

Central African Women.

The 'Chronicle,' of the London Missionary Society, gives a portrait of Kalulu's wife, with her baby on her back, pounding corn with two other women. It may be remembered that Kalulu was the first Tanganyika convert, and is now a successful worker in the mission field. He was a poor little slave boy in Uguha, and was ransomed by the Rev. D. P. Jones, who made him his servant. Kalulu was very fond of his master, who tried to teach the lad about God's love, but apparently without much success. After a time Kalulu was sent to Urambo, to Mr. Brooks, and while there learnt the use of tools, and also to read.

Some time later he went to live with Mr. Carson, at Niamkolo, and little by little the seeds sown by his English friends began to come up, and he became a true follower of Jesus Christ. Kalulu may be said to be a link between three Central Africa stations; for each in turn was able to help and influence him. For some years he has been a teacher in the day-school in Niamkolo, and when Mr. Hemans left Fwambo on furlough, Kalulu was removed there. He has charge of the four day-schools, with an average attendance of 231 boys and 190 girls, and is devoting himself with much assiduity and success to this work.

Words Fitly Spoken.

A True Story.

Carlyle has said, 'A word spoken in season, at the right moment, is the matter of ages.' Richter, 'Do not wait for extraordinary circumstances to do good; try to use ordinary situations.' And the following episode, told me by a clergyman who proved wise enough to seize opportunity, is strong proof.

During the early days of February, 1884, the Rev. Samuel Murdoch was holding religious services in an old school-house in the village of Cohecton, Sullivan County, New York. The school house was pleasantly located among pine and hemlock trees on a rocky hill, and the village people, though often weary with toil and work, would nightly gather there. Indeed, the little district school house showed a large attendance of many anxious souls; some evenings as many as ten would arise for special prayers.

The school had been under the care of one of the Cohecton young ladies, but the winter term was in charge of a gentleman whom we shall call Mr. H—, and as this teacher was a stranger in the neighborhood, and because of the services to be held in his schoolhouse, the Rev. Mr. Murdoch called upon him.

It was a snowy day, but the earnest minister does not wait for green fields and cheery sunshine. Mr. Murdoch told me that he was delighted on reaching the schoolhouse to find the teacher alone. School was dismissed and Mr. H— had not yet gone home. The minister's genial, kind heart led him to talk about many things of interest to Mr. H—, and particularly of all that related to the instruction of his pupils, of his family, of whom there was his wife and child, a little boy not much beyond babyhood, and Mr. Murdoch extended to the new teacher a warm welcome and hospitality on behalf of the villagers. Later the clergyman spoke of church, and of the meetings to be held in the schoolhouse, in the very room in which they were conversing, and then, perhaps abruptly, but the minister meant no offence, he only acted on the advice of St. Paul to Timothy, 'I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who

shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom, Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season'—the clergyman was impelled to inquire, 'Are you a Christian?'

The reply was, 'I am not,' and then pressing the thought, Mr. Murdoch continued by speaking of the influence every teacher has over his pupils, an influence for good or for evil, and quoted the words of Christ, 'He that is not with me is against me.' Then looking Mr. H— steadily in the eye, he added, 'If I am not mistaken in your face, you don't wish to spend your life fighting Christ.'

At once came the manly reply, 'I do not, most emphatically.'

Before the minister parted from the teacher that afternoon he urged Mr. H— to attend the extra meetings, and this he half-heartedly promised to do. But what a glad surprise awaited Mr. Murdoch. Not only was Mr. H— at the first meeting, but when the opportunity was given for all desiring special prayer to arise, he saw Mr. H— the very first on his feet. He acted as if he could not get up fast enough, and then, as if Mr. H— was a leader, nine other anxious ones arose also. Once the teacher had taken his stand for Christ there was no turning back, and so earnest was he that the very next morning he opened his school with prayer, thus at once exerting his influence over the youthful minds intrusted to his care, and after this whips were no longer necessary to discipline; love ruled, not fear. Nor did Mr. H—'s influence stop with his pupils, for the night following the one on which he had witnessed for Christ, his wife accompanied him to the old schoolhouse, and when opportunity was offered, she arose as Mr. H— had previously done, and thus asked prayer on her own behalf. And from this hour both husband and wife seemed equally desirous to lead Christlike lives, the very atmosphere of heaven seemed in their home, the Spirit of the Good Shepherd seemed to dictate all their actions.

