

SCHOOL AT ANEITYUM—A JACKET
FOR A PRIZE.

At the present time our average attendance is 40, and these nearly all walk a distance of from one to three miles. Mrs. Lawrie is a valuable assistance to me in this department. She also teaches sewing and singing. I employ a young man trained by the Rev. J. Inglis to come regularly to assist in the junior division. And in order to deepen the interest of the older people in the education of their children, I have arranged for one or other of my elders to come every week in turn to inspect the writing class. We have also promised prizes to the best scholars at the end of the session; these not the ordinary prize-books so much valued at home, but some article of clothing which the successful scholar may require.

At present we are busy rebuilding all our out-houses for fowls, goats, etc., which were in a very dilapidated condition when I came here last year. About twenty men are engaged in this work.

I ever desire the prayers of the Church at home, for Divine upholding and wisdom in our difficult work among these once savage and dark-hearted South Sea Islanders.—*James H. Lawrie, Evangelist.*

“Almost Saved.”

A man drowning! He fell off the pier into the sea; and, look, you can see his head just above the waves! There! he has caught hold of the rope those men have thrown him! Now—he has it! No—he has missed it! Ah! that huge wave has carried him further out. Nothing can save him now! Oh, if he had caught the rope when he was near!

“And he was so near being saved,” says one honest fellow, dashing a tear from his eye. “Why, the rope fairly touched his hand.”

Ay, that made it all the worse. To think of him being drowned after all, when he was almost saved!

Almost saved! Children, do you hear that cry from another world? “I was once very near being saved. I had almost made up my mind to accept of Christ, but did not do it. Now it is too late! Lost! Lost!—and forever! Oh if I might go back to earth again, and hear once more of Jesus! Oh, that I had come to Him when I might have come!”
—*E. Days.*

Horrible Customs of Dahomey.

Dear young people. Look at the following dark picture of heathenism, and may it lead you to love that Saviour who gave Himself to die, to deliver you from misery here and hereafter. And is it too much to hope that it may lead some of you to take pity on those who are in such darkness and that when you get to be men and women you will go and tell them about Jesus who came to seek and save the lost.

Dahomey is in Western Africa. The great need of carrying the gospel to this country will be seen from the narrative by Rev. John Milum of his experience there last winter.

“On approaching the gate of the palace, we were again halted, when I observed a very strong smell of putrefying flesh; and on looking round for the cause, discovered two big pots full of sand on either side of the gate, in each of which were placed three human heads with their faces downwards, whilst human blood was scattered upon the ground in front of the entrance. On the ground inside the gate as we entered we observed more blood and another human head. The seven men to whom these heads belonged were sacrificed on the previous night. On entering the palace square, we saw the various chiefs seated under their respective umbrellas, surrounded by their people, all dressed in very showy raiment, and each making a great display of ornaments. An umbrella was sent for us to sit under, and soon after the king walked into the yard, surrounded by his wives and amazons. The king is a tall, well-proportioned man, with a pleasant manner and kingly bearing, although it seemed to me that I could see hard, cruel lines in his features. There then passed before the king various processions of dancers and singers, his wives and amazons, umbrella-carriers, and several hundreds of women, each with a load of cowries, cloth, or tobacco, all of which was being taken to some of the platforms erected in the market, from whence they were to be subsequently thrown to the people, to be scrambled for by them. Among the trophies displayed were the umbrellas taken from the Abeokutans, ornamented with the jaw-bones of the