

sadly, "but I have been reading in the forty-first of Isaiah, where it says, 'They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage! So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil.' You see," said she, "they were working people, so I have been thinking that working folks like us ought to try and do something." Mrs. Turner had thought that the passage referred to the building of the Temple, not having noticed the end of the verse. But it had suggested a principle, and she ran away at once with that to her friend Elizabeth. Betsy was silent a while, and Mrs. Turner, too, for both were downcast. At last, she looked up and replied, "I tell you what; you go home, and make it a matter of prayer for a week, I will do so too; and then we can meet after that, and talk over it again." So they parted, and at the end of the week they returned to the subject. "I have been thinking what to do," said Betsy. "I will put my name down for a shilling a week; Henry shall put his name down for a shilling a week; Mrs. Jones—the widowed sister—shall do the same. You put your name down for the same." And then mentioning the names of others of their friends, of the same class, who were members of the church, she added, "I am sure they will do so, too." They accordingly set about it at once. But after a short time it reached the ears of the deacons, and one of them called on Elizabeth. "We understand, Betsy," said the good deacon, "that you are trying to do something for the chapel debt. It is very good of you and your friends, but surely you cannot know how large it is. We never heard of Mr. Griffin being anxious about it: you had better give it up, and at the proper time we will attend to it." Poor Betsy and her friends were woefully discouraged. It happened, however, that about this time she was engaged with some work in the house of a generous friend, Mr. Edward Wood, a member of the church. Passing through the room where she was at work, he saw that she looked dejected, and seemed hardly inclined to speak. "Why, Betsey, you seem down in the mouth this morning; is anything the matter?" "Well, I suppose I must out with it; and then, telling what she and Mrs. Turner and the friends were wishing to do, she added, "But deacons have throw'd cold water on it, and stopped it." "Why, Betsy, I didn't think you were such a chicken-hearted woman. Put my name down for £50, and go on." Looking up with amazement, she said, "But, do you mean it?" "Did you ever know me to say anything of the sort without meaning it?" "No, that I never did; then blessed be God," she cried, clapping her hands, while the tears streamed down her face, "the work is done!" And done it was. Those two poor women brought into the deacons £750; for "their zeal had provoked very many," and all liked to give their contribution by the hands of these generous women. In a short time a list of subscriptions was sent to me at Clifton, by the deacons, amounting to more than £1,100; and by-and-by the whole debt of nearly £3,000 was cleared off; and so the good women had a rich answer to their prayers, and a full reward of their self-denying love to the "House of their God."—*From Memories of the Past, by Mr. James Griffin.*

### Cremation of Chunder Sen.

At about 10:30 a.m., Babu Keshub Chunder Sen expired at his residence at Lily Cottage, and immediately after his remains were laid out on a new sandalwood bedstead, which was covered with marigolds, jessamine, and roses. The corpse was dressed in white silk *dhoti*, and at inter-

vals some of the disciples of the Brahmo leader sprinkled rose-water on it, and placed garlands of flowers all over. At noon the bier was removed to the new chapel, adjoining Lily Cottage, which was being erected for Babu the late Keshub Chunder Sen's private devotions, and at 3:30 p. m., a photographer came and photographed the remains, which were then lying an object of touching regard to hundreds of the Brahmo leaders, disciples, friends and admirers. Shortly after this the male mourners and visitors were requested to leave the chapel to allow of the entrance of a number of the female relatives and followers of the deceased, who then entered and gave vent to their feelings of grief and sorrow at the death of their beloved leader. The bier, with the remains were then carried in procession along the roads from the chapel to Nimtollah Ghaut, followed by thousands and thousands of natives of all castes and creeds, and by a very numerous gathering of leading European gentlemen in Calcutta. At Nimtollah Ghaut the body was, with Brahmo rites, placed on the funeral pyre, which was composed entirely of sandalwood. After cremation the ashes were collected and placed in an urn which will be deposited in the deceased Minister's private chapel. The procession was headed by a disciple, who bore in his hands a banner, bearing on it the words: "New Dispensation." As the procession reached the old Brahmo Mandir in Colootallah, the body was put down, and a hymn chanted: "Glory be to the man who has got a pure heart," and the same ceremony was repeated when the procession passed the Sadhyaram Somaj Mandir, the chant being repeated at intervals till the burning ghaut was reached. No better proof could be found of the respect and esteem in which the late Brahmo leader was held than in the thousands who followed his remains to witness the cremation ceremony and in the thousands who visited Lily Cottage, in Circular road, to see the last of the remains of the great Brahmo leader, among them was his son-in-law, the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, and other most prominent natives in Calcutta.

### The Jews and the Saviour.

Some years ago we heard an address in which the speaker—we think it was the Rev. J. Flecker—proved that missions to the Jews were not less but more successful than missions to the heathen. This position is sustained by the work accomplished through the instrumentality of Mr. Schwartz, at Breslau, in Germany. This good man, when last year he reported to his society—the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews—could say that, "during one month, he had the unspeakable pleasure of leading sixty-five Russian refugees 'to accept of Christ as their Saviour'; that he had, in addition, 'eighty-seven enquirers, thirty-two of whom confessed their faith in Jesus.' This is good news concerning the seed of Abraham. 'A hundred and thirty-four had been received into the Church by baptism, and thirty-three in the Province of Silesia, making a total of 1,431 since he began to reside in Breslau.' Gentle Christians talk often of unbelieving Jews, forgetful of the fact that 'the father of the faithful,' the heroes of faith mentioned in Hebrews xi., the converts on the day of Pentecost, the first believers, the pioneers of the Gospel, the Apostle Paul, and others, 'of whom the world was not worthy,' belonged to the Hebrew race. 'How much more shall these, which are the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive tree?' Pray for the conversion of the Jews. 'What shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?'—*Freemen.*