

cloths in your hand; walk slowly up after them a little way, and the minute you hear my voice run back; and you, my boys, this is for life and death, mind; range yourselves on each side of the boat, lay your hands on it carelessly, but with a firm grip, and when I give the word, push it down the hill into the water. Are you all ready, and do you think you can do it? Otherwise we might as well begin fighting where we are."

"Yes, Master," they cried out with one voice.

"Go, Safeni!"

I waited till he had walked fifty yards away, and saw that he acted precisely as I had instructed him.

"Push, my boys; push for your lives!"

The crew bent their heads and strained their arms; the boat began to move, and there was a hissing, grinding noise below me. I seized my double-barrelled elephant rifle and shouted, "Safeni! Safeni, return!"

The natives were quick-eyed. They saw the boat moving, and they swept down the hill uttering the most fearful cries.

My boat was at the water's edge. "Shoot her into the lake, my men; never mind the water;" and clear of all obstructions she darted out upon the lake.

Safeni stood for an instant on the water's edge, with the cloths on hand. The foremost of a crew of natives was about twenty yards from him. He raised his spear and balanced himself.

"Spring into the water, man, head first," I cried.

I sent two charges of duck-shot into their midst with terrible effect. The natives retreated from the beach on which the boat had lately lain.

Having checked the natives, I assisted one of my men into the boat, and ordered him to lend a hand to the others, while I reloaded my big guns, keeping my eyes on the natives. There was a point about one hundred yards in length on the east, which sheltered the cove. Some of the natives made a rush for this, but my guns commanded the exposed position, and they were obliged to retire.

The crew seized their rifles, but I told them to leave them alone, and to tear the bottom boards out of the boat and use them as paddles; for there were two hippopotami advancing upon us open-mouthed, and it seemed as if we were to be crushed in the water after such a narrow escape from the ferocious people ashore. I permitted one of the hippos to approach within ten yards, and, aiming between his eyes, perforated his skull with a three-ounce ball, and the second received such a wound that we were not molested by him.

Meanwhile the savages, baffled and furious at seeing their prey escape, had rushed, after a short consultation, to man two canoes that were drawn up on the beach at the north-west corner of the cove. Twice I dropped men as they endeavoured to launch the boats; but they persisted, and finally, launching them, pursued us vigorously. Two other canoes were seen coming down the coast from the eastern side of the island. Unable to escape, we stopped after we had got out of the cove, and waited for them.

Four shots sank two of the canoes. The two others retired to assist their friends out of the water. They attempted nothing further, but some of those on shore had managed to reach the point, and as we resumed our paddles, we heard a voice cry out, "Go and die in the Nyanza!" and saw them shoot their arrows, which fell harmlessly a few yards behind us. We were saved!

It was 5 p.m. We had only four bananas in the boat, and we were twelve hungry men. If we had a strong, fair breeze, a day and a night would suffice to enable us to reach our camp. But if we

had head-winds, the journey might occupy a month. Meanwhile, where should we apply for food?

A gentle breeze came from the island. We raised the lug-sail, hoping that it would continue fair for a south-east course. But at 7 p.m. it fell a dead calm. We resumed our extemporized paddles—those thin, weak bottom-boards. Our progress was about three-quarters of a mile per hour! Throughout the night we laboured, cheering one another. In the morning not a speck of land was visible; all was a boundless circle of gray water.

We resigned ourselves to the waves and the rain that was falling in sheets, and the driving tempest. Up and down we rose and plunged. The moon now shone clear upon the boat and her wretched crew, ghastly lighting up the crouching, wearied, despairing forms, from which there sometimes rose deep sighs that rung my heart. "Cheer up my lads," I said, to encourage them. One of the thwarts was chopped up and we made a fire, and with some coffee we felt somewhat refreshed. And then, completely wearied out, they all slept, but I watched, busy with my thoughts.

