

INCIDENTS FROM INDORE.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, MR. LEDINGHAM.

Mr. Wilkie, in questioning the boys of the school here on the Bible, asked if they knew where Satan ("Sheitan") lived?

One little fellow called out, "Sheitan lives in a bottle!"

Mr. Wilkie said he wondered how this could be, and the boy, thinking that doubt was being cast on his answer, backed it up by saying, "Whoever drinks *sharab* (native spirits) has Satan in him, and *sharab* lives in a bottle, therefore Satan must live 'in a bottle!'"

Mr. Wilkie asked if Satan lives here? One boy answers, "No, Sheitan does not live here"; but another boy hung his head, saying, "Sheitan lives in every bad boy."

Yesterday I was shown a fine field of tobacco, and the native who was with me and who could speak English, said, "They do not need to put a hedge around their tobacco, or have a watchman to guard it, for no kind of animal that dwells in India will ever touch it."

In reading about our mission work in India, remember that it is the same people among whom our missionaries work in Trinidad. For the last thirty years they have been coming from India to Trinidad, and they are coming in large numbers every year, so that we have a part of India brought near to us.

A STORY OF FRENCH WORK

One of our French missionaries, Mr. Israel Mathieu, writes from Lachute, Que.:

Last Sunday, on my way home from Church, I said to Mr. V—, a new French Canadian convert from the Church of Rome, "Tell me the history of your conversion."

Said he: "About twenty miles back here in the mountains, on my way home, I had trouble with my horses. I was badly hurt by a kick from one of them, and in my distress I said, 'Jesus Christ aidez-moi' (Jesus Christ help me), and I felt relieved and helped.

Further on I came to a bad bridge, where I had much trouble with my horses when going up the mountains the previous day, and

as I came to it I prayed to Jesus again, and I got over it with very little trouble.

I was then and there persuaded that God heard me, and I never felt so happy in all my life.

I told my wife of it. She did not understand me at first. She saw a *change of mind* in me, and of conduct; but she could not account for it until a few months after, when her eyes were also opened, by the Grace of God."

Both he and his wife have left the Church of Rome, and have united themselves with our Church. They have taken their little girls from the Catholic school to send them to the Protestant school, and they also send them to the Sunday school.

The Grace of God has produced a great change in that man. He is truly a new man. As he goes about his work, he carries a New Testament with him, although he cannot read, and when he meets a Roman Catholic who can read, he invites him to read, and tells him what God has done for him and for his wife. He is always doing something for the Master in that way, and is not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation to every believer.

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant; "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman, "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made out of good stuff.—S.L.