

but he told the girl in what part of the town Narraput lived, and then he went away. As soon as she could, the poor girl went to find out Narraput; she went from house to house asking people, "Where does Narraput Christian live—the man who can lead me to Jesus?" But they were all idolaters, and would not tell her, though they knew. At last it was getting dark, and being very tired, and nearly heart-broken, she thought she must go back without finding him. She was just turning back, when she seen a man walking along; she asked him the same question, "Where does Narraput Christian live, the man that can lead me to Jesus?"

To her great joy the man showed her the house, and when she had reached it she met Narraput himself coming out at the door. She fell at his feet in tears, and wringing her hands in anguish she asked, "Are you Narraput Christian, the man that can lead me to Jesus? Oh take me to Him; I shall die, and, oh what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?"

Narraput did not curse her, as the Hindoo priest had done, but lifted her kindly and led her into the house, where his family were seated at their evening meal.

Narraput said, "My dear young friend, sit down and tell me all."

She told him her history, and when she had done, she rose and said, "Now, take me to Jesus; you know where He is. Oh! take me to Him;" Then Narraput told her about Jesus; how He was God, and how He became man to save sinners, and how He had died for our sins, and how His blood could take away sins. He told her too, that though she could not see Jesus, yet He was in the room with them, and could see and hear her, and would pardon and receive her.

They then went to the Lord Jesus, and He received and saved her. She slept peacefully that night, for she had found Jesus, and had found salvation.

KING John of Abyssinia has ordered the lips of his subjects who smoke to be cut off! How would English-speaking boys who smoke like such treatment?

THE Missionary of the F. W. B. Mission in Balasore, reports that in his vicinity three or four hundred families have discarded idols, and are believers in Christianity, as far as they understood it, and he calls earnestly for reinforcement.

"I AM very weak," said an Irishman in the Adelaide Hospital.

"But what are your *Lopes*?" was the reply.

"Brighter than ever," he whispered. "I am too weak to talk, and I am too weak to pray, but I can trust every moment."

A few hours after, he said to the night nurse, "I'm going home;" and then he fell asleep, and did not wake again on earth. When his eyes were opened it was to see the Lord Jesus as He is!

CHINESE HEARTS—"Chinese women," says Miss Sagord, "deny that they, individually, are sinners, though they can see that some of their neighbors are in a very bad way, as a woman once expressed herself: 'We Chinese know there are two classes of persons—those who have their hearts in the middle of their bodies and will go heaven, and those who have their hearts under their arms and must go to hell; but *her* heart was straight, and for herself she had no tears.' Under this figurative language she only conveyed the meaning of the Pharisee when he said, 'I am not as other men are.'"