

utterly abolish." In India and Africa, the gospel in all its fullness shall be preached. Are you doing what you can to carry that gospel to "every living creature"? A writer in his Impressions of Western Africa thus speaks of the horrible subject of the foregoing woodcut.

"No sight ever witnessed, shocks one so much as the first view of Bonny juju house. —The Pillars of the two doors are formed of human skulls, inside the ground is paved with them, an altar is erected on which is a dead iguana, and the whole of this is fabricated of the same material as the pillars of the doors. Three high columns of them are beside the altar; a string of jaw-bones is hanging by the wall; and these, you are informed, are the skulls of their enemies of the Andono country, which adjoins the Bonny territory, and with whom a few years ago they waged a furious war. The stories told of their having devoured the bodies of the victims, whose heads are here, are too disgusting to repeat." —*Impressions of Western Africa.*

THE CHILD'S GARDEN ;

OR, A STONE IN THE WAY.

THE poor little girl knew not what to do next. The sun was high, the day was getting hotter, and she was tired, tired. She almost wished she had not pled so hard for leave to make a garden in that waste corner of ground where the grass walk ended, and the fir wood began.

It lay close by a pond for water-flowers, and a rockwork for plants that do not require much earth. Among the wild weeds that grew in it, there was one tall crimson foxglove, and a lilac orchis as sweet as musk. These would do well among the flowers, she had thought; and then there were heath and ferns all the way back into the wood.

But it seemed now as if the rake were never to make way. When she began, it looked only like a few hours' work, and yet this was the third morning of her labour. Why? There was a great stone under the soil, and the tools struck upon it. Cover it up as she would with spadefuls of red earth, do her best to stick roots in the softer places, water it again and again, the bare ugly stone was always coming through, and the very first shower shewed her that all her work was useless.