

ity. The lad prayed earnestly, and even for his persecutors.

So the "learned" gentleman was recalled and the case reconsidered from earliest symptoms. For his previous services the doctor received a goat, but this time it required an ox; for on the previous occasion the pay was not sufficient to enable the "doctor" to rightly discover the hidden "disease."

This time the incorrigible faith of the patient was located in his bowels. He was accordingly faithfully physicked, and, as before, all hands joined in to assist the physic.

Still the patient "believed," and they could not physic it out of him. His God was certainly not located in his abdominal cavity.

After this charms were put in his path, in his food, over his door, etc., and every art known to the "profession" was faithfully employed, and still the young man "believed."

Then his tribe cast him off as one dead.

To-day Unfanafle has a fine home, and a large family well educated and well clad. A volume will be written some day on the work of this man.—*Illus. Africa.*

A SAILOR BOY.



MESSAGE boy!"

"Sir"

"Go below and tell the executive officer it's 'all hands furl sail.'"

"Aye, aye, sir!" and away scurries the lad with his message.

On a big man-of-war there are no more useful members of the crew than the boys. They are usually homeless street arabs who are picked up by kind-hearted officers or sailors and offered a home in the navy. And a home it is indeed for them. They have good, comfortable clothes, plenty to eat, the finest bed in the world to sleep in (a hammock), and get paid besides.

One boy I knew in the navy was the son of a widow; his father had been a Lutheran minister in Washington, D.C., and had died, leaving a large family with but little to support them, and when the chance was offered for a home in the navy it was gratefully accepted by both the boy and his mother. He was about fourteen years old,

small for his age. He had been been nurtured in a home of culture and refinement, and when he came among the great, burly, rough men, where there was no mother to hear him say his prayers and tuck him away at night, his timid heart sank, his lip curled, and his eyes brimmed with tears more than once. But he was a brave, manly little chap, and the men all soon learned to respect and love him.

On a man-of-war instant and unquestioned obedience is the first lesson taught. Eddie Lukowitz had no trouble in learning this lesson, so he got along well with the officers. The captain kept his eye on him, and seeing that he was "good timber," as they say at sea, appointed an intelligent seaman to be schoolmaster, and Eddie went to school on the ship and learned as fast as any boy. Every advantage was given him to become proficient in the lower branches of scholarship. At the same time, young as he was, he was drilled in seamanship, small arms, and gunnery.

It was not all work and no play by any means, for he went ashore at every port with some steady companion, and on board the ship he had the free use of the library, which was full of books dear to a boy's heart. He went with me up the Nile, and a happier boy I never knew than when he was on that trip.

He never forgot his mother, and every week sent her a loving letter, and scarcely a mail-bag reached the ship that did not bring a letter to him from her. His hammock swung in a quiet corner, and every night before he went to bed he read a chapter in his Testament and said his good night prayer. It was an effort for him to do that at first, but the men soon saw that his devotions were sincere, and they respected and honored him all the more for the stand he took. He was truthful, prompt, honest, and cheerful, at all times and under all circumstances. He improved faithfully his opportunities, and it was not long before he was advanced competent, and when I left the ship, three years afterward, he was captain of the mizzentop, in charge of that part of the ship. All his duties were executed with fidelity and zeal. That was the reason he got along so well, and it made his diversions from duty a fourfold pleasure.

The early training of a conscientious Christian father, and the prayers of a loving mother were a great comfort and help to the forlorn little boy as he grew into young manhood. His was a shining example of the value of a Christian life in a place where it was very hard to profess and maintain it.—*Morning Star.*