

HOW AN INDIAN PRINCE WAS CROWNED.

Many years ago, in one of the mission schools was a bright young Hindoo boy, named Bhajan Lal. Active in play, he was also diligent in study, and, as a reward for his proficiency in learning, a Bible was given him. The boy did not value the gift because it was God's word, for, child though he was, his young heart was joined to the idols to which his parents bowed down; but because the book was a prize, given him on account of his diligence as a student, he gave it a place among his treasures.

Ten years before this time the Maharajah of the Punjab, in Northern India, died. The heir to the throne was his little son, Dhuleep Singh, then but four years of age. As he was too young to wield the sceptre of government, regents governed in his place, and at the time, when our story opens these regents were engaged in war with the British. In this war they were defeated, and the sceptre of the Punjab passed into the hands of the English.

The British Government placed the young prince, then fourteen years of age, on a pension, and, removing him from the country where he had expected one day to reign as king, sent him to Futtelgurh to be educated. Those to whose care he was committed desired to make as pleasant as possible the life of the exiled prince, and, to amuse him, sought for him a young companion. The person to whom the chance of such a companion was intrusted, visited, one day, the school in which young Bhajan Lal was a pupil. The bright, handsome face of the boy at once attracted his attention and the intelligent answers he gave when questioned in his classes delighted and surprised him, and he resolved to secure this young student as a companion for the boy prince.

Bhajan Lal was pleased with the distinction conferred upon him, and was at once transferred from the schoolroom to the home of the young prince, a fine mansion, in the midst of extensive grounds, on the banks of the sacred Ganges.

One day young Dhuleep Singh found lying among the possessions his companion had brought to his new home, the Bible which he had received at school as a prize. It was a new book to him, and he curiously turned over its pages.

"What is this?" he asked.

"It is the sacred book of the Christians," was answered, "and it was given me as a prize at school, so I keep it."

"I wish to know what it contains," said the prince. Turning over its leaves he pointed to a chapter. "Read that to me," he said.

Strangely enough, it was the chapter in Acts containing the account of the conversion of Saul. Eagerly the young prince listened. Again and again the story of the wonderful change in heart and life in this man was read to him. And then he desired to know more of that Gospel which had power to convert the fierce persecutor into the faithful and self-denying minister and missionary of that faith which he had once sought to destroy. And so day after day the wondrous story of redemption was read to him, until he began to feel a personal interest in the great theme. Did he not find in his own heart just such passions as once burned in the heart of Saul; and did he not need just such a Saviour as Saul needed? Some of the faithful missionaries at that time living in Futtelgurh were made acquainted with his case, and sought to instruct him more perfectly in the things of the kingdom.

Dhuleep Singh withdrew his confidence from the Brahminical priests, and placed trust alone in Christ as his great High Priest, and on the 8th of March, 1853, he received the ordinance of baptism in the presence of all the servants of his retinue, of the European residents of the station, of the missionaries, and of the native Christians. He was at that time eighteen years of age.

In the years that have come and gone since that eventful day, Dhuleep Singh has continued faithful to his vows. For many years he has resided in