

march we saw the capital, crowning the summit of a smooth, rounded hill—a large cluster of tall, conical, grass huts, in the centre of which rose a spacious, lofty, barn-like structure, which, we were told, was the palace!

While I stood admiring the view, a page came up, and, kneeling, announced that he had been despatched by the Emperor to show me my house. In the afternoon I was invited to the palace. Court after court was passed, until we finally stood in front of the great house of cane and straw, which the Waganda family term *Kibuga*, or the Palace. The prospect gained was worthy of the imperial eyes of the African monarch. On all sides rolled, in grand waves, a land of sunshine, and plenty, and early summer verdure, cooled by soft breezes from the great fresh-water sea.

Since the 5th of April, I had enjoyed ten interviews with Mtesa, and during them all I had taken occasion to introduce topics which would lead up to the subject of Christianity. Nothing occurred in my presence but I contrived to turn it toward effecting that which had become an object to me, viz., his conversion. There was no attempt to confuse him with the details of any particular doctrine. I simply drew for him the image of the Son of God humbling himself for the good of all mankind—white and black; and told him how, while he was in man's disguise, he was seized and crucified by wicked people, who scorned his divinity, and yet out of his great love for them, while yet suffering on the cross, he asked his great Father to forgive them. I showed the difference in character between him whom white men love and adore, and Mahommed, whom the Arabs revere; how Jesus endeavoured to teach mankind that we should love all men, excepting none, while Mahommed taught his followers that the slaying of the pagan and the unbelievers was an act that merited paradise. I left it to Mtesa and his chiefs to decide which was the worthier character. I also sketched in brief the history of religious belief from Adam to Mohammed. I had also begun to translate to him the Ten Commandments.

The enthusiasm with which I launched into this work of teaching was soon communicated to Mtesa and some of his principal chiefs, who became so absorbingly interested in the story, as I gave it to them, that little of other business was done.

Before we broke up our meeting, Mtesa informed me that I should meet a *white man* at his palace the next day.

"A white man or a Turk?"

"A white man, like yourself," repeated Mtesa.

"No! Impossible!"

"Yes; you will see. He came from Masr (Cairo), from Gordoom (Gordon) Pasha."

"Ah, very well. I shall be glad to see him; and if he is really a white man, I may probably stay with you four or five days longer," said I to Mtesa, as I bade him good night.

The "white man" reported to be coming the next day, arrived at noon, with great *éclat* and flourishes of trumpets, the sounds of which could be heard all over the capital. He was Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, a member of the Gordon-Pasha Expedition.

As soon as I saw him I recognized him as a Frenchman. Not being introduced to him—and as I was then but a mere guest of Mtesa, with whom it was M. Linant's first desire to converse—I simply bowed to him, until he had concluded addressing the Emperor, when our introduction took place.

I was delighted at seeing him, and much more delighted when I discovered that M. Linant was a very agreeable man.

M. Linant passed many pleasant hours with me. Though he had started from Cairo previous to my departure from Zanzibar, and consequently could communicate no news from Europe, I still felt that for a brief period I enjoyed civilized life. The religious conversation which I had begun with Mtesa were maintained in the presence of M. Linant de Bellefonds, who, fortunately for the cause I had in view, was a Protestant; for, when questioned by Mtesa about the facts which I had uttered, and which had been faithfully transcribed, M. Linant, to Mtesa's astonishment, employed nearly the same words, and delivered the same responses. The remarkable fact that two white men, who had never met before—one having arrived from the south-east, the other having emerged from the north—should, nevertheless, both know the same things, and respond in the same words, charmed the popular mind as a wonder, and was treasured in Mtesa's memory as being miraculous.

(To be continued.)

Young Men and Tobacco.

THE use of tobacco puts a serious obstacle in the way of the success of the young man. There is no employment to which it recommends him; and in many cases, even with those who themselves use it, its use is a decisive objection when any position of delicate trust is under consideration. It lowers, both directly and by association, in very many minds, the sense of soundness and strength which they wish to connect with a young man whom they are to encounter constantly in important relations.

