

hip-deep in water; others, more cautious, sought the shelter of the cane-grass, whence they discharged many sheaves of arrows, all of which fell short of us. The savages gallantly held the water-line for an hour. Perceiving that their spirit was abating, we drew the canoes together, and made a feint, as though we were about to make a precipitate landing, which caused them to rush forward by hundreds with their spears on the launch. The canoes were then suddenly halted, and a volley was fired into the spearmen, which quite crushed their courage, causing them to retreat up the hill far away from the scene. Our work of chastisement was complete.

Having thus shown sufficient boldness in meeting the enemy and demonstrated our ability for the encounter, it was now clear that the passage of the channel, with the women and children and property of the Expedition, might be performed without danger. Accordingly, on the 5th August, at early dawn, we began the embarkation. The fourteen Kiganda canoes were large, with ample storage room, and all the goods, ammunition, and asses, and all the timid, men, women, children, and Wanyamwezi, were placed in these. Our twenty-three smaller canoes proved sufficient to transport the remainder, consisting of the more active members of the party, who were directed, in the event of trouble, to range on either side.

At the tap of the drum, without which no party of Waganda march, and a cheery blast from Hamadi's bugle, the thirty-seven canoes and boat, containing six hundred and eighty-five souls, departed from our island cove towards Bumbireh. We coasted along the much indented shores of the savage island, and on the 12th August reached Dumo, in Uganda.

(To be continued.)

### An Unaccountable Knock.

SOME years ago a gentleman removed into a new house, with his family. Shortly after, he was aroused in the middle of the night by a distinct knocking at his bed-room door. He called out, "Who is there?" but there was no reply. After a few minutes, the knocking was repeated as distinctly as before. Again the question was asked, "Who is there?" and again no reply. The third knocking was very loud, and the irritated gentleman sprang out of bed and rushed to the door, determined to catch the knocker. But there was no one outside! And no one could have escaped down the staircase, which was a well-staircase, and, moreover, brilliantly lighted by the moon.

It did seem rather mysterious, and the bewildered man returned to bed with a beating heart, and ears painfully awake. Again came the knocking, clear and distinct as before! Although feeling rather uneasy, the gentleman crept silently to the door, and lay down with his head on the boards, a few feet from the door, to find out, if possible, from what part of the door the knocking proceeded. When it came again he could distinctly refer it to the lowest panel. Suddenly he opened the door, but again with no result. He discovered, however, the knuckle-bone of a leg of lamb, and, fixing his eyes on this, he saw that it was jerked repeatedly against the skirting of the boards.

The mystery was now revealed. A mouse had dragged this bone to the entrance of its hole, but could not pull it through. It was holding on by the tough bit of sinew attached to the end of the bone, and was jerking it back and forward, thus producing the knocking sound which had seemed so mysterious.

This story shows that many sights and sounds which seem mysterious, may be explained by a little perseverance and common sense.

### George III. in the Private Chapel at Windsor.

A GENTLEMAN, who was present in the private chapel about a year before His Majesty's last illness, has given a touching description of the scene, as witnessed by him. He says, "As the clock struck eight a.m., the gates of the castle were opened, and the King was conducted to the private chapel by an attendant, who left him there alone. The chaplain soon after came, and while he was looking over the prayer-book, after his private devotion, the King was led to his chair, having entered the chapel followed by two of the princesses and a lady in waiting.

"When the service began, His Majesty acted as clerk through every prayer, in audible voice. At the petition, 'Give peace in our time, O Lord,' His Majesty, with his hands uplifted, responded, 'Because there is none other that fighteth for us,' adding, with the strongest emphasis, 'but only thou, O God!'

"The King followed the chaplain through the Psalms, apparently very seldom at a loss, but saying the words as correctly as if he possessed his eyesight, and had a book before him. The words of the Creed were repeated after the minister with specially distinct and audible voice.

"I afterwards saw His Majesty's prayer-book, and was shown that where we implore the Almighty to bless and preserve 'Thy servant George, our most gracious king and governor,' these words had been crossed through with a pen, and the words substituted, in the King's own writing, 'An unworthy sinner.'

