

"No crime among the Hindus is considered so great as breaking the rules of caste. A man may commit murder and it will not affect his standing. But let him take a mouthful of food, or a drink of water from a low caste man, and he becomes defiled. He is tried and if the crime is fully proved against him, then he is expelled from his caste. He does not then become a member of a lower caste. This would be as impossible as it would be for a cow to become a horse, or for a mouse to become an elephant. He becomes an out-caste, despised and abused by everyone. His former friends will drive him from their doors, and leave him to perish from hunger and want.

"It matters not whether his crime was committed purposely or not. If by mistake he has drunk water from a vessel that had been used by a man of lower birth, he is defiled. If the vessel were washed in "a thousand running waters," it matters not; it is impure.

"A few years ago some masons were at work near my house, and a man of a different caste was helping them. It so happened that while they were at work, this man fell from the building and was badly hurt. Although he was very faint and thirsty, his fellow-workmen would not give him any water to drink because he was of a different caste from themselves, and they would have let him die without giving him help. But there was an English soldier near by, and he saw the poor man and brought him some water to drink.

"When the man recovered, he was tried and found guilty by his caste, because he had taken water from the hands of an English soldier; and he was obliged to spend a great deal of money before he could be taken back into his caste. Can you think of anything more cruel than this?

"You can see what a terrible trial it must be for a Hindu to become a Christian. He must be despised and hated and abused by all his former associates, and be driven from his home and village. His friends mourn for him and perform his funeral ceremonies as if he were dead.

Indeed, they would prefer that he should die a thousand times, rather than he should break his caste.

"Do you wonder that the people are so slow to receive the Gospel? The Christians of India meet with so much persecution that the wonder is that any of them have grace to endure and to be loyal to Christ."—*Children's Work for Children.*

A GOOD LIFE.

A little girl of nine summers came to ask her pastor about joining the Church. She had been living a Christian for nine months, had been properly taught, and answered the usual questions promptly and properly. At last the pastor kindly said:

"Nellie, does your father think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, Sir,"

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir."

"How, then, does he know?"

"He sees."

"How does he see that?"

"Sees I am a better girl."

"What else does he see?"

"Sees I love to read my Bible and to pray."

"Then, you think, he sees you are a Christian?"

"I know he does; he can't help it;" and, with a modest, happy boldness, she was sure her father knew she was a Christian because he could not help seeing it in her life. Is not such the privilege of all God's people, to be sure that others see they are following Christ?

We remember hearing of a poor, hard-working man whose fellow-labourers laughed at him, told him he was deceived, and pressed him with difficult questions. At last, in the desperation of his heart, he said: "I am a changed man. Go ask my wife if I am not. She sees I am."

This is what Christ meant by being witness and lights in the world. Not only soundness of faith and boldness of confession, but a manner of life which, even