

my brother in quest of me. When she saw me she trembled. She could not believe her own eyes. We grasped one another, looking at each other with silence and great astonishment; big tears rolled down her emaciated cheeks. A great number of people soon came together. She trembled as she held me by the hand, and called me the familiar names by which I well remember I used to be called by my grandmother, who has since died in slavery. We could not say much, but sat still, and cast now and then an affectionate look at one another—a look which violence and oppression had long checked—an affection which had nearly been extinguished by the long space of twenty-five years. My two sisters, who were captured with us, are both with my mother, who takes care of them and her grandchildren, in a small town not far from hence, called Abaka. Thus unsought for, after all search for me had failed, God has brought us together again, and turned our sorrow into joy."

It seems that his mother had long given up all hope of seeing her son, having been herself in slavery more than once, though not taken from Africa. She afterward became one of the first fruits of the mission, and was baptized by the name of Hannah, the mother of Samuel.

In Mr. Crowther's journal of August 3, 1849, is this record: "This mission is to-day three years old. What has God wrought during this short interval of conflict between light and darkness! We have five hundred constant attendants on the means of grace, about eighty communicants, and nearly two hundred candidates for baptism. A great number of heathen have ceased worshipping their country gods; others have cast away theirs altogether, and are not far from enlisting under the banner of Christ."

We have not room to follow the subsequent life of Mr. Crowther in detail. He prepared a grammar and dictionary of the Yoruba language, and was known as a diligent and thorough scholar. He translated the Bible and school books into his native tongue, and gave himself unweariedly to efforts to elevate his people. He led a second expedition up the Niger, which was a signal success, making important additions to the geographical knowledge of the world. But he was engaged chiefly in the missionary work, and in 1857 the Niger mission of the English Church Missionary Society was established. When the English bishop died, no one could be found so fitted for the position as Mr. Crowther, and he was conse-

crated bishop in 1864. The last report of this mission says that "no other mission started so recently as 1857 can show equal visible results in large congregations of professed Christian worshippers." There are nearly four thousand Christian adherents under the care of this bishop, and though the people have suffered much from the heathenish superstitions of their neighbors, they have stood steadfast for the faith. The wife of Bishop Crowther died a few years ago—more than fifty years after their marriage in 1829.—*Mission Stories of Many Lands.*

NELLIE'S GIFT.

"Did you ever want anything awful bad, and then have it come? Then you know how I felt when that package came from my auntie in New York, and I opened it and found a pair of real silk mitts. Jack said they were just 'splen-dor-if-ic,' and Jack's my brother, and he knows.

"I had wanted some for ever so long, but I didn't say much about it, 'cause when you live in a little cuddled-up house, and your papa has to buy bread and shoes for so many, the money flies away before it gets around to what little girls want.

"I don't know how auntie found it out, unless Santa Claus told her, and it wasn't near Christmas time, either. They were such pretty brown mitts. Tilly Jones said they were just the color of my hands, but I didn't care for that. Little hands will get brown when they weed the garden and do so many things. I looked at them 'most a hundred times in two days, I guess, and then it came Sunday. Wasn't I glad! I put them on and walked to church, just so. Jack says I hold my paws like a scared rabbit, but I didn't ever see a rabbit with mitts on.

"It isn't right to think too much about what you wear when you go to Sabbath-school, and by-and-by I didn't, for we had such a good Sabbath-school I forgot everything else.

"A missionary man told all the folks about some poor children away off; how the fire had burned down their schoolhouse; and they hadn't any nice houses or clothes, or anything, but they were trying so hard to get along and learn! And he said what was given those little ones was just the same as given to Jesus. Think of that! Just the same as given to the dear Christ-child. I supposed everybody would give.