

But he felt sure that all his own works could not save his soul from sin.

At last he began to pray to God. Was not that the best thing that he could do? One he felt could help him, and so his constant prayer was, "O God, show me Thy truth."

One day there came into his hands a heap of waste paper out of the basket: he was going to use it to wrap up drugs for a hospital in which he was employed. As he sat there using one piece of paper after another in his work, his eye fell on a sentence in a stray leaf. Here were words that seemed to promise an answer to that which had filled his mind so long. He looked for more of the leaves and read them eagerly.

"What can this be," said he to himself, "but God's answer to my prayer? Strange that I should find these very words in this heap of paper!"

He searched further and further, and at length found all the scattered leaves forming a tract entitled "Din-i-happi," that is, "What is the true religion?"

He felt sure it was sent by God. This tract directed him to the Bible; he tried to get one, but there was not one in his language to be had in Bhnrr'poor. He went to the Missionary at Agra, who had just received a supply of newly-printed Bibles; one of these he bought and read carefully, and by degrees light dawned on the Mohammedan's soul, showing him that the Lord Jesus, who said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," was in very truth the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Afterwards he was instructed for holy baptism. Subsequently he was also confirmed and became a communicant of the Church and an active worker among his countrymen.

Now what do you think, dear children, would have been the best thing for this man to have found in the waste-paper basket—a bank note for a thousand dollars, or a little book which pointed him the way to the eternal Saviour through whom he might obtain everlasting life?

A THOUGHTFUL SAILOR-LAD.

A FEW days out from New York a great ship was overtaken by a terrible storm which lasted nearly a week.

One day, at the height of the tempest, the rigging at the main-mast head got tangled, and some one had to go up and straighten it. The mate called a boy belonging to the ship, and ordered him aloft.

The lad touched his cap, but hesitated a moment; cast one frightened glance up at the swaying mast and again down on the furious sea, and then rushed across the deck and down into the fore-castle. In about two minutes he appeared, and without a word seized the ratlins—the rope-ladders of the vessel—and flew up the rigging like a squirrel. With dizzy eyes the weather-beaten crew watched the poor boy at this fearful height. "He will never come down alive," they said to each other.

But in twenty minutes the perilous job was done, and the boy