

lowing day. But when the following day came, the man did not appear, and he gave him up. The next day, however, just at noon, he burst in as he had done before, very abruptly, saying :

"My train leaves at two o'clock. I must take that train to catch the steamer at San Francisco, to go back to my own country. I have something to tell you."

But he did not need to tell one word. It was all written on that radiant face.

"Sir, I have found the beautiful life. I have found Jesus," he exclaimed ; and then, unable to linger, he went back to his own country to tell the people of the life once lived here on earth, and lived here again in the lives of God's children to-day.

From Beggar Boy to Missionary

A STORY FROM INDIA

By Rev. Frank Russell, M.A.

He was a ragged little Hindu, unkempt and dirty, with only one leg. One day in the crowded bazaar he had been knocked down under the heavy wheel of a passing ox-cart. He was hurried off to the charitable hospital, where the native surgeon took off his leg at the knee.

To-day he was tired and hungry. He had worked his way to the house of the rich Parsee, Merwanjee, who gave out pice (coppers) once a week to the beggars of the town. But he met a disappointed crowd coming away. Some one had died in the Parsee household, and for to-day there would be no dole for the beggars.

As he sat down to rest for a few moments under the shadow of a high wall on the side of the road, he heard voices singing. He shuffled along to the gateway of the compound (enclosure), and peeped inside. He saw to his surprise the group of beggars who had left him some time before, sitting under the spreading branches of a peepul tree, listening to two or three missionaries who were singing something from a little book they held in their hands.

The singing went on. As he listened, he heard some words repeated over and over

again : Yishu Masih mero prana bachaiya ("Jesus Christ saves my soul"). There was much else that he did not understand, but these words struck him. He fell to wondering who this Yishu Masih might be. He must be some one belonging to the *Sirkar* (Government), or these *sahibs* (gentlemen) would not be talking about him. But now the singing had ceased, and one of the men was speaking. The boy listened for a few minutes, but the day was hot, and the corner of the wall under the shade of the tree very comfortable, so before long he began to nod.

A sudden movement of the crowd roused him from his drowsy corner. The beggars were passing out of the gate, each one as he went receiving a coin from the hand of the missionary who had been speaking. The boy held back until all had gone, and then went slowly forward. "Hallo !" said the missionary, "here's another one, and I don't believe I've a single 'double' (cent) left." He put his hand in his pocket and drew it out again. "Here's one," he said, and handed the boy a coin. The boy took it, but what was his amazement to see that it was not a copper, but a silver rupee, worth 32 cents. He had never possessed such a sum in his life.

Next morning he was back at the place where the beggars had gathered the day before. Soon after along came a bicycle, and his friend of yesterday jumped off at the gate. The missionary asked him a number of questions about himself and his daily life. When he found that he had no home or friends, he asked him if he would like to go to a home where he would have good food and clothes, and some one to care for him. Soon he was in the new home, washed and dressed, and with a wonderful wooden leg, working hard at school learning to read and write. By and by he grew to manhood and joined the ranks of those who are telling the people of India the story of Jesus.

Rasulpura, Central India

A Conscience Clear

We need it every hour—
A conscience clear,
That shall be as a tower
Of strength and cheer.