

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The noble missionary Moffat tells a beautiful story. He says: "In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a little milk; but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When twilight grew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. Then the tears stole down her sable cheeks, and she replied: "I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I can't speak the joy I feel at seeing you in this out-of-the-world-place." On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in her soul in entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school some years before. "This," said she, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn." I looked on the precious relic printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the Heavenly Father.

Here is a South Sea missionary who has a reputation among his savage parishioners for skill in making three-legged stools, and they know nothing of the fame for scholarship which he has in our country. So if we have much secret converse with God, our reputation on the earth will be always less than what we have in heaven or our own country. Our best qualities are better known there than here.—*Tenney.*