

said, "Had I desired to become a Mohammedan, I would not have raised those screams for help; I would not have exposed all my relatives and friends to slaughter."

The venerable Dr. Perkins says, "There were thrilling incidents enough crowded into the experience of this poor Nestorian maiden, Nargis, in the five days of her detention in the hands of the cruel Mohammedans (during which she hardly dared to sleep) to fill a volume of romantic interest. Throughout the whole, though she is not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age, she demeaned herself with wonderful courage and self-possession. On the last morning of her detention, at the second solemn convocation of the Mollahs at the Prince's palace, when the chief one called for ten persons to take oath that she had been married to a Mohammedan, she boldly stepped forward, took the hem of his garment, and said, "What kind of a religion is this of yours, that you are trying to compel me to confess it? Do you lie in this manner, and teach your people to lie? I will never become a Mohammedan, if you cut me to pieces!" They were all mute, as though thunderstruck. The old Mollah soon rose and left in a rage, and in his haste he stumbled and sprawled on the steps, and his huge turban fell to the ground—a fit emblem of his being so entirely vanquished by that modest but truthful young Nestorian girl. In the evening of that day Nargis climbed over a high wall upon a grape-vine from the court where she was confined, and fled to our mission premises, where she is now secure."

Not Ashamed of Christ.

Being on a visit to London, I found myself one day in one of its suburbs, seated in a railway carriage beside two young officers, one of whom I observed was reading a French New Testament. The circumstance interested me, and I observed him attentively. He offered his book to his companion; but the latter returned it with the remark, that there were about seventy books at his quarters, but he did not care for reading. After a little I took out my notebook, wrote on a leaf of it, 'Have you enlisted under the banner of the Cross? Jesus is the Captain of salvation,' and laid it on his book. As soon as he had read it a bright look kindled in his eye, and with joyful alacrity he took out his pencil, wrote 'I have,' and returned it. The bond of Christian brotherhood was communicated like an electric flash, and my heart was filled with joy to find a soldier not merely fighting under the banner of an earthly monarch, but fearlessly acknowledging himself to be a follower of the Lamb. I took out my note-

book again, and wrote two lines which I lately heard—

'We'll march along the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.'

'Be thou faithful unto death.'

I asked him to show me his book, marked out the Christian's armour in Ephesians, put the slip of paper into and returned it. He put it into his pocket. When the train stopped he was the first to leave the carriage; but he turned when he reached the platform and gave me a soldier's bow, then walked off and was lost among the crowd. And as I threaded my way amid the dense multitude, I thought, 'How soon will all this busy crowd have passed into oblivion, but that soul will sparkle throughout eternity in the Saviour's crown.' And I thought of the deep joy which the Gospel's triumph gives, and how every other pleasure fades into nothing before the elevating joys of religion. And when all these things shall have passed away I may meet that fellow-soldier, and it may be recall the circumstance of the railway carriage.

How permanent and pure the joy
That fellowship in faith imparts,
When with a quick electric speed
A brother's eye and face you read,
And find him one in heart!

A fearless soldier of the Cross,
Who boldly owns his Master's name;
Who takes delight to read His word,
Although he bears his country's sword,
Yet follows Calvary's Lamb.

A rarer gem than monarchs wear
Thus sparkles in the world's gay fair;
But when the setting day shall come,
It shall be gathered safely home,
And shine in glory there.

Bear with Them.

There is a great deal to do in the Sunday-school; there is almost as much to bear. It is a good place to test one's patience and faith and love—perhaps especially patience. For, indeed, in the tempers and behaviour of the children, the teacher finds plenty to bear with. They, with their restless limbs and noisy tongues, little know how much their friend at the head of the class has to put up with.

Yet, bear with them, teacher. They will repay you for all hereafter. If not, you are working for a Master who is not a hard task-master, but a loving, interested Friend—And the children, when they grow up in the long years to come, will give the faithful teacher loving, grateful thoughts, which, if he could know them, would be priceless treasures.

Bear with them. It shall not be in vain,