

for publication by physicians and hygienists of high standing. 'Maggie's doctor's book' has been frequently ridiculed by the three big farmer brothers. One of the boys was taken ill on a day that Maggie and her mother were away from home. Maggie's 'health' book contained a simple and effectual remedy and plain directions for applying it. The sufferer's pain was soon relieved, and he was spared a more serious attack.

Maggie's scrap book contains a syndicate letter entitled 'Common colds, pneumonia symptoms and pneumonia.' Maggie may never need to turn to this particular article for the minute and valuable help it gives the inexperienced person. I cannot repress the regret that I had not a similar help in the period my mother's illness was only symptoms, not developed into pneumonia, that disease in which delays are dangerous.

Youth and illness seem far apart—disease is not a pleasant topic, health articles are not always pleasant reading, and with the constantly increasing number of good physicians and nurses doing humanity service, it is difficult to realize that one may watch with suspense and longing for the doctor who cannot be obtained when needed.

### Young William Hunter.

(M. J. Middleton.)

Before the art of printing was invented, in 1440, every book had to be written with a pen, which, of course, took so much time that there were very few books, and one copy of the bible cost as much as some houses; so that there were very few people who had ever seen one. How different from those days when almost every child, as well as every grown person in our land, can own a bible as soon as they can read, and few are unable to think of any time when they were not familiar with the sight of the blessed volume. But even after men had learned how to print them, the number of bibles at first was comparatively small, for they could print but very little to what is done now, and it would require a long time to complete one copy. Often there was but one bible for a whole congregation or parish—and that one was kept chained to a desk so that no one could take it from the church. The people would come together to hear it read, and sometimes one would get permission to come and read it for himself.

In a parish in England there lived in those days a young man about nineteen named William Hunter. He was happy in being able to read, but he had only a collection of Psalms of his own, and he used to go to the old church that he might read the bible on the desk there. The pious young king, Edward VI., who commanded the bible to be given to the people, was then dead, and his sister, Queen Mary, who succeeded him, was a Roman Catholic. She believed that none but the priests had any right to read the bible; so she sent the priests all over England to forbid the people reading it. One of the priests found young Hunter one afternoon in the old church diligently reading the bible aloud.

'Who gave you leave to read the bible and explain it?' said he.

William replied that he 'only read it for his own comfort, and not to explain it to others.'

But the confession that he read it at all was all that was needed for the priest to condemn him, and he was sent to the Bishop at London, who tried to make him promise not to read the Scriptures any more. This he would not promise, as he derived very much enjoyment and comfort from reading God's Word, so the bishop sent him back to be burned to death.

His father and mother were living; but

they loved God's Word and encouraged their son to love it, too, and they would rather see him burned at the stake than give up his faith in the gospel which it teaches. His brother, too, stood by him and came near losing his life by his devoted affection for him. Many persons gathered round the youthful martyr as he was led to execution.

'Good people,' said he, 'I want you to pray for me while you see me live, and I will pray for you likewise.'

'Pray for thee!' said the justice who condemned him to death, 'I would no more pray for thee than for a dog.'

William calmly answered, 'I pray God it may not be laid at your charge at the last, and I forgive you.'

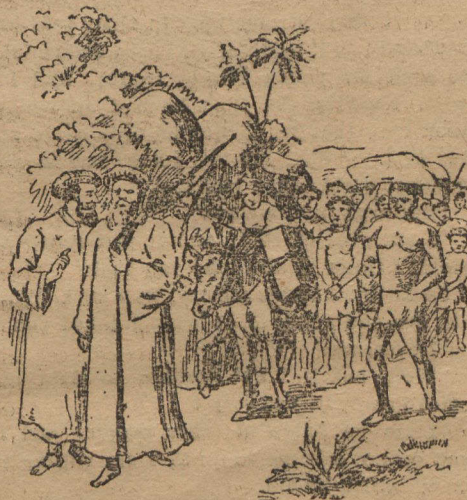
As the fagots were lighted, William handed his Book of Psalms (which had been such comfort) to his brother, who said, 'Think on the sufferings of Christ, and be not afraid.' Then lifting his eyes to heaven again he prayed, 'Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!' and bending his head the thick smoke soon suffocated him, and his spirit went to join the blessed company 'which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

That we too may be of this number we must love God's Holy Word and the Saviour of whom it teaches. This young disciple of Christ would die rather than consent to give up reading the Scriptures, while many a boy in our own day leaves his bible unopened day after day for fear of being laughed at by his young companions for reading it. May God give us all such love for his book that no fear will keep us from reading it.—'Child's Paper.'

