

plain that a move was necessary. One day, the burden pressing more heavily than usual, it was rolled off upon the Lord, with the plea that, every house being His, and every heart under His control, He could provide the best and most suitable building in the whole city. That morning was the turn for visiting a wealthy Sardar's widow to whom access had been lately gained. The need was mentioned to her; at once the answer came, 'You can have the use of my large "hawete" rent free.' I went to look at it, and found it to be just what we had asked for, the best and most convenient place possible.

"Then came the thought, Does this kind friend offer it to us with the idea that our school only promotes *secular* education? It may be that when she knows the Bible is taught here she will repent of her generosity and wish she had not lent it. So on returning to the house I told her plainly that we gave religious as well as secular knowledge, even the knowledge of Christ as the one only way to heaven. 'You are welcome,' she said, 'to teach whatever you like, and my two nieces' (pointing to the little girls who had been my pupils) 'shall go to the school too.' So we accepted the offer, thanking her, and thanking God who had put it into her heart to show us this kindness, and thus to help forward His work. We are to enter upon our new quarters this month, and I expect it will be long before we have to complain again that our accommodation is too small."

The sad condition of widows in India is well known; they are often mere children of five years of age and upwards, and yet they are considered accursed and are treated with scorn and cruelty. Miss Wanton was urged to open a school for them, and means to do so being unexpectedly sent to her, she thought it an indication of God's will that she should commence such a work. She says:

"The school was opened, and in a few days the news spread, and applicants for admission poured in. Oh, what sad, sad tales they brought! Ever since that time the 'bitter cry' of the widows, and especially the *child* widows, has been in my ears; it sounds in almost every house and every school. I can count many children, even amongst our own scholars, who are enduring this sorrowful lot with all its burden of disgrace, loneliness, and poverty, simply because the corrupted customs of their country forbid re-marriage—*customs*, not law—for the ancient Hindu laws allowed it.

"It would have been better if women had never been made," was the remark made by one of my listeners in a Zenana; and when I remonstrated with her about this assertion, she only modified it by adding, "Well, if they are to become widows, it would be far better for them if they had never been born." It is a privilege to bring the balm of Christian comfort to these wounded spirits. They are more ready than many others to hear about the Friend of the friendless. Nowhere do I ever get a brighter welcome than that which greets me as I take my seat, with the Bible in my hand, amongst the group of workers in that Widows' School."

This surely is an important step. Would our friends not like to help the Widows' Home and pray for it? The following account of work opening in long-closed homes will cheer our friends.

"Nearly all the *Zenanas* of last year have been kept up, and in addition to these some new houses have opened. One influential class of the inhabitants of this city had persistently kept their doors closed against us. These were the Sikh Sardars or chiefs. For ten years we could see no sign of the bolts being withdrawn, but this year the widow of one of the leading Sardars of the place (the lady mentioned above who has offered us the building for the Normal School) invited us to come and see her. Many

most interesting visits have been paid since, and we can now count the "Rani Sahiba," as she is called, amongst our regular pupils. A few days ago, after I had been explaining something to her from the Bible, when I was going away she grasped my hand warmly, saying, "I love you for coming to teach us these things. You give us the knowledge of God, and this is what we were created for, but how could we know about it if you didn't come to tell us?"

"In another, a Mohammedan house belonging to one of the Rais, as the higher-class people are called, we have reason to be thankful for the way in which bigotry has dissolved under the teaching of God's Word. For a long time I was obliged to keep strictly to the Old Testament in my reading. Now not only do the Begum and her three sisters listen attentively and respectfully to any part of the Gospels, but they ask to have it read to them. One day lately they declined taking their reading-lessons as it was an Id (a festival day), so, after looking at their needlework, I was preparing to come away, when the Begum surprised me by saying, taking up the Bible, "But we won't have a holiday from hearing this; please read it to us just the same."

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom!" is the thought that often passes through my mind as I visit some of these families. One house in which I am teaching adjoins that of a Rais, who is said to possess lakhs of rupees. Though the two families are connected, and have constant communication, the ladies of his Zenana are never allowed to come in, but there are two little gratings in the wall where their faces often appear, and a request whispered that I will play and sing.

