

Childhood.

In Africa one day a missionary came into a village just in time to see a little negro boy put upon the block and offered for sale.

He was a miserable looking creature, not more than 3 years of age, and was almost destitute of clothing. The cruel father was whipping him to make him stand straight. The child was deaf and dumb, and for this reason he was being sold, his parents thought that he could not be any good to them.

No one would bid for the child, and he was about to be put to death when the missionary came up and asked the father how much he wanted. He said six pounds of salt. The missionary readily gave it and took the child away.

He sent the boy to one of the mission schools, and he is there to-day, a bright and promising pupil, learning of the dear Jesus, whose name brings happiness to childhood wherever it is known.—Sel.

Punishing a "Witch" in Africa.

A heathen man's wife near the station was suspected of witchcraft. After being duly smelled out, the penalty doomed her to be eaten alive by ants. Her own brothers took her out in accordance with the judgment of the doctor, and, driving down four stakes, stretched her out by an ant hill, lashed her wrists and ankles to the stakes, and left her to be devoured by the voracious insects.

The ants preyed upon the poor woman all that day, but her suckling child cried so for its mother, that I suppose, as a matter of economy, they went out and untied the mother, who came home and took care of her child for the night. In the morning she was staked down among the ants as before, and at night was released again.

Such torture will ordinarily terminate life in a couple of days, but the respite of each night prolonged this woman's agony, and after enduring this for six days her tormentors said, "We can't kill such a witch; she won't die;" so they loosed her and threw her away, which, with the Kaffirs, means such anathema maranatha that their faces must never be seen by any of their people again.

In that dreadful condition she came to the station. The surface of her whole body was lacerated and swollen, but her wrists and ankles were eaten down between the tendons, in some places to the bone. Her struggles caused the straps by which she was bound to chafe her wrists and ankles and render them specially attractive to the little tormentors that were feasting upon her. By very special care the missionaries succeeded, by the mercy of God, in restoring her.

That very woman was converted to God during our series of services at Morley, and lived afterward at the station, a free woman in Christ.—Bishop William Taylor in "The Story of My Life."

The young readers of The Record will remember that one reason why we send missionaries to heathen lands is to bring to an end such cruelty.

What Boys Should Know.

A wise man has said that the true education of boys is to "teach them; what they ought to know when they become men."

1. To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read, and be true and genuine in action, rather than be learned in all sciences and all languages, and be at the same time false at heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, power, or possessions.

2. To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be generous, noble, and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4. To be self reliant and self helpful, even from childhood. To be industrious always, and self supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable; that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful. When a boy has learned these things, when he has made these ideas part of him—however poor or however rich—he has learned the most important things he ought to know.—Sel.

What a Boy Can Do.

In the year 1890 (writes a missionary in India) I visited a village named, Neelagungarum. As my custom was, I requested the people to permit me to preach to them the good tidings of salvation, but they refused to listen. I asked for a drink of water, but they denied me even this.

About six months later I was touring in the same district, and, while in camp, a delegation of the elders of Neelagungarum came and invited me to their village. I said: "You would not even give me a glass of water."

"That is a thing of the past," was their reply; "we are all Christians now."

Upon inquiry I found that a little boy, who had learned about Christ in the village where he had formerly lived, had told the people what he had learned and repeated to them Christian hymns. All that they knew about salvation they had learned from this boy. That day I had the pleasure of baptizing seventy-five of their number, including the boy who had led them to the Saviour.—The Evangelist.