

Two Hindu Boys.

There were two Hindu boys who grew up in a heathen village in India. Their names were Pedia Tumby (older brother) and Tumbyah (younger brother). They went to day school in their village and learned to read in their own language. But that was not enough. They were ambitious, so they were sent twenty miles from home to a famous English school. At this school there was a Christian teacher, and he used to read the Bible to these heathen boys every morning and spent a little time explaining to them about Christ and his coming to the world to save sinners.

Tumbyah was a very bright boy. He soon saw how foolish were the heathen ceremonies. He first gave up rubbing ashes, then he stopped going to heathen temples. At last he was baptized and became a Christian. Pedia Tumby went home a heathen, as he came. The Christian brother became a teacher in the High School, and at last was made a professor in a College in India.

The heathen brother for a time stayed on his farm and went out every day to the rice fields as an overseer to the coolies. He often talked about the Christian religion, but he could not humble himself, give up his caste, and become a Christian. At last he began to go about India on pilgrimages to celebrated heathen shrines. He finally neglected all business and became a sort of devotee.

The Brahmin priests, hoping to enrich themselves with his money, told him he must go to the holy city, Benares, and if he died there his soul would be purified from sin. Pedia Tumby bade good-by to his comfortable home and set out on his long and dangerous journey. When he arrived at Benares a great festival was in progress. Thousands of people from all parts of India had flocked to this holy city of the Hindus.

Day after day Pedia Tumby attended the sacred ceremonies, but still at the end of the festivities he was alive. He determined to return no more to his native land, but climbing to a lofty window in a

building opposite the temple, he flung himself upon the pavement below, and was taken up dead.

The Brahmins took his dead body and burned it upon a funeral pile and afterward collected a little jar full of the ashes and sprinkled them upon the Ganges. His family were left without a protector, and Tumbyah cares for the widow and children. Oh, if this Hindu when a boy had only learned Christ while learning English, what a useful man he might have been to his countrymen!

There was another Hindu boy who became a Christian while studying in the English High School. His name was Valan. After he was baptized his mother would not cook for him, and his friends had to provide him with food. After a time Valan studied medicine and went to the south of Ceylon to be a doctor in a hospital. God prospered him, and after a few years, when he returned, a rich and honored man, his heathen friends forgot how cruelly they had treated him and tried to gain his notice. God honors those who honor him.—*The Little Missionary.*

The Reason.

Two little girls sat down one day
Beside the garden wall to play,
And full, as children are, of chat,
They talked of this and then of that;
And I, who chanced to pass that way,
Heard Rosabel to Lucy say
"Do you mind what your mother says?"
And Lucy, nodding, answered "Yes."
"I don't," responded Rosabel,
"That is, not always. She can't tell
If I don't mind when out of sight."
Said Lucy "That's not doing right."
"But why," asked Rosie, "do you do
Just what your mother wants you to?"
Lucy looked down a little while
In silent thought, then with a smile
Looked up again, and answered she
"Why, I love her, and she loves me!"

—*Golden Days.*

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.