

WORSHIPPING A DOLL.

A DAMAGED doll-baby of the missionary's household was missing one day, and so was a native boy named Jangi, one of the servants.

There was a great heathen mela, or camp meeting, in the neighborhood at a place where three temples were, and a learned man (pundit), who was also a native preacher, went from the mission to proclaim Christ there.

One of the first sights which struck the pundit's eye, so the narrative goes, was the fugitive Jangi, who had stationed himself where many must pass. Before him a white cloth was spread on the ground, and on this, sitting like a queen on her dais, was the missing doll, our English doll.

Jangi sat near, holding in one hand an umbrella and in the other a bell which he was ringing vigorously, and crying out: "Behold, here is an English goddess! Come and worship! Behold this Wilayati devi (English goddess); by worshipping her no sickness or trouble will ever come to your children!"

And these poor, foolish, ignorant, village people, believing him, threw down their offerings of cowrie shells, small coins, and grain, and then, folding their hands, they knelt and worshipped and went away.

In front of the so-called goddess at that time lay about twelve pounds of grain, some cowries, and money.

The pundit then said to Jangi: "If I ever find you doing like this again, I will take the doll away from you."

Then Jangi solemnly promised that he would not do so again; but seven days after, the mela still continuing, the pundit was again in the neighborhood of the temples preaching, when in the distance he saw Jangi holding forth as before. Jangi saw him, too, for, quickly covering up his show, he ran away.

Some time after, the preacher passed by that way. Jangi had come back and was offering the doll for worship and crying out to the people.

"Jangi, what are you doing?" said the pundit. "You promised me you would never do such a thing again. Enough. Give me the doll."

Jangi began to cry and to supplicate, saying, "Oh, forgive me. I will never do it again." But without any more ado the doll was taken away from the disobedient boy.

A large crowd had gathered, very curious to see and hear all that was going on, many of them having, perhaps, worshipped that very doll.

Turning to them, the pundit warned them of the folly of bowing down to a god made by man's fingers, and then preached to them Jesus.—S. S. Visitor.

 THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

A YOUNG soldier of the Carbineers heard that there was one regiment in garrison without a single Christian. It greatly moved him: he was full of young, eager faith, and he prayed fervently that there might be at least one man converted there.

When he had concluded, a voice was heard in another part of the room, almost inarticulate with emotion. Half-choked with tears, a man was pouring out his thoughts in broken words: "Lord, Thou knowest that five years ago I was a child of Thine; Thou knowest that I fell away and sinned; Thou knowest the life I led; Thou knowest how I forgot and dishonored and grieved Thee; and now wilt Thou receive me again?"

The speaker stopped, completely overcome; and it turned out that he was a private of the very regiment for which the Carbineer had prayed.—Brotherhood Star.

 LITTLE BESS.

"There is a country o'er the sea
Where little girls, so I've been told,
Are sometimes thrown away or killed,
Or for a piece of money sold.

I cannot understand one bit;
Why dreadful things like this should be,
But I am glad I don't live there,
Where my papa would not love me.

He says, and I believe 'tis true,
That when he feels his thankfulness,
He puts me first of all, and says,
'Thank God for our dear little Bess!'
—Children's Missionary Friend.

