

the figure of a cleansing stream, the prophet Isaiah invited the nations to salvation—"a fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness. We sing: .

"Here sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Is it strange when our Christian Scriptures make so much of water as typifying the cleansing of regeneration, that the Hindoo, "in his blindness," worships the Ganges as a god ("Abother Ganges"), and that he seeks in the muddy waters of this reputed holy stream, for freedom from that pollution which he is conscious of—a freedom his soul longs to find and for which he knows not where else to turn. See a group of honest inquirers standing on the bank filled with religious fervor. Just then the missionary of the Cross arrives in their midst, and with his assistants gains the attention of the pilgrims. Here is the Church's opportunity. Here they explain the true nature of sin and of salvation. The pilgrims listen and new thoughts fill their hearts. They receive and carry back to their isolated and distant village homes, a knowledge of the light and truth as it is in Jesus.

MAKING ROOM.

JACK and Charley sat on the kitchen doorstep, in the shade of the big willow tree, eating their morning lunch of crisp soda-crackers. Jack's pet bantams, forgetting at the time their important little strut, scrambled so eagerly after the crumbs that every now and then the boy's bare toes got a vigorous pick from their greedy little bills.

Little four-year-old Matty hearing the boys laugh, wanted her share of the fun. She ran to to the door, cracker in hand, and said eagerly: "Let me sit there, too!"

But Charley's blue flannel knees were so wide apart that one of them touched Jack's grey jeans, and the other lay against the door-casing. Against the opposite casing leaned Jack's head shoulder. So it happened that Charley said hastily, "There isn't any room." And in the same breath Jack said, crossly, "Oh, go 'way, Matty, and find some other place. It's too crowded with you."

Matty put her little blue gingham sleeve up to her eyes, and left a trail of cracker crumbs across the kitchen floor, as she ran to lay her curly head on mamma's lap, and sob out that the boys hadn't any room for her to help feed the chickens.

But in a minute Charley's voice rang out in the kindest of tones: "Come on, Matty; here's room for you." And Jack called also, "Yes, plenty of room, right between us."

Matty brushed away her tears, and ran back to the kitchen door. Sure enough, between the

blue flannel and the grey jeans was room enough for two little mites of girls as she was.

"How did you happen to find room so quickly?" asked mamma, smiling.

"We made it," said Charley, putting his arm lovingly about Matty's shoulders, and throwing out a big crumb for Mr. and Mrs. Bantam to scramble after.

"Remember, dearies," said grandma from her corner, "there's plenty of room in the world for every kindly deed, if we only choose to make it."

THE LITTLE CHAPLAIN.



GARL Richard, one of Britain's peers,
Is lord of many a mile
Of thrifty English soil, and lives
In proud baronial style.
He has his castle famed in song,
His parks and garden fair;
And every Sunday in his hall
His chaplain kneels in prayer.

No earl am I; I have no lands;
A man of low degree,
No liveried servants doff the hat
And bend the knee to me.
And yet, though boasting no estates,
And though my purse is light,
I have my chaplain, too, and he
Prays for me every night.

He is a little fair-haired boy,
That scarce five years hath seen,
With dimpled cheek and melting eye,
Fond voice and winsome mien.
And when he dons his robe of white,
Ere lying down to sleep,
He folds his sinless hands and prays
The Lord my soul to keep.

My little chaplain None but God
Knows how I love the boy,
Each day that dawns, each night that falls
He floods my heart with joy.
Oh I have been a better man
Since he to me was given;
His simple trust and guileless ways
Have drawn me nearer heaven.

—Wide Awake.

GULLIVER AND THE PIGMIES.



YOU may have heard that famous story of Gulliver? He was a giant, they say. He lay down to sleep one day amid the pigmies. They began binding their little threads around his fingers. He said:

"This is fun; I can break that at any minute with this great muscle of mine. I can break a hempen rope, and can I not break a spider's web?"

The little pigmies tied another finger; he laughed. By and by they tied another and another, until both his hands were tied and fastened down to the ground. He could have