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The
Bishop's Shadow
 by I. T. THURSTON
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LITTLE MASTER. A STORY OF CEYLON.
 By A. Kathleen Shorten.

THE home in Ceylon where "Little Master" lived was not a happy Christian home. "Big Master," as the father was called, was a stern Buddhist, and hated the name of the "Jesus religion." He became indifferent toward his wife because the first three children sent to them had been girls, and the youngest, called Seela, was a little cripple. When her father found that she would not be able to walk without crutches, he never willingly looked at her again. As soon as she would hear his voice she would limp away out of sight—sad, lonely and heartsore little girl.

When "Little Master" came there was great rejoicing, for would there not be one now to bear the grand old family name, of which "Big Master" was so proud?

A new ayah came to this home, and, unlike the last one, her heart went out to the little, crippled Seela at once.

When the little girl saw that Annua did not shrink from her, she threw her arms around the old nurse's neck and sobbed: "Annua! Annua! Why am I like this? No one loves me. I am so sad!"

Then Annua took her in her arms and told her the old, old story of Jesus and his love for children. How he took them in his arms and blessed them and dried their tears.

"More! more! Tell me more," she would cry as the old nurse ceased.

Behind the curtain "Little Master" was listening, and he, too, learned about the love of Jesus, and very softly, in the Singhalese tongue, she sang to them the children's hymn:—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so."

"Big Master" found out that Annua was a Christian, that she had been at the Mission School, and he was angry, very angry. Annua grew sick, and one night she disappeared.

Poor little Seela fretted for her kind nurse, and nothing would comfort her. She grew weaker and weaker, and when her fever became higher they sent for the devil dancers to drive away the evil spirit, for Seela kept calling, "Annual! Annual! Sing about Jesus."

When the devil dancers stopped their yelling for a moment, from behind the curtain came an answer to the little girl's pleading. A shrill, young voice sang out:—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
 For the Bible tells me so;
 Little ones to Him belong,
 They are weak—"

"Big Master" clapped his hand over the lad's mouth, but Seela rose up with a glad cry, a triumphant smile on her face:—

"But He is strong."

The devil dancers slunk away, but "Big Master," with eyes burning like coals, came out and paid them well. Seela was now with the dear Jesus Who loved her, happy for ever.

What happened to "Little Master?" The last few chapters of this delightful book will tell you of his sorrows and sufferings because he talked of Jesus, but they will also tell you of the kindness and love which came to him as "one of the little ones" in the home of the consecrated mission worker and his wife.

This little book is full of pictures, and is of intense interest from beginning to end. Published by the A.M.S., Salisbury Square, London, E.C. 1s. 9d. net.

N. E. T.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)
A Bitter Disappointment.

"Oh—you want to see Mrs. Martin, do you? Well, I think you've got cheek to come here at all after leaving the way you did," Brown growled. He held the door so that the boy could not enter, and seemed more than half inclined to shut it in his face.

"Oh, please, Brown, do let me in," pleaded the boy, with such a heart-broken tone in his voice, that Brown relented—he wasn't half so gruff as he pretended to be—and answered, grudgingly,

"Well, come in, if you must, an' I'll find out if Mrs. Martin will see you."

With a sudden gleam of joy in his eyes, Theodore slipped in.

"Come along!" Brown called over his shoulder, and the boy followed to the housekeeper's sitting-room. The door of the room stood open, and Mrs. Martin sat by the window with a newspaper in her hand. She glanced up over her spectacles as Brown's tall figure appeared at the door.

"Mrs. Martin, this boy says he wants to see you," he announced, and then sauntered indifferently away to his own quarters.

Mrs. Martin took off her glasses as she called, "Come in, boy, and tell me what you want."

Theo walked slowly toward her, hoping that she would recognize him, but she did not. Indeed, it was a wonder that Brown had recognized him, so different was his appearance in his rough, worn clothes from that of the handsomely dressed lad, whose sudden departure had so grieved the kind-hearted housekeeper.

"Don't you know me, Mrs. Martin?" the boy faltered, sorrowfully, as he paused beside her chair.

"No, I'm sure I—why! You don't mean to say that you are our deaf and dumb boy!" exclaimed the good woman, as she peered earnestly into the grey eyes looking down so wistfully into hers.

"Yes; I'm the bad boy you were so good to, but I've been keepin' straight ever since I was here, Mrs. Martin," he answered, earnestly. "I have, truly."

"Bless your dear heart, child," cried the good woman, springing up hastily and seizing the boy's hands. "I'm sure you have. I guess I know a bad face when I see one, and it don't look like yours. Sit down, dear, and tell me all about it."

In the fewest possible words Theo told his story, making no attempt to excuse anything. The housekeeper listened with keen interest, asking a question now and then, and reading in his face the confirmation of all he said. He did not say very much about the bishop, but the few words that he did say and the look in his eyes as he said them, showed her what a hold upon the boy's heart her master had so unconsciously gained, and her own interest in the friendless lad grew deeper.

When his story was told, she wiped her eyes as she said, slowly, "And to think that you've been working all these weeks to save up that money! Well, well, how glad the dear bishop will be! He's said all the time that you were a good boy."

"Oh, has he?" cried Theo, his face all alight with sudden joy. "I was afraid he'd think I was all bad when he found out how I'd cheated him."

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin. "He was grieved over your going off so, and he has tried his best to find

you, but you see he didn't know where to look for you."

"Did he try to find me, Mrs. Martin? Oh, I'm so glad! And can I see him now, please?"

The boy's voice trembled with eagerness as he spoke.

The housekeeper's kind face was full of pity and sympathy as she exclaimed, "Why, my boy, didn't you know? The bishop is in California. He went a week ago to stay three months."

All the glad brightness faded from the face as he heard this. He did not speak, but he turned aside, and brushed his sleeve hastily across his eyes. Mrs. Martin laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"I'm so sorry," she said, "and he will be too, when he knows of your

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