

hard, almost impossible, to persuade any of the people to listen to them. They had been so long accustomed to their idols that they refused even to think of giving them up. Some of these idols were very huge and hideous things, and the people worshipped them and offered sacrifices to them so as to please them and keep them in good humor. The bare proposal to cease doing so, filled them with horror or anger. The missionaries soon saw that if they were to win India for Christ they must get hold of the young people, the boys and girls, and influence them before they became settled down into idolatry. All the missionaries saw this, but there was one of them, a minister of the Church of Scotland, who saw it more clearly than any of the others, and who set himself more energetically than any of them to work out the plan. His name was Dr. Duff, and I hope you will remember and honor it as the name of one of the very greatest and noblest Scotchmen of this century. He opened schools, gathered a lot of boys into them, and began to teach them. They were all very eager to learn the English language, and he agreed to teach it to them if they would agree to listen to him reading and explaining the Bible. And in due time the little boys grew into big boys, and the big boys grew into young men, and so there came to be a large number of people who knew that the worship of idols was both foolish and wicked, and who believed at least something about God and Christ. And some of them even became devout and earnest Christians.

These schools are being carried on to the present time, and many, many thousands in them are being taught to know God and to turn from the idols. It is one of the most interesting sights I have ever witnessed to see a school of these boys being taught. They are all dark in color—some of them almost black, some dark brown, some a rich golden; but they have good features, clean cut lips, straight noses, and, as a rule, beautiful black eyes with long eyelashes and well pencilled eyebrows. It is not very flattering to say it, but it is true, my boys, that I really think they are quite as good-looking, perhaps even better, than Scotch boys are! They all wear white cotton or muslin dresses—one garment fitting close to the body or tied around it, and another flung round it, very much as men among us used to wear a plaid. The white dresses against the dark skins look so clean and fresh! In the native schools the children sit cross-legged on the floor, but in *ours* they sit on forms. Suppose, then, you enter our big institution in Calcutta, the biggest in all India, where some

500 boys are being taught in the school department and some 300 in the college. They are of all ages, from 5 years to 25; and they are learning everything from A B C up to subjects so difficult that it would almost give you a headache even to think of them! They were all, or nearly all, born into belief in the three hundred and thirty millions of gods, for their priests tell them there are that number. But it is probable that not a dozen of them above 13 years of age believe in any of them. The fathers of a great many of them do not believe in the idols, but nearly all the mothers do, and when they go home they must bow down and pretend to worship Doorga or Kali, or some other of the ugly idols their mothers fear. How would you like to have to do that, boys?

For a long time after these boys' schools were opened there were no girls' schools at all, and that is why the mothers still believe in idolatry. But now girls' schools have begun to spring up. And so, thank God, a generation is now rising up in the knowledge of God and His Love. C. M. G.

## POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

MYSTICISM: FROM WORDSWORTH.

(Compare Psalm 90, with Matt. 18.)



OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our Home!

Heaven lies around us in our INFANCY:  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy;  
Still he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy:  
The YOUTH who daily farther from the East  
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
And by the Vision splendid  
Is on his way attended:  
At length the MAN perceives it die away  
And fade into the light of common day.

To Thee, O LORD, I raise  
The song of thanks and praise  
Even for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings;  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized;  
High instincts before which our mortal nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:  
Even for those first affections,