"That the devoutness of the King in public worship did not consist in outward form, we know from the whole tenor of his life, and notably from what is recorded of the deeply-affecting interviews with his favourite daughter, the Princess Amelia, during her last illness.

"My dear child," he said on one of these occasions, 'you have always been a good child to your parents. We have nothing to reproach you with. But I need not tell you that it is not of yourself that you can be saved, and that your acceptance with God must depend on your faith and trust in the merits of the Redeemer.'

"I know it," said the Princess, gently, yet decidedly; 'I know it, and I could wish for no better trust.'

"It was truly a striking scene, the old and almost blind father bending over the couch, and thus speaking to his loved child."

### Worth Imitating.

AN English Sunday-school teacher said to her scholars, recently:

"Don't go away thinking what great things you can do; but with open eyes, and hearts, and hands, be ready for any opportunities that may come in your way.

Not long since, a little, hungry-looking girl knocked at my door, and asked for some water to drink. Such a strange thing, I thought, for a child to want on a cold morning; but I took down a cup, and told her where she could draw some; and then another little girl, with a baby in her arms, came up, and wanted to have some too. I was rather busy, and should have let them go when they brought back the cup; but just then the thought came to me, perhaps here was some one for me to minister to; and I stayed to ask them a few questions. They had had very little breakfast, and their mother had gone out to work, and told them not to beg, and they should have some supper when she came home. They had no fire at home, when she came out for a walk. I brought them

in to have a warm at our fire, wondering what more I could do. The saucepan was on the fire ready to boil the potatoes for dinner. It did not take long to wash, and scrape, and boil them, with something more I found to put in the saucepan; and it did make me feel happy to see how those hungry little girls ate it up.

"I have mentioned this incident to show that we should always consider others before ourselves; leave things we want to do, and do things we don't like doing, to prove that our love is not selfish, but real and true."

Reader, do you not think that this Sunday-school teacher's example is worth imitating? She obeyed the impulse of her heart, and seized the opportunity at hand to do good, and thus was enabled to feed the hungry, thereby securing to herself a great blessing; for Christ has said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

### Keep Nothing From Mother.

AND they spun the fine white thread;  
One face was old the other young—  
A golden and a silver head;  
They sat at the spinning together.

At times the young voice broke in song  
That was wonderfully sweet,  
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,  
Her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson,  
Inwoven with silent prayer,  
Taught to her gentle, listening child,  
As they sat spinning there.

"And all that I speak, my darling,  
From older head and heart,  
God giveth me one last thing to say,  
With it thou shalt not part:

"Thou wilt listen to many voices,  
And O that these must be!—  
The voice of praise, the voice of love,  
And the voice of flattery.

"But listen to me, my little one,  
There's one thing thou shalt fear—  
Let ne'er a word to my love be said  
Her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,  
The word may seem to thee,  
They are not fit for my child to hear,  
If not indeed for me.

"If thou'lt ever keep your young heart pure,  
Thy mother's heart from fear,  
Bring all that is told thee by day  
At night to thy mother's ear."

As thus they sat spinning together,  
An angel bent to see  
The mother and child whose happy life  
Went on so lovingly.

A record was made by his golden pen;  
This on the page he said:  
The mother who counselled her child so well  
Need never feel afraid;

For God would keep the heart of the child  
With tender love and fear,  
Who liaps at her mother's side at night,  
All to her mother's ear.

### Interesting Daughters.

AT a woman's missionary conference, not long since, while discussing the question, "How shall we interest our daughters in the subject of missions?" it is said that a sweet-faced old Methodist lady remarked that some things which had been said reminded her of a story of a farmer whom a stranger observed harnessing a colt with its mother. When asked the reason therefor, he replied: "O, it's the way I take to break him into the work. Trotting by the side of his mother, he soon learns to do just as she does, so that when the time comes for him to go alone, I have no trouble with him."