



## "HE CALLETH FOR THEE."

"At Bethany, once, in the chamber of sorrow,  
 A heartbroken woman sat mourning her dead;  
 No promise had she of a brighter tomorrow,  
 No hope on her pathway its radiance shed.  
 But suddenly light did her senses bewilder,  
 Her sister caused all the dense darkness to flee,  
 By whispering low the sweet message that thrilled her,  
 "The Master is come, and he calleth for thee!"

Both sisters were loved by the Lord; and the elder  
 Had gone forth to meet him that sorrowful day,  
 And learned from his lips, while his presence upheld her,  
 That he was the Life, and the Truth, and the Way.  
 Such wonderful knowledge she dare not be hiding,  
 She felt that her sister this brightness must see,  
 So whispered to her in the shadow abiding,  
 "The Master is come, and he calleth for thee."

We, too, have a sister who sits in the shadow,  
 And never has heard of the Father above,  
 But He, who forgets not the flowers of the meadow,  
 Is yearning for her with the might of his love.  
 When counting the flocks in the field he has missed her,  
 And bids us, "If ye my disciples would be,  
 Go forth in my power, and say to your sister,  
 "The Master is come, and he calleth for thee!"

With us who are saved by his perfect salvation,  
 The Savior is pleading the cause of the lost,  
 And charging us now—by his own incarnation,  
 By all that he purchased, by all that it cost,  
 By all that he felt when the temple was shaken,  
 By all that he suffered on Calvary's tree—  
 To say unto her who awhile seemed forsaken,  
 "The Master is come, and he calleth for thee!"

## AFRICAN CHILDREN.

THE children who read the following stories about Gava and Jamba will be glad they do not live in Africa. The stories are true to life; and Mrs. Stover, in West Central Africa, who wrote them, has known many such boys and girls. We can say with her, "Poor little Gava!" We hope when Jamba goes to school with the "Jesus boys" he will be more kind and loving to his little sister.

## POOR LITTLE GAVA.

How dark and cold it is out here alone! My teeth chatter with fear as I hear the dreadful hyena crying outside my hut. How hungry he is! Oh, if he should break through the thatch and carry me off! I wish my brother Jamba was here; boys are not so afraid as girls.

I am only a little black girl, and I live in a heathen village in Central Africa. My mother tells me I must begin early to learn to work; so she ties the baby on my back, puts a basket on my head, and I trudge after her to the field three miles away. I have had no breakfast, for my mother ate all the mush that was left from supper; and, when I tell mother I am hungry, she ties a piece of bark tight around my stomach. She says that it will make me feel better; but it don't, it hurts. I must not cry, though, or she will slap me, and tell me the lions will come and eat me up. When we get to the field mother digs up a sweet potato and I eat that; it tastes good, too.

Baby cries and wants mother, but she must hoe the corn; so I stand up and shake and shake my body till he falls asleep. Then mother puts him in a safe place and tells me to pull up weeds. I want to go to sleep, too. My back aches and so do my legs; but mother says I must grow strong by working hard, then I can marry and have a field of my own.

By and by when the sun is getting low we leave the corn, and go into the woods and gather sticks to take home to cook our supper. I wish I was a baby, and could ride on mother's back; but I must carry this heavy basket of wood. When we reach the village we find father sitting in the visiting house, smoking with a lot of men. He calls to me as we pass by: "Bring me a gourd of beer." So mother takes off my load of wood and puts the great gourd of beer in my hands. It is so heavy that I stagger and almost fall. Father calls out: "If you spill that beer I will beat you." Oh, how I tremble as I drop on my knees before him, while