"So when the lessons are over, the bedstead is brought under these openings that these poor prisoners may hear the hymns, and something of the explanations too—and so, borne in with these songs, may come the message of eternal life to many a dark and ignorant mind, even when debarred from receiving the message-bearer into the house."

And then this lady, who has given up so much, home, friends, country, to toil in a hot climate, that she may be our—nay, Christ's—messenger to these listening hearts, fears lest we, in our comfortable homes, should weary as we hear about the work, and adds:

"It may be that the words 'schools' and 'Zenanas' have grown old and wearisome, and readers prefer hearing about something fresher. Old they certainly are, but I trust we are not getting tired of hearing them. Let us forget the words for a time, and think only of what they mean. So many women and children, with hearts capable of loving, with minds capable of knowing, brought into contact with the knowledge of Him who alone can fill and satisfy their longings, so many channels opened through which the life-giving streams may run, bringing with them a joy unspeakable, hope for this life, hope for the life to come,—this is what we mean when we speak of schools and Zenanas."

"Would that I could take every reader up to the roof of the Zenana Mission-House, and bid her look round! It would stir her heart, as it stirs ours, to see the mosques, the temples, and the wide, wide stretch of houses, containing hundreds and thousands who are yet slaves to the false religions which these places of worship represent. We have only just begun, as it were, to make our Mission felt, and shall we grow weary of it? No, thank God, there are many other agencies employed which are being owned and blessed, but we have no reason to believe that *education* has ceased to be an instrument in God's hands. On the contrary, we see more and more what a mighty engine it is. Already we see that by means of it many strongholds are being broken down, and many captives are coming out one by one from the bondage

of sin to lay hold on the great Deliverer. Let us then make this agency more efficient still, and never cease our efforts till the time shall come when all the children of this city shall be taught of the Lord, and till the daughters of Amritsar shall become as polished corner-stones in the temple of the Great King."

(To be continued.)

Children's Corner.

MAX:

A STORY OF THE OBERSTEIN FOREST.

CHAPTER X.

"IT SHALL GO WELL WITH THE RIGHTEOUS."

(Continued.)

This joyful thought seemed to put a little power into him, for he attempted to stand up, but had not strength. Feeling he must continue the effort, he crept by slow degrees to the edge of the pit, helping himself along by means of the roots and branches of trees, till he had nearly reached the top, where his strength again failed. Had he not clung with both hands to the branch of a birch-tree, he would have fallen back into the hollow.

"Have mercy upon me, thou God in heaven!" whispered he. The exertion had been too much, and once more he lost consciousness.

Another half-hour elapsed. No help reached him, for not a human being had passed that way. The road for many years had been quite in disuse, having been formerly only made for conveying wood. And yet, the poor wounded, fainting Max needed help, prompt immediate help, lest the flickering life-light should be for ever extinguished. "Father in heaven, hearest thou not the feeble prayer of thy helpless child?"

Hark! a hollow bark sounded in the distance, followed by a cry, a strong, commanding cry,—"Back, Mohr, back, hither; come out from there."

The dog seemed as if he heard not, his bark came ever nearer, sounding louder, till at last there was a rustling among the bushes, and behold! suddenly appeared the familiar friend; with quick eye he looked around, and with one bound was by the side of the fainting boy, licking with unbounded joy his face and hands. Max could give no response to these caresses, and the faithful creature, after looking inquiringly into his face, set up a piercing howl of lamentation.

"Mohr! Mohr!" resounded again from the distance; Mohr recognised the call, and after a little hesitation, sprang over the body of the boy, and ran as fast as he could to old John, barking violently. He laid hold of him by the coat-tails, held him fast, looking up in his face with his sagacious eye, then running towards the hollow, seemed as if he would say, Come hither, come hither! Only come, for it is indeed necessary.

In a few minutes, John had reached the place, and was looking over the edge. Astonishment, fear and joy were painted on his features, and in the next moment he was on his knees beside Max, with his head on his bosom, seeking lovingly to recall him to consciousness. At length the boy opened his eyes, and looked wonderingly on his friend and on the barking dog. "Max, my