

she had plighted her troth, set forth to face all the horrors and dangers of cannibalism in the South Pacific Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Cargill sailed from England in October 1832. Their first field of labour was Tonga. Mr. Cargill had many thrilling experiences while pursuing his missionary labors from island to island. More than once his frail wife accompanied him on these trips, helping him teach and sing, and otherwise taking her part in speeding on the blessed work of redemption through these sin-darkened isles of the sea.

It was when Mr. Cargill received his appointment to Fiji that the true test of his devotion and that of his heroic young wife was made. At that time the Fijians were among the most savage and debased creatures on the face of the globe. Not many weeks before, news had come of a fearful feast on one of these islands, during which two hundred men and one hundred women had been slaughtered, cooked, and eaten.

Now what did this noble, heroic young woman say when she heard of the call that was to carry them right into the midst of these harrowing scenes, perhaps to be killed and eaten themselves?

"Well, David, I did not expect it to be so; but the Lord knows what is good for us. If it be His will for us to go to Fiji, I am content."

After a perilous trip because of the rough sea the little schooner that bore them finally came in sight of their destination, the island of Lakemba. So great was the peril they ran from the hostile natives that the captain dared not take the vessel near to the shore until he knew how the Fijians, who were expecting the missionaries, would receive them. Seeing the captain's hesitation, Mr. Cargill said: "Send us ashore in your boat. We will go and see the island chief."

As the little boat neared the beach, two hundred natives, mostly men, armed with spears, clubs, and arrows, stood on the shore. They were nearly nude and their gleaming bodies were smeared with paint. They gazed with astonishment on the missionaries, but gave no sign of assailing them. Then one of the savages spoke through an interpreter. "The king is waiting in a house near by," he said. "He wants to know who you are and what you want."

The missionaries went at once to the king's fortified house. God gave them the very words to speak that went straight to the king's heart. Learning that their errand was one of love and peace, he at once bade them welcome. He staked off a piece of land and made preparations to build them a house. That night they slept in the king's own canoe, sheltered by the royal boat-house on the beach.

To follow this brave and noble young woman in her labors among the degraded savages of Fiji would take a volume. Her work lay especially among the women and children of Lakemba. They soon said of her: "She is a lady of a loving spirit, therefore we love her." Ah, what will not love do?

Within a month after landing, she and her husband had won their first converts. Other missionaries came to help. Soon there were over five hundred converts on the islands.

But the faithful and devoted Margaret Cargill was called from her labor to her reward ere she had seen much more than the first-fruits of the subsequent glorious harvest. On June 2, 1840, when only thirty one years of age, her sweet spirit took its flight.

When he saw the end was near, her husband, choked with sobs, bent over her and asked: "Are you really going to leave me, Margaret?"

Her reply was: "Yes, David, because Jesus bids me come."

One of the Fiji chiefs, viewing her dead body, said: "There lies a lady who was never angry with us, and who always smiled when we entered her house."

Few women, in the short span of years allotted her on earth, have left such a record as Margaret Cargill. And there is no young woman, reading this, who can say truthfully from her heart: "There is naught that I can do for my Saviour." How much there is, if only she will seek it!

#### SUNSHINY WOMEN.

The sunshiny woman, who always greets you with a smile that warms you to the heart, is one of the divinest gifts of God to man. Her name is not legion, neither is the priceless gem found in vast numbers, but, like the diamond, she scintillates the more brilliantly amid dark and gruesome surroundings. The sunshiny woman as a girl is the partic-

ular star in the circle of classmates who in after years perhaps forget the others, but who always dwell lovingly on the name, even in memory, of the gentle being who turned away the shadow and made the presence of the sun more evident. In the home she is the one to whom mother looks for joyous sympathy and in whom father finds a restful delight after the fatigues of the day. If cook is cross, the children fretful or the financial bureau in a state of depression, the sunshiny woman can always find even in such a doeful triumvirate something of a cheering character, something which, once brought to light, raises the spirits of the household in proportion to their depression heretofore.

When the sunshiny woman becomes a wife she brings into her husband's life an element of joy that no future calamity can entirely eliminate. She is a helpmate in very truth, though she may not be able to make a loaf of bread and has the most extraordinary ideas on the subject of domestic economy. She is a sort of mental bracer, the effervescence of the sunbeam brightening all within the radius of her influence. Life to her is never so gloomy but that it could be gloomier. She revels in the very joy of living, and even when physical misfortunes pursue her, the beautiful soul smiles forth from the patient eyes, until we inwardly remark, "God bless her," and know that the world would be better if there were more like her.

#### READING ALOUD.

A lecturer on reading recently made some remarkable statements, such as:

Thus to read aloud agreeably at sight requires great intellectual development on the part of the reader. One must see, hear, and enunciate at the same time, and not only enter into the thought of the writer, but be able to project that thought—a thing that very few of us can do.

This is most true. The horrible travesty of reading, often heard in the pulpit, results from the fact that the lessons and hymns have not been carefully studied before reading, and the reader has not the intellectual development sufficient to read aloud agreeably at sight.

It was said years ago by a great teacher that he had heard a number of ministers of different denominations read, and there was but one among them that he would not have put at the foot of any class which he had in his school. His statement was challenged, and he invited an editor to accompany him, and the editor said afterwards that the statement was incorrect, because it implied that a teacher of his grade would admit such a reader to his school at all!

This was not all that the lecturer said of importance. The following is suggestive:

One reason why people are so fearful of attempting to read anything at sight is that they are in the habit of reading without pronouncing the words to themselves, and consequently have no idea that they can do it, or how the words sound. They catch the thought and let the words go. This manner of reading is unrivaled as a method of creating chaos and confusion in the mental order. Among other things, it ruins the memory and limits the reader's vocabulary. To pronounce mentally when reading enables one to hold the ideas, and has a wonderfully steadying effect upon the mind; and while this will be found slow and difficult at first, it will soon come to be as easy and natural as the ordinary method.

Many may not be aware of the fact that it is possible to sing without uttering a sound. So we heard an eminent professor of that art say, received the statement with incredulity, but found by practice that it can be done. Long afterward we saw the statement that Mozart composed in that way. A little practice will enable most singers of average ability to tell precisely how the notes would sound if he uttered them as he writes them.

#### OPPORTUNITY.

A sculptor once showed a visitor his studio. It was full of gods. One was very curious. The face was concealed by being covered with hair, and there were wings on his feet.

"What is his name?" said the spectator.

"Opportunity," was the reply.

"Why is his face hidden?"

"Because men seldom know him when he comes to them."

"Why has he wings on his feet?"

"Because he is soon gone, and once gone, can never be overtaken."