

form, retrousse, Nothing but the point of his nose, eyes, and a small portion of his forehead, remained visible, while all the under portion of his face was a mass of white muslin, palpitating with the pulse of his deep and rapid breathing.

Seated thus, like a revived mummy, and nodding his head from time to time in witness and approval of the truth of what I was saying, he appeared so ridiculous a figure that nothing but a deep sense of the solemnity of the message I was delivering could have restrained me from manifesting in smiles my keen sense of the ludicrous. But now his attention, and that of his court, became enchained as I began to speak about God's method of justification. After showing the utter worthlessness of all human means of salvation, I enlarged on the glorious display of divine love and justice united, in the death on the cross for us of incarnate God. This illustrated by the case of the king who, in vindication of his justice, sacrificed one of his son's eyes; and in proof of his love and mercy, sacrificed one of his own,—a case which even on their sensual Rajpoot natures produced a profound impression, and elicited a storm of excited wab! wahs!! Then I gave them a rapid sketch of the Saviour's life on earth, and by many illustrations borrowed from their Eastern usages, showed how in our stead he bore the doom and penalty of sin, died that we might live, and rose again to give us the assured hope of a blessed immortality.

Then I grew more personal in my appeals; and that day within these ducal walls were heard such words of truth, as had ne'er been whispered there before, and such as turned the smiling faces of courtly flatterers pale with wonder and fear. 'Thakoor sahib,' I said, 'you and I, like other men, have sinned. You too are a prodigal son, who have wandered away from your Father God!' 'What!' he exclaimed in a muffled voice through the folds of muslin, and with a start, 'I too a prodigal?' 'Yes,' I continued, 'you too; and before God, who looks not upon the outward man, but reads the secrets of the heart, you are guilty and condemned. But now, through me, God makes you the offer of salvation through his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. God knows whether that offer will ever be made to you again. Accept it now. Close with the offers of mercy. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' 'Oh!' broke in the thakoor with a tone that spoke of firm conviction, 'I believe that the Christian religion will become universal. There is no doubt of that, and it is fast coming.' 'But,' rejoined I, 'what will it avail you if all others enter in, and you, through unbelief, are shut out?' Then I pointed out what Christianity had done for us; how our ancestors had been wild savages, worshipping, even as they, gods of wood and stone. At this the besotted thakoor, brightened up with a brief flash of greater wit than I had given him credit for; and while his eyes danced with glee, he laughed out through the muslin folds concealing his mouth. 'Ay! ay! and you are now reaping the reward of your ancestors' devotion to the gods in the power and good fortune that attend you.' 'Nay, thakoor sahib,' was my prompt reply; 'not so do you act. However faithful a man's ancestors may have been to your family, if he himself deserts you, and transfers his allegiance to another, you do not heap him with honours, but visit him with your displeasure. The gods of wood and stone that crowd your temples have not been able to save you from foreign domination. The God whom we worship can alone uphold and bless.' The thakoor had become so impressed and absorbed in my theme, that he had forgotten to admire himself in the mirror, or to put the finishing touch to his toilet. Now reminded by the courtier who played valet, he carefully untied the face-cloth, leaving beard and moustache neatly pressed down into the apertured Rajpoot mode; then