It was the singing month, the month of April, before these two earnest believers had the privilege of uniting with the church, and when the question was put at the examination following the preparatory lecture, 'What led you to this decision?' Mr. H— replied by referring to the call made on him that snowy February day, and the words then quoted by the faithful pastor, 'He that is not with me is against me,' and with a solemn shake of his head he added: 'I could never get away from those words, they rang in my ears until I decided for Christ.'

Shortly afterwards their little George was baptized, and so tiny was he, being scarcely three years of age, that in order for the congregation to see him baptized, he stood on a stool between his parents. Such an impressive sight, such a solemn sacrament will not soon be forgotten by those thoughtful villagers. Every one knew the teacher, even the smallest child in the church was interested in what was being done, and every one knew the change which a few short months had wrought.

The baptism was in June, and it was not long afterwards when the school was dismissed for the summer vacation, Mr. H— bade his pupils good bye, as also many of their parents and other good friends, promising to return in the autumn, when he hoped they would be of mutual service and help to one another.

Mr. and Mrs. H— with their son then started for their old home, expecting to have the pleasant recreation they so much needed, visit their parents, who were both living, as well as to enjoy the free health-

giving air and rest, so necessary for all. But how rapid and how sad was the change. An epidemic had broken out in that section, and even before Mrs. H— reached home her dear brother, with whom she was anticipating such a happy holiday, suddenly died. Before the brother was buried her mother was prostrate with the same disease, and Mrs. H—, though untiring in her efforts to restore her mother to health, had to give her up also. By the time her mother died, Mrs. H— was smitten herself, and her mother's body had to be carried through her room on the way to the burial.

Such sorrow and anguish as this afflicted sister and daughter endured, cannot be described; her heart seemed broken, and only the thought of the joyful resurrection morning helped her to endure those agonizing hours. But she had not long to grieve, for a few short days and Mrs. H— was where 'there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying,' and before she went away her heart was comforted by receiving a promise from her father to live a different life. Her time to win souls for Christ had been short, but she had done what she could. 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever,' and Mrs. H— was to wear no starless diadem.

George now went to live with his grandfather H—, and his father went also. But what was Mr. —'s horror to learn that his little son had imbibed the fatal disease. It soon did its work. A few hours and Mr. Murdoch was called to officiate at the burial of the tiny child, the one that he so short a time ago had baptized. As the grave was being filled, his mother's father, the one who had promised to lead a different life, said to Mr. Murdoch in broken English, for he was a German, pointing to George's grave, 'Oh, dat leetle poy, he was at my house one day to tinner, he comes to de table, he no eat, and asks some one who sits asidé to ask blessing; dat one shook his head, and he asked another and then another. When he couldn't find anyone else, he asked blessing himself.' Thus in so brief a period his parents had trained him.

But the end of our story is not yet. Shortly after George was buried, his father sickened and died with the same fatal pestilence. When he lay ill Mr. Murdoch called upon him, but Mr. H— would not allow him to remain. As the clergyman entered his sick room Mr. H— looked up and exclaimed, 'This is no place for you. You cannot stay here, you can pray for me at home,' and finally Mr. Murdoch yielded to his persuasion.

Mr. H— and all of the above died within twenty-two days of each other.

How full and running over with thanksgiving must be this minister's heart. How providential that he walked to the old district schoolhouse, even if his walk lay through snow and ice.

What would have been the consequence, if in that call the minister had not proved faithful!—Emma J. Cray, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

Only beginning the journey,

Many a mile to go;

Little feet, how they patter,

Wandering to and fro!

Father of all, oh, guide them,

The pattering little feet,

As they tread the uphill pathway,

Braving the dust and heat!

Aid them when they grow weary,

Keep them in pathways blest;

And when the journey's ended,

Saviour, oh, give them rest.

—'Lesson Leaflet.'