

dier's bonnet. They that waste bread may fear that they shall one day come to want it." And as he said this, he stooped down, and picked up the crumb I had dropped, and cleaning it on his bosom, and looking upward, put it reverently in his mouth. I saw, as he stretched forth his hand, that it was fair as a lady's, and that his linen though coarse was clean; and as soon as I could without alarming him, I asked if I could serve him in anything further, as I thought I heard my mother call.

"I went to her, securing the outer door in passing, for I feared he might be some person in trouble, and told her what I had seen. She immediately sprung up to dress herself, requesting me to stay where I was, and in a few minutes she was in the kitchen, closing the door after her. As I immediately heard her sobbing, I ventured to peep through the keyhole, when I saw my mother on her knees at the old man's feet, and bathing his hands in her tears. It was Lord Pitslisso.

"After many sufferings from age and illness, and hair-breadth escapes in many disguises, and from living often in holes where scarcely a wild creature could have lived, he had drawn towards his own estates to live the short period he might be allowed to live, or die among his own people—knowing if they could not save him, at least he might have their sympathy.

"He had been driven from a cave in the neighbourhood, where he had taken shelter. He was soon after conveyed to Auchiros, where he lived long, and after many escapes at last died in peace. Everybody in this neighbourhood knew of his residence. The very children would go and peep through the chinks of the garden-door, as he sat reading, but they never breathed his name.

"The farm on which was one of his places of refuge, is called 'the farm of the Lord's cairn,' to this day, and will never be named without reminding us of the cause; nor shall I ever forget the lessons he taught me—'Never to waste bread.'"—*Christian Enquirer*.

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"GO FORTH."

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."—ST. MATTHEW ix. 37, 38.

'Go forth, and preach the word!'

The harvest-field is wide;

And mighty calls are heard

For help from every side.

The million souls are dead,

The Christian souls are few;

Men of brave heart and head,

The mandate is for *you*.

"Go forth." Shall wealth—shall fame—

Shall warfare's cruel yoke—

Their thronging votaries claim,

Their thousand hearts provoke,