this in time will move them, and as they look on the loving Jesus, the Lamb of God, bleeding for them, tears gush from eyes that had never learned to weep, and there shall be a great mourning among the poor people of Aneiteum.

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