

A BAPTISMAL FONT WITH A HISTORY.

Of all the baptismal fonts to be found in the beautiful churches and cathedrals of the world, none has such a strange history as that of the stone font in the great church at Bau, in the Fiji Islands. It is but fifty years last October since the first missionaries gained an entrance to the islands of the Fijian group.

At that time there was nowhere on earth a more savage, brutal people. The stories of their cruelty are too shocking to print, but this story must be told in order to show what a wonderful change the gospel has wrought. In front of the largest heathen temple at Bau was a great stone which stood upright in the ground, having a special name, *Vatunibokola*. The Fijians being cannibals, were accustomed, whenever they entered a battle, to capture and kill as many of the enemy as possible that they might have their bodies to eat. They dragged the corpses to the temple, and as an offering to their gods they beat the heads of the dead men upon this stone *Vatunibokola*, in honor of these savage divinities. After this the bodies were placed in the ovens and the savage chiefs and warriors sat down to their cannibal feast. But when Christianity was introduced all this was changed. Though victims without number had been slaughtered upon this stone, for thirty years, it is said, no stain of human blood has touched it. The winds have blown over it and the rains have washed it year after year, and recently the people, with the consent of the chiefs, took up this great stone and carried it into the great church, which has been built at Bau, a place was hollowed in the top, and now it is used as a baptismal font. The first child baptized in it was the daughter of an English missionary. It must make one shudder to come near an object on which so much human blood has been spilt, and before which such cruelties have been practised. The change which has been made in this stone is a fitting emblem of the changes which have taken place in the hearts of the people of Fiji,

which once seemed harder than rock. Yet it is said that to-day there are not a score of heathen in all Fiji.—*Mission Dayspring*.

"GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T."

As a mother sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy, who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, according to the usual practice, she made a pause to put a few questions.

"William," she asked, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?"

"Oh!" replied William, "because they do not belong to us."

"And what do you say, Robert?"

"I say, because if they caught us they would be sure to send us to prison."

"And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to steal apples or pears, or anything else?"

"Because," said little Mary, looking meekly up at her mother, "*because God says we mustn't.*"

"Right, my love," said her mother; "that is the true reason, and the best reason that can be given. What God commands we are bound to do, and what He forbids us we are bound to leave undone. *'Thou shalt not steal'* are His own words. If ever you are asked by any one why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one you have given me—*'BECAUSE GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.'*"

A little boy had a habit, when anything went wrong with him, to wrinkle up his face and make a most dismal howling. I suppose he thought it was crying, but it wasn't, for people don't have to try to cry; it just comes of itself. One day some one asked him if he thought he was crying, and he said, "Yes, but I can't make any tears, come on my face."

That is because there was no need of tears. They know when they are needed, and always come in time and without trying. If there are no tears, there is nothing to cry about, you may be sure.