

accepted Christ, doubtless, is the fact that they dread the persecution which would surely follow. One of them said to a missionary: 'It would be a matter of leaving my people. My parents are old: my father is favorable to Christianity, but my mother hates it, and it would grieve me to go against their wishes. But I do love Jesus very much, and I mean to fight under his banner as long as I live.' 'But,' said the missionary, 'you have not the colors or the armor of the Captain you serve under. How will the world know and how are Christians to know on whose side you are?' Doubtless this Parsi knew what his duty was, but he was not ready to do it.

Among the religious precepts of the Parsis are many that relate to benevolence, and they are very liberal among their own people. It is said that in the city of Bombay alone they have no less than thirty-two different charitable institutions. Many of their prominent men have been quite friendly toward our missionaries, though not accepting the gospel of Jesus Christ.—'Missionary Herald.'

The College Man Who Earns His Own Way.

It is a great advantage to a student to have to put himself through college. He may envy some of his class-mates who can spend money as they wish, yet in the end they may have cause to envy him.

In the first place, it teaches him economy. The student may see many fine articles displayed in the windows; he may hear of many first-class entertainments to be given in the concert halls; he may see his companions having a seemingly better time than he is having; yet owing to lack of money, he is early taught to keep from unnecessary expenditure. This habit of strict economy, when once formed, will prove a great advantage to the young man, when he leaves school to fight his battles in the world.

By being forced to put himself through the University the student is trained in habits of industry. During the summer vacation he has to work and blister his hands; he has to suffer from tired limbs and aching back; he has to rise early and retire late. His comrades are enjoying life at a mountain retreat or a seaside resort, having good sport at boating, bathing or fishing; and the boy who has to earn his own way cannot spend much time at these sports, but the habits of industry which he is forming will stay with him through life.

The necessity for earning his own way only strengthens his determination to finish his course, in spite of the scarcity of money. He sees the goal and makes up his mind that he will reach it.

The young man who has not much money, and yet wishes a college education, can in most cases attain his end. It may be a hard struggle, but at the close there is victory, and much gain in strength of character as well as knowledge.

C. D. J.

'Leave Them Alone'

(H. Martyn Clark, M.D., in the 'Church Missionary Gleaner'.)

An objection amongst those made to the work of Foreign Missions to the heathen is this: 'Their religions are good enough for them. They are quite happy in them,

so why not leave the poor people alone?' We have all probably heard this argument, if I may so term it, in some form or other, for it takes many shapes. Chameleon-like, its hue reflects that of the background of the utterers' personality. Though it be widespread, variously garnished, speciously put, and backed by reasons of sorts, yet when analyzed it resolves itself into the component crudities of 'good enough, quite happy, let them be.'

To say that the Heathen are quite happy in what they have and that it is good enough for them is to beg the question, which is simply, Is it so? Let the following incident help to illustrate the point.

An old lady, some eighty years of age, was shown into my consulting-room one day. Despite her years she was hale and hearty, erect and commanding, a fine type of the mothers of the hardy and valiant Sikh people of the Manjha in the Central Punjab. These men of old supplied Maharajah Ranjit Singh with some of his grandest soldiers, and under British sway they have maintained their fame by many a doughty deed. My patient made a striking figure with her snow-white hair and her dignified bearing as she said to me—

'Are you he who gives people new eyes?'

'No, grandmother, I am not,' was my reply.

'Ah, woe is me,' she wailed in her disappointment, 'for I have come a weary long way to show myself to the man who is giving people new eyes.'

'Well,' said I, 'though I do not give people new eyes I can sometimes help old ones. Let me see yours.'

Her blindness, which was complete, was due to double cataract. For reasons which I need not detail I hesitated to operate. She begged hard and finally pleaded for the operation with a rough eloquence touching to hear.

'I will spend all I have, will sell what I possess and give it to you, will endure any pain, undergo any privation, if you will but give me a chance to use my sight for five minutes, if no more,' was her cry, and the dumb pathos on her upturned pleading face was as that of one asking for something more dear than life itself.

When I pointed out that at her years, in the course of nature, very speedily eyes must of necessity be a matter of no moment to her, and so it was scarcely worth while for her to undergo an operation, she remained unshaken in her persistency.

'Son, listen,' she said, 'I had but one son. You know what it means amongst us to be a widow. I am a widow, and I brought the lad up in all the sorrow of widowhood, and now he is dead and gone. I have lost my sight in weeping for him. Since my lad died a grandson has been born to me. I have never seen him, and I will give my all to see his face just once before I die.'

'Why so anxious to do that, mother?' was my query.

Her reply was striking.

'You know I am a Hindu,' said she. 'When I die I shall transmigrate into a cat or a dog, or a frog, or whatever is my fate, for we must pass through the eighty-four lakhs of rebirths. When the lad dies he will become a camel or a cow, or whatever is appointed for him. When we have once passed through our present births, to all eternity we never come into touch

again. For ever and for ever we are nothing whatever to one another. It is only in the few days of life that I am grandmother and he is grandson. The boy is all I have left me of the son who is gone, and I long to see the laddie's face, if but for a moment, while I am still grandmother and can call him grandson.'

I told her of our faith and hope. In the light we had we knew that in the Father's House were many mansions, and our place was being prepared for us. Death to us was but a river. Some of us were on the nearer shore, others, still our own, were beyond the flood. All of us in the Lord's good time would be safe in the Father's Home, united never to part, with the Father's own Hand to wipe away all tears from our faces. She listened with rapt attention to me, and when I finished she took my hand, saying, 'And yet you talk about going to heaven, you talk about going to heaven! If you only knew it, in those words you have heaven now.' So we have, and the Heathen in their millions, our brothers and sisters for whom Christ died, are yet 'without God and without hope.'

Years have gone by since that morning at the Amritsar Hospital, but the impression of that interview grows no dimmer.

As oft as I hear that the religion of the Heathen is good enough for them, there rises before me a vision of that fine old face worn with the burden of its hopeless grief, hungry beyond words for one sight of a child's face, ere the poor old feet stumbled on the dark mountains. I see once again the tears rolling down from the sightless eyes as the voice murmurs, 'You have heaven now.'

That pathetic figure is the type to me of the myriads whom Hinduism and Buddhism hold hard to-day in the rayless belief in re-incarnation. They face a dreadful night of emptiness, living in the darkness and the bitter sorrow and bondage of a system that has naught to offer but to be broken and rebroken through countless ages on the 'Wheel of Existence,' with Annihilation or Absorption at the end.

Which name better fits these hopeless creeds—the Light or the Blight of Asia?

'Their religion is good enough for them'—Is it?

'Leave them alone'—Shall we?

Mrs. Hetty Green says that 'the trouble with young men who work on salaries is, that they are afraid of doing more than they're paid for. They don't enter into their work with the right spirit. To get on and be appreciated a man must do more than he is paid to do. Men are willing to pay good salaries to people who will think things for them. The man who only carries out the thoughts and ideas of another is a mere tool. Men who can be relied upon are always in demand. The scarcest thing in the world to-day is a thoroughly reliable man.'

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