

went away to work at the factories, except the old weak ones like himself.

This is how it happened that some of the native parents who had been baptised and made Christians themselves, lived on and on, and forgot that their children ought to be baptised too, till it got to be overlooked, and they went on till they were quite big, and no one thought of asking if they had been received into the Church in the manner ordained, or not.

The Bishop and the old priest walked down the village in the cool of the evening, and as they passed the banian tree the two children were lighting their little lamps. The Bishop stopped and watched them, but the children did not see him at first. Then the old priest called out to them, and they looked round. The little girl was frightened and drew back into the shade, pulling her veil over her face, but the boy said, 'It is our priest, sister,' and took her hand and led her to him.

The native children who live in the same village call each other 'brother' and 'sister,' and some of the native Christians in that place still wore linen veils, though others had cast them off.

'What are you doing, my children?' asked the old man.

'We are doing poojah,' answered the boy in his native tongue—'poojah' means worship, worship to a false god.

'What, my child,' answered the priest, 'are you not Christians?'

'Yes,' said the boy.

'Then who do you do poojah to here?'

'The spirit lives here in this tree,' said the boy, 'and see, there is his temple which is knocked down.'

'Who told you that a spirit lived here?'

'I don't know; all the children in the village say so,' replied the boy, 'and we know it is a holy place, like unto our church.'

The priest was exceedingly grieved when he heard this, and said he would make enquiries and find out who had spread the superstition. The Bishop stopped a little longer and asked the girl her name.

'Motee,' said the child, and smiled as she

met the kind, beautiful face of the Bishop, and her eyes shone as she held up her little face towards his.

'Motee, that means a *pearl*,' he said; 'but it is not a Christian name. And your name, my boy?'

'Rahm.'

The Bishop shook his head. Rahm is a name in Hindoo mythology. He was sure that the children had never received Holy Baptism.

A thought crossed his mind—it was of the blessed Saint Gregory, when he saw the heathen children in the market-place of Rome—and he said, 'Motee, thou art a precious jewel, and ought to be set among God's treasures; and, Rahm, thy name means *Son of the Destroyer*—thou shalt become a child of God. Both of you shall be received through the grace of Baptism into the Church of God.'

Then the old priest promised to find out where the children's parents lived, and ask them to let the children come every day for instruction. He was surprised when he discovered that the name of the girl's mother was Anna, and the father of the boy was called Athanasius, and yet, though bearing the names of such great and holy persons, they had suffered their children to grow up neglected and unbaptised.

But they themselves had only been received into the Church a few years back, and they had not got accustomed to the Christian practice of bringing young babies to the font, they thought it would be time enough to do that when they were older.

Now, the old priest took great pains to explain to them their mistake.

'Supposing,' he said, 'you had died while these children were quite young and untaught, they would have drifted back into the old superstition. You would be grieved to think of that happening.'

Then he asked them to let Motee and Rahm come to his house to be taught; but the parents replied that they were very poor, and could not spare them from the factory. So they were to come every Sunday and learn. At first this made the children look sad, for Sunday was the