

about them or not. The Brahman beside him was objecting to this when Sitaram silenced him by saying—"But they are true, and why should we not teach the truth?" Again, when the Trinity was explained, Sitaram immediately turned to his disciple and explained it to him. Not a word about baptism had been spoken yet, and I was wondering how this Brahman would regard it, and how Sitaram would act in his presence. The testing time had come. I asked Moti to read the account of the conversion and baptism of the Philippian jailor, and this opened the subject of Sitaram's baptism. Without any hesitation he said—"I am ready; bring the water now." I reminded him that we had arranged to baptize him on the morrow (Sabbath) at the Christian service, and he replied—"You say to-morrow, but I say to-day; now." I was almost persuaded to administer the sacrament there and then, but I thought better to wait another day, and he will be the better tested on account of its being better known in the village. The Brahman simply sat in wonder, saying little, but by his face betraying his astonishment. After prayer they both accompanied me outside the village. Ratan had also been talking to Jamnabai, who told her that she believed whatever Sitaram did was right, and she would do likewise. There is also a carpenter and his wife who seemed to be impressed with the message.

There only remains now to tell you the events of to-day.

Shortly after sunrise on Sabbath morning six of our Christians, with my wife and self, set out for Karela, and arrived there an hour later. Sitaram was looking for us, and conducted us to his house. The upper story had been prepared by him for the service. Some furniture had been cleared away, a carpet spread, and a little table with a tablecloth spread over it had been placed to serve as a desk. The people of the village, who were in a state of great expectation, crowded into the building, which soon filled up; the stairs were also occupied, and a crowd stood below at the entrance. Jamnabai, the carpenter and his wife, and the Brahman disciple were present. With the latter there was another Brahman, who was evidently bent on mischief. He tried once to interrupt me at the beginning, but I stopped him.

We began the service by singing the 23rd Psalm. Then, after prayer, part of the 8th chapter of the Acts was read and explained. Sitaram was sitting near me, and as the reading and exposition of the chapter proceeded, the guru, or teacher, soon showed itself in him, for he began to explain what I said to those present. Another hymn followed, and then a recital of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, which Sitaram carefully read with us, and affirmed to be the confession of his faith. During the prayer which followed, Sitaram reverently knelt and bowed his head to the ground. His Brahman disciple never, I suppose, seeing him in that position before, and not caring to see his religious preceptor doing obeisance to any one, came over and tried to raise Sitaram, but the very decided "Let me go" soon sent him back to his seat. Then followed the sermon on the text—"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast." Several times Sitaram interrupted me, but only to explain to those present some things I had said as to the nature of salvation and the sinless character of Jesus. After the singing of another hymn a short exposition of the sacrament of baptism followed, and we had come now to the critical and most anxious part of the service. I explained to the people that Sitaram had expressed his faith

in Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of men, and believing that the Christian religion is the only true religion, he was desirous of being baptized and received into the Christian Church. Then the public examination of Sitaram as to his faith in Christ was proceeded with.

Questions were put to him on the Unity of God and the Trinity in Unity, and the books of the Old and New Testament being the inspired Word of God. These questions were answered with a firmness and decision that showed the belief of his heart. Then I asked him—"Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, who died for your sins, and rose again from the dead and ascended into Heaven?" Again the decided answer came, "Yes, it is true; I believe it." "Do you believe that Jesus Christ is your Saviour, and that there is none other but him?" "Yes, I believe it," was again firmly replied.

Up till now we had not referred in our questioning to any Hindu beliefs, and therefore, I suppose, no objection had been raised by any of the audience. But the next question, which referred to these, raised a storm of opposition in that little building which we were powerless to quell, and of which we could only remain spectators.

"Do you believe that the gods and goddesses worshipped in this country, whether Brahma, or Vishnu, or Shiva or Rom, or any other so-called gods, are all false, and cannot give you salvation?"

The question was like a thunderbolt to the assembled people, but before any could interrupt, Sitaram had again answered in the affirmative.

