

with its requirements in case he should become a playwright. His dramatic project did not, however, retain him long in the city, and prompted by a love of adventure, he started on horseback to make a tour of two or three of the New England States. One evening he put up at a country tavern, and was assigned a room adjoining one occupied by a young man sick unto death. The dying man's moans were distinctly heard by Judson, whose scepticism was not strong enough to keep him from musing on the question, "Is that young man prepared to die?"

During the night the groans ceased, and early next morning Judson arose, sought the landlord, and asked:—

"How is the young man?"

"He is dead."

"Who was he?"

"He had recently graduated from Brown, and his name was \_\_\_\_\_."

Judson was stunned, for the name was that of his sceptical friend. Abandoning his journey, he returned to his father's house a dazed, stricken man. The shock unsettled scepticism. He determined to make a thorough examination of the claims of Christianity upon his faith and conduct. He entered Andover Theological Seminary, not as a student for the ministry, not even as a Christian, but simply as a truth-seeker. What he sought for he found in Him who is the truth. He found more—the life and the way. He submitted to the truth, received the life and walked in the way with a martyr's spirit, and nigh often to the martyr's crown, until he heard the call, "Come up higher!" Then he departed from his earthly apostolate. He wrote no drama, but his life was a sublime spectacle. No crowds laughed at his wit or were thrilled at his delineation of human passion, but hundreds of men blessed him as their father in God.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### LOST IN DARKEST AFRICA.

LITTLE Saburi was "a dark cherub, round as a roller, strong and sturdy, with an old man's wisdom within his little boy's head." This little African boy was Mr. Stanley's rifle-bearer in his late expedition, and his place when on the march was immediately behind Mr. Stanley, so as to have the gun ready for any emergency. Being a favorite with his master, many a choice bit of nourishing food from Mr. Stanley's own portion found its way into little Saburi's mouth, so that the little black boy was fat and flourishing when some of the other natives were suffering for want of nourishing food. But at last there came a day when even Saburi was hungry and began to grow thin. In the depths of the dismal African forest no food could be found. The men became too weak to march any farther, so the burdens were put down and a camp was formed. Then a party of the strongest set out to forage for food, and were absent for several days. Meanwhile those left behind suffered extremely. In their eagerness for food some of them wandered away from the camp in search of berries or mushrooms. Little Saburi was one of these. Poor little boy! He was only eight years old, and, like many another boy of that age, he

never stopped to think that he might lose his way. He wandered on and on, eating a few berries here and there, as he found them, till at last he was some miles away from the camp. Turning to retrace his steps he knew not where he was—he was lost! In that wild forest there was no path. The little boy had no idea in which direction the camp lay, and there he was alone in the dark forest, with night fast coming on.

Meanwhile Mr. Stanley was becoming very much alarmed for his little favorite. Signals were fired, the "halloo" was sounded, but all to no avail. Mr. Stanley says:—

"The picture of the little fellow seeing the dark night come down upon him with its thick darkness in those eerie wilds, with fierce dwarfs prowling about, and wild boar and huge chimpanzee, leopards and cheetahs, with troops of elephants trampling and crushing the crisp phrynica, and great baboons beating hollow trees—everything terrifying, in fact, round about him—depressed us exceedingly. We gave him up for lost."

Fortunately our little story has a happy sequel. The next morning little Saburi walked into camp, bright and fresh as usual.

"Why, Saburi! where have you been?"

"I lost my way while picking berries," replied the little fellow, "and I wandered about, and near night I came to a track. I saw the marks of the axes, and I said, Lo! this is our road, and I followed it, thinking I was coming to camp. But, instead of that, I saw only a big river. It was the Ihuru. Then I found a big hollow tree, and I went into it and slept; and then I came back along the road, and so and so, until I walked in here. That is all."

What terrible danger the little boy had been in! But the all-seeing God had watched over the little African lad in the lonely forest, through the dark night; and in the morning the same kind Providence that had preserved him from the dreadful dangers of the night, guided his little feet in the right direction, till he was restored to his friends in the camp.

God knows where the lost children are. His eye is on many a lost child both in Africa and England, wandering away from the fold of Christ, wandering in the paths of sin and ignorance. They know not the dangers that surround them. Oh, let us strive to search them out, and bring them back to the fold of the Good Shepherd, who came "to seek and to save that which is lost."

A YOUNG Israelite from the Crimea, well up in the traditions of Judaism, made the acquaintance of some Christian families. Literary tastes suggested the idea of writing a story in which representatives of both religions should figure. In order to understand Christianity he read the New Testament, with the result that he was convinced that Jesus was the Messiah of whom Moses and the prophets wrote. Another case was of a Berlin painter, a Hebrew by race. He was led to read the New Testament in search of subjects for pictures. In his studies he was so struck by the beauty of the moral character of Jesus, and afterwards was constrained to see Him the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. He has recently been baptized.