

TURNED OUT TO DIE.

FROM THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.



TURNED out to die ! The faithful horse
You mounted twenty years ago,
A laughing boy, and galloped fast
Amid the whirling flakes of snow.
A better friend man never had
Than Dobbin with the gentle eye ;
But now a stranger's in his stall,
For you have turned him out to die !

How oft he drew the heavy wain
To market o'er the winding road;
And homeward, cheerily again
Pulled back of winter's stores a load.
And oft bedecked with ribbons gay,
To fairs beneath the autumn sky,
He drew a crowd of girls and boys,—
To be at last turned out to die !

Have you forgot the stormy night
When little Ned was taken ill ?
The way to help was long and dark,
Skirting the spectre-haunted hill.
Old Dobbin failed you not that time,
Though lightning cut the inky sky ;
He bore you to the doctor's door—
And now he's been turned out to die !

And when your father breathing low,
Committed all things to your care,
He said " be kind to Dobbin gray,
The good old horse has done his share."
He never shirked before the plough,
But drew it steadily, and why?
He loved you all, and never thought
That he would be turned out to die !

O, shame ! call back the trusted friend,
And shelter from the biting blast
The good old horse that served you well
In happy times forever past.
What if, when age has bleached your hair,
Your children without tear or sigh,
Shall say, " You've served us long enough,
Father, we turn you out to die !"

One touch of nature it is said,
Doth make the whole world kin, and now
Call homeward from the meadows bare
The old companion of the plough ;
Give Dobbin true the warmest stall—
The one he graced in years gone by—
He's been a noble friend to you ;
Beneath the old roof let him die !

In one of my early journeys, writes Dr. Moffatt, I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were very hungry, thirsty and fatigued ; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

When twilight came on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the

wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand, and a vessel of water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire, and put on the meal. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks, and she replied :

" I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy which I feel in seeing you in this out-of-the-world place."

On learning a little later of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from a missionary some years before. " This," she said, " is the fountain whence I drink ; this the oil that makes my lamp burn."

I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the heavenly Father.

A GLOOMY picture of the result of commercial intermingling is given by Joseph Thomson, the African explorer. He speaks from personal experience, and his testimony is entitled to respect and credence. He says that the efforts of the missionaries are practically nullified by the rapid demoralization of the natives produced by importations of gin and guns by Western merchants. He holds that the slave trade is far less injurious than are the evils wrought by intoxicating liquors. He sees no hope of preventing Africa from sinking still deeper in the scale of savagery and degradation, even through the united action of the so-called Christian nations in keeping from her the body and soul-destroying agencies which this trade has introduced so extensively among her degraded populations. This is another of the many appeals made to Christendom. When will the cry of the Dark Continent be heeded, Send us the Gospel, not rum—the school and the church, not the weapons of warfare ?

THE Porte is contemplating sending to those regions in Africa inhabited by Mussulmans a mission of about a dozen Arabian Professors, learned in the faith of Islam, to report upon the condition of the people of that creed and their present religious outlook. It is thought necessary to distribute these teachers for the universal instruction of the natives of the tenets of the Moslem creed. The mission is expected to start after the month of Ramadan.