to the country till they have been examined by the priests, for fear heretical doctrines will be introduced.

The church has a proportion of all the receipts from the bull-fights and cock-fights, and has a monopoly of all the lotteries. On Good Friday it is the custom of the more pious portion of the population to go to the convents and lash themselves with whips upon the bare skin.

The priests first preach a sermon on repentance, and then the lights are turned out. Ladies and gentlemen both strip to the waist, and whip themselves and each other for a while, crying and shrieking in the most frightful manner. When they have atoned for their sins in this way they resume their clothes, and depart in silence.

The dead are buried in the middle of the night, and the procession of chanting monks, and people carrying candles and torches is a weird and striking spectacle. It is the custom among those who can afford such an outlay, to have a sort of funeral reception a few days after the burial. Invitations are issued as if to a wedding or a ball, and the guests gather, eat and drink, discuss the virtues of the dead, the amount of money he has left, the probability of the widow marrying again, and other interesting topics, and have a good time generally.

Meanwhile the family of the deceased sit in another room by themselves, arranged in the order of their relationship to the dead, and receive the condolences of the guests. At the conclusion of the entertainment all the pictures in the house are turned to the wall, the piano is closed, the guitar is tied up in black cloth, and the house is shut up for a month or so.

All the mourning is supposed to be done in that time. When it is over the family are as gay as ever, and the widow can marry as soon as she gets a chance.—*William Eleroy Curtis in Youth's Companion.*

DIRECTED.

A TRUE STORY.

"I hope you will be contented here, ma'am. I think it's dreadful to be homesick," said Mrs. Smead, a strong and active middle-aged woman, who was helping the wife of the new machine-shop overseer to settle her house the day after her removal to Springford.

"We shall be contented, for we feel that the Lord directed us here,' replied the cheerful-faced woman, as she placed the last book in the case and turned to arrange the mantel ornaments.

"Why do you feel in that way?" queried Mrs. Smead. "When I hear people make such sort of speeches I always wish it were possible for me to understand what they mean by them. I have moved a great many times, but the Lord never had anything to do about directing me where to move so far as I know, and I have been from bad to worse every move I have made, it seems to me."

"Perhaps that would not have been the case had you laid your needs before the Lord in faith, but I will try to tell you what I meant by saying what I did. Although my husband had a good position in the place where we were, we felt it to be an unfit community among whom to bring up children, and consequently were anxious to make a change. We thought seriously of coming to this place, but unforeseen difficulties arose in the way of our making arrangements with the retiring overseer, and one morning, just a week to-day, my husband ran in looking discouraged and anxious saying:

"The early mail is in, there are no letters from the agent at Springford, and probably negotiations are closed between us, and as at this time there is no very great demand for my particular kind of skilled labor I fear we shall have to make up our minds to spend the summer, and perhaps another year, where we are?"

"He went out leaving me heartsick. I looked out upon the busy street of the bustling town where liquor saloons met the eye at every turn, and the soft spring air seemed to be heavy with profanity. Glancing across the street to the hotel I noticed a scuffle going on between two intoxicated men, and even while I was saying to myself, 'I hope the children are in the back yard and out of sight of the disgusting spectacle,' I saw my ten-year-old twin boys mount the fence in front of the house, laughing at what was to them an every-day occurrence. Kneeling right there by the window with my baby in my arms I prayed: 'O Lord, help us to make a home for the children thou hast given us, outside of this wickedness, and if it be thy will that we go to that quiet lovely village of Springford, make it known to us before noon to-day.'"

"I would rather that my boys should be dead than that they should grow up to be like that," said their father, coming in again then. It was but an echo of the thought within my heart, and I said what I was often saying those days:

"What is money when compared with principles of right instilled into our children's hearts in their youth? Every such sight as that hardens their sensibilities. I have faith that the Lord will show us the way out of this cloud."

"Two hours later my husband reappeared with a telegram. 'The Springford people have accepted my terms,' he said. 'We will pick up and go there immediately.' As I said, that was a week ago to-day, and here we are. I shall not be homesick, for I feel the assurance in my heart that the Lord directed us here."

"Perhaps the telegram would have come all the same if you had not prayed," said Mrs. Smead, proceeding to polish another article of furniture, but she was interrupted by the agent's wife, who had come in unobserved and heard the neighbor's recital.

