

"Teacher I must not keep all this to myself when so many are perishing for want of this good news."

So it was arranged that David should become a missionary supported by the Bible Society and he used to go feeling his way all over Allahabad, a sling around his neck supporting his heavy, cumbersome, but unspeakably precious book. All over the soldiers' barracks, the railway lines,—where all the railway employees live,—in the native city, or wherever he could get an audience, his beaming face upturned, his slender fingers rapidly tracing the lines, he would preach Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Ail Allahabad learned to respect and love that devoted servant of Christ. A stranger might smile at the uncouth figure arrayed in the cast-off garments of officers and civilians; his trousers of one color, his vest of another; his coat, what young America would style "a mile too big for him;" but the angels saw a saved soul, not content with merely being saved himself, but living fruitfully, joyfully, with an ever enlarging experience of the life power of Jesus, holding fast his guiding hand, bearing his daily cross with patience, and devoting all the powers of his being to pointing others to the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent.

Once David visited his old home in Rajputana, 350 miles away, carrying his precious volume, singing, praying, and preaching in every village along that weary way.

So the days and years passed until about 1890 and then life's dark journey ended and David fell asleep to awake in his Saviour's likeness to see the King in his beauty.—*Scl.*

### STRICKEN DUMB.

A very remarkable event took place one Sabbath afternoon a few weeks ago, in Athens, Georgia, U.S.A. As told in the *Daily Banner* of that city, and in the *Christian of Boston*, it seems as much a miracle as those of New Testament times.

An old man, Mr. William Haguewood, while railing against the Christian religion was suddenly unable to speak.

Immediately after being stricken dumb, he began praying earnestly in heart, and by signs or writing asked others to pray for his deliverance.

This continued throughout Monday and Tuesday, but still the tongue that denied the religion of the Bible was denied the power of speech.

Tuesday night Mr. Haguewood attended

a religious meeting and was visibly affected. In the midst of the exercises he suddenly arose and began talking. The congregation was amazed and every eye was turned upon him. No sound was heard except the voice of the old man, so attentive were his listeners. The first words he spoke constituted an earnest and sincere profession of religion on his part, and then he went on to speak for a few minutes to the congregation.

He told them that he had committed a great sin, and that God had deprived him of the power of speech, and that it was not restored to him until he had experienced deep repentance for his sin and a determination to accept the religion as the truth. As soon as he came fully to that conclusion his tongue was loosed and he arose to speak. This incident has stirred the whole community as it was never stirred before.

### SHOW YOUR COLORS.

On a railroad train, some time ago, a party of men—perhaps they called themselves "gentlemen"—entered, took seats together, and engaged in conversation. Presently they burst forth into a general denunciation of Christianity and Christians. They became more and more noisy and demonstrative, and, at length, vilely profane. Each seemed to be trying to outdo the others in the vehemence of his tone and the coarseness of his language.

The car was full of passengers, and doubtless a large proportion of these were professed Christians. But though many showed signs of annoyance, for some time no one ventured a remonstrance.

Then an elderly lady, who had been growing more and more restless for some moments, arose, went over to the group, and said to one of the men, in the mildest, sweetest tones, "Will you please be so kind as to hand the little book from the rack above your head?"

Rather sheepishly, the man complied. The lady thanked him courteously, took the Bible to her seat, and began to read. Perhaps the men were not as much ashamed of themselves as they should have been, but at all events they were suggestively quiet during the remainder of the journey.

The lesson administered by this little old lady was a model one. While our faith should be modest, it should also be fearless; and when the King whom we profess to serve is insulted, the humblest of us should dare to show his colors, and to rebuke the insult by act, if not by word.—*Scl.*