

give a great deal for some of those which children here often throw carelessly about. One day Mr. Moffat was sitting in his house, when in came a man in such a hurry he could scarcely speak, but his dark face was full of meaning as he exclaimed, "I want a hymn-book! I want a hymn-book!"—"Well," said Mr. Moffat, "sit down a little."—"I can't sit down—I want a hymn-book! I want a hymn book!" And this was all he could say, "I've come a long way for a hymn book! I want a hymn book!"—"Well; but," said Mr. Moffat, "I have only one for Mrs. Moffat and myself—I cannot give you that. Go down to the village, and try if you can beg one,"—"Ah," said the man, "that wont do; you don't know the Bechuanas, but I do. If *I* had a hymn-book I know *I* would not give it away." Just then a bright thought seemed to come into his head. "Do you think I could *steal* one?" (Remember, dear children, he was a heathen, and only just beginning to "feel after God.") "Oh no, you must not steal one, that would be wrong."—"Why," said the man, "your people have plenty; they can look over one another: mine have none. Where would be the harm of my just 'taking the lend of one,' and carrying it off with me?" But Mr. Moffat would not hear of this, so off the poor man set, out he returned with a sorrowful countenance;—not one would part with a hymn-book. And two days he stayed; but on the third, his face looked brighter, and Mr. Moffat began to fear he really had stolen one; but no—he had a better thought now.

Far, far across the mountains lived a friend, to whom this man had lent a fine fat sheep. (They have no money there, but barter, as you know is so often done in Canada.) And so, away over hill and valley travelled this poor man, more, I think, than a hundred and thirty miles, till he came to the friend's home;—he entered, and "I'm come for my sheep!" was all he said, but oh! in *such* a voice! "Well," said his friend, "sit down, and tell us the news,"—"I'm come for my sheep!" was