

MY REFUGE.

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"In the Secret of His Presence."—Ps. xxxi. 20.

In the secret of His Presence, how my soul delights
to hide!
Oh how precious are the lessons which I learn at
Jesu's side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay
me low;
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the Secret
place I go.
When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow
of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and
crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold com-
munion sweet;
If I tried I could not utter what He says when thus
we meet.
Only *this* I know, I tell Him all my doubts, and
griefs, and fears;
Oh how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul
He cheers!
Do you think He ne'er reproveth me? What a false
Friend He would be,
If He never told me of the sins which He
must see.
Do you think that I could love Him half so well, or
as I ought,
If He did not tell me plainly of each sinful deed and
thought?
No! He is very faithful, and that makes me trust
Him more!
For I know that He *does* love me, though He wounds
me very sore.
Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret
of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow; this shall then be
your reward.
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy
meeting-place,
You must mind and bear the image of your Master
in your face.
You will surely lose the blessing, and the fulness of
your joy,
If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward
peace destroy;
You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesu's
side;
In the secret of His Presence you may every
moment hide.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF INDIAN CONVERTS.

By Dr. H. Martyn Clark

Converts in India have to endure many
things. They are despised, rejected, and cast
out from home and kith and kin. They suffer
loss of their goods, and are in danger of per-
sonal hurt. Sometimes death is their lot, for
their faith's sake.

One of the hardest of their trials is to know
what to do to earn their daily bread. It is
not generally understood how utterly a man is
cut off from his means of livelihood by becom-
ing a Christian. Caste rules India with a rod
of iron. A special caste means not only a re-
ligious but a worldly standing. Trades, pro-
fessions, and handicrafts run in castes. A man
is a carpenter or a worker in brass, not be-
cause he wishes to be, but because he is born
to it. Every trade there lies in the hands of a
special body. To be at war with it is to be
at war with the world. It means a boycott,
compared to which similar things in the West
are the merest of mere child's play.

A worker in brass, let us say, has become a
Christian. All the springs of the trade, all the
wealth and standing of it are against him. The
mighty power of the members of the craft,
down to the smallest child, grinds him hard
through every relation of life. There is but
one will and purpose through the hundreds of
thousands of his people. His touch is defile-
ment, his presence a curse. He has left the
religion of his fathers. He is an abomination.
Then the rest of the world is leagued against
him. In hating the Christian, men of differ-
ent faith find a strong bond of union.

As a general rule the hand of the Hindu is
against the Mohammedan. The Mohammedan
is not backward to pay the debt, so mutual
relations are marked by a hatred which is apt
to become savage and dangerous. It is the old
story. To this day the "Pilates" and the
"Herods" close up their ranks, forget for the
time their own quarrels in their bitter hatred
of the Christ and His children.

Even if our friend the brass-worker could
work, where shall he find a market? It is the
same in everything. There is no work; if there
were, there is no market. How can this man
work, how can he get customers? is the tough
nut which has to be cracked.

Why do not Christians support one another?
There are not enough of them yet to make it
pay, and non-Christians promptly undersell the
Christian. Trade follows its own laws. Men