

A Dream.

Last night I dreamed of India,
I thought I walked its fields
And gathered brightest blossoms
That over Nature yields.

A rare bouquet I made me,
To carry back with me,
To keep me in remembrance
Of my journey o'er the sea.

And in the midst of sunlight,
Green grass and mosses rare,
The songs of birds and brooklets,
And beauty everywhere,

Just in the midst I waked,
And found that I did roam
Where only *dreams* could take me,
For my *work* lay at home.

And then the thought came to me:
Though God had said to me,
"Thy life-work lies before thee
On this side of the sea,"

Might I not gather blossoms
Of India's hill and plain
While in my Nova Scotia home
I ever must remain,

Not only "Morning Glories,"
But "Everlastings" pure,
That in the Paradise above
Forever would endure?

Might not my prayers to Heaven
For India's darkened race
Cause on some heathen heart to fall
Dews of refreshing grace?

Might not my mite of silver,
Though small it sometimes be,
Yet given in love to Jesus,
Take some one o'er the sea,

With God's own holy sunshine
To open up the sight
Of some poor heathen children
To Redemption's shining light?

Yes, I may gather blossoms,
Through Prayer, and Faith, and Love,
To bloom for ever and over
In God's own light above.

BERTA.

Looking For Jesus.

Stolen from her home, a Hindu girl was carried to Calcutta, where she was sold as a slave. A rich Mohammedan lady bought her, and, as she was very pretty, brought her up as a companion and plaything. She had a happy life for years, until, one day it came into her mind that she was a sinner, and needed to be saved from sin. Her kind mistress, to take up her mind, sent for the rope-dancers, the jugglers, the serpent charmers, and all the amusements of which she was fond; but the little girl was as sad as ever.

Since she had lived in Calcutta she had become a Mohammedan instead of a worshipper of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and so the lady brought a Mohammedan priest to comfort her. But though she recited long prayers in an unknown tongue, five times a day, with her head bowed towards Mecca, her trouble was not removed. After three weary years of waiting, the girl went to a Brahmin for relief, hoping, if she returned to the faith of her fathers, to find peace.

At first the Brahmin cursed her in the name of his god, but as she offered him money, he promised to give her all the help he could. Every morning, he told her, she must bring to the temple an offering of fruit and flowers to Vishnu, and every week a kid of the goats for a bloody sacrifice.

In India every flower has its own meaning, and the flowers that this poor girl brought to lay upon the altar meant a bleeding heart. She was so worried and troubled that after awhile she became quite ill. Ah, if she had but known, as you and I do, of the One who came to bind up the broken spirit, and who alone could give her rest and pardon!

At last she happened to pass a beggar in the street one day. You would have thought he was a strange-looking beggar, with his turban wound around with strings of beads, his ragged clothes, his pipe and his wooden bowl. She had never seen just such a beggar before, and as she dropped a little coin into his wooden bowl, she said, almost as if thinking aloud, "Ah, if even you could but tell me where I might find salvation!"

The beggar started.

"I have heard that word before," he said.

"Where? Where?" she asked. "I am sick, and I am afraid I am going to die, and what will become of me?"

The man told her of a place where rice was given to the poor.

"I have heard it there," he said, "and they tell of one Jesus Christ who can give salvation."

"He must be the one I want; take me to Him!" she urged.

"I do not know where Jesus Christ lives," answered the beggar, "but I can tell you of a man who does know;" and he told her of a Brahmin who had given up his gods, and was now a teacher of the new religion.

Weak and ill as she was, the Hindu girl started on her search that very evening. She went from house to house inquiring, "Where is the man who will tell me where to find Jesus Christ?"

No one knew, until, as she was about to give it up, she was shown the house she sought, and met the teacher on the veranda. She burst into tears as she cried,—

"Are you the one who can lead me to Jesus? Oh, take me to Him, for I am going to die; and what shall I do if I die without salvation?"

The good man took her into the house, and heard her sorrowful story.

"Now," she cried, "you know all, and where Jesus is; and I cannot wait longer to see Him." And how do you think the teacher led her to the Saviour, who she hoped was waiting for her in that very house?

He knelt down beside her, and besought the dear Lord to open her eyes that she might see and believe in Him who was ready to give the salvation for which she longed. And, as he prayed, the truth was revealed. She saw the Son of God; and the Shepherd, who for so long had sought His child, folded her to His bosom, and she was at rest.

It mattered little, now, whether life or death were her portion. She had found Jesus, forgiveness, and peace; and henceforth all things were hers.—*Mission Dayspring*.

I NEVER knew a child of God being bankrupted by his benevolence. What we keep we may lose, but what we give to Christ we are sure to keep.—*T. L. Cuyler*.

SAID one noted for liberality, "I feel that as to my property I am but God's steward, and I'm afraid to die rich!"