

Fortunately he lived through it, and the healing of the wound went on normally until delayed by a rather severe attack of erysipelas.

Before this danger was passed he sent word by the gatekeeper that he must go home, as his money was spent. I replied that he must on no account go then; that I would feed him myself; but the next morning he was missing. The gatekeeper said he went with his little roll of bedding at daylight, saying that he was already greatly indebted to us for what we had done for him, and could not think of burdening our hospitality by eating our food. So he vanished into the unknown from whence he came, and we concluded that he would probably die. Months afterwards one of our colporters, reporting the incidents of a tour in a region seldom visited, asked me if I remembered such a man. I said I did, but supposed he was dead. He said no; he had found him alive and well, and preaching the Gospel at a fair.

While in the hospital he had seemed very stupid; no one thought he had taken in much of the truth; but he had bought and paid for a little elementary book, and learned to read it. The simple explanation had remained in his memory, and after his recovery at home he had taken his book with him when visiting the little fairs where all the business of neighboring villages is done; he had been notable as the man with the large tumor, and now when he came around without it he was naturally an object of curiosity.

They said he kept a kerchief around his neck, and when the crowd gathered around he would say—"My friends, when I was in the hospital, they taught me of a religion there that is far more precious than the cure of my body. I have a little book here which tells about it, and if you will sit down and let me read and explain it to you, then I'll show you my neck."

And so, a self-appointed evangelist had been telling his little story. That place is one of the most encouraging of the out-stations around Pao-ting-fu; a circle of believers is gathered there, and the little patient remains a humble and converted Christian.—*Missionary Herald*.

Our Young Folk.

A Good Time Table.

SIXTY seconds make a minute,
How much good can I do in it?
Sixty minutes make an hour,
All the good that's in my power.
Twenty hours and four a day,
Time for work, and sleep, and play.
Days, three hundred and sixty-five
Make a year in which to strive.
Every moment, hour, and day,
My dear Master to obey.

A Locust Invasion.

SUDDEN ARRIVAL OF SWIFT DESTRUCTION CONSUMING AN OASIS, TO BE IN TURN DEVoured.

AN African traveller, Professor G. H. Mitchel, describes from personal observation the approach and effect of a storm of locusts which came down upon an oasis in the desert where he had stopped for rest and refreshment. While they were at supper the first sign of the approach of the destroyer was heard.

A light rumbling was the first announcement, but almost instantly and with the rapidity of a rolling sound of thunder, a tumult of distressful cries rose and spread through the city; a general shiver was felt. Wondering at this noise, I ran into the street, where I saw nothing but people running in and out with anguish on their faces. "El djirad!" they all cried, in utter despondency. The awful cloud, black in its centre, on account of its density,

grey toward its borders, and scintillating on the side where the sun's rays fell, was advancing straight toward the oasis. In another moment I guessed the terrible reality. It was an invasion of locusts, bringing ravage and famine.

Noise is the only antidote for this evil, the purpose being to frighten the locusts. A frightful and indescribable tumult now pervaded the city. It was a terrible confusion of sounds caused by the screams of men, women and children, and the clashing of pieces of iron and the firing of guns.

From our standpoint we could witness part of the scene. The people were in their gardens, gathered around the palm trees, and no one was to be seen idle. The men and boys, each with a tin pot hanging upon his back, climbed the palms with astonishing rapidity and sat upon the top branches. But vainly did they exhaust their lung force and the energy of their arms; the awful, irreparable disaster fell upon the city. It was ruin for three-quarters of the population, and a subsequent famine for all. During eight hours, locusts rained upon the palms and upon all that was green. The trees were loaded with swarms of them, the soil was covered, an even in the streets the pedestrian could scarcely avoid crushing some at every step. Evening came, enveloped in a deep gloom of woe, and drove home the distressed and despondent people. Night followed, pitch dark, full of horror. Moans and groans which sickened the heart were heard through all the hours. At ten o'clock the cloud was still hanging over the city, but had disappeared at midnight.

DEVASTATION LEFT BEHIND.

The sun rose with bright, sparkling rays, showing the inhabitants the extent of their misfortune. The first sight was the present aspect of the lofty and graceful palms. The leaf stalks, denuded of their fringed borders, raised their points like spindles; the green dates, whose stalks had been devoured, were spread over the ground; the soil, which was previously covered with lucern and garden vegetables, was now bare as a trodden road; all verdure not too tough for the teeth of the insect, had been annihilated. The desolation was complete and famine certain, for the products of the soil are the principal resource of those little clusters of life lost in the depths of the desert.

But my astonishment was great when, entering the gardens, I saw the natives busily engaged in gathering and heaping up the living locusts, now replete with their precious crops. They were filling bags and goat-skins with them, and camels and donkeys were going to and fro carrying them home. I wondered at first what led the people to perform such tedious work, as I thought the locusts would soon disappear of their own accord, nothing else being left for them to devour. But the people well understood that nothing was left for themselves either; hence the instinct of preservation led them to resort to the last means of life offered in that disaster, as the unfortunate shipwrecked man clings to any sort of wreckage to float over the seas. These locusts were provisions for months, though a poor food, indeed. The locusts are eaten by most of the Africans, and also in Arabia and Persia. In Africa they are boiled, dried in the sun, and then preserved in brine.

THERE was once a man who thought himself very poor, so poor that he could give but little money for any good work. One day a lady asked him if he would not put his name down on her paper promising to give eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents during that year to the different causes for which his Church was trying to work. He looked at her with amazement. "Why, my dear woman," said he, "I never had so much as that to give in my life and never expect to have. I am a poor man." "Well," she said, "if you really can't afford that sum, will you give five cents a day for the year?" "Why, yes," he said; "five cents a day is a little bit. Certainly, if that will do you any good, I can manage that much." He did this and enjoyed it. If he had taken the trouble to multiply 365 by five, he would probably be surprised at what he was giving, and might readily have seen that, after all, he was not as poor as he thought.