The pent-up feelings of the Brahman could be restrained no longer, and in the midst of the service a scene of confusion occurred which I cannot regard with feelings of regret, rather do I thank God for the noble and courageous testimony borne by Sitaram under trial, and for the strength given him to stand firm in the faith of his new Master. The Brahman launched forth his arguments against Sitaram, and appealed to him not to forsake his old faith. Sitaram left where he was standing before me, and bold as a lion went up to the Brahman to defend the faith he had espoused. Hotter and hotter grew the dispute, which we had no part in, and the end of which we could only wait in silence to see.

It was a time of suppressed excitement to us all. We could only pray for Sitaram, and, lifting up our hearts to God, we asked that his faith fail not. The Brahman grew less fierce, and finally was reduced to silence. Sitaram had triumphed, had silenced his enemy, and witnessed a good confession for the Lord Jesus. He returned to his place before me, and we proceeded with the service. There was one question remaining, "Will you act according to Christ's Word and commands?" Sitaram again answered, "Yes."

Owing to the discussion that had taken place, I repeated a former question, "Do you now believe in Jesus Christ as your own Saviour, and that apart from him there is no salvation to be found?" A very decided "Yes" was Sitaram's reply.

I then baptized him. During the prayer that followed the Brahman and Sitaram's disciple and others left the building. The doxology and the benediction closed the most exciting baptismal service I ever witnessed.

In the evening he came to see me in camp, full of joy. I asked him about Jamnabai, and he said she, too, is happy; and had asked him why we did not call her to be baptized too. I had thought it better to wait in her case until she was more instructed.

I also asked Sitaram what had occurred in the village when he went back after accompanying us part of the way. He told me

that the Brahman had said to him, "Sitaram, for all these years many people have regarded you as a guru, or teacher, and acknowledged what you taught as right and true. Have you been imperfect up till to-day?" "Yes," answered Sitaram, "I was totally empty. I worshipped God, but my faith was small. Now it is perfect, for I worship God through Christ." "What was the meaning of you getting the water put on your head?" further asked the Brahman. "It meant that I have become a disciple of Christ, have obtained salvation, and have been admitted to the Christian Church and become identified with Christian people."

Before he left us we had prayer together, in which Sitaram joined.

May I ask those who read this to pray for Sitaram, and Jamnabai, and Ganjabai and her husband, and many others in this and other villages; especially that Sitaram may be used to bring many of his disciples to the Lord Jesus.

'I Am My Beloved's.'

(By S. John Duncan-Clark.)

Song of Solomon, 7: 10.

O I am my Beloved's!

What sweeter thought can be
Than that His heart's desire
Is centred all on me.
Amid the world's perplexings
This confidence brings rest;—
It is His love that guides me,
And where He leads is best.

Oh, I am my Beloved's!

And when the way seems long,
The knowledge that He owns me
Fills all my soul with song.
The zenith sun at mid-day
May shine with tropic heat,
But I beneath His shadow
Will find a safe retreat.

Oh, I am my Beloved's!

And when each weary day
Fades westward o'er the mountains
I hear His sweet voice say,
'Oh, come, my love, and rest thee
Within my resting place;
My left hand shall support thee,
My right shall thee embrace.'

Oh, I am my Beloved's!

And when my soul is faint
And hungry for His bounty,
He ever hears my plaint;
He comes and gently leads me
Where stands the palace wall,
And 'neath Love's banner feeds me
Within His banquet hall.

Oh, I am my Beloved's!

And when this world of sin
Beats with a throb of heart-ache
And bitterness within,
He draws me to His bosom,
And with His tender kiss,
Heals all the ache, and changes
The bitterness to bliss.

Oh, I am my Beloved's!

Soon shall the shadows flee,
And with the night's departure
The dawn shall break for me;
Then stayed on my Beloved,
From earth's dread wilderness
I enter on the glory
That in Him I possess.
—'Endeavor Herald.'

Teach Us to Pray.

Grant us not the ill
We blindly ask; in very love refuse
Whatever Thou know'st our weakness would
abuse.

Or rather help us, Lord, to choose the good,
To pray to naught, to seek to none, but
Thee;

Nor by 'our daily bread' mean common
food.

Nor say, 'From this world's evil set us free.'
Teach us to live with Christ, our sole true
bliss,

Else, though in Christ's own words, we pray
amiss.

—John Keble.