

they become in very deed and truth heroes for Christ's sake. The incident that follows deserves to be inscribed among the noblest deeds of human chivalry and devotion. Six converts left the institution at Ambala, wandering down to Tarn Taran, Punjab, where there is a large Government leper settlement, with upwards of 200 leper inmates. When the little band appeared before the gates, begging for admission, they were ruthlessly repulsed by the native in charge. They must renounce Christ or they should not enter. They must not even dare to buy food at the asylum store. "Deny Christ we cannot, and will not," they reply; "we did not come to Him for food and shelter merely, but for



RESCUED CHILDREN OF LEPER PARENTS.

the bread which perisheth not; to cast that away would be sheer madness." For more than a week, without shelter, and almost without food, yet strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, these six lepers sat by the wayside till the native doctor, fearing the story might reach the ear of his superior, the English civil surgeon, reluctantly admitted them. Their influence soon told on their fellow-inmates as they spoke of the effects of the Gospel on their own lives. God graciously so blessed their efforts to work for Him that the Rev. G. Guilford, of the C. M. S., found, on his arrival, five or six of the inmates well grounded in Christian truth and anxious for baptism. And within the space of a few months

this number was increased to twenty-two, all won over to the faith by the Christian lepers from Ambala.

One other story we cannot forbear to quote. A recent writer thus speaks of a case in the hospital at Calcutta: "There was one poor old woman in particular. The disease had entirely destroyed her sight. She was withered away from age. She might have been any age. I could have believed anything she told me about her age, for she looked so aged with that sightless countenance of hers. When Dr. Baumann spoke a few words to her as she was squatting in the sunshine, her face brightened up, and there was such an illumination of the countenance in spite of the sightless condition of it. She lifted up her arm and spoke out with much vigor. Of course, I could not understand her words, but Dr. Baumann told me that she was expressing her joy and peace in believing she had been brought in, and she had met with much obloquy on becoming a Christian. The Hindu doctor there had taunted her about it, and he had asked her whether there was not one of all the gods of the Hindu Pantheon that would suffice for her, that she must needs go and worship Jesus. Her answer was to this effect: 'Show me one of all that Pantheon who can save me from my sins, and then it will be time to talk to me about not coming to the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

And now, in closing, let us enter a plea that should find a large place in the hearts of all Endeavorers, especially those to whom the Junior work is dear. It is a plea for the untainted children of leper parents. We give you a picture of some of the little ones who by a system of separation from their parents have been rescued from the awful fate that otherwise would almost inevitably have overtaken them. Surely this work must be very near to the heart of Christ. Shall it not find a place in our hearts also, and lay a gladly answered claim upon our prayers? Those who wish to learn more regarding the work should send to 8 Lombard Street, Toronto, for a sample copy of *Without the Camp*, the Leper Mission organ, to which we are gratefully indebted for the cuts illustrating this article.

## Messages.

By Amy Parkinson.

UNWORTHY, oh, all unworthy am I  
To be used, dear Lord, by Thee;  
Yet many a message, glad and sweet,  
Thou hast trusted to me, even me.

Oh, how canst Thou breathe such blessed  
To an erring heart like mine; [thoughts  
And grant to my faltering tongue to tell  
Of solace and strength divine?

I wonder, I wonder, and oft I weep,  
When I think how Thou honor'st me  
And how all unworthy I am, dear Lord,  
To utter a word for Thee.