

D.D., first Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak, this dish having once been given by himself to his brother-in-law and chief friend, Charles John Bunyon, the widow of the latter gives and dedicates to the Church House, as a memorial of a very valiant soldier of Christ."

This runs round the back of my outer rim, whilst in the centre I tell my own story and how the faithful servant saved me.—*Selected.*

ELSIE'S SOUVENIRS.

MRS. A. E. C. MASKELL, IN "S. S. TIMES."

IT was the homeward trip of the last excursion of the season and every available seat was occupied, when an old gentleman with long, white locks around his shoulders entered the car and looked helplessly about him for a seat. But every one knows just how tired an excursionist is, and just how restful the soft velvet cushions seem after a day of such enthusiastic exercise.

It was so in this case, and none of the passengers seemed to give a thought to the poor old man as they laughed and chattered, and arranged their flowers and ferns in fanciful designs, until one young lady, near the end of the car, said carelessly: "Look at that old gentleman; he has no seat."

"Why, no!" said her young companion. "It is too bad."

"Then why didn't he hurry up?" said the other.

"Why, don't you see he is old and feeble? He could not walk as fast as the rest of us."

"I wonder what he is going to do with his bundle of sticks?"

"Use them for firewood, perhaps. See how his hands shake. I have a notion to give him my seat."

"And let him sit here, beside me?"

"To be sure. But I will stay near."

"I think you are real mean."

"Yes, awfully, if I let that poor old man stand up all the way to Camden."

Then, rising quickly, she said: "Here's a seat, sir."

"But that is your seat," quavered a tremulous voice.

"That doesn't matter. You need it worse than I."

"Well, God bless you, dear child, for I don't think I could keep up much longer. I never was so tired in my life. It was just a little too much for me, getting these souvenirs." And as he sank down in the seat he bestowed a loving glance on the bundle of sticks.

"What are they, sir?" asked Elsie.

"Varieties of the different woods that grow at Wildwood. The others have flowers, but

they are too perishable for me. I would rather have something I can keep."

Elsie and her companion thought the old gentleman rather eccentric; but as the lunch basket was sought, the very nicest piece of cake was handed over, and the stranger seemed to enjoy every crumb.

"There, I feel better now," he said. "You are very thoughtful, and, if you will give me your name and address, I will send you some of my souvenirs."

Madge laughed scornfully, but Elsie wrote her name on a card and handed it over to the old gentleman.

Just three days later, the postman rang the bell at Elsie's mother's door, and put in her hand a strange-looking package. What could it be? Elsie tore away the wrappings hastily, and then shouted with delight.

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired her mother.

"Souvenirs from the dear old gentleman on the cars that I was telling you about," laughed Elsie, very happy indeed.

"What are they?"

"Such beauties, made out of the bundle of sticks he carried, I do believe. Little urns and cups and goblets, and every kind of wood named on the bottom of the articles. See, this one is marked 'holly'; this, 'oak'; this, 'cherry'; and well, I declare, if here is not one marked 'huckleberry'! Who would ever have thought he could have made such a cute little goblet out of such a black-looking stick? Look, mamma; why, there are a dozen pieces!"

"They are very beautiful, my child; but were no words sent with them?"

"Only these. 'To the dear young lady who befriended an old fellow on the cars.'"

"Kindness always pays," said her mother.

"Yes, to be sure; but I never thought of receiving a reward for such a very little thing."

"Then the surprise is all the sweeter. Jesus has some very sweet ways of rewarding His children; and if He sometimes rewards them so well in this world, what may not His rewards be in heaven?"

Elsie is married now, but she still cherishes her Wildwood souvenirs among her choicest treasures.

THERE must be a great abundance of oxen in Africa. The farmer is represented in pictures as using sixteen of them to draw one wagon, and the British troops employ a like number. In crossing a river a host of men, black and white, pull at a rope attached to the leading oxen, thus giving the appearance of themselves hauling oxen, wagon, and all on their way. To Canadians few things seem more ludicrous than a long string of eight yoke of oxen and an equally long string of men pulling one wagon across a stream.

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