

At one house Moffat put out his hand to the owner, saying, "I am glad to see you again." The man asked wildly, "Who are you?" "Have you so soon forgotten me? I am Moffat," was the answer. "Moffat!" cried the farmer. "You must be his ghost! Don't come near me! Everybody says Moffat was murdered; and a man told me he had seen his bones." Moffat tried to quiet the farmer's fears, and at length he held out his trembling hand, saying, "When did you rise from the dead?"

Mr. Moffat gave him cheerful answers, and told him that Africaner was now a truly good man. "Well," said the farmer, "I can believe almost anything you say, but that I cannot believe. There are seven wonders in the world; but that would be the eighth." By this time, Africaner had seated himself at their feet, smiling to hear this talk. Finally, the farmer said earnestly, "If what you say about the man is true, I have only one wish, and that is to see him before I die; and when you come here on your way back to him, I will go with you to see him, as sure as the sun is over our heads—though he killed my own uncle." This startled Moffat, who had not heard of it; but knowing the farmer's kind heart, he said, "This, then, is Africaner!"

The farmer started back, and looked at him as if he had dropped from the clouds. "Are you Africaner?" he asked. "I am," said Africaner, uncovering his head. The farmer seemed thunderstruck. When he had really assured himself that the terror of the country stood before him, gentle and lamb-like, he raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "O God, what a miracle of Thy power! What cannot Thy grace accomplish?"

### COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

*The Amateur* says: "The young man or boy who has not courage enough to do what he knows is right, for fear of being ridiculed, is indeed a weak mortal." Yes, indeed but there are thousands of

such mortals. Mortals who would rather do what they know will ruin them for eternity, than to be ridiculed and scoffed at by their fellow-men or associates, weak indeed!

We wish to relate that which is really true, and no made-up story: A young man attended a grand dinner, at which wine was served. He had never tasted it and when the waiter placed it by his plate, noticing the eyes of his friends fixed upon him, he raised the glass and said: "Friends, I do not drink wine!" At this sudden exclamation they laughed, but he refused to drink it. Ten years have passed since that dinner. A few months ago he was called to the bed-side of a dying college-mate. As the poor fellow was nearing his end he looked up and said, "Say, \_\_\_\_\_, it was that glass of wine I drank at that dinner ten years ago which ruined me. If I had only followed your example, I would be all right now." If he had if he had not taken the first glass. One glass only calls for another. Boys, don't have to say "if," say, "I will let it alone."—*The Youth.*

### WHO? WHY? HOW LONG?

Who should work for missions,  
God's kingdom to advance?  
Each and all, both great and small,  
Whoever has a chance.

Why? Because He bids it,  
Because so great the need;  
If one wants bread, he *must* be fed,  
Or he will starve indeed.

How long shall we keep at it?  
How soon may labor cease?  
We must keep on till all are won  
To serve the Prince of Peace.

And so we, here, from year to year  
Keep up our mission band;  
We must not pause, for still the cause  
Needs every heart and hand.

*Mission Dayspring.*