

## A STORY FROM INDIA.

By our Missionary, Miss Sinclair.

Some years ago, the first year I was in India, Miss Beatty used to take me with her to visit a patient, who had two daughters. I could not talk much, but taught these young girls to sing hymns.

After a time the family left Indore. They came back, all except the elder girl, who had in the meantime been married—some three years ago. Miss Grier was visiting the house when this married girl came back very ill. She had a wee but lovely baby girl. She had been treated badly and sadly neglected in the house of her mother-in-law, and came home to die.

She asked for the Miss Sahib, who had taught her to sign hymns. I went several times to visit her. It was quite remarkable, the number of hymns she remembered, but pitiful, the way her weak voice tried to join with me in singing. She spoke freely and confidently of Christ as her soul's friend and Saviour. She said her trust was all on Him.

The last time I was there she pleaded for hymn after hymn, and the last one I sang for her was "The Lord Jesus Saves My Soul." I promised to go back the next Sunday and play the little organ, so that she might go with the sound of music in her heart, but before Saturday came she was, I believe, with Jesus.

In due season we shall reap if we faint not, for He Himself says, "My word shall not return unto Me void."

## A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

An incident in early English history may furnish us a lesson. After the Saxon invasion, when the Christian Britons had been compelled to retreat to the mountain fastnesses of Wales, the good Bishop of Auxerre St. Germain, as sent to strengthen these in the true faith.

On one occasion an army of Picts and Saxons had assembled in the valley. St. Germain stationed small bands of disarmed Christians at intervals in the mountains, commanding them at a given signal to each cry in a strong triumphant voice the word Hallelujah! Every mountain and low-lying hill responded, the echo repeating the words and multiplying their voices. A second and a third time the signal was given. Hallelujahs filled the air. The mountains

and the hills shouted Hallelujah! The army fled in dismay.

Thus came to pass that which is recorded in history as the "Hallelujah Victory."—Mission Studies.

## AN OLD LEGEND.

There is an old legend of a man who sold his soul to the Devil. The conditions were: For a certain number of years this man was to have all his desires gratified, at the expiration of which time his soul was to be forfeited.

When the time agreed upon had expired, this man was unwilling to fulfil his part of the contract, and asked the Devil upon what terms he could be released. The reply was: "If you will curse your God I will release you."

"No," said the man, "I cannot curse the being whose nature is love. Give me something less fearfully wicked."

"Then kill your father," replied the Devil, "and you go free."

"No," answered the man, "that is too horrible to think of. I will not commit so great a crime. Are there no other conditions?"

"One more," replied the Devil, "you must get drunk."

"That is a very easy thing to do," the man answered, "and I accept your proposition. I cannot kill my father, I will not curse my God, but I can get drunk, and when I become sober all will be well."

Accordingly he got drunk, and when in this condition chanced to meet his father, who upbraided him, which so excited the ire of the drunken and half-maddened man that he slew his father, cursed his God, then fell down dead, and the Devil had him without fail.

Only a legend this particular case. But how true to the facts regarding the liquor curse.—T. E. Ritchey, in Kentucky Star.

A Hindu trader in India asked Pema, a native Christian, "What do you put on your face to make it shine so?" Pema answered, "I don't put anything on it." "Yes, you do," said the trader. "All you Christians do. I have seen it in Agra, and in Ahmedabad, and in Surat and in Bombay." Pema laughed and his happy face shone as he said, "I'll tell you what it is that makes my face shine, it is happiness in the heart. Jesus gives me peace and joy."