

brother, saying, "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes."

We stayed in the village all day, had invitations to four other houses, and promised to come back when touring this way again.

F. M. STROVEL.

Boat "Glad Tidings," July 8th, 1895.

Written for THE LINK

## NAMAKEI.

A STORY OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

BY MRS. J. J. BAKER.

### I.

Anewa, isle of beauty circled round  
With snow white coral reef on which rebound  
The waters in their musical unrest !  
Scarce sixteen furlongs stretch from east to west.  
A fertile isle, where coco' nut and palm,  
The arrow root, the banyan and the yam  
Are meat and drink ! Across the island blow  
The never-failing trade-winds. Years ago  
There lived a beathen chieftain on this isle,  
Whose gods were many and his homage vile.  
His form was nude ; his face was wildly smeared  
With gaudy colors ; superstition wild  
Swayed every feeling in his heart of sin,  
He feasted on the flesh and blood of kin ;  
He knew no law, no virtue would he own  
And love, and joy, and pity, were unknown.  
But in the darkness Namakei heard  
The voice of Jesus ; and the tender word  
Seemed sweeter far than any earthly sound ;  
He listened o'er and o'er ; and when he found  
That long ago the blessed Christ had given  
His life to win Anewa back to heav'n,  
"The white man's God" - he said - "is truly good,  
Is better than my gods of stone and wood."  
Then one by one he cast into the sea  
The objects of his base idolatry.  
O, wondrous transformation ! he became  
A creature now through faith in Jesus' name.  
The old chief grew in knowledge and in grace ;  
His people loved him ; on his tawny face  
The beams of light in dwelling seemed to play ;  
He loved to sing of Jesus, loved to say  
That he had made a covenant with Christ,  
And magnified the sweetness of the trust.

### II.

To westward in the sea an island lay  
Resplendent in the light of Gospel day,  
Anetym was Christ's ; betwixt the isles  
The restless ocean stretched full forty miles  
The Christian worshippers were gathered there  
In holy conference of praise and prayer ;  
And thus the chieftain of Anewa spake :  
"My soul is full of longing ; let me make  
A voyage to the island, let me meet  
With those to whom my Jesus' name is sweet.  
My people, hear me ! Let no heathen ways  
Be found among you ; few are now my days,  
And I would go to sleep where I can hear  
The voices of the Christians rising clear  
Across the sea ; let not my people fall  
To idol worshipp'g ; my love to all."

The little native basket held the book  
And scanty wardrobe, and the old man took  
A fond farewell of all while o'er and o'er  
The wail arose : " 'Tis see his face no more ! "

### III.

The island of Anietym echoed long  
The Christian's fervent prayer and holy song.  
No cold conventionality was there,  
No strife for eminence, but all might share  
The brother's joy. Their gladness was unbound ;  
E'en little children told how they had found  
The peace of Jesus ; and the aged one  
In simple eloquence adored the Son.  
Old Namakei sang the joys of heav'n ;  
Unto his soul prophetic power was given  
To tell the raptures that await the blest,  
And paint the beauties of eternal rest,  
As wave on wave of harmony prollod  
He heard the music from the harps of gold.  
And rising with exulting heart he said :  
"I'm growing tall with joy, I lift my head  
Up higher like a tree." And higher still  
The old man's exultations rose until  
His raptured vision caught the perfect way  
And he beheld the hand not far away.  
With trembling limb he sought the banyan shade,  
And with a joyous expectation prayed.  
"Let Jesus' name in all the world be known,  
And letmy dear Anewa be His own."  
Then fainter grew his voice : "I'm going now,  
I feel the breath of Jesus on my brow,  
How near I am to Him ! O Missi pray !  
My soul will then be strong to go away.  
My people ! tell them I have gone to dwell  
With Jesus in His glory ; fare you well."

With many tears of mingled joy and grief  
The Christian concourse laid to rest the chief,  
Whose soul took up the song forever new,  
A wondrous trophy of what grace can do.

Stouffville, September 29th.

## THE GOSPEL SHIP.

[A missionary exercise for children.]

[If held in the church have a small platform made a little lower than the pulpit platform. On this have a small sail-boat with white sails, pasting thereon in gilt letters, "The Gospel Ship." Children march to front of the ship, and, placing their miteboxes in it, from thence pass on to the pulpit platform, forming a semicircle.]

All sing : (Tune - "Christmas.")

Receive, O Lord the mites we bring ;  
We leave them in Thy hand.  
Thy touch can change our trifling gifts  
To values high and grand.

Our Father's God ! Our country's hope !  
To Thee we lift our eyes ;  
All things are Thine, yet offerings small  
Thou dost not hence despise.

Oh speed the day when Thou shalt be  
In all our borders known,  
When all the "strangers in our midst,"  
Shall worship thee alone !