

long building which looks like a house on stilts, as it stands on timbers so high that you have to go up a ladder in order to get into it, and when you are in it it is more like a big warehouse or freight-shed than anything else, because it is built for a village instead of for a family."

"A village!"

"Yes, they build a long verandah, and that is common property: it is their town hall and place of assembly, and then each family has a room in this great house, and that is the way they live."

"Are there any English people there?"

"Yes. The history of Borneo is almost like a story book. Over fifty years ago it was dangerous to go near Borneo, on account of the pirates, and therefore, few people ever saw much of it: but an Englishman who had been in India and had fought there, thought he would visit Borneo and see if it was as bad as it was said to be.

So he fitted out a little vessel and with a few brave men on board he made his way direct to the Malay sultan, who lived at a palace called Kuching, on the Sarawak river. By treating the people kindly and wisely he completely won their hearts, and when they found that he knew so much they made him king or governor of Sarawak in Borneo."

"It was an easy way to become a king, uncle; but not so easy either. He must have been a great man. What was his name?"

"His name was James Brooke. He afterwards became Sir James Brooke; but he is usually known as the Rajah or Rajah Brooke, that being his title in Borneo.

"And did he really take charge of those people, uncle, like a king?"

"Yes, and he was very good to them. He was a good Christian man, and his first thought was that he must teach his new people about Christ, and so make them good, civilized, religious people; and for this purpose in 1847 he went to England to try and get missionaries to help him."

"That was just forty years ago; but, uncle, some people laugh at missionaries and say that they don't do much good after all."

"Yes, I know that very well, Tommy: but people often laugh at what they do not know much about. I have met missionaries in Borneo and other places and I know that they bring a blessing wherever they go. They find it hard work sometimes. They have to learn strange languages; they have to open schools and train children; they work patiently and in the end make a great change in a country, and all for good. When this wise man the Rajah Brooke, sought to civilize his people over whom he had been strangely called to rule, he saw what perhaps he had never before appreciated, the value of the Christian missionary."

"Did he succeed in getting any, uncle?"

"Yes; there are great Missionary Societies in England, who are always ready to help in work like that, and in 1848 the Rev. Frank Macdougall and Rev. W. Wright, with their wives, set sail for Borneo, and soon were enabled to commence

work there. I have seen these missionaries with their Mission Houses, Schools and Churches, and I know them to be a great benefit to the people among whom they labor."

"Yes, I always like to read about missionaries and sometimes I feel as if I would like to be one."

"Well, my boy, it is a noble work, as I have seen for myself; but since I have been in Canada it does not seem to me that the Church we belong to, the good old Church of England, is doing very much for missions here. To think that there is no foreign missionary supported by such a church of wealth and power as the Church of England in Canada!

"Well, uncle, if I go I hope it will be the Canadian Church that will send me:—but let me ask what became of the Rajah Brooke?"

"Oh! He had considerable trouble and considerable fighting to keep the peace among his foreign people, and sometimes he was accused of wrong doings, and was obliged to return to England; but all are agreed that he was a man of excellent personal character. He died in England in 1868.

"And Borneo?"

"Borneo is still where it was, and the missionaries, thank God, are all hard at work."

A SICK CHILD'S REQUEST.

NOT long since a little girl in this city not over ten years old was very ill. One day she insisted on seeing her father at once. He was telephoned at his counting-room and, on reaching the house the little girl said: "Papa, I think I am going to die, and I want you to do something for me instead of building a monument over my grave. What would a monument cost?" The father tried to dissuade the child from speaking of death, but she persisted until finally he said a monument would cost any amount of money that might be desired to expend on it. "Well," said the child, "it would not cost less than \$100, would it?" The father said he thought not but begged the little one to change the conversation. "No," said she, "I want you to promise that if I die you will give the \$100 to build another swing in the park for the little children instead of building a monument for me." The promise was given with tears. The child had been in the habit of walking in the park and had noticed the delight that many poor little children have in the swings and she thought had come to her that might have suggested itself to many of our philanthropic citizens long ago. It is a pleasure to say that the little girl recovered from her illness and that is the reason perhaps, why her father's promise has not been kept.—*The Albany Journal.*

Why should we not consider death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep? We shall rise refreshed in the morning.