

close of the usual service ; and, as all eyes were fixed and every ear attent, he spoke for about fifteen minutes, with much pathos, of the 'precious Saviour,' of what He had done for us, and of what we owed to Him ; and he sat down, visibly affected. 'The people are very much disappointed,' said a friend to him on their way home ; 'they wonder you did not talk of *something else*.' 'Why what did they want ?' he replied : 'I presented to the best of my ability, the most interesting subject in the world.' 'But they wanted something different—a story.' 'Well, I am sure I gave them a story—the most thrilling one that can be conceived of.' 'But they had heard it before. They wanted something new of a man who had just come from the antipodes.' 'Then, I am glad they have it to say, that a man coming from the antipodes had nothing better to tell than the wondrous story of the dying love of Jesus. My business is to preach the gospel of Christ ; and when I can speak at all, I dare not trifle with my commission. When I looked upon those people to-day, and remembering where I should next meet them, how could I stand up and furnish food to vain curiosity—tickle their fancy with amusing stories, however decently strung together on a thread of religion ? That is not what Christ meant by preaching the gospel. And then how could I hereafter meet the fearful charge—I gave you one opportunity to tell them of ME ; you spent it in describing your own adventures !' "