

or not. Here is a man who says he has charms to cure snake-bites, and that he can kill or cure people at his will. Now we shall test you both! He will put fifty rupees on the ground, draw a small circle around it, and pace off seven yards. Then he will draw seven lines a yard apart in the sand, and challenge anyone while he repeats his charms to cross these lines and take up the money. We do not wish to deceive you, he has killed hundreds of people this way. If you are able to lift this money without receiving any harm your Jesus will be the true God and we will all worship Him." Then Mr. Davis understood why the preachers had wanted him to meet this heathen Goliath, who gloried in frightening the Christians. He said, "Put down your money, I am not afraid to take it up." So the heathen drew their circles, beat their drums, while the man smeared with ashes repeated his charms.

Mr. Davis waited patiently but saw no money put down. He said, "Stop making so much noise, power does not need it, put down your money." The charmer tried to slip off in the crowd but was caught and brought back. He said he had only twenty-five rupees with him. Mr. Davis said, "All right, they will do." He began to make excuses, and at last said he would only put down one rupee. Then he said he did not wish to kill the missionary. Mr. Davis laughed, and replied, "I am quite ready to die if you can kill me or harm me in this way." Then he said he would make the missionary's mouth grow to one side so he could not speak plainly any more. Mr. Davis said, "If you can harm me, my Jesus is not the true God, and we will not come here to preach any more."

The people were listening with open eyes and great interest. The charmer said the street was too crowded, but if the missionary would come inside a garden near by, he would put down the money. The native Christians were doubtful as to the safety, as the owner of the garden was a great enemy and might use foul play. Mr. Davis said, "I will go and expose the fraud though a thousand demons are there." So with two of the preachers he entered the garden and sat down. So they waited an hour in vain.

At last a great crowd of Brahmins with followers beating drums and blowing horns came forward with the air of victory. A second charmer had come to the aid of the first one. More noise, more

excuses, and then they confessed that they could not kill this missionary but would make the money fly up in the air by their charms so he could not pick it up. Mr. Davis said, "Very well, but let me tie your hands with my handkerchief first. Then you may sit close to the rupee and make it fly up in the air." They would not agree to this. One of the charmers went off, and the other went down on his knees to Mr. Davis and begged him to go away or he would spoil all their gains. He confessed that his charms had no power over him.

Mr. Davis shouted to the crowd to draw near, told them what had taken place, and reminded them of the promise they had made to believe in Jesus Christ. Some said, "It is because the missionary has a stronger charm which he repeats and destroys the charms of the Hindus," and others said, "The missionary's God is the true God, and there is nothing in charms." The native Christians rejoiced in the God who is able to save. Ah, yes! The story of the cross has a stronger charm than all the heathen superstitions. May the day soon come when every knee shall bow, and every one crown our Jesus "Lord of all."

SISTER BELLE.

Ottawa, May, 1902.

The widows and orphans at Mukti gladly gave up their Sunday breakfast that they might give to those in greater need about them. This fasting self-denial fund is now nearly 1,000 rupees. Other rescued heathen converts voluntarily gave up all their food but Indian meal. What an example for God's children in America!

LOWLY SERVICE.

"If the dear Lord should send an angel down,
A seraph radiant in robes of light,
To do some menial service on our streets,
As braying stone, we'll say, from morn till night;
Think you the faintest blush of shame would rise
To mar the whiteness of his holy face?
Think you a thought of discontent would find
Within his perfect heart abiding place?"

"I love to think the sweet will of his God
Would seem as gracious in that seraph's eyes,
In the dark, miry, crowded lanes of earth,
As in the ambrosial bowers of Paradise;
That those fair hands that lately swept the lyre
Would not against their lowly work rebel,
But as they even wrought His will in Heaven,
Would work it here, as faithfully and well."