Though my men had only eaten four bananas between them, and tasted, besides, a cup of coffee, in sixty-eight hours, when I urged them to resume their paddles they rallied to my appeal with a manliness which won my admiration, responding with heroic will, but alas! with little strength. At 2 p.m.—seventy-six hours after leaving Alice Island—we approached land. We crawled out of the boat, and each of us thanked God and lay down on the glowing sand to rest. But food must be obtained. Within half an hour I had obtained a brace of large fat ducks; and Baraka and Safeni each two bunches of young green bananas. What glad souls were we that evening around our camp fire with the gracious abundance to which a benignant Providence had led us. No wonder that before retiring, feeling ourselves indebted to the Supreme Being who had preserved us through so many troubles, we thanked him for his mercies and his bounties.

We rested another day to make oars. Hoping to reach our camp next morning, we put forth our best efforts, hoisted sail, and the wind sent us merrily over the tall waves, straight toward camp. Shouts of welcome greeted us from shore, for the people had recognized us by our sail when miles away, and as we drew nearer the shouts changed to volleys of musketry, and the waving of flags, and the land seemed alive with leaping forms of the glad-hearted men. For we had been fifty-seven days from our people, and many a false rumour had reached them of our deaths, strengthened each day that our return was deferred and our absence grew longer. But the sight of our exploring-boat dissipated all concern and fear. As the keel grounded, fifty men bounded into the water, dragged me from the boat, and danced me round the camp on their shoulders, amid much laughter, and clapping of hands, grotesque wriggling of forms, and real Saxon hurrahing.

Frank Pocock was there, his face lit up by fullness of joy, but when I asked him where Fred Barker was, and why he did not come to welcome us, Frank's face clouded with the sudden recollection of our loss, as he answered, "Because he died twelve days ago, sir, and he lies there," pointing gravely to a low mound of earth by the lake!

(To be continued.)

THE parent who has the highest respect for his child's childhood, readily helps that child to be at his best, by permitting him to be his own self in all simplicity.

### God's Land.

BY L. A. MORRISON.

THAT land of all the lands of earth,  
The favoured land within whose bound  
The prophets and the seers had birth,  
And warrior sages world renowned,  
Who blessed all nations by their worth.

That land, within whose sheltered vales  
A holy people dwells secure,  
Whose terraced hills and fertile dales  
Increased the rich and blessed the poor,  
God's benediction in its gales.

That land of narrow bound and scope,  
Nor with wide plains extending far,  
Within whose galaxy of hope  
There glimmered on Earth's Morning Star,  
To light the nations higher up.

That land, the land where Christ was born,  
Hath been, and evermore shall be,  
The fairest land, that Orient morn  
In beauty flecks, to all who see  
The light that doth its hills adorn.

For here he dwelt among his own,  
A lowly man, though Son of God;  
Out from the glory and the Throne  
Of power he came to bear abroad  
His Father's love and make it known.

And every hill his feet hath trod  
In patient toil for human gain;  
And every spot where lictor's rod  
Or Roman malice brought him pain,  
Speaks out again the Love of God.

### A Lesson From Nature.

You have often seen the rainbow in the clouds. It is a most beautiful and wonderful thing. For a time it shines before us motionless, yet the clouds that span it are continually changing their shape and their place. More than that, the rain drops, which, by reflecting the light of the sun, cause the bow to appear, are also in motion, falling to the earth, so that not for a single moment do the beautiful colours we admire so much come reflected from the same drops of rain. The clouds are moving, the rain is falling, but steadfast stands the bow.

If you stand on the bank of a rivulet, you will observe the water rolling itself into little waves at certain points; and though these waves change their shape somewhat, yet it is always the same wave, in the very same spot; yet never for the extent of a moment is that wave formed by the same particles of water. If you put your hand into the water you will probably find that the wave is caused by a large pebble or stone, or some other obstruction. The water rolls over the stone, thus forming the wave. The latter remains permanently in its place, but the water flows on.

Now something of this same nature is taking place in every animal, plant, and mineral throughout the whole world. Though the tree stands before us with the appearance that it had the year before, yet the matter that then formed it is constantly taking to itself a different form and passing off; so that in the course of a very few years the matter that once formed the tree has given place to new matter; yet, to you, the form and appearance is the same.

Scientific men tell us that these bodies which we have are thus ever changing. The same atoms of matter that compose it this year pass away entirely, and new ones take their place, so that while our bodies are apparently the same, they are always different. Think of this, and it will help you to understand that it is not necessary for this same material body which we lay in the grave to rise again, in order that there should be a resurrection of our bodies.