
 THAT ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE.

been placed in the mission settlement at Kavali, for whom the orphanage there wishes to provide. It is a great problem, greater than we in this country can understand, to reach the wild child-life of India and set these little feet in the paths of knowledge and usefulness and the true religion.

 One Man Wins Hundreds.

The people of the deprent classes in Central India, among whom such remarkable mass movements toward Christianity have taken place, live by themselves in villages, with some specially forceful personality as their "chaudhari," or head man. Last year one of these chaudhari, who had been helping the Christward movement in his own and other nearby villages, was so bitterly persecuted that he felt it necessary to leave his house, built with the savings of years, and flee with his family to a distant village. Some time afterward, the missionary, Rev. S. Wilson, of the American Methodist Mission, learned that there were a multitude in the new village to which this man had gone, who were asking for Christian teaching and baptism. A worker was sent to inquire, and returned with a petition from more than 600 village people, asking Mr. Wilson for a Christian teacher to instruct them for effective Christian life.

 "The Truth Shall Make You Free."

Quite recently a well-read Brahmin Pandit returned to his beloved India after an absence of over thirty years in British Guiana. His heart longed to visit the sacred places of pilgrimage and to die in holy Benares. But keen and bitter disappointment awaited him. By the time the priests of Ayodhya, Gaya, and Benares had prescribed rites that cost him rs. 1000, and he had been robbed of a gold watch and his last rupees at a religious fair in Benares, he was thoroughly disgusted. Friendless and robbed in his own land, despairing to find salvation even in the "holy city" of his dreams, he turned to Christ, a placard, "God is Love," awakening memories of the Gospel within him. Through the Bible Depot he came into contact with our missionaries, and was then invited to Gopiganj to meet with other Brahmin seekers, and their spiritual intercourse proved mutually helpful. Local priests, seeing

the drift of things, endeavored to draw him back into the Hindu current, but his feet were by now firmly planted upon the Rock of Ages. He was baptized a few weeks ago. Pandit Ramnarayan's testimony that he has found peace in Christ, after much searching, is a powerful one, and has not only caused a stir locally, but has encouraged the Christian community.

 "The Entrance of Thy Word Giveth Life."

"A man in Burma possessed a copy of the Psalms in Burmese, which had been left behind by a traveler stopping at his house. Before he had finished the first reading of the book he resolved to cast his idols away. For twenty years he worshipped the eternal God revealed to him in the Psalms, using the fifty-first, which he had committed to memory, as a daily prayer. Then a missionary appeared on the scene and gave him a copy of the New Testament. The story of salvation through Jesus Christ brought great joy to his heart, and he said: 'For twenty years I walked by starlight; now I see the sun.'"

Tell how His kingdom shall thro ages
stand,
And never cease;
Spreading like sunshine over every land,
All nations bowing to His high command,
Great Prince of Peace!

 A PRAYER.

Give me, O God, a quiet heart,
A spirit calm for work or play;
Give me the willing for my task,
That falters not by night nor day.
Give me the fellowship of souls,
Strong in the grace Thou dost impart,
Souls that, united in Thy love,
Are firm of will, and strong of heart.

Give me the patience for my task;
The perseverance to go on—
When paths are rough, and ways are long;
The faith that clings, the hand that serves,
The foot that plods, but never swerves,
And hope to brighten up each day,
And comradeship along the way;
This much, O Lord, I ask.

—Ira Wilcox Bingham.