

WON AT LAST.

The following touching story is from the pen of the Rev. Maurice Phillips, in the *Missionary Chronicle*.

I accompanied Mr. Robinson last month, he writes, on a tour through the Tripatore mission district of Salem (South India). I was delighted with the large crowds that listened daily to our preaching.

One very interesting incident came under my notice. Some years ago a Sudra farmer in one of the out-of-the-way villages was baptized under the name of Israel. He had a wife and a large family, but they positively declined to follow him to Christianity. At first they gave him a great deal of trouble, refusing to associate with him for fear of defilement, and his wife even declined to give him food. He gradually overcame these difficulties, but his family seemed as far as ever from Christianity.

When I visited the family in 1884, just before going home, I asked his wife and each of his sons whether they intended to become Christians, and the answer was "No." I prayed with them, and urged them to follow their father, who was following Christ, but had no reason to believe that any impression had been produced.

When camping last month within seven miles of Israel's village, a young man came to the tent and said he was Israel's eldest son. "Well, come and sit down. I am very glad to see you. I have not seen you for a long time," I said. He sat down and told me that last year his father died. I told him I was very sorry, but added: "Your father was a good man, and he is now in heaven with Jesus." "Yes," he said, "I believe that. When my father was very ill, and could not read the Bible, he asked me to read for him." "And did you?" "Yes, I read to him every day, and he seemed always better after I read to him." "What did you read?" "I read the Psalms and the Gospels." "When he died, did you burn the body like a heathen?" "No. We had a grave dug for him in the field, and we buried him as a Christian." "I suppose there was no Christian present to read the Scriptures and to pray?" "No; but I read the 23rd Psalm after the body was lowered to the grave." I said; "I am very glad to hear that. How did you have the courage to do it?" "Well; I felt that it was right, and that it was in accordance with the

wish of the departed, and so God gave me courage. And not only that, but I am determined to become a Christian too, and die like my father." "What about your wife?" "She is quite willing to be baptized." "Do you want to be baptized now?" "No; I will wait till you come again, for I want my brothers and their families to be baptized at the same time, and they are not prepared yet."

"Oh! how thankful I was to our heavenly Father for this incident. How wonderful God is in carrying on His work! An incident like this is enough compensation for all the labour bestowed in the Tripatore district since the commencement of the mission. May the Lord's work so prosper everywhere!"

"PRAYING OUT OF ME HEART."

The reluctance on the part of over-careful parents to permit their children to enter the Church is little less than infidelity to the promises of God. The doctrine of faith runs through all spiritual life and its relations. Many believe in God for themselves, but will not trust the faith of their children just because they are children. If they measured five feet six inches of flesh and bones, and had no better defined or stronger faith, they would say, "Yes, by all means receive them."

In the church of the writer at one time was a remarkable revival. So many were coming into the church that the session sat to examine them while the pastor was preaching, and would report to him after services their several experiences. When the pastor came into the session-room, after preaching, a little boy, ten years old, was weeping—turning to him the pastor said, "What troubles you, little man?" He said, "I wanted to unite with the church at this communion, but the session says I am too young, and I am afraid I may go back before next communion. I am tempted awfully now, and how hard it will be for three months more." We said to him, "Do you pray?" "Yes, sir." "How long have you been praying?" "I have said the little prayer, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' most all my life. My mother taught it to me, and my Sunday-school teacher taught me the Lord's Prayer, and I have been saying that for a good while, but the last three weeks I have been praying out of me heart." We said to the session, "This