



A CARAVAN CROSSING A RIVER IN AFRICA.

The Stranger—A Legend.

AN aged man came late to Abraham's tent. The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare. He asked for bread; his strength was well-nigh spent. His haggard look implored the tenderest care. The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes. But spake no grace, nor bowed he toward the east. Safe-sheltered here from dark and angry skies, The bounteous table seemed a royal feast, But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare, The patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod, "Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer? Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God?" He answered "Nay." The patriarch sadly said, "Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread." Another came that wild and fearful night; The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky; But all the tent was filled with wondrous light, And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh. "Where is that aged man?" the Presence said, "That asked for shelter from the driving blast? Who made thee master of thy Master's bread? What right had'st thou the wanderer forth to cast?" "Forgive me, Lord," the patriarch answer made, With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee. "Ah me! the stranger might with me have staid, But, O my God, he would not worship thee." "I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait: Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?"

—Harper's Magazine.

A CLERGYMAN in Durham, England, some short time since, taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. After his lessons were finished he was not able to call for some time, and when he did, only found the wife at home. "How's John?" said he. "O, nicely, sir." "Ah, I suppose he'll read his Bible very comfortably now?" "Bible, sir! Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the newspapers long ago."

Travelling in Africa.

THE engraving on this page shows the common mode of travelling in Africa. When Stanley went to search for Livingstone, he was accompanied by hundreds of natives, carrying the bales of cotton, coils of wire, bags of beads, boxes of tea, coffee, tobacco, etc., which were used for barter with the natives, or for the subsistence of the travellers. These were made up into packages of about 80 lbs. each, and carried on the heads of men hundreds of miles through the wilderness. When they came to a fordable river, the natives did not have the trouble of undressing, for they wore very little clothing at any time. In this way the body of the brave Dr. Livingstone was carried hundreds of miles, from the place where he died in Central Africa to the sea coast, and then sent to England, and finally the remains of the Glasgow weaver were ensepulchred within the walls of Westminster Abbey, the grandest mausoleum of the great and good in the wide world.

A Happy Youth.

"WHEN John S. Inskip was converted at the age of sixteen," says the *California Christian Advocate*, "his father had no sympathy with his religious experience, but was an avowed infidel and chairman of a club of scoffing unbelievers. He did not at first interfere with John's religion, thinking it was a transient delusion. To keep the boy at home, and give him a chance to display his new-born zeal, Mr Inskip allowed him to use an old blacksmith shop as a meeting house. This place became a Bethel, where souls were born into the kingdom of God. The lad held his meeting with great discretion and effect. Three of his sisters and several of his neighbours were brought to God in the old shop, and finally the father's attention was called to the affair, and resulted in a peremptory order to quit holding meetings. 'Give up your praying and nonsense, or else quit my house,' said the irate father.

"Very well, father," said the lad, 'I can leave home, if you say so, but the

Lord helping me, I must take care of my soul, cost what it will.'

"Mr. Inskip was greatly enraged at this answer, and told John to leave in the morning, and that he would disinherit him. In the morning John prepared to leave home, and went to the barn to pray first, and there broke out in a most fervent and affecting prayer for his father, and arising from his knees he started off, singing joyfully 'with all his soul,'

'Oh how happy are they, who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort
and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.'

"Mr. Inskip's home was then in Chester Co., Penn. The boy's loud singing attracted the attention of the Quaker neighbours, who came to him and asked 'Where is thee going John?' John briefly answered, stating the facts, and then went on singing. The guilty father was at first infuriated and then overwhelmed with shame and conviction of sin. He went to the barn and kneeled where his poor boy had prayed, and cried to God for mercy. He sobbed and wept, read the Bible and what religious books he had, but found no relief.

"John had taken nothing with him except the suit he wore, and thought he would go back and get his clothes if he could. As he was cautiously drawing near the house on the third day after his expulsion, one of his sisters saw him and ran to meet him and said: John! father has been praying ever since you went away.'

"The poor broken-hearted father, when he saw the returning boy, said to his wife: 'My dear, John's all right and we are all wrong,' and then turning to John, he said: 'My son, can you get any of your people to come and pray for me?' 'O yes, father,' said the happy boy. 'Then saddle the horse, and go quick,' sobbed out the guilt-stricken man.

"John mustered all the Methodists he could find in the neighbourhood, and they had a wonderful prayer-meeting, during which the old gentleman, while attempting to read from Isaiah: 'Surely

he hath borne our griefs,' etc., was freely pardoned. Rev. J. Best, of Philadelphia Conference, made the old blacksmith shop a preaching place, and in it baptized Edward S. Inskip and 'all his house.' John began to preach in 1835, and rapidly rose to distinction, filling important appointments in Philadelphia, Cincinnati and New York."

Living Water.

BY ALICE GARY.

HE had drank from founts of pleasure,
And his thirst returned again;
He had hewn out broken cisterns,
And behold, his work was vain.

And he said, "Life is a desert,
Hot and measureless and dry;
And God will not give me water,
Though I strive and faint and —"

Then he heard a voice make answer,
"Rise and roll the stone away,
Sweet and precious springs lie hidden
In thy pathway every day."

And he said his heart was sinful,
Very sinful was his speech;
"All the cooling wells I thirst for
Are too deep for me to reach."

But the voice cried "Hope and labour;
Doubt and idleness is death;
Shape a clean and goodly vessel
With the patient hand of faith."

So he wrought and shaped the vessel,
Looked, and lo! a well was there;
And he drew up living water,
With the golden chain of Prayer.

A FOOL once found his way into a Scotch pulpit. The minister said to him, "Come down, Jamie, that is my place." "Come ye up, sir," was the reply. "They are a stiff-necked and rebellious generation, the people o' this place, and it will take us both to manage them."

Nor only for the sake of the child of to-day, but for the sake of the man of the future, should parents bring their children to the house of God. If the coming generation is to be one of church-goers, the children of the present must be church-goers. The failure on the part of Christian parents to take their children to church, by gentle but firm compulsion is necessary, is the preparation of a generation who will neglect the house of God. And for that neglect the Christian parents of to-day will be responsible.—*Bible Teacher*.

WHAT is to be done with the very small children in the Sunday-school? is a question that distresses sorely some teachers of primary classes. They are such little tots, quite too young to be taught with the other children, and their presence is a sort of disturbance. They attract attention with their baby pranks, and sometimes more seriously with a good cry. Well, surely, it is not best to send the little things away. Ere many years there will be other influences sufficiently powerful and fatal to do that. Besides, it is only a short step to the time when they will be old enough to comprehend as the other little ones do the simple lessons of the gospel. Better for a time take them into a corner by themselves, put over them a special teacher with a warm heart and a power to entertain, tell them simple Bible stories, and show them Bible pictures. Let the little ones thus be taught from the very dawning of life to love the Sunday-school, and the whole course of their future life may be determined.—*Bible Teacher*.