

ing, that he might get nearer the natives to whom he came as a representative of that One who 'though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor.' In 1848, a missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, he gave up his salary, left the mission house, and went into the native quarter to live among the people. On one occasion a friend left him a bequest of ten thousand rupees. He at once gave the money to a congregation on the other side of India.

Several times, while he was absent from home, friends visited his quarters and straightened things up, replacing his native cot with a civilized bed with luxuries, in the way of sheets, quilts, pillows, curtains that enter into the make-up of an ideal bed. They spread a carpet or beautiful rug on his floor and added a comfortable rocking-chair to his study furniture. He would be delighted with the new 'fixin's,' but remembering some poor widow or unfortunate family, the comforts would find their way on errands of mercy, and George Bowen's den would swing back to its old condition.

The White Yogi differed from other saints of church and heathen history in many respects. He was not sour or sanctimonious. He was not austere or critical. He never complained of other people's style of living. He went, like Jesus, gladly to the feasts and festivals of rich and poor alike. In palace and hut George Bowen was always a welcome guest, ready by any means in his power to contribute to the joys of young and old.

He was not a monk in dress or manner. He was a brother among men of all degrees. He was an indefatigable worker, a student, a writer, a preacher, a missionary, a minister of Christ.

Nothing went on in the world—social, religious, or political—that escaped his notice. For nearly thirty years his journal spoke forth truths, commendations, admonitions, denunciations that men of all creeds and ranks in India gave heed to. His editorial sanctum could be an Olivet or a Sinai.

This remarkable man finished his fortieth year of work in India without a furlough or vacation. One evening, shortly after this fortieth anniversary, he was induced by two Christian ladies, medical missionaries, to come to their home for a day or two, on the ground that he was not well and needed a little home nursing. It seemed strange for him, but he yielded and allowed himself to be cared for by them, as if they were his daughters. Several times during the night these ministering spirits looked into his room. About six in the morning he opened his eyes and saw one of the sisters, and smilingly greeted her with a cheery 'Good morning!' At seven, when she came again, he was gone. The worn shell was lying