

the necessary qualifications, and having the right object in view, and preaching Christ and Him crucified in order to accomplish that object—preaching with an earnestness and courage which loses all thoughts of self—with a self-renunciation which flows from ardent love to Christ, the gospel stream flowing from our lips, and from the lips of our brethren throughout all christendom will move onward, widening, deepening its channel as it flows, until it will gain a momentum and a rapidity which nothing can stop, which will sweep down the bulwarks of sin and Satan and water the dry and thirsty soil.

Flow on then thou glorious stream, bearing with thee heavenly light, reaching even to the uttermost parts of the world to bring from thence thousands to be borne on thy crystal waters towards the ocean of eternal rest.

WHERE IS THE MAN THAT CAN LEAD ME TO JESUS?

As a little Hindoo girl was playing before her father's door, some wicked people carried her away, and, for money, handed her over to a Mohammedan lady. This lady had lost her own child, and soon began to love the little girl, who lived with her till she was about sixteen years of age. Then, she knew not how or why, she felt that she was a sinner, and needed salvation. She went to her mistress for comfort; but could not learn anything from her about the Saviour. The lady tried so to amuse her that she might forget her trouble. She hired rope-dancers, jugglers, and serpent-charmers; but the little girl could not be comforted. She remained as unhappy as ever. The lady then sent for her Mohammedan priest, and he tried to do the sorrowing girl good; but he had never so felt that he was a sinner, and did not know Christ. He taught her many long prayers, told her to repeat them five times a day, looking towards the east, and thus he said she could obtain salvation. But this was a mistake; saying

prayers cannot take any one to heaven—no one can be saved without Christ. When the poor girl found that there was no comfort and no salvation in these Mohammedan prayers, she thought perhaps her suffering of mind was a punishment because she had left the Hindoo religion, which was the faith of her father. So she went to a Hindoo priest, and asked him to receive her again; but he was angry, and cursed her in the name of his god; when, however, she offered him a large sum of money he was ready to do anything. She said she would do whatever he bade her. He told her to go every morning and evening to an image in a temple near at hand, and offer flowers and fruit to the idol. Once a week she was also to offer a goat, and sprinkle herself and the altar with its blood. For a long time she did this, but it was of no use; she found her heart just as wicked, and her sins as burdensome as before. The image could not help her. Often the poor girl cried out in deep distress, "Oh, I shall die; and what shall I do if I die without obtaining salvation?"

At last she became ill, and her mistress thought she would soon die. One day she was sitting weeping, when a beggar came to the door. Her heart was so full of sorrow, that she spoke to him of her great want; and using a Bengali word which means "SALVATION."

The man started, and said, "I think I have heard that word before."

"Where, oh where have you heard it?" she eagerly asked. "Tell me where I can find that which I want, and which I am seeking. I shall soon die, and, oh what shall I do, if I die without obtaining salvation?"

The man told her that in one part of the town there was a place where they gave a great deal of rice to the poor, and that a teacher named *Narraput Christian*, spoke to them. "I have heard it there," the man said, "and they tell of one Jesus Christ who can give salvation." The beggar did not care for salvation himself,