

together with the reading of the Word of God, were much blessed to him.

He still, however, was a heathen, and attended heathen feasts. At this time, the yearly swinging festival in honour of Kalee, and of which you have read before, came round. Denonath went to it, but was so disgusted with the foolish and cruel ceremonies, that he resolved at once to give up idolatry and follow Christ. He now began to pray, read his Bible more than ever before, and give up some of his heathen customs. One day a Brahmin came into his father's shop. It is the custom for zealous Hindoos to make a low bow to all Brahmins, and, with folded hands, to cry out, "*Prunam*"—a word they use to express an act of worship. Denonath's father at once did this, but Denonath refused, saying, "That he could not worship a man, but God only." His father was very angry, but did no more than reprove him at the time.

Soon after this the missionary noticed Denonath at a special service in the chapel, and happening to come out of the chapel with him, touched him on the shoulder, and began to talk with him. Denonath now told him that he wished to be a Christian, and on being asked why, he answered, "Oh, I feel I am a great sinner—that none but the Lord Jesus Christ can save me, and that, if I do not believe in him, I must perish."

The missionary now felt much interest in him, told him to come to him for more instruction, and soon thought he saw that Denonath was a truly converted lad. As soon as his relations found all this out, they began to persecute him. His father forbade his going to chapel; the neighbors threatened to beat him, and his relations declared they would send him far away into the country. Poor Denonath was now in great trouble, but resolved to do what was right. So, one Monday morning, he came to the missionary, told him he could not serve

God at home; that if he staid there any longer, he would be sent far away to some heathen relative, and perhaps put to death, and that he was therefore come to live altogether in the school. The missionary hardly knew what to do, but told him to go home for that day. In two days after he came back, saying, "I am now come, Sir, to remain with you." Next morning his father came with a great crowd of people to get Denonath back. They let in his father, but not the people. He cried out, as he saw Denonath, "Oh Denonath! Why have you left me? Come home again!" The boy said, "I have not forsaken you, but I wish to serve the true God, and you will not let me do it at home. If I remain an idolater I perish. Do you come, father, with me, and then we shall both be happy." At this the father flew into a great passion, and went away in a rage. By and by he came back with some Brahmins, pretended to wish to reason with the lad, but really meaning to carry him off by force. After speaking very roughly to him, one of them asked him, "How old is this new-fangled religion?" "Eighteen hundred and forty-nine years," said Denonath. "How is that?" asked the Brahmin, "why, how long have the English possessed this country?" "Not quite an hundred years," said the lad. "And how long have there been Christians here?" "Ever since the first Hindoo believed the gospel," said Denonath. They now talked together what to do, but Denonath stopped them by saying, "It is of no use trying to bring me back. I tell you plainly, *I am a Christian, and will never turn to you again.*"

On this they tried to drag him out, but the missionary would not let them—so they went away very angry, and gave up Denonath as lost.

Since then he has been baptised, and, when the missionary wrote, was going on very well. Let us all pray that God will still keep him from denying Christ, and turn the hearts of