"We have no business to entertain any such 'perhaps' suggestions in our hearts," she now said coming forward. "I will tell you why I say so. My husband and I were very anxious to have a new overseer who was a Christian in the machine shop, on account of his influence over the men and boys who were employed there. Your husband had been highly recommended, but the owner of the works would not decide upon any thing, and we were almost in despair of a change being made. That morning, a week ago to-day, when the arrangements we felt to be in every way so desirable were, much to our sorrow, about given up, my husband and I made the matter a subject of prayer at our usual morning devotions, laying the matter before the Lord and leaving it with him. In a little while the owner drove up saying he had decided to accept the new applicant's proposals, and suggesting that my husband telegraph him to come to New York, where he would meet him the next day and have the bargain concluded. He started off for the train in a great hurry, but presently, to our surprise, he returned with an explanation, 'On my way to the station I changed my mind, concluded to telegraph particulars, and have done so.' Now is not that clear evidence that the anxious mother's prayers that she might know before noon how to plan for her children's future might be answered?"

"It does seem like it, to be sure," said Mrs. Smead, thoughtfully, "but if the Lord is ready and willing to help us, in such little every-day affairs, why do we not make it a matter of course to trust him to guide us day by day?"

"It is the prayer of faith that is answered," said the agent's wife, and noting the look of incredulity on the poor workwoman's face the new neighbor added

"And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief."—*Advance.*

A SUDRA FARMER.

The story which follows is taken from the *Journal* of the London Missionary Society. The incident is very interesting in itself, and it affords a glimpse of the work going on all over India. The writer is the Rev. Maurice Phillips.

"One very interesting incident came under my notice Some years ago a Sudra farmer in one of the out-of-the-way villages was baptized under the name of Israel He had a wife and a large family, but they positively declined to follow him to Christianity. At first they gave him a great deal of trouble, refusing to associate with him for fear of defilement, and his wife even declined to give him food. He gradually overcame these difficulties, but his family seemed as far as ever from Christianity. When I visited the family in 1884 just before going home, I asked his wife and each of his sons whether they intended to become Christians, and the answer was 'No.' I prayed with them, and urged them to follow their father, who was following Christ; but I had no reason to believe that any impression had been produced.

"When camping last month within seven miles of Israel's village, a young man came to the tent and said he was Israel's eldest son.

"'Well, come and sit down. I am very glad to see you. I have not seen you for a long time,' I said.

"He sat down, and told me that last year his father died. I told him I was very sorry, but added, 'Your father was a good man, and he is now in heaven with the Lord Jesus.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'I believe that. When my father was very ill, and could not read the Bible, he asked me to read to him.'

"'And did you?'

"'Yes, I read to him every day, and he seemed always better after I read to him.'

"'What did you read?'

"'I read the Psalms and the Gospels. My father was very fond of the Psalms and the Gospels.'

"'When he died did you burn the body like a heathen?'

"'No. We had a grave dug for him in the field, and we buried him as a Christian.'

"'I suppose there was no Christian present to read the Scriptures and to pray?'

"'No; but I read the twenty-third Psalm after the body was lowered to the grave.'

"'I am very glad to hear that. How did you have the courage to do it?'

"'Well, I felt that it was right, and that it was in accordance with the wish of the departed, and so God gave me courage. And not only that, but I am determined to become a Christian, too, and die like my father.'

"'What about your wife?'

"'She is quite willing to be baptized.'

"'Do you want to be baptized now?'

"No; I will wait till you come again, for I want my brothers and their families to be baptized at the same time, and they are not prepared yet.'

"Oh! how thankful I was to our Heavenly Father for this incident. How wonderful God is in carrying on his work! An incident like this is enough compensation for all the labor bestowed in the Tripatore district since the commencement of the mission. May the Lord's work so prosper everywhere!"—*The Christian.*

THE SCARLET TANAGER NEAR MY WINDOW

BY ELLEN HAILE.

A dear little bird sings
After the rain,
"Look up, lonely heart!
Be happy again.

"Gray are the clouds,
No promise of blue;
Yet sunshine is coming
To me and to you!

"I'm sitting out here
On this bare, leafless tree,
Hungry and weary,
No crumbs can I see.

"But God's up in Heaven.
He hears and he sees,
What matters then, ever,
Small troubles like these.

"And you're sitting there,
With the tears in your eyes,
How heavy your heart is!
How dark are your skies!

"But God's up in Heaven,
He hears every prayer,
Mine from the tree-top,
And your's breathing there.

"Why do you cry so,
Oh, sad heart, to-day?
Surely for you, too.
There cometh some way—

"Some way out of loneliness,
Sorrow and pain,
Surely as sunshine
Follows the rain!

"'God's up in Heaven'
Is always my song,
Though pleasures are few, dear,
And troubles last long.

"So, sing it, and feel it,
And then hope again!
God's near you and loves you,
Through clouds and through rain."

—*Selected.*

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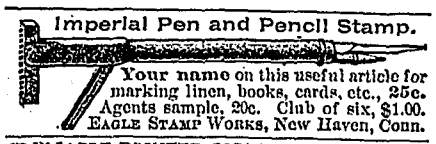

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