

is a scream and stampede; but only for a moment; they soon return, but more cautiously. Silence, or something approaching it, follows, while all indulge in one long, intense stare, during which only a camera could depict the various expressions in their faces. Then we have a dog-fight. Every man's cur from all the villages we have passed followed his master, and the dogs of the village in which we are stopping object to their presence.

Meanwhile the chief is not being noticed, and must make himself known. Stepping into the middle of the circle and raising his staff as if to chastise the crowd, he begins, in what seems a fearful passion, to abuse everybody for treating the white man in such outrageous fashion. As he is only talking for the white man's benefit, I silence him.

Then comes a request to remove my hat that they may see my hair. This reasonable request I always grant, and am rewarded by a chorus of complimentary exclamations. Next, no matter how much I had been talking, some one would ask, 'Can he talk?' This question I would answer by some trivial remark, which would be received with a volley of laughter. Then they ask questions just to get me to speak. Then follow requests to take off my shoes or other parts of my clothing, that they may see whether I was really like one of themselves; attempts to induce me to buy ivory or rubber, offers of marriage, requests for gifts, to show my trade goods, compass, note-book, etc.

When I thought their curiosity had been sufficiently sated, I would attempt to tell them why I had come among them, and to give them some idea of the gospel and their need of it.

These scenes, with numberless variations, are repeated as we pass through town after town, till at last we must stop for the night. If only one could escape the noisy crowds then, that would nerve him to endure the babel of the day. But the worst is to come. I get a house, put my goods, and carriers inside, and in order to give them a chance to unpack and prepare supper I stay in the street talking to the people. At last I am tired, and tell them they must go home and let me rest. Needless to say, they do not go. As soon as I am inside the house they crowd round the door. If I shut it (the only opening in the walls of a Bulu house) it is quite dark; besides, the cooking is being done over an open fire, and the smoke is suffocating. But it may as well be shut as blocked by heads and shoulders of the crowd. Sometimes I try reasoning with them. 'I want to be quiet and rest.' 'But we want to see you,' they reply. 'Is this a proper way to treat a visitor?' 'No,' they all agree. 'Then why don't you go away and leave me?' 'We want to see you.' So I shut the door, preferring smoke to the crowd. Sometimes I go out into the street and call to the people 'whether I am to have a house, or whether I must go on to the next town.' By this means I gain my point. At last I am in my smoky den, and the crowd shut out. But I am not hidden yet. When I light my tallow candle every crack and crevice becomes a peep-hole; and I eat my supper knowing that eyes are watching every movement.

Gradually the noise subsides, and apparently they have become tired and gone away; but only apparently. A few are waiting to see the white man go to bed, and they do not attempt to conceal their disgust when he blows out his candle before his undressing.

Now, I can stand this sort of thing for three or four days quite philosophically, but after about a week of it I become nervous and irritable. Certainly, if I should ever visit a menagerie again, and see a monkey with a crowd around its cage, exclaiming, as it scratches its head or takes a bite of food, 'How funny! How very human!' I shall profoundly sympathize with the monkey.

But I cannot stop here, or I shall give a false impression. All this is curiosity, not hostility or dislike. Impertinent and selfish it undoubtedly was, but everywhere the intention was to treat me well. And when I have been able to walk, with only two carriers, more than two hundred miles going and coming, through a part of Africa where a white man was never before seen, without meeting the first symptoms of

hostility, certainly I ought not to complain if the people were unpleasantly curious. This trip has convinced me that any prudent man can go as far as the Bulu language extends and preach the gospel without hindrance.

Two Burton Pigs.

(Mrs. J. Alexander Smith in 'The Adviser'.)

A gentleman, who was once in the brewery trade in Burton-on-Trent, told me the other day a strange story, which I will tell to you so that you can pass it on to others. It is a story about pigs! I can almost see you laughing, and wondering whatever a story about pigs can possibly have to do with a temperance magazine. You will perhaps wonder also whatever anybody could possibly learn from a pig. When

The pigs drank it greedily. They did not know it would do them harm, and took in ignorance and in trust what was set before them. The consequence was that they were soon lying quite drunk and incapable at the bottom of the sty—senseless and stupid.

'Silly old pigs!' said a little boy laughing, as he passed along; 'silly, drunken old pigs!'

'No, not silly,' answered the gentleman; 'the pigs did not know what effect the barm would have upon them, or they would have been far too sensible to take it. They trusted those who ought to have known better, and they are suffering for it.'

Men, and, alas! women, too, drink too much, knowing that they will sink lower than the beasts that perish—knowing the sin and yet committing it. The bad effect of alcohol on a pig is a bodily effect only,



TWO BURTON PIGS.

you have read my story then you will understand. I am going to tell you something which will perhaps astonish you, for I do not think you ever before heard of drunken pigs, nor did you know that pigs were fond of barm—but I will tell you all about it.

No doubt you know that Burton-on-Trent is the place where most of the beer is made. There are many large breweries there, and when you go through the railway station by train you see hundreds and thousands of barrels piled up in pyramid fashion. In a place where so much beer is made there is naturally a great deal of barm, and a great deal of waste barm, for it increases in volume very rapidly. Much of this barm is 'compressed,' as they say in the trade, or in other words, the alcohol is taken away from it and it is packed off in bags to Germany, from whence it returns to us as German yeast. What is not wanted is given to the pigs to eat. It is good for pigs, and they like it very much. In the story told me by the ex-brewer the pigs in question were fed on the barm in a liquid condition, that is, before it had been 'compressed,' or before the alcohol had been taken away from it.

a paralysis of the body. In a man it is in addition to this a paralysis of the brain as well. It means loss of will-power, loss of memory, loss of understanding—worst of all, it means loss of spiritual grace, and loss of purity in the sight of the all-holy God. It is men and women who are 'silly,' not the poor ignorant and irresponsible pigs.

'Poor old pigs,' said a little pitiful girl as she passed the sty.

'Ah! that is better,' said the gentleman. What a great healer pity is in this sad world. Do not laugh at the drunkard, do not ridicule him. Ridicule never saved anybody. Pity him, if you like. Poor man! poor woman!

Sometimes they are just as ignorant as the two Burton pigs who drank what was put before them. They are persuaded by evil companions, and before they knew where they are they have put the 'enemy' into their mouths to steal away their brains,' as the poet says.

Poor, ignorant souls! and they are not like the pigs, for they will be persuaded a second time and a third time, and times without number.