### Rescue of Child Slaves.

Mrs. Dewar, wife of the Free Church of Scotland missionary at Mwenzo, on the Tanganyika Plateau, Africa, describes the rescue of some child slaves:—

'Last week, while superintending the making of a new road, news came that an Arab



RESCUE OF CHILD SLAVES IN AFRICA.

party had just left a certain place. The resident official gathered a band of natives and, with another European, started at once. They reached the spot to learn that Alungwana had not yet passed; being in advance, they stayed in the village, where it was expected the party would rest. Soon the Beloochistan Arabs came along, donkeys, carriers, women and a whole lot of children. The whole caravan took half an hour to pass a given spot. They did not stay at the village, but camped some distance away, lighted their fires, and cooked their food.

No move was made that night, but, when morning dawned, messengers were sent demanding instant and unconditional surrender. The only answer was firing on the part of the attacked. In less time than it

takes me to write, the principal Arab was captured; his companion, rather than yield, committed suicide by shooting himself, and all their 'chuma' was taken, including several very valuable tusks, some weighing over eighty pounds each—1,500 pounds in all. Also the Arab mail and fifty-seven slaves have come safely to Kawa, the headquarters of the B. S. A. on the Plateau. All who could give a satisfactory account of where they were bought, or whence they were stolen, have been (or are being) returned to their respective homes.

Mr. Dewar received a note offering him some of the tiny ones, so he started, taking with him several men to bring them back. It was only last evening, when quite dark, that they returned, glad to set down their tiny human loads. One child was crying with the cold, as the large wrapping of calico its kind rescuer had supplied had slipped down. All were soon crowding round the fire, and, not content with the mat in front, stepped right inside the hearth, spreading out their little hands to the welcome glow, and soon all were chattering and enjoying some sweet ground-nuts—monkey-nuts.

'Our hearts seemed full—on the verge of either a good cry or a good laugh. On the one hand we were thankful to know they had been saved from a terrible future, and were safe at a mission station, and on the other hand there was the thought of what the poor mothers and fathers must be enduring.'

'They had rested during the daytime in their march, and travelled at night, until they reached this region the adults had been fastened together with a long chain (which is now at Kawa), well made, with two semi-circular bands at intervals, to be fastened round the necks of the doomed ones with a padlock. The head Arab is there, too, in chains, awaiting his trial.'—'Christian Herald.'

### Only Three Cents.

When Herbert was ten years old he had an allowance of twenty cents per week, out of which he was supposed to pay his car fares, his contributions to charitable objects and various other little items. On the calendar printed by his church there was a list of the benevolent organizations of its particular denomination, and his mother told him that she wished he would select whichever one he preferred to give his money to and pledge whatever sum he chose to give each Sunday. He decided that he could afford to give three cents. Then he read the list slowly and carefully. A disappointed look came over his face. He read the list again. The disappointment grew deeper. He turned and said ruefully to his mother, 'The thing I want to give to isn't here.'

'Well, what do you want to give to?'

'I want to give to the Indians at Hampton.'

'What do you know of the Indians at Hampton?'

'O, I know about them, and I like them, and I want to give my money to them. Of course, it isn't much, but perhaps I can give them more some day. At any rate, I want to give my three cents a Sunday to them.'

On the card it said that if the donor wished his money given to any cause outside those mentioned there of course he was at liberty to do so. The puzzled mother pointed out this provision to her eccentric little boy and his face lightened at once.

'Then I can really send my money to the Indians at Hampton?'

'Yes. It may be some bother to the treasurer, for there is probably nobody else in the church who cares to subscribe regularly for