

taught besides other lessons, all about the true God, and about his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. But I only despised him, and thought my heathen gods were right and the Christian's wrong.

'As I went on learning, however, I could not help thinking of what I read and heard, and before long I found that the bible was full of wonderful things that I had never heard of before.

'A piece of paper on which I had written some questions to ask my teacher, fell into the hands of my brother. It showed that I no longer believe in the Hindu gods and wished to become a Christian. He showed it to my father and mother, who were shocked and alarmed, and used every argument to change my mind, and even went down on their knees before me, and with many tears entreated me not to become a Christian; but I had found such a friend in Jesus that I could not give him up, even to please my father and mother.

'When my parents saw that they could not change my purpose they sent for some of the heathen teachers and Brahmins to see if they could change my mind, but, of course, they could not, for you see God had already changed my heart, and the Brahmins could not alter that.

'Finding that I could not be moved to deny my Saviour, by entreaties and arguments and tears, my father took another plan. Knowing how fond Hindu boys are of fine clothes and ornaments, he offered me a great many jewels of gold and silver and precious stones, if I would only not be a Christian; but I preferred the 'one pearl of great price' to all the tempting jewels that he could give me.

'My father having found that all other attempts had failed took severe measures; he beat me cruelly again and again, and at last he and my older brother got me one night into their bedroom, away where my mother could not hear my cries, and having kindled a fire, they boiled some oil in a pot, tied a cotton cloth to a stick, dipped the cloth in the boiling oil and rubbed it over my hands and feet. He then took a large stick and beat me on the elbows and knees, saying all the time, "Now call on Christ to save you, and if he hears you we will believe on him too." And Christ did hear me, and made me feel that he was with me, and comforted and strengthened me. I now resolved to flee from my home, and after many vain attempts to get away, I got up one night when all were asleep and fled, with nothing on but a shirt, though the night was cold, and the road rough for my naked feet. I had to pass through the gate of the city, but most providentially it was open. When I got to the missionary's house I found he had not closed the door, so I rushed in and awoke him and told him all. He had great difficulty about my baptism, as I was not of age. My father summoned him before a magistrate, who would have sent me back to my home, but when tried by another he wisely said it was not a question of age, but whether I could give good reasons for my change of religion. He examined me himself, and was so satisfied with my answers that, to my great joy, he left me to make my own choice as to whether I would live as a Christian with the missionary, or go back to my parents and worship idols. Much as I loved my father and mother, I forsook them and all that I had, and followed Jesus. — 'Christian Alliance.'

The Envelope System.

Just exactly what is the use and working of the envelope system is a question that would be well to answer. No one dreams of not laying aside regularly the money needed for rent and household expenses, but that

which is to be offered to God usually varies according to the amount of money we happen to have with us when the alms are received in church. Now there are two self-evident propositions which we will venture to make. First: It is the duty of everyone to do something for the support of the Church and its work. Second: This duty is just as sacred as that of paying any other debt. Considering these facts, all will agree that the envelopes should not be looked upon as torments, but as helps. Having decided with your own conscience what you think you ought to give each week or each month, as a token of your gratitude to your heavenly Father, these envelopes will help to remind you to lay aside exactly that amount weekly or monthly. If you have been compelled to omit this offering on any occasion, they have a nice little way of saying, 'Make it up, make it up.' When this system becomes a universal one, both you and the Church will be benefited. You, because you will come to church with more self-respect, knowing you have done your duty; the Church, because with more funds at its disposal and knowing what will be received during the year, will be able to do more work. The originator of this system was the great St. Paul. (I. Cor. xvi., 2 and II. Cor. ix., 7, 9).—'Our Country Church.'

A Queer Family.

A COBWEB STORY—FOR THE TIMID.

Once there lived—no matter where — a very queer family of brothers and sisters. It was a large family, so large that really I am afraid to tell you how many members it had, for fear you would laugh at me.

