

STORIES FROM INDIA.

The happy holiday time has come and gone. The children who have wise parents and pleasant homes and good schools and good times all the year round, have had still better times lately. They cannot guess what a joy their whole life is, compared with that of heathen children. They do not know at all what a blessing they have in their parents.

A story has just come from India about a family who had begun to think about worshipping the true God. A Christian native was teaching them. But last year when the teacher was gone away a child in his family was taken very sick and had convulsions. There was no doctor near. The parents were frightened, for they thought some devil had entered into their child. They sent to a village near by for *arudy*, a begging priest, to drive out the evil spirit by his queer ceremonies. They also sent far away for a native doctor, who came and gave medicine to the sick little one. But all the neighbors said that the child would surely die if its father and mother did not give up believing in the Lord Jesus and return to the worship of their old idols. The child grew better and the poor parents thought the *arudy's* foolish performances cured it. So they gave up the Lord Jesus, and will not come near the Christian's worship any more. Their child has lost the blessed joyous privilege of being brought up in a Christian home, where all are trying to love and help each other, out of love to their Heavenly Father.

Another family in the same place had lost their two children. A little son was born afterward and was very precious to its parents. One day, a few months ago, they left their baby swinging in its cloth cradle near the fire, and went into the fields to work. Something caught fire, and the house and baby and all they had were burned up. These parents, too, had wanted to be Christians, but now, in their great sorrow, a fortune-teller told them he knew why this grief had come upon them. It was because they had given up

their idols. So they too returned to the worship of gods that cannot see or hear help. We must pity the sad blindness and ignorance more deeply; and pray and give more heartily that they may learn the better way.

But all the stories from India are not sad ones. Here is another sent us by Rev. John E. Chandler of the Madura Mission about a boy who had been in their orphanage.

In the time of the great famine, years ago, a man took his oldest son and went away from home, leaving his wife and another little son to live as they could, or to die of hunger. That is the cruel way of those who do not know the true God. The mother with her child wandered away in search of food. One night they tried to cross a river in the dark. The swift stream parted them and the mother was washed ashore. The boy was drawn out of the water on the other bank. Each thought the other was drowned. Our missionaries took the boy to their orphan's home, and called him *Moses*.

This was eight years ago. He stayed there three or four years, and studied well and learned to pray. His teacher hoped he become a Christian. But one day he went off without a word of good-bye. He traveled back to his old home and there he found his mother alive and well! His father and brother too were there, and all were living in the old heathen way. But *Moses* had taken his Bible and hymn-book with him, and says that he often read them and prayed alone, wishing himself back with the missionaries. At last he went to a great market, such as they hold yearly in some places in India. There he saw a Christian native teacher, who belonged to the orphanage where he had been taught. "Do you think the missionaries would let me come back again, after I have been such a prodigal son?" asked *Moses* of the teacher. "Come back, by all means," said he.

And *Moses* went. The missionaries welcomed him kindly, and at first they gave him work as a servant. Then they