

gave her about a thousand dollars' worth of information. She asked me what I was going to charge. I said: "Nothing; regard me as a bank account on which you can always draw." She said: "But you must eat!" I answered: "I do not see the necessity."

I am always being asked why, if I have all these powers, I do not cause stones to become bread, and throw myself from the Woolworth Building in order to prove the truth of the Ninety-first Psalm, and obtain all the kingdoms of the earth at slight cost to self-respect.

Why did Christ refuse in the Temptation on the Mount?

It is the same story: I am come to do the Will of Him that sent me. And if I have to die on the cross, that is better than living on it!

One form of fascination is the power over animals. Persuade your animal that you are not that dangerous wild beast, a man, and your task is over.

Remember St. Francis preaching to birds and fishes. I have seen Allan Bennett do the same with the krait, the deadliest of the Indian snakes. We met it on a road. Before I could blow its head off with my revolver (the first duty of man) Allan interposed with his umbrella. But not to kill it. He deliberately stirred it up. It struck at the umbrella. "That," said Allan, "is anger," and went on to prove to the (I trust attentive) reptile the terrible results on character of allowing oneself to give way to anger! He also animadverted on the danger of frequenting the public highway, and, to conclude, removed the beast gently to the long grass. As a krait can strike in the fiftieth part of a second, and kill (if he does strike) in about

ten minutes, and as Allan's only protection, besides his divinity, was a pair of thin white duck trousers, I think that may stand as one of the bravest acts ever done. I consider myself a bit of a hero merely to have stood by!

However, I learnt a few tricks of this kind myself; for example—a thing most useful in the tropics—how to prevent mosquitoes from biting one. This is done by thinking kindly of them. It must be a genuine spontaneous feeling of brotherhood, or it won't work. You can also pick up anything hot by fixing the attention on the fact that "it doesn't hurt." But that again is a matter of knack. If you think about it too hard, you can no longer do it. I believe D. D. Home had this power.

Again, you can prevent things from biting you by certain breathing exercises. Hold the breath in such a way that the body becomes spasmodically rigid, and insects cannot pierce the skin. Near my bungalow at Kandy was a waterfall with a pool. Allan Bennett used to feed the leeches every morning. At any moment he could stop the leech, though already fastened to his wrist, by this breathing trick. We would put our hands together into the water; his would come out free, mine with a dozen leeches on it. At such moments I would bitterly remark that a coyote will not eat a dead Mexican, but it failed to annoy him.

With invisibility I was very successful. I made a big operation of it in the City of Mexico, and practiced daily for months in front of a mirror. I got good at it at last; and several times I have saved my life, and even things that I valued, thereby.

(To be concluded.)

AN AFRICAN LOVE SONG

By CHARLES BEADLE

IMAGE.

Against the green sky are blue cones,
hudding, like pookoo up on a hill,
From the restless mutter of the forest
and the murmur of the river.

STATEMENT.

This is the home of my love,
whose beauties are sung by the mosquitoes
by night
and danced by the flies
by day.

SONG.

(High tenor chant.)

I have feasted upon venison and fish,
yams roasted and wild orange!
I have drunk of the wine of the palm,
and made merry to the sound of drums
upon the hill!

CHORUS.

(Bass.)
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

II.

For they have prepared against the
coming of my love
a bed of young grass from the softest
flanks of the river!

While I have anointed my body
in the smoke of the greenwood fire!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

III.

My love walks like unto a leopard stalk-
ing buck!
And her belly is as smooth and as round
as yonder river rock!
Did you hear that monkey chatter?

Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

IV.

Her legs are like young palm trees
whispering!

Her thighs are as soft as the kernel of
the baobab!

Supple is she as the neck of a young
giraffe!

Did you hear that hippo snort?

Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

V.

And her breasts are like unto small ant
hills!

Her eyes are two storm-veiled moons,
and her flesh is as cool and as smooth
as a banana frond!

Did you hear the jealous night-hawk
screech?

Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

VI.

The complexion of my love is woven
from forest shadows,
and her teeth were stolen from a baby
crocodile!

Did you hear that big one flop?

Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

VII.

Her hair is crisp like unto young
mealies between the teeth,
and her nose is exquisitely flattened
like a wild plum!

Did you hear the parrot scream?

Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

VIII.

My love sits beside me upon the bridal
couch!

Her touch is like a green grass snake!
Did you hear the welcome of the frogs?

Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

IX.

Her acrid smell is more pungent than
the greenwood smoke,
and far sweeter than the wild honey of
the country of the M'Xosa!

Did you hear the cricket shrilling?

Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

X.

Her chines are as firm as the filled
bladder of a kid,

and smoother than an elephant's tusk!
Did you hear the hyena swear?

Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

XI.

Her love song blends in harmony
with a jealous lion's roar!

Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!

XII.

Her clutch is like an orchid!
Ehh! the mosquitoes bite!

Wei-wall!.....Ow!
Wei-wall!.....Ow!
.....OW!