

only day when they had time to play under the banian tree and light the lamps on the tomb. But very soon they began to love to go to their teacher and talk to him, and liked better to sit at the feet of the priest of the holy living God than by the tomb of the heathen priest of the temple.

Soon a holy light shone into their hearts and gave them a new delight in thinking of the joy and consolation they might bring to their fathers and mothers and friends in the world, instead of wasting their time in imagining a vain thing as the heathen do.

At last came the day when they were to be baptised, and they stood at the font side by side. Their fathers and mothers were there as witnesses, but there were no sponsors, as the children were old enough to answer for themselves.

Motee wore a spotless white linen veil half drawn over her face, and her large dark eyes looked out darker and brighter and more beautiful than ever, for she had lost her look of extreme timidity while still keeping her sweet maiden modesty.

They made their vows earnestly and truly; their parents choosing for them the names of *James* and *Amelia*. When they went back to their village that evening the two young Christians were very grave and silent, so that the rest of the little company who walked home with them soon left them alone, and then the children dropped a little behind the others.

As they passed by the great banian tree, Rahm took Motee's hand, but she turned away her face and would not look at the old tomb and the broken saucers, for she felt in herself a strange thrill as she remembered the many happy evenings they had spent there—it was very wrong and unchristian, she knew—but she could not help a pang of regret when she knew that she could never

play with those lamps again, nor offer up service in an idol grove.

All she could do was to turn away. She would not even *look* at temptation.

What horror and palpitation seized her poor little heart, when Rahm, who still held her hand, stopped and said gravely, 'Look, Motee.'

She tried to pull away her hand, but could not.

'Motee,' he said, 'this is a sacred place.'

'No, no, no,' sobbed the girl, breaking out into helpless passionate weeping.

'Motee,' said the boy, 'look up, and I will tell you why it is a sacred place.'

'It is *not*; the priest said it is not.'

'I must tell you, Motee,' he said calmly; 'it is not wrong. Listen to me. It is sacred, because we first met here and played together; and then it was here the good Bishop saw us and called us; and now, Motee, since we are both united to Christ Jesus in a spiritual bond, I ask you here to become my wife.'

Motee trembled and wept more softly, but a gentle smile was on her sweet face. She raised her large soft eyes to her little brother in Christ, and he held both her hands and said, 'Is this not peace, sister?'

Her eyes wandered through the dark boughs of the great tree, and she said quietly, 'Let us leave this place and go to our people.'

'Yes,' he answered gravely; 'let us leave those things that are behind, and press forward to the things that are before—toward the mark of the high calling of Christ.'

And never were there two who led a holier life, or were more loved in the village, than Rahm and Motee. In the parish register they are called James and Amelia, for in the Christian Church they were married.

