

ratively small a sum for mission purposes if this life and zeal existed. The secret of their collecting so little was not in the want of religious life, but in the want of that method and machinery and organisation which some other churches had been forced to bring into operation.

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**DECLINE OF HEATHENISM IN INDIA.**—A Baptist missionary in Orissa makes a remarkable statement in regard to the great idolatrous festival in that part of India. His words are:—"You may remember my mentioning, when at home, that the last time I attended the Juggernath festival, the car was abandoned by the people and left on the road. A few days ago I went to the same spot, and expected to see two cars, and was told that one was too old, and with regard to the other it was said the proprietor could not afford the usual fee to the Brahmins. But this is all a blind. The truth is, that the people have grown too wise to make beasts of themselves by drawing the car and thus I have lived to see an end to the swinging and Juggernath feasts in one and the same place; and, singular enough, there were no images of Juggernath offered for sale. Formerly there were.

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### "WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?"

Some time ago a little girl who had been taught in one of our London Sunday-schools, was carried off by the terrible malady which desolates so many English homes—I mean consumption. One Sunday evening she sent for her father to come to her bedside. He was a violent hater of religious truth and religious institutions, and was going away to spend the evening, and was just ready to leave home. His little girl had now been ill for some time, but it never seriously occurred to him that she could die; he had merely regarded her as an invalid. Her words were, "Good bye father, I am going to heaven—will you meet me there?"

Had any one else addressed him in such a manner, he would have burst into oaths and curses, but he saw death in that little transparent hand, and he loved his dying girl, and the appeal was not to be resisted. The unnatural brightness of those large blue eyes, glowing with the unnatural fire of the soul, both awed and melted him. He put his elbow on the back of his chair, and covered his face with his hand, while the hot tears fell thick and fast from his eyes. "*Father, will you meet me there?*" Gushing tears and heavy sobs are the