

sleep did come, my dreams were so horrible that I awoke in terror.

'The woman who saved me, was very kind to me. She had no child, so she had taken me to be her child. As the days and weeks and months went by and my mother never came for me, I lost the spirit of restless expectancy and began to enter with interest into the life of the zenana.

'When I was about fourteen years of age, as I suppose, my foster-mother told me that she had arranged a marriage for me. Soon after I came here to the house of my mother-in-law, and have been here ever since.'

'What was your name?' asked the missionary. A pitiful, strained, far-away expression came into the brown eyes. 'I have so often tried to remember, but I cannot think,' was the answer. 'Would you like to leave the natives and return to English life?' was the next question. With a frightened look Fathma replied, 'How could I? I know no one, I have forgotten our customs, I should be afraid outside of purdah now, there are my husband and children to hold me here, I cannot change things now—it is too late. God's will has been done.' 'Is your husband kind to you?' questioned the missionary. Fathma laughed. 'Yes, he is kind to me. Have not I borne him six sons?' 'Do you believe in Jesus?' asked the missionary. 'I dare not tell my husband, but my mother believed in him, so I believe in him. I know little about him, but you will teach me my mother's religion, will you not?' was the wistful reply.

Amballa, Cantonments, Punjab, India.

The Blessedness of Kindness.

(By Annie A. Preston, in 'American Messenger'.)

'Mr. Francis?' The thinly-clad, pale-faced, middle-aged man touched his hat respectfully, and the overseer of the street-grading force, sitting in a light buggy, near the curb, replied:

'Yes, what is it? You are one of our men?'

'I was in the Broad street gang, sir, but fell sick and had to give up. My wife is worn out with the care of me and the worry, and this morning we have come to the hardest place yet. We have eaten our last crust. We are strangers here, and not of the sort who willingly ask for public charity.'

'I thought I remembered your face,' said Mr. Francis, kindly, 'but you have grown thin. I am sorry for your hard luck, but you mustn't despair; when everything seems swept away we must cling to the Lord, and He will bring us through.'

Slipping over his arm the reins by which he was driving the well-trained horse, Mr. Francis took an account-book from his pocket and wrote rapidly upon a slip of paper for a minute.

Handing it to the man, he said: 'I haven't a dollar with me, but this order on my grocer will bridge you over.'

'Elm street?' queried the poor man, glancing at the order.

'Yes, cross over here, and turn where you see that large jewellery store on the corner. Two blocks down you will find it.'

'Thank you, sir,' and the man was off with gladness on his face and hope in his step.

Glancing in at the window of the jewellery store, he read upon a card, placed conspicuously:

'Boy wanted!' and obeying a sudden impulse he entered and said to a gentleman standing near the door:



WHERE THE FARMER'S MONEY GOES.

'I am a pretty old boy, but have been sick and am only fit to do a boy's work.'

The proprietor was interested, and by a few sympathetic questions drew out the whole pitiful story, the bright ending of which was the grocer's order which he held in his hand. 'He put new heart into me,' said the poor man. 'I should not have come this way had it not been for him; and had I seen such a notice should not have had courage to apply for the place.'

'Why, I know Francis,' said the jeweller, glancing at the order. 'He belongs to the same church that I do. He has an invalid mother in his family, so he knows what sickness is. How did you happen to go to him, if you don't mind telling.'

'It was this way, sir.' One day when I was in the Broad street gang, he was sitting in that little buggy that carries him flying from one part of the city to another, swooping down on the men like a bird; and some one he knew came up, wanting him to join some sort of a club, and he said: 'No, I'm a Christian, and my motto is: 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all the rest shall be added to you.' Now, if I spend my money in folly when there are so many poor all about us, it would be inconsistent, as I look at it.'

'"Bother the poor," said the man; 'let the city care for them.'

'I am glad the city provides a way so they may not suffer,' said Mr. Francis, 'but I never yet refused to look into the difficulties of any one who asked me, nor turned away from a borrower.'

'"You'll give and lend yourself out of house and home yet," said the man, but the boss laughed in that good-natured way of his and answered:

'Not while I give in the name of Him who came to seek and to save.'

'He said it all in just that plain business-like way that he talks of everything, you know; and I couldn't help liking him for it. This morning I could hardly hold up my head, I felt so discouraged; but when I came upon him holding that spanking little bay horse with one hand and the other arm over the back of the buggy seat while he watched the men, that talk popped into my head, and I spoke to him before I knew it.'

'Did he make excuse?'

'Not a word, sir. He was as kind as a brother,' and the poor man's eyes were suffused with sudden tears.

'Then I can do as much as not to make excuse,' said the jeweller, taking the 'Want' card from the window. 'Go now and get your order filled, and come back after lunch. It does us all good to be boys once in a while.'

A week or ten days later, as the overseer was on his rounds, this man, better dressed, with a bright face and a package under his arm, came up to the buggy with a cheerful and respectful 'Good morning.'

'I have been looking for a chance to speak to you,' he said. 'My wife is better and sends you her thanks and her blessing.' He went on to explain that he was doing boy's work, and how it came about.

'My employer takes a real interest in me,' he continued. 'He gave me this suit, overcoat, and all. They have been worn some, but not to hurt them for me, and I am gaining strength every day. I can pay you half that loan, now, sir, and the rest next week.'

'I don't need it,' said Mr. Francis; 'keep it and pass it along as you have opportunity. I believe that is a way of doing good that the Lord approves. When we give our-