

The question now arose as to the place of Charlie Tristam's ordination; the time would be just a year hence, when he would have fulfilled the age of twenty-three years. Had he consulted his own wishes he would have received the Grace of Holy Orders at the hands of the Bishop of the diocese in which he looked forward with so much eagerness to exercise his ministry. In deference, however, to the wishes of his parents, he consented to spend this his last year at home and, at the end of that time, be ordained in England.

Naturally enough his whole interest centred in the African Mission, of which he had virtually become a member, and to which he therefore considered himself bound. The very name of his future sphere of work, wherever seen, attracted his attention, nay more, it charmed him. He regularly received the monthly paper of the Central African Mission, in which were published every item of news concerning the welfare and progress of the mission. It happened on a certain morning, as his parents and himself were sitting at breakfast the post arrived—unusually late—which brought amongst other things, *Central Africa*. Charlie carelessly opened it, and as carelessly glanced across its pages,—he would reserve it for a time when he should be able to read it carefully. But what was that which met his gaze on the last page? Was he dreaming? He rubbed his eyes: but there the mysterious letters and words remained; they were printed in bold, clear type: "We have great pleasure in informing our readers that Reginald Tristam, Esq., of Brinkworth, whose son, Mr. C. Tristam, has recently joined the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, has added to the noble gift of his son, the munificent sum of £200 to be paid annually into the funds of the mission."

Charlie was speechless with mingled amazement and gratitude, a big lump arose in his throat, and his heart felt as though it would burst. His emotion was perceived by his parents, who seeing the paper he held in his hand, partly guessed its cause. Charlie longed to express his gratitude to his parents—he felt that his mother had had a large share in the business—but he couldn't find suitable words in which to do it: the generous gift had been made to God, and only indirectly concerned him. Still he must say something. At length, therefore, looking away from the page which seemed to him to be illumined with a heavenly brightness, he darted an expressive glance first at the squire and then at his mother, who were occupied with their morning meal; then he looked straight before him and said, "My dear father and mother, this is happiness indeed! You could no more effectually show how ungrudgingly you have given your consent to my becoming a missionary, let us thank God for his goodness!" He said no more, but passed on the magazine to his mother, who having merely looked at it, handed it to her husband. After breakfast Mrs. Tristam told Charlie all about the offering they had made, and

how that they had purposely withheld it from his knowledge, in order that he might discover it for himself. She placed her hand affectionately on her son's shoulder and added, "Ah, my son, I value you far more than ever I did; and yet, how strange it seems, I have no wish to keep you with me, I can willingly yield you to God! It was not so once, as you know, but 'God moves in a mysterious way;' and now I feel that when you go I shall be able to wish you good bye bravely and strongly, with a prayer that God will bless you!"

His mother's kind and beautiful words filled Charlie with an inexpressible joy; every obstacle had been taken out of his path; but that it was all the work of God the Holy Ghost he felt sure, and he did not forget to thank Him.

Squire Tristam made but slight reference to his son's future career, and none to the handsome gift he had made to the mission. Charlie wondered; but the fact was, the dear, good man, could not trust himself to do so. He was inwardly grateful, nevertheless, for all that had happened during the past five years, and confessed to his wife that he could not wish it otherwise. As for the future he had now learnt to leave that in the Hands of Him who had called him as He had once called another of His servants to sacrifice his only son as a test of faith and obedience. He also confessed to Mrs. Tristam that he had never felt so happy in his life before, but he couldn't quite tell why; indeed he was not very anxious to know, the fact that such was the case he deemed sufficient. We know, however, dear reader, that the squire's happiness was the gift of God, as a reward for his submission to His will, and the generosity which had moved him to do something to co-operate with God in the work of bringing salvation to the heathen. And so indeed will it be with all who give to God, either of their substance or even themselves to aid in the ministering work of the Church.

There remains very little of our story to be told. Charlie Tristam was made deacon at the Trinity Ordination of the Bishop of Oxford, his father and mother being present thereat. At the end of the following week he sailed for Zanzibar. He was accompanied as far as the Suez Canal by Vicar Maitland, his constant friend and spiritual adviser, and to whom he and his parents owed so much. The vicar had hoped that the sea voyage would help him to recuperate after the many years of incessant work he had spent in his much loved parish of Brinkworth. They separated at Suez,—Charlie proceeding to Zanzibar, where he arrived in due time after a most favorable passage, and the vicar returning by the mail steamer to England. The Reverend Charles Tristam is now one of the most hard working and zealous of African missionaries, and his work has been signally successful. He spends one in every four years in England, according to the direction of the apostolic bishop in Central Africa, who hopes by this means to preserve the health, and therefore prolong the