

later she was brought here and stayed in our Hospital for almost two weeks before she died. She had whooping-cough, pneumonia and dysentery and was too weak and ill to smile. The times we would have prayer for her she would say "Amen" so fervently it was touching. One morning she greeted me with a smile. I was glad to see it. Her cough was very much better but she had much pain and distress in her stomach. She had been on liquid diet for days and I had warned the parents not to give her anything without first asking me. In the afternoon when I went to see her, I found her sitting up on the floor, by her father's side, happily munching a raw sweet potato. I made her spit every bit out and put her to bed. Shortly afterwards she began to bring it up bit by bit. I supported her and as she was leaning against me she looked up in my face and asked where her mother was. I told her she had just come in. She said, "You are my Mamma." Then she cuddled her little brown hand in mine and said, "Princess. My Princess! My Mamma! (Mtanakwetu) Child of ours." Later she asked me to bath her. It was warm enough so I told her I would. She wanted me to do it in my room. "Whom do you sleep with?" she asked. "I sleep alone," I replied. "Then," came the response, "I can sleep with you tonight." She was all smiles that day and seemed so happy, yet very weak. Her father called me at bedtime. I found her worse again—but still smiling. I prayed before I left and she tried to pray too. I came in to get more hot water and had to wait for it to heat. Just as I stepped outside with it I met the father who said, "She has passed out." I went to comfort the bereaved then. The mother said she had dropped to sleep after I left, then woke up and said, "There they are! There they are!" and pointed near her side. After awhile she said, "Mother, here HE is." Then, "Father, bid me good-bye." The father quickly said, "Let us pray, my child is leaving me." While they were praying Jesus took the eager little spirit from the body racked with pain and suffering, to His glorious home above. Surely she must have felt His blessed presence all day preparing her for her departure. Surely she must have had some vision of Angels or of some one gone before and of Jesus. Her mother said, "She went rejoicing, my little girl went with such exceeding joy it has comforted my heart already. There was no fear just perfect joy." Bless the Lord. When she was too weak to pray she would ask others to pray and say: "Amen." She sang a hymn too before she went. How beautiful is the death of Jesus' little lambs. "Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory." "The sting of death is sin." If our sins are forgiven and under the blood there is no fear of death. It is just like stepping out of one room into another. Stepping out of a world of suffering, sin and sorrow, into one of light, love and glory, with Jesus taking us through.

If God can save and keep a little Zulu girl of five years of age, cannot He save and keep you saved. Then you have so much more light and help than little Ella ever had. Her time to serve Jesus was soon ended. But here testimony and life shall never be forgotten. Her influence still lives on. How are you using your influence? Are you letting it tell for Jesus? Your life, dear child, may suddenly be cut short like Ella's was. Will you not now

give your life to dear Jesus and be His witness as long as you live? That is if you have not already done so. If you have, try to win some one else to Him. This will also help you to grow faster in grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Then pray for the little brothers and sisters Ella left behind her. Pray also for those who live in heathen homes—those dying in heathen darkness and fear and terror—pray that they must be won to Jesus.

God bless your hearts.

Yours for His service,

GRACE M. SANDERS

#### HIS WAY

God bade me go when I would stay,  
(Twas cool within the wood)

I did not know the reason why,  
I heard a boulder crashing by  
Across the path I stood.

He bade me stay, when I would go;  
"Thy will be done," I said,  
They found one day at early dawn  
Across the way I would have gone  
A serpent with a mangled head.

No more I ask the reason why,  
Although I may not see  
The path ahead, His way I go;  
For though I know not, He doth know  
And He will choose safe paths for me.  
—Sunday School Times

If the work in your Y. P. Society is not as encouraging as at some former time, examine your heart to see if you have left your first love.

Many of our young people have returned to schools and colleges as teachers and students, taking up the work of a new school year. We pray that they may be most successful and hope to hear from them during the year through the columns of the Y. P. Page.

We trust that many of our young people will follow the studies in the gospel of St. Luke. Remember, there's a fine prize awaiting the one who prepares the best paper on the gospel after the studies have been published.

#### A PRACTICAL EXPLANATION

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said his father, "how did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back in the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the son said:

"Father, they roll off; I can't put in any more."

"Put them in I tell you."

"But father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course, you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half

full of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you did not know why you fell behind at school. I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much, and here you have been for the past month filling up with chip-dirt—cheap novels."—Bombay Guardian.

#### DIG DEEPER

Somewhere we have read of a farmer, who once dug a well, and to this well he brought his horses and cattle to drink. From it he drew for a long time sufficient for all the needs of his herds, but a drought came, and the flow of water diminished in the well, and ceased to refresh these herds. Consequently he had to drive them to surrounding springs and brooks to give them the necessary water.

One day a visitor stopped at his home, and talked with him about his well. He said, "Why not dig the well deeper?" "But," declared the farmer, "The next digging must be done through a strata of rock and flint."

The visitor was persistent, and said, "Even so, though it is necessary to go through flint rock, blast the rock and just a few more feet may give you the most refreshing stream of water you can imagine."

This was done, and to the farmer's amazement and joy the blast brought in a gushing stream of water, which not only filled the well but overflowed it. It was a veritable gold mine to his homestead.

Is it not true, that with many of us, there has been a spiritual drought, and there is no water in our well? We have dug as far as the rock, but we have never gone through the rock. Too many Christian lives are after all only superficial. Dig deeper, brethren! Let's blast a few rocks and see if there will not come a stream of the water of Divine grace that will so fill our hearts and lives with the glory of His grace, that serving Him and doing His will, in fact the whole routine of Christian life and duty, will become a joy and pleasure.—From The Evangelical Visitor.

#### "A SCHOOL OF CRIME"

If those so deeply interested in propagating the social gospel want to do something concrete and effective for society, let them concentrate awhile on the character and effect of moving pictures. The weekly attendance upon this form of entertainment is said to equal the total population of the country. A tract issued by the Christian Triumph Company speaks of the movies as the school where the masses are being educated, and continues:

Judged by the standards of common morality—laying aside the Bible and all spiritual criterions—the average movie is a school of crime; and in the opinion of those who have to do with criminal classes in our cities, the movie is graduating youthful criminals by the millions, so that the handling of them is becoming one of the most difficult problems of modern life.

And because crime, vice, lust, immodesty, and all moral corruption is what the public wants to see and is willing to pay to see exhibited, the movie magnates produce it in increasing volume.—The Presbyterian.

"The man who talks without thinking runs far greater risk than the man who thinks without talking."—Sel.