The queerness of this family was its strange reserve. For instance, a fearful pestilence raged one summer in the land, and crept nearer and nearer the city where these brothers and sisters lived. At length, one sad day the sound of wailing was heard in the streets, for the pestilence had come. House upon house was stricken, and the black cart went up and down, groaning beneath its weight.

Yet all the while this reserved family of brothers and sisters, though they talked about butter and eggs, about neckties and bonnets, never mentioned the pestilence. Nay, even when it entered their own beautiful home and the fairest of the sisters and the noblest of the brothers were laid low, no word regarding the disaster passed their lips—so very reserved was this queer family of brothers and sisters.

One day, after the pestilence had passed over, there came to them the news that they had fallen heirs to an immense property. It would come to more than a million dollars apiece. You would expect the very window-panes to clatter with their jubilation. But no; the letter containing the glad tidings was left carelessly around where each might pick it up and peruse it, but not a word concerning their good fortune did they speak to one another, though daily they talked about newspapers and the weather, about jackknives and fiddles. They seemed strangely afraid of one another, this very reserved family of brothers and sisters.

They learned that the whole family of them would soon cross the ocean to spend the remainder of their lives in Europe. You would think their tongues would wag briskly enough on that theme, over their steam-boat circulars and their Baedekers, their books of travel and their histories. You would look to hear, when you entered the house, scarcely anything but talk concerning their new home, and how to get there. But, though they conversed about potatoes,

and ice-cream, about bicycles and fountains, not a word did they say concerning their coming journey. They appeared, some way, too timid to mention the subject—this very reserved family of brothers and sisters.

Queerest of all, perhaps, was about their father. He was with them all the time. He loved them dearly, and gave them every imaginable delight. No one could be wiser and kinder than he. And yet I never heard this strange family so much as introduce his name into their conversation, though I have talked with them on all possible themes, from politics to persimmons, and from poetry to poultry. One would actually think them afraid to talk about their father;—this very, very reserved family of brothers and sisters.

And, now, with that last paragraph, my readers, you have come, of course, to see what I mean. For are we not all of us brothers and sisters of a great family? and is not our Father all I have said he is? and are we not soon to cross a mysterious sea into another world where we shall live forever? and are we not surrounded by the encroaching pestilence of sin, that eats and slays as no cholera or plague ever did? and as for our inheritance, who of you would sell your eyes for a million dollars, or for that sum would part with your intellect?

And yet, queer family of brothers and sisters that we are! when we meet together we talk of everything brain can conceive except these most natural things: our great dangers, our great joys, our great destiny, our Father. We are too timid to talk about such matters, we are so exceedingly reserved a family of brothers and sisters!—'Golden Rule.'

Interesting Children in Missions.

Children are intense in their interest in all things which are made attractive to them. What can be made more winning in its attractiveness than child-life among people of different nations?

Do not begin to teach children of the grown people who are in need of our help. Describe home life of little ones in Africa, India, Armenia, and Alaska. Contrast life in the South Seas with child-life in our North-West.

Let the children write on slips of paper all the blessings they possess which some little coral islander lacks. Then teach the lesson — only because Jesus Christ came as a little child do children in our land enjoy so much. For his sake, shall they help other children into the light? Sometimes is it not true that we impress the children too much with the idea that missionary work is foreign work, forgetting that every land is home-land to its own children? They need to feel the reality of conditions which make the sum of life to children of different colors and tongues. Missionary teas for primary departments may be made very successful. Each class may represent a country, having its teacher and members dressed in appropriate costumes. Let the refreshments be characteristic of the land represented, and let them be eaten in typical fashion.

Birthday offerings from such a school might be devoted to the support of some one child. Always centralize work, so that it may be brought within the grasp of even the tiniest child. None are too young to be taught to pray for children who know nothing of Jesus. Habits of prayer live long in little hearts.

Girls from ten to fourteen are usually proud of their needlework. Let them sew for some school. Cards and Sunday-school papers are always acceptable and may be brought for distribution. Boys can make curious things with jack-knives, which other boys may appreciate.—'The Occident.'