

Baptism during Service.

THERE is a christening to-day! A happy, heavenly sight!
 Another little mortal child made heir of life and light:
 Another little seedling placed with due and reverent care
 Within the Garden of the Lord, to bud and blossom there.

'It makes the service very long!' But is the time misspent
 Wherein we greet the babe new-born, and kneel with one consent
 To say 'Our Father' for the lips that have not learnt to plead,
 And ask the daily bread for one unconscious yet of need?

'But they might choose some other time!' Ah! who could grudge to stay?
 Before the little one there lies a hard and untried way:
 Our prayers to-day may help him, till this troublous world be past,
 And he whom now we welcome here may welcome us at last.

F. A.

Bahn and Motce.

A STORY FROM INDIA.

IN a small native Christian village in the North West Provinces of India, under the great banian tree which still spreads its wide arms over the ruins of an ancient Hindoo temple, there were playing two children—a boy and a girl.

The boy might have been about twelve years old, and the girl a few years younger. They were not brother and sister, but they always worked together in the carpet factory with their parents. They were not married, as they would have been at their age if they had been the children of heathen parents, and neither were they baptised, but that was owing to the neglect of their Christian fathers and mothers.

They lived at different ends of the village, but under the shade of the thick-spreading leaves they came to play together, and their play consisted in arranging little broken bits of earthenware saucers on the edge of an old white tomb that contained the remains of some former priest of the old temple.

They had begged a little oil to burn in

their saucers from the old oil-man who lived near by, and though the oil was very coarse, and smelt very nasty, they did not mind that. They thought it very delightful to have it; and when they lit it up in their broken saucers and their little lights shone in a row along a ledge of the tomb, they thought that nothing they had ever seen looked so beautiful and bright.

As it happened, this evening the Bishop had come with an English clergyman to see the village, and he first paid a visit to the kind old native clergyman who lived close to the church. He had a clean little house, with two rooms and a verandah all round. The old man was rather blind, but he could still read his Bible with a pair of spectacles, and he preached every Sunday in the church.

He was so blind and old, however, that though he sometimes visited the old Christians of the village and talked to them about the Bible, and could see whether or no his church was filled with worshippers, yet he could not go about much, for on Sundays after the service was over, he felt very tired, and on other days his people all