


from a poor Spanish shoemaker for the precious Book you brought him."—*Gleanings for the Young.*

“TO SEE HIM.”

 HE Rev. S. Allnutt, of Delhi, tells the following pathetic story of a poor heathen seeking to gain salvation by enduring hardship:—

“As I was on my way home I saw a strange and moving spectacle. In the distance there came in sight what seemed a prostrate body in the middle of the road. On coming nearer I found it was the form of a woman, slowly crawling along and measuring her length on the road as she went. I drew up as I came close to her, and began to question her. She told me she was a Brahman woman, the wife of a man who was about a hundred yards behind her on the road. She had journeyed in this way from a far distant village in the N. W. P., and was on the way to Jarvāla-Mukhi (fire-mouth), a celebrated place of pilgrimage in the Kangra district, at the foot of the Himalayas. Altogether her pilgrimage could not be less than 500 miles, and that at a rate, she told me, of about two miles a day! I had often heard of this method of performing a pilgrimage, but as it was the first time I had ever witnessed the sight (such modes being very rare in these parts) one could not fail to be very much affected by it. Poor thing, her arms and legs, which were quite bare, were worn hard and leathery by the constant rubbing along the roads. I asked her why she was undergoing all this pain and toil. She replied again and again, clasping her hands upwards, ‘Usk a darshan’ (‘To see Him’). To gain salvation by so doing? ‘No, only to see Him.’ Oh the pity and pathos of it! What a wealth of devotion displayed, and so largely (though who would dare to say entirely) thrown away! All she would be able to see with her outward eyes when she reached her destination would be the flame of the ignited gas, which superstition makes people believe to be the divine exhalation of the god Agni (fire). If only, one felt, all that faith and devotion could but be directed into its right and natural channel, one could breathe a prayer that some day it might find the object of its aspiration, and the poor misguided creature be enabled indeed to see Him Whom her soul did indeed long for. I don’t think anything I have ever witnessed in the country moved me so much. The loneliness of the spot, the bare, dull, monotonous road along which the couple were toiling, and that simple, earnest reiterated cry, ‘To see Him,’ it all conspired to make one long and pray, as I feel sure it will lead the readers of the story to long and pray, for the coming of the day when this gross darkness which hangs like a pall over

the hearts of the deluded people of this land shall be removed, and the true light shall shine ‘in the region and shadow of death.’”

“THE STONE WHICH THE BUILDERS REJECTED.”



GREAT cathedral was being built.

The most beautiful marble, exquisitely carved, made its walls. Its woodwork was like satin, and of delicate colors. The windows were like rich paintings, telling the wonderful stories of Christ’s life.

The workmen had come from far and near, the most skilful only having been chosen.

For months hammers and chisels rang, till at last all but one window was finished. It was a south window, not large, where rich sunlight fell early and late.

“Strange it should have been forgotten,” said the master workman. “The bishop comes to-morrow, and all should be finished.”

A little, bent man, with a shrewd but kindly face, limped up. Doffing his cap he said:

“Sir, I have made a window for that space from bits of the other windows. Pray you, let it go up.”

“It is the best we can do,” said the master. “Put it up for to-morrow, man, but after that it must come down.”

The next day the church was crowded.

Just as the old bishop turned to preach the sermon, the sun burst out. It came through the south window, touching his white hair with a halo.

Every one turned to look. The stranger’s window was a flashing jewel. Though it was made of bits, the colors were so blended that it seemed like one. The sunlight glittered and broke into a thousand rays.

The bishop knew about the forgotten window, and the strange way one had been made. He had written a stately sermon, but he put it away, and preached the thought the beautiful window gave: “The rejected stone being the head of the corner.”

People who heard it, and saw the window, never forgot. So shall we feel, little and big, when we see that some of our little efforts, which many thought worthless, shall be counted by Jesus worthy of all recognition.—*Selected.*

THE *American Citizen* says that in a recent missionary report this item appears:—“An eminent Bishop, Dr. E. S. Camacho, for many years Roman Catholic Bishop of Tamaulipas, has recently, from deep Christian convictions, protested against the idolatry taught and practiced in the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, and has publicly withdrawn from its communion.