

quently interrupted by the children, who, while pressing around to hear and see, manage to get up a dispute among themselves. Then about half of the grown people reprove the little offenders while the remainder try to explain the cause of the trouble. Things being quiet, I get along very well for five minutes or less, when I am stopped by a yell from a woman who has detected a thievish dog, sheep, or goat taking something from her market calabash. Other similar disturbances may occur, but the people are so accustomed to this sort of thing that any attention which they may be giving to the speaker is not long distracted. Sometimes after I have finished talking, one of them, in compliment to me, tries to explain my teaching to the rest of the company. These pretend to be much pleased. One says, 'It is good'; another, 'It is true'; and still another, 'We will believe.'

The gospel is never preached in Africa or anywhere else without many evidences of its Divine



BABY'S CRADLE.

power. In this volume we have several illustrations of the transforming character of the message of the cross. Two cases in Ejahyay are worthy of special notice. Among the converts here were two women of exalted Christian character, named Ofeekee and Osoontala. Because the latter was so much like Mary of Bethany in character, her name had been changed to that of the gentle sister of Lazarus. There is no reason to think that before their conversion they were different from the average heathen women around them. But they exhibited in their lives every Christian virtue. They often endured the most bitter persecution without a murmur, supporting themselves by their implicit faith in the promises of God. They came at stated times and, repeating the words after someone, would commit whole chapters of the Bible to memory. When discouraged, they would strengthen their faith by repeating passages of Holy Scripture to them-

selves. Mary was once asked if she did not feel afraid that the people of her house would poison her. "The Lord is my helper; I will not fear what man can do unto me," she said.

When Ofeekee would not eat sacrifice at the family festivals nor permit her little son to partake, her husband would often flog her most cruelly. One Lord's day an expression of pain was observed on her countenance, and enquiry was made. She said nothing, but merely lifted her shoulder cloth and exhibited the lacerated flesh. Her husband had just beaten her.

The missionary bears this testimony to the brightness of their example and the power of the gospel in their lives: "If I had not already become a Christian, the wonderful change in the character of these two converts from paganism would have led me to become a disciple."

At the beginning of the missionary's second year of service, an unhappy change in the state of the country brought on a period of great anxiety and peril. While some of the rulers had sided with the English in the abolition of the slave trade, many of the other rulers had not. They earnestly desired the restoration of this profitable traffic, and they hated the missionaries and those friendly to them, because they rightly supposed that they were in opposition to them.

Among these rulers was Ogmulla, the military leader of Ebadden, who devised a very ambitious scheme for the union of the antislavery forces. This was to form an alliance with Benin on the east, with Dahomey on the west, and with Kosoko's party on the coast, and then drive out of the country all foreigners opposed to the slave trade. The destruction of Ejahyay and Abeokuta, and the recapture of Lagos, was included in the scheme. For the thrilling story of the missionary's capture by Ogmulla's men, his nights of fear, his deadly perils, providential escape, and return to Ejahyay, we must refer our readers to the volume itself.

For weeks and months the tide of battle ebbed and flowed around Ejahyay. Daylight brought battles, blood, and suffering; night brought alarms. In the compound anything like domestic order was out of the question. Visitors and wounded soldiers were always in and about the house. It was a time of great suspense, listening all day to the roar of battle, not knowing but that before night the Ebaddens would be in the town, plundering, burning, and murdering. As continued ill-health had begun to prey upon the missionary and his wife, and as the danger was daily becoming more imminent, it was decided to leave the doomed city and escape to Abeokuta. A caravan consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Stone, the women converts, and the children, under military escort, after several trying