

words and letters, a strange looking boy bounded through an opening which served as a gateway in the opposite hedge, and, rushing towards her, he cried out with much earnestness, "Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was, perhaps, about twelve years of age. His coarse, black hair was matted with filth, and bristling in every direction, and a very dirty cloth of plaid cotton was all his clothing.

"Does Jesus Christ live here?" he again inquired, scarcely pausing for breath until he made his way, uninvited, up the steps of the verandāh, and crouched at the lady's feet.

"What do you want with Jesus Christ?" said she.

"I want to see Him; I want to confess to Him."

"Why what have you been doing that you want to confess?"

"Does He live here?" cried the boy, with still greater earnestness; "I want to know *that*. Doing! why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad; I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loo-gyees say that He can save us from hell. Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ!"

"But He does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly."

"I want to stop doing wickedly, but I can't stop; I don't know how to stop; the evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come by evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"Nothing but to come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly murmured; but she spoke this in English, so the poor boy only raised his head with a vacant "B'ha-lai!"

"You cannot see Jesus Christ now," said she.

The poor boy interrupted her with a wild cry of despair.

His face brightened a little when she said, "But I am His humble friend and follower," and, when she added, "He has commissioned me to teach all those, who wish to escape hell, how to do so," his face brightened up with a joy and an eagerness which we cannot describe.

"Tell me—Oh, tell me!" he said. "Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave for life. Do not be angry! Oh, do not send me away! I want to be saved—saved from hell!"

You may be sure this lady was not likely soon to get angry at such entreaties. The next day she took this poor, wild Jungle-boy to the little bamboo school-house, where he was admitted as a scholar, and taught the way to the Saviour.

Years passed away. Death had laid his cold hand upon this gentle lady, and her soul was at rest in her Father's home on