Rarely, indeed, would any man, himself addicted to a temperate use of tobacco, recommend the habit as a wise and useful one to a young man in whom he was interested. How few fathers would give this counsel to sons! A man of good judgment, having reached mature years without the habit, very rarely takes it up. It is fastened on young men in that period of crudeness and greenness in which they are mistaking the vices of their elders by their virtues. A boy once gotten beyond this unripe age, without the habit, finds nothing in it to appeal to the growing judgment and experience.

The expense of this habit is an important and uncompensated burden on any young man. A wise economy is a universal condition of success. Here is an economy large enough to be of itself of considerable importance, and one which tends to remove the temptations to indolence and wastefulness in many directions.

The funds which a young man addicted to the use of tobacco devotes to this end, are quite sufficient, if he is without wealth, to reduce seriously his chances of success in business, while it offers only a momentary gratification.

The Duke of Wellington on War.

In one of his speeches, Lord Shaftesbury tells a story, which may well be laid to heart by those who are too apt to allow their imagination to dwell upon the honour and glory, "the pomp and chivalry," of war, forgetful of its attendant horrors and misery.

"Very many years ago—more than thirty years ago—I was driving through Hertfordshire with the old Duke of Wellington, in his carriage. It was a beautiful summer evening; the sun was shining, and everything looked flourishing and joyous. He was silent for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. At the end of that time he said: 'I will tell you what I have been thinking about. I have been contemplating this very beautiful country, and I have been thinking what a curse war is. Suppose I had to take military possession

of this district, I should have to lay low every beautiful thing which you see here. Take my word for it,' said the veteran, the hero of a hundred battles, 'take my word for it, if you had seen but one day of war you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again.'"

Waiting and Watching for Me.

DELLA ROGERS.

I DREAMED last evening of heaven,
Of the beautiful home "over there,"
Were our loved ones are peacefully resting,
Free from all sorrow and care.
I heard the sweet song of the ransomed,
Singing "praise to our Saviour e'er be,"
As I watched I saw one o'er the river
Stand waiting, and watching for me.

Some were roaming about the bright river,
Some were sitting at rest on the shore,
Watching the silvery waves breaking,
As the life-boat passed swiftly o'er;
Each time that the boat stemmed the current
And landed some soul o'er the sea,
That loved one stood waiting and watching,
Yes, waiting and watching for me.

'Twas the bride of one bright summer morning
I had brought to my own cottage home,
Where the flowers she tended still blossom,
And the wild bees among them do roam;
Oh, it seemed that that day was far sweeter,
More joyous than other could be,
But new on the bank of the river
She's waiting and watching for me.

I stood by her side on the evening
That her feet touched the shadowy tide,
And the messenger angels were waiting
To bear her o'er to that side.
And she said, as I pressed her cold fingers,
"When I get to that home o'er the sea,
On the bank of the river I'll ever
Stand waiting and watching for thee."

They say in that home o'er the river,
There is perfect happiness given,
That at all the good here that we wish for
May be ours in the kingdom of heaven;
And I know that I too shall be happy
In that beautiful home o'er the sea,
For heaven seems nearer, because of
The one who is watching for me.

Soon will life's driftings be over,
And my ransomed spirit will soar,
Away to that home o'er the river,
To meet those who've gone on before;
And the Saviour who died as a ransom,
In that beautiful world I shall see,
And the one who waits at the river,
Will watch no longer for me.

Unexpected Reward.

MONSIEUR LABAT, a merchant of Bayonne, in ill-health, had retired in the beginning of the winter of 1803, to a country-house on the banks of the Adour. One morning, when promenading on a terrace elevated a little above the river, he saw a traveller thrown by a furious horse, from the opposite bank, into the midst of the torrent. M. Labat was a good swimmer. He did not stop a moment to reflect on the danger of the attempt, but leaped into the flood, and caught the drowning stranger at the moment when he must have otherwise inevitably perished. "O God!" exclaimed M. Labat, clasping him in his arms, and recognizing, with a transport of joy, the individual he had saved, "what do I owe thee! I have saved my son!"

A MAN has two eyes; if he lose one he can use the other. He has two hands; if he lose one he can use the other. He has two feet; if he lose one he can use the other. He has but *one soul*. If that is lost, what then!