

they were following him, by one of their number stepping up and commencing to talk. He at once surmised that all was not right, and said to the fellow, "What do you want?" The response was, "We will show you." Thereupon Bro. Eckman backed up to a tree and

BOTH SIDES OPENED FIRE,

one against six; and it continued till he had exhausted the loads in his gun, and his two revolvers. Then a shot from one of the men brought him to the ground, but not before he had killed two of the robbers. When he recovered consciousness he found himself in the hospital at Sydney, and was told that he had been found by a farmer, stripped of money and clothes and had been brought in an unconscious state to Sydney.

He served six months in the Zulu war, but not liking it, left when his time was up. While there he had a young German lad for a companion, who got very homesick and announced to Bro. Eckman his intention to desert. He tried to dissuade him, as his time of service was nearly up, and plainly told him that if captured he would be shot. This had no effect upon the mind of the homesick boy, who deserted,

WAS CAPTURED, AND SHOT.

During his travels he got to Chili and while there was taken down with rheumatism. After spending eight months in the English hospital, or till his funds gave out, he was taken to the Chilian hospital which was free. The Sisters of Charity cared for this hospital, and when they considered a case hopeless, it was said, would give the patient a draught from the "black bottle" (poison), sew his body up in a sack and sink it in the river. He understood enough Spanish to comprehend what they were saying, and found that they were talking of giving him a draught from the "black bottle," so when an old shipmate came in a short time after, he called him to his side and requested him to call the Swedish consul. It was done, and when the consul arrived Bro. Eckman told him what was in the wind, and asked him to write to his father and tell him how and

where his son died; but instead of complying with the request the consul had him removed to a private house and cared for. In the course of several months he was able to get around. Then his greatest anxiety was to get away, so when a vessel came in port, he shipped; but before the vessel left, his weak condition was discovered and he was put ashore. In a short time, however, another vessel put in in search of a hand, and again he shipped, and this time got well out to sea before he was found out. Of course the captain was angry, as Bro. Eckman could do nothing till Cape Horn was rounded, and they had reached tropical seas. Then he was able to do his duty, and did it to the satisfaction of the captain.

He then went to England and from there to America where

HE WAS CONVERTED,

and from which place he, in company with twelve others, sailed for Africa on December 13th, 1888.

With his work and death, the readers of this paper have been made familiar, so the facts need not be repeated here. I received the above history from his own lips, while with him at Sass Town, on the Kroo Coast, Liberia, and thinking it might be of interest to the readers of *The African News*, have written it out for publication.—*African News*.

HUNTING AN HONEST MAN.

Diogenes, looking in the street with a lantern for an honest man, had a sort of imitator in a wealthy citizen of Paris, who died recently.

Having a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, and no heirs, this man resolved to bequeath his money to some person who had proved to be perfectly honest without any motive or policy. He had retired from business, and spent his time riding up and down Paris in omnibusses. He always stationed himself near the front part of the interior of the omnibusses, where he would have the opportunity to pass up to the driver the fares of the passengers, and hand back the change.