

book met my eye, with other signs of a life not confined to this world and its interests, which afforded me matter for thought and praise until her return, laden with goods. She counselled me with a disinterestedness quite uncommon, examining and criticising the materials as if she understood my wants and requirements. When I paid the amount, she gave me the receipt with a bright smile, and clasping her hands in thankfulness, her upward glance told from whom she had taken the gold.

"That is like my Father," said the shopkeeper, joyfully. "He a'ways sends me double on Saturday, because He knows my need, and that I cannot work on Sunday. This He has done for me and my family ever since I became a widow, eight years ago."

Then she went on to speak of His faithfulness to His promises, and His care for the fatherless and widow; and them that have no helper; and between smiles and tears enumerated many a deliverance, and many unexpected blessings since she had cast all her care upon Him. So we communed together, not only of the Kingdom, but of the King Himself, rejoicing that His overruling hand had brought us to behold how good it is to trust in Him.

Before leaving I offered her a few tracts, suggesting that she would have opportunities of circulating them where I should not. She accepted them gladly, and then, opening the drawer beneath the counter, she pointed to the provision already there, and as I read the titles I thanked God, and took courage.

Twelve years have gone by since that day's purchases were made, and some of the articles remained with me until recently, when, in giving them to a young Christian, I narrated the blessing I had found in following the leading of the Lord; and thus through one of the commonest events of daily life, she was able to apprehend the blessedness of seeing Jesus in the way.—*Anna Shipton.*

MANY things we will never be able to know; but that we are saved, all can and should know beyond the shadow of a doubt.

AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE.

THE REMARKABLE CAREER OF THE LATE BRO. K. V. ECKMAN—TRAVELER, SOLDIER AND SAILOR—A BATTLE WITH ROBBERS—THE "BLACK BOTTLE"—CONVERTED AT LAST HE WORKS NOBLY FOR CHRIST TILL DEATH.

BY ERNEST O. HARRIS.

The late K. V. Eckman was born in the island of Gottland, east of the coast of Sweden, in the Baltic Sea. For some service rendered to the King of Sweden in a time of danger his forefathers received a title of nobility; and Bro. Eckman has said that there was a suite of rooms in his father's house which were kept for the use of the king whenever he visited that part of his realm. While attending school on the mainland he, in company with some of his fellow-students, took a trip on his yacht to some pleasantly situated grounds, and while they were eating their lunch they were

JOINED BY A PRINCESS

(I think the name was Eugenia) who seemed to be pleased to meet them. She was also much pleased with the yacht; so Bro. Eckman had it fitted up, and made her a present of it for the summer. When he was still young his mother died, and losing in her his best friend, and the only one who understood him, he took money that she left him, and started to England where an uncle of his was living. After spending some time in England (where he learned his trade), Germany and Belgium, he finally went to Australia. His life there was rather wild, but after earning about \$500 he started for Sydney, intending to go home. At a way station he got off to obtain food, and the train went off and left him. On making inquiry, he found a train would be due in a short time, but would pass by that station and stop at one several miles distant; so he concluded to walk to that place and catch the train there. He noticed some men in the station who had got off when he did, but paid no attention to it till he was some distance on his way, when his attention was called to the fact that