

ployment a 'Basaro' named Swartz. He was a plucky fellow, an excellent hunter, and up to the wiles and trickery of every description of game. A number of gemsbok had been seen about the waggons at break of day; so, providing himself with a goodly piece of biltong, and drinking a cup of coffee, he proceeded to the westward in the hope of adding fresh meat to the very reduced larder. About mid-day he returned, looking anything but the happy darkie who had so gaily departed a few hours before. Naturally, I demanded an explanation—a reason for the sudden change; but a long time elapsed before I received an answer.

His adventure was as follows, and was really sufficient to intimidate the most foolhardy. In unusually good stalking ground he came across some gemsbok with a fine old cock-ostrich in their society. Such a bird being worth nearly one hundred pounds to his 'boss,' he resolved to do his 'level best' to get within as short a range as possible of the prize. The day was still young and time no object, so with the utmost care he wound himself from one ant-hill to another, till he all but considered that success was a certainty. Like all stalkers, to make things doubly sure, he would get just a little closer, behind that ant-hill, twenty yards in his front. This he succeeded in accomplishing, so he rested to see that the powder was up in the nipple of his old muzzle-loader, and to replace the old cap with a fresh one. While thus engaged, he chanced to look behind him, and, to his horror, discovered that while he had been stalking the ostrich he himself had been stalked by two lions, at the moment not thirty yards in the rear. In the excitement his gun went off, not aimed at anything; but probably this fusilade saved my henchman's life, for the lions on hearing it rose from their crouched position, stared at him for a few moments, then slowly retired. How he was followed so far without being attacked, I can only account for by my man being clothed, and in such an unusual position that the lions mistook him for some unknown beast.—The 'Graphic.'

Bread Upon the Water.

(Inglis's Sabbath School.)

I was standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr. Beattie's church, Glasgow, awaiting the hour of afternoon service, when I observed two young men turn towards the church. They were dressed in their working clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church door, they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. My mother turned to me, and said, 'Follow those men, and invite them to a seat in our pew.'

I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully, and began to swear; the other paused and pondered. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked at me, and said, 'When I was a boy like you, I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. I do not feel right. I believe I will go with you.' I seized his hand and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion.

An excellent sermon was preached from Eccles. xi, 1: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.' At the conclusion, my mother kindly said to him, 'Have you a Bible?' 'No, ma'am, but I can get one,' was the reply. 'Well, take my son's Bible until you can procure one of your own, and come to church next Lord's day. I shall always be happy to accommodate you with a seat.'

He put the Bible in his pocket and hurried away. At family worship that evening my mother prayed fervently for his conversion.

Next Sunday came, and the next, but the stranger did not appear. My mother spoke frequently of him, and appeared grieved at his absence. On the third Sabbath, while the congregation were singing the first psalm, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale. Immediately after the benediction, he laid my Bible on the desk, and left the church, without giving my mother an opportunity of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed, 'W. C.' He asked to be remembered in my mother's prayers.

Years rolled on; my mother passed to her rest; I grew up; and the stranger was forgotten.

One autumn the ship 'St. George,' of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table-Bay.

Next day, being Sunday, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan chapel. At the conclusion of the worship, a gentleman, seated behind me, asked to look at my Bible. In a few moments he returned it, and I walked into the street. I had arranged to dine at the 'George,' and was mounting the steps of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my Bible, laid his hand on my shoulder, and begged to have a few minutes' conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob. Tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently laboring under some intense emotion. He asked me several questions: my name, age, occupation, birthplace, etc. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath breaker to a seat in Dr. Beattie's church? Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life.

He was born in the town of Leeds of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age, his father died; and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he became incorrigibly vicious, and broke a mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers, and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview, he confessed that after he left the church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and son worshipping God together recalled the happy days of his own boyhood. His mental suffer-

ing threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England and threw himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry; and, on being ordained, he entered the missionary field, and had been laboring for several years in South Africa.

'The moment I saw your Bible this morning,' he said, 'I recognized it. And now, do you know who was my companion on that memorable Sabbath you invited me to church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterwards for highway robbery. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember Dr. Beattie's text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."'

Selfishness and Generosity.

(Nepenthes, in the N. Y. 'Intelligencer'.)

How selfishness and self-gratification blind one this little story fully illustrates: He was a gruff farmer. Every member of the family stood in awe of him, excepting his little daughter. She was the only member of the family who was not afraid of him. Perhaps the fact that she is only three years old and is the child of his old age has something to do with her temerity. He was hitching up the other morning preparatory to driving into town, when the little one came toddling out from the house.

'Fodder,' she lisped. 'oo buy me some pretty candy'

'Naw,' growled the man. 'I can't afford to buy anybody candy. Bread and butter's good enough for you, I reckon.'

A moment later the small child returned to the attack not in the least abashed by the first rebuff.

'Fodder, 'oo buy me some nice peanuts?'

'Naw, I tell ye I can't afford to buy any foolishness like candy or peanuts for anybody.'

It must have been inspiration which prompted the child's retort, or it may have been only the beautiful generosity of the childish nature which wanted somebody to have something nice, even if her little luxuries were denied her.

'Poor fodder,' she said, with a little sigh, 'Oo afford to buy 'oo some chewing tobacco, fodder?'

When he came that night he had a box of candy and a bag of peanuts for the little girl. Perhaps she had taught him a lesson.

'Can't afford it' in too many instances simply means unwillingness to deny self of anything. All we have and possess, or the largest share, must be used for self-gratification.

And when the call comes for money to send the Gospel to benighted souls, too often the answer is 'Can't afford it,' because our life is after the type of this gruff old farmer.

It is so elsewhere. And so when the call comes for active service in the church or Christian Endeavor Society it may be, or prayer meeting, or some other organization, the same old complaint is made, 'Can't afford it.' The answer may not be exactly like this, but it means this.

Postal Crusade.

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Faithfully,
MARGARET EDWARDS COLE.
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