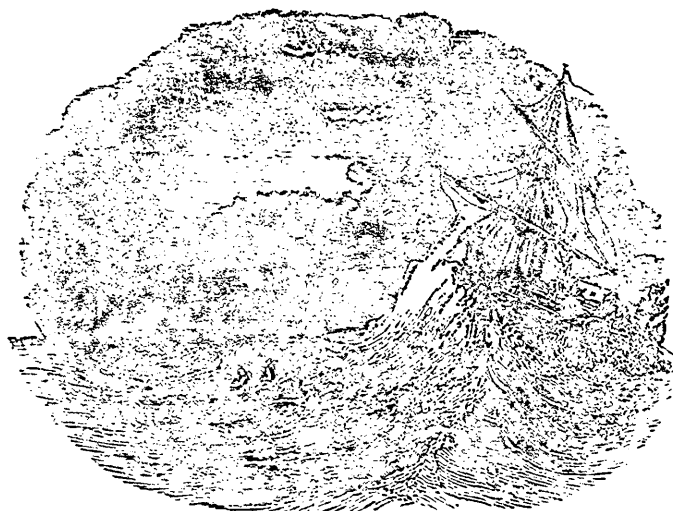


Africa, from Abyssinia to the Cape of Good Hope. In all these countries the Zebu supplies the place of the Ox, both as a beast of burthen and as an article of food and domestic economy. In some parts of India, it executes the duties of the horse also; being either saddled and ridden, or harnessed in a carriage and performing in this manner journeys of considerable length with tolerable celerity.

Some of the older writers speak of fifty or sixty miles a day, as its usual

rate of travelling; but the more moderate computation of recent authors does not exceed from twenty to thirty. Its beef is considered by no means despicable, although far from equalling that of the European Ox. Its most common hue is a light ashey grey, passing into a cream color or milk white; but it is not unfrequently marked with various shades of red brown and occasionally it becomes perfectly black. Its food is similar to that of the Ox.



THE BOY AND HIS FATHER.

The following beautiful lines were written with reference to a circumstance which is thus related by the person with whom it occurred. We had been out at sea and remained longer than we intended, and as night approached, a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without a compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until finally we distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the

islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength, I listened a moment, and heard through the thick fog and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy, calling, "Come this way father!—steer straight for me—I'm here waiting for you!" We steered by that sound, and seen my little boy leaped to my arms with joy, saying, "I knew you would hear me, father!"