

You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officers, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried: "Land ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket Shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair and tries to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night, by the light of an insect called the candle-fly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution with seventy-five thousand tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea, or flung the spinning lugs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three noughts placed on the right side of the figure one make a thousand, and six noughts on the right side of the figure one, a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity were affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

#### LETTER FROM INDIA.

Rev. J. Wilkie, one of our missionaries in India, has written a letter to the scholars of St. Andrews Sablath School, Toronto, from which we take the following extract for the young people who read the CHILDREN'S RECORD. Ed.

'I wish to tell you of three facts that recently were brought to my notice.

One wet evening when going to church I saw a jain in the grassy plain busy laying

down handfuls of a mixture of dry flour and sugar on each of the many ant-hills, whilst following him were about half a dozen of crows enjoying the double feast of the flour and the ants who came up to feed on it.

After the jain had gone to the end of his beat, he turned to come home, Oh the misery that was depicted on his face as he saw the impudent crows busy robbing him of all the merit of his religion! Stones began to fly, but the crows lazily flapped their wings, caw, cawed, flew around his head and then divided into two groups—the one in front of him being chased and stoned till they took refuge in some neighbouring trees—whilst the group behind him went on with their feast.

Feeling that now all was right he was about to go away when he espied detachment No. 2. He immediately gave chase only however to allow detachment No. 1 an opportunity to go on with their half-finished meal.

One would almost imagine they enjoyed the fun from the impudent and lazy way they would flop around, occasionally crying "caw, caw," to their neighbours when disturbed, till at last the poor jain wet and angry was obliged to leave the field defeated.

#### THE JAINS

who are the cruel, hard-hearted and dishonest money lenders and bankers of India who by their base practices have crushed the life out of many a poor cultivator—hold as their principal religious belief that all life is sacred, and allow that faith to develop in ways that would make you laugh, were it not for its terrible results.

The other day in the city I met a small double decked gari full of dogs; and on asking the meaning of it was told that the dogs were being taken out to a garden outside of the city, kept up by these jains for all kinds of animals. There were big dogs and little dogs, some diseased and some well, but all snarling and fighting as one was lurching against another as the gari rolled over the uneven ground.

Out at this garden might be seen all