

Another great man, when he was a little boy, very often asked his Mother about many things which he wanted to know. His Mother said to him, "Read, my dear, and you will know—read and you will know." And so he began to read, and he read a great many books, and when he became a man he was very wise, and great, and good. So read, and you will know.—*Little Child's Magazine.*

### THE AMBASSADOR FROM NEPAUL.

BY THE REV. ANDREW A. BONAR, COL-  
LACE.

Three thousand years ago Hannah, the mother of Samuel, who is such a bright example to the young, sang of the Lord at the time of her son's birth—

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,  
And lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill,  
To set them among princes."—1 SAM. ii. 8.

And long after, the Psalmist, who saw the Lord doing such things still in his days, sang thus—

"He from the dust doth raise the poor,  
That very low doth lie;  
And from the dunghill lifts the man  
Oppress'd with poverty;  
That he may highly him exalt,  
And with the princes set."—Ps. cxlii. 7, 8.

Now, dear young friends, it is the Lord's way, down to our day, to do such things. He finds sinners in their sins, baser, meaner, more degraded, more wretched, more worthless than the lowest beggar; and yet it pleases the Lord to send Jesus to such, and Jesus calls them, and lifts them up, and sets them beside himself. Did not Jesus do this when he said to the dying thief, "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise?"

I read lately something that reminded me of this. The people who inhabit *Nepaul*, a country to the north-east of the British possessions in India, sent over some of their number on an embassy to this country. They were in Scotland last month. Perhaps some of my readers saw them in the streets of Edinburgh.

The chief of these was riding lately through London in his carriage, dressed with rich raiment, adorned with jewels—the value of his dress is said to have been £150,000. When he was come near the great church of St Paul's, his eye fell on a poor man who was sweeping the crossing of the street, and who had done so for many years, in order to get the means of living. This man was dark in colour, and the Nepaulese ambassador quickly discerned that he was a fellow-countryman. He stopped his carriage, beckoned to the poor Hindoo, spoke a few words to him at the carriage-steps—and lo! the poor man's eye glistened with delight, and next moment the broom with which he was sweeping the street was flung over the churchyard railing, while he himself sprang up into the carriage, and sat beside his wealthy countryman.

The next time he was seen, this man, once a poor beggar, was dressed in splendid attire, sitting beside the ambassador, acting as his interpreter. He had been invited to leave his former employment and become interpreter, and too glad was he so easily to become honourable and rich. But now that he was so lifted up, it was observed that he was not proud—for he liked to take notice of his old companions as he rode that way.

Is not this like God's way of dealing with us? This Nepaulese ambassador shewed a true brother's love to a brother in adversity. And such—but far beyond it, too—was the love of Jesus, who saw us in our low estate, and who came on very purpose to raise us up. It is his way to pass by where we are, and to beckon to us by his Word and Spirit, and to propose to us that we leave all and come to him. All he expects of us afterwards, in way of requital, is, that we interpret His mind to the strange people of this evil world, while he puts on us a dress of his own, undertakes for us all our days, and is not ashamed to call us his brethren. Even now, he