

up the river, called the Niger, and a few miles from its banks. Among big hills and mountains are lots of towns and villages, all called Basa.

Of course you want to hear about the children first. I know that you have life-like pictures in your little magazine, and, indeed, in all C.M.S. magazines, but often in papers giving pictures of the black people they are not the least like the Africans, and must, I think be drawn by people who have never seen anything with a black face except a doll. Yes! I think they must get their pictures from black dolls! Someone kindly sent me some black dolls out here to give to the children, but they were so hideous that the children were afraid to touch them; they were those small figures you often see in shop windows at home.

First, then, I want to tell you that the Basa children are good-looking and most of them very lovable. They are not idle. Oh, no! Every day the boys go with their fathers to the farm, even the tinies, while the girls are employed in carrying food to the farms for their fathers and brothers, who are very glad of food and rest when they have worked for some hours.

It is just like one sees it at home. You see the labourers enjoying a rest and food after a morning's work, seated generally under a hedge or hayrick. So with the Basas. I have often seen them eating their afternoon meal, and fathers and sons eat most heartily.

If people do not work they have no food. "No work, no food," is the Basa motto. Now listen to this! Very often children pass a whole day without food, that they may come to learn about Jesus and to be able to read the Book of God. And I have even known them go for two days without food in order that they might learn. Then, too, the children are full of fun and enjoy a hearty laugh. We often have such romps together. They get so much pleasure out of little things. We lend them a bouncing-ball which they delight to play with, and never seem to grow tired of. If someone would send toys to the children at various Missions, how much pleasure would be given!

But there is such a sad side to think about. If you could only see as all missionaries do, hundreds and thousands of children living in darkness. They know nothing of Jesus, the Friend of little children, nothing of the Glory Land, nothing of the Crown of Glory, nothing of the angels' song. I was going up the river Niger one day in a canoe, and I heard a big boy and a very little boy talking together. The big boy, who had only just come to me and was a Heathen, had been repeating to himself over and over again the Shepherd Story, and although he seemed to be racking his brain to remember, he could not think of the words

of the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace toward men." So at last he turned to the very little boy and said, "You remember the words our white father (the missionary) was telling us a week ago?" The very little boy said, "Yes." "Well, then," said the big boy, "please tell me those words that the angels sang." So the little boy told him, and he repeated them over and over again till he knew them by heart. I hope to baptize that big boy before I come home, as he truly follows the Saviour now.

How frightened you children would be if you could see "the Cutti." The Cutti is a man in the village chosen by the people, who on certain days comes out and terrifies everyone. He seems to be half mad, and catches people, carrying them off to his house and shutting them up there. All the chiefs of the village have to follow him about, and whenever he makes a horrible noise, the chiefs all chant in response. I could almost have cried yesterday to see my friends among the leading chiefs running about all day in the hot sun after the Cutti. It was a sad sight, indeed!

I hope they are having a good rest to-day, for they must be very tired. I want to tell you about one young man called Sanne. The people agreed that he should be the Cutti yesterday; but he refused, and told the chiefs that he would have nothing to do with it. The "big boy" of whom I have already told you has been teaching him about Jesus, and he said that he refused "ebo Isu" which means for Jesus' sake. He was not the only one who kept away from all the heathen worship, but several others shut themselves in their houses and refused to come out all day. This week is a great idol-worshipping week. And the people are also worshipping their god Bunu. I must not write more now, but perhaps the Editor will find space another month for some more talk about the B-a-s-a-s. *The Children's World.*

WITHOUT FEET.

A STORY OF A CHINESE GIRL.

BY MISS OSYON.

I THINK you will like to hear about a little Chinese girl in Shanghai who has been rescued from a life of slavery and cruelty. You know the Chinese have a very curious custom of betrothing their children when they are quite young. This little girl, whose name is Lan Yung, was engaged to be married when only six years old to a little boy of about the same age.

Lan Yung's father and mother died soon after she was betrothed, and, as is often the case, the little would-be-bride went to live with her future husband's family, and acted as a