

expect much, if any, response from my listener, before such an audience. His time was short, and whether he revealed his feelings or not, I must, with my own clearer light, see him who is invisible, and see him then and there, and try to lead a blinded soul to feel after him.

He was a rare listener, and often said, 'True'; 'I understand you'; but the lips revealed nothing more. When I arose to leave, he eagerly asked when I would come again. The daughter called the father, who, with the usual ceremony, brought in a large brass salver with rock-candy, araca nut, and betel leaf, which I duly honored, and left.

I had made two more visits, and had been fattered by the same group, when one morning he was announced as being at our own door. In his restlessness he had fancied going to a village five miles up the river, where his father owned a house, and where, on higher land, the air would be more dry. His family gratified him, and were going with him. He was on his way, but wished to see me, to know if I would come so far to see him if he should send for me. I promised to do so, and two days after his brother brought his message and carried back the promise that I would come on Friday afternoon.

A mere cart-path on the uneven bed of the river is the usual way to the village. The thoughtful villagers, knowing that this would be a hard ride, had proposed that I should take the road along the side of the river until I came to the crossing opposite the village, from which they would send a native cart to meet me, as better adapted to the rough road than the slender wheels of my conveyance. This was done; and not only were men sent to ease the wheels over the places of jolting, but festoons of leaves were hung across the street; 'for this,' they said, 'is your first visit.'

I took note of this with much hopefulness, for it assured me that I should not suffer interruption in what I had determined to do. I felt sure that this would be the last meeting on earth, and nothing that I could do must be left undone. The journey had been too much for him, and he was evidently aware that he was near death.

In trying to show him how to give himself to Christ, I asked him if it was any rest or comfort to him that I was in the village. 'Rest and comfort!' said he. 'How can I tell what a rest!'

If I could only have such a bright response should I ask him if he had found rest in Christ, what a load of anxiety would be taken away. I told him that the One whose presence in that village, in that house, by our side, I had longed for, was my Saviour, and would be his Saviour. 'I was now going to tell this very Saviour what I wanted for him, and thus he would be better able to ask for himself.'

'Do, do; I want that!' was his reply.

We were in a wide passage-way leading from the front to the back verandah. Six or eight men were talking softly on the front one, and I gently pushed to the door; some women were on the one behind, and I asked the mother to partly close the door. She only was with us.

I said, 'I am now going to ask the Lord Jesus, sent from heaven, to save us from our sin, and to bring us safely to God and heaven, to save you.'

'A great comfort,' was his response. So I prayed; and after every sentence he would say, 'Lord, this is what I want'; 'Do so, O Lord'; 'Yes, yes, even so'; 'For me, also'; 'True, true.'

Mediator I have found to be a favorite word among my Hindu friends, and using the expression, 'A Mediator between God, so holy and awful in his glory, and us, even

this soul, here, art thou, and we cling to thee,' he fervently responded, 'I do! I do!'

I never was in such a scene in my life. So long as this voice sounded in my ears, so long I felt as if I were holding him by the hand, and as if every step were bringing him nearer the waiting Saviour.

When I arose from my knees, his eyes were closed and his hands folded. Both doors had been opened, and all who were without had come in. As I looked at the row standing behind me, and recognized those between whom and myself had been a special experience, I thought of the words, 'And they shall come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.'

Not a word was spoken. I laid my hand upon the forehead of the precious young friend. He opened his eyes and looked intently at me, and then closed them.

I was guided across the river in silence, and a quiet salaam ended the visit to that village. Sunday noon he died.

A Norwegian Landlord and his Bible.

One of the Lord's servants was travelling, some years ago, through a part of the Scandinavian peninsula. He had to stop for a short time to change horses, in a poor village in Norway. He went into the lower room of the little inn, but found no one there, for the occupants were all in the fields busy with the harvest. But as in those parts the traveller is accustomed to carry his provisions with him, he could easily dispense with the presence of the landlord and his servants. He served himself, and afterwards gave himself up to his own thoughts.

It then occurred to him to see whether the people of the house had a bible, and whether they, who were so active in their earthly calling, would prove to be equally so with regard to their heavenly one. He sought and sought, till at length he found the holy book in a corner cupboard, but it was covered with the dust of years.

Just then they told him the horses were ready. Must he then leave the house in which the word of God was to be found, but where it had not become a savor of life unto life to the inmates? He had some tracts with him, and among them one on the subject of bible reading. This he determined to leave behind him, and before quitting the room he placed it in the table drawer.

A year later his journeying brought him into the same district and to the same house; he entered it, curious to know whether the tract he had secretly introduced, had produced any and what effect. What did he see? A change had come over everything; the room before so gloomy and dirty, presented now a friendly aspect. The table and benches had been cleaned, and there, with the bible open, which had been so long forgotten, sat the old landlord. The traveller with a secretly rejoicing heart, sat down opposite him.

'You have chosen the good part,' he said. 'Have you been acquainted with this treasure long?' 'Ah, no,' answered the old man, with a sigh, 'not long, unfortunately, hardly for a year.' 'How did you find it, then?' he asked. 'Ah,' replied the man, 'this little book called my attention to it—I found it about a year ago in my table-drawer, and since then I have learned what a treasure I have in this book. O, my beloved bible!'

'Yes,' replied the traveller, 'God has shown you the greatest of all treasures, only use it rightly, and it will make you a happy man for time and eternity.' This landlord, for some months, had been afflicted with dropsy,

and had been obliged to sit, day and night, in his arm-chair. But he received the bitter cup with patience, and died a few weeks later, with his mind so cheered, and comforted by his reading of the bible that his death was a means of blessing and edification to the whole neighborhood. — 'Christian Herald.'

A Scandalous Story.

The following facts occurred, mainly as they are told here, about a year ago in a Western town:

A vivacious, self-willed girl of sixteen years of age, whom we shall call Mary, because we cannot give her real name, grew tired of the restraints laid on her by a strict father and an invalid mother, and gave herself a holiday. Without a chaperone she took the train one evening to a neighboring city, and spent two days with a friend.

One of her classmates going to Mary's home, found the family in great distress and excitement, and hurried to school delighted to have a stirring piece of news to tell.

'Mary Dash has run away! She was seen on the train going to Chicago last night!'

'Alone?' asked a girl, who had been Mary's rival at school.

'Oh! I think so.'

The second girl, when she left the school, wished to give a more racy flavor to her news. Meeting a young man who knew them both, she said:—

'Mary Dash ran away last night! Don't ask me if she went alone! I can't tell you!' and she hurried on, giggling significantly.

The young man was a reporter who furnishes items to a scurrilous journal. He knew how welcome to it would be a disgraceful story concerning the daughter of one of the citizens of the town. Hurrying to his office he gave the facts with questionings and surmises. The article appeared in a column of the paper, headed, 'Possible Elopement of Miss Mary Dash.' It is thought her companion was a well-known man about town! Then followed an imaginary detailed account of the girl's flight.

A neighbor who saw the paper rushed with it to Mary's mother, who for months had been a victim of nervous prostration. The shock was more than her weak frame could bear. She sank rapidly and died before Mary's return on the following day.

The murderer who by a bullet or knife kills his victim, ordinarily finds reason to regret it in a criminal court. Three or more persons were directly or indirectly guilty of this woman's death, and the ruin of her daughter's life.—'Youth's Companion.'

Systematic Giving.

Dr. Hamlin, the veteran missionary of Constantinople, says recently of its working in Turkey:—

'You take a poor, miserable beggar, as I have known some instances—a beggar who has become converted — and apply to him that iron system of tithing, which the Oriental world loves and always has loved, and perhaps always will love, and make that beggar, as the one condition of enjoying the privileges of the gospel, give one-tenth of what he begs, and as much more as you can make him give, and in a short time he will not be a beggar; in a short time he will support himself, and in circumstances comparatively comfortable. Why, give a man something higher than himself to live for, and you immediately elevate him intellectually, even physically. You give him a better economy and more power to work; you give him more than intellectual power; you give him a spiritual power, and you invest him with the almighty providence of God. You cannot keep the man down where he was; he will rise every way; and he will become a worker.'