



HINDU PRIEST AND DAUGHTER.

CONVERSION OF AN AGED HINDU PRIEST.

"The conversion of an aged Hindu priest at Serampore" says the *Indian Witness*, "furnishes another illustration of the living power of the word of God. Jesus said, 'the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life,' and again and again in the mission-field incidents occur which prove and re-prove the truth of these words. This old man came to the Rev. T. R. Edwards, of the Baptist Serampore Mission College, about four years ago, and bought a large-print Bengali Bible. He took it home and began studying it. Gradually light broke in. He delved deeper. The light increased. His soul was stirred again by the words of him who 'spoke as never man spake.' He began reading the gospels to his friends. His interest in the little temple of which he was priest slackened. Numbers of his neighbors began inquiring the way, and two years ago he came to the missionaries with the joy of the Lord shining in his face, and requested baptism. He gave up his priesthood, surrendering its revenues, and forfeiting his claim to the plot of ground which he held as a priest for his own use. He is very happy in the grace of the Lord Jesus, and confident that numbers of those who have been hearing him expound the words of Christ will soon follow him in the full possession and public profession of saving faith in Christ. His village is being systematically visited, and hopes are entertained that a rich harvest may be gathered from the seed sown from one copy of the Word of God." The picture of this aged Hindu priest and his daughter was taken from a recent photograph.

'IN DEBT.'

A man who attempted to raise some money on a subscription paper for a necessary church out West relates his experience thus:

"The first man I went to said he was very sorry, but the fact was he was so involved in his business that he couldn't give anything. Very sorry, but a man in debt as he was owed his first duty to his creditors.

"He was smoking an expensive cigar, and before I left his store he bought of a peddler who came in a pair of expensive Rocky Mountain cuff-buttons.

"The next man I went to was a young clerk in a banking establishment. He read the paper over, acknowledged that the church was needed, but said he was owing for his board, was badly in debt, and did not see how he could give anything.

"That afternoon, as I went by the baseball grounds, I saw this young man pay fifty cents at the entrance to go in, and saw him mount the grand stand, where special seats were sold for a quarter of a dollar.

"The third man to whom I presented the paper was a farmer living near the town. He also was sorry, but times were hard, his crops had been a partial failure, the mortgage on his farm was a heavy load,

the interest was coming due, and he really could not see his way clear to give to the church, although it was just what the new town needed.

"A week from that time I saw that same farmer drive into town with his entire family, and go to the circus, afternoon and night, at an expense of at least four dollars.

"The Bible says, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' but it also says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' And I really could not help thinking that the devil could use that old excuse, 'in debt,' to splendid advantage, especially when he had a selfish man to help him."—*Youth's Companion*.

A CHRIST-LIKE MISSION.

A reporter assigned to a murder case in Mulberry street, New York, the other

day, made a surprising discovery. The houses there are dark and dingy. Poverty of the most squalid type abounds all round. Drunkenness and vice are everywhere. The house the reporter entered had nothing in its externals to distinguish it from its neighbors. The entrance was as mean and painless, the hall as dark and dirty, and the passages narrowed off into apparent solidity in the gloomy recesses of the interior, as in the other houses. But he noticed within, a door freshly painted and the windows were clean and polished. Opening that door he was astonished to see marks of refinement and elegance. Exquisite pictures were on the walls, a bookcase filled with choice volumes, vases with beautiful flowers, signs of culture were all round. He was amazed and inquired what was the meaning of this oasis in the moral desert. He learned that a few months ago two young ladies hired the rooms and had lived there ever since. They were college graduates, holding diplomas as physicians. They attended the poor and prescribed for them, accepting such fees as they could afford to pay, and in many cases gratuitously. Living in the midst of the squalor and misery, they were exerting an influence for good throughout the neighborhood.—*Christian Herald*.

AGENTS, NOT OWNERS.

A parishioner said to his pastor: "Did I understand you to say on Sunday morning in your pulpit that no man owns any property in this world—no stocks, no bonds, no houses, no lands? Such teachings strike me as not only radical but revolutionary in the least degree; and if this is to be the doctrine of the pulpit, then all I have to say is that my pew is no place for a level-headed business man."

"My dear sir," replies the pastor, "that you are a first-class business man nobody doubts, and we are all glad of your success. By the way, I see that you have elected a new president for your bank."

"Yes, the old president seemed to think he owned the bank, and if he wanted an extra fast horse or a box at the new theatre, he had only to raise his salary, or take the money and expect us to raise his salary to cover the cost."

"And I see that you chose a new superintendent for your railway the other day."

"Yes, we were obliged to; we must have a man to run the road on business principles and for the benefit of the stockholders, and not for the pleasure of the superintendent or his family. Properly managed, that road can pay the owners a good eight percent, and lay by a handsome surplus."

"Now, my dear sir," says the pastor, "just this is what I meant when I said that no man really owns anything in this world. I am not a Socialist or a Nationalist. Your president does not own the bank; your superintendent does not own the railway. Each is your agent, and responsible to you for all that is entrusted to his hands. And in the same sense, on the same principle carried to its source, you do

not own the house and stocks and land which you hold. The Creator's original grant to man was not a deed, but a commission—tend and dress, keep and till the ground. All this was God's before, and is his now. And in all this you are a steward responsible to God for what he has entrusted to you. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and it is to be watched and worked, sowed and reaped for him."—*Dr. Webb at American Board Meeting*.

SACRIFICE AND ITS REWARD.

One day the teacher went to visit an old Indian woman who was sick. Being able now to go out, she was asked if she would not come to church.

"I have nothing to wear," was the reply.

"If I should give you this bonnet?" questioned the teacher. But the bonnet alone would not do; she could not go. The teacher went home to search her own slender wardrobe. Her sister in the work followed her to her room, and found her on her knees before her little trunk, an old shawl on her lap on which her tears were falling, as she softly smoothed the faded folds. It had been her mother's, worn through weary days of invalidism. It seemed almost a part of the loved one's self, linked with the dear pale face in the grave.

How this daughter prized it, all that was left her of the old home and "mother," how she had carried it with her in all her journeyings, you who have laid away the garments of your beloved with tears and kisses—you know.

"Oh! not that," said the sister who knew its history. The teacher shook her head; there was nothing else. The dear mother was safe in heaven, while the poor Indian was here and suffering. It was right the shawl should go. And she took it to the Indian woman, holding it close in her arms with caressing touch as she went.

"Her reward?" Why, some months

after, when a band of Christians were received into the church—that old woman was among them!—*The Pansy*.

THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER.

As I went down the street to-day
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad.
It was so plump and rosy-cheeked.
So cheerful and so bright,
It made me think of apple-time,
And filled me with delight.

I saw him busily at work,
While blithe as blackbird's song
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.
"Oh, that's the kind of lad I like!"
I thought, as I passed by;
"These busy, cheering, whistling boys
Make grand men by-and-by."

Just then a playmate came along
And leaned across the gate,
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.
"The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up!" he cried;
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know!
What hinders?" asked the other.
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother.
She's lots to do, and so I like
To help her all I can;
So I've no time for fun just now,"
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I told the little lad;
"Help mother all you can, and make
Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy,
Take hold and help their mothers.

—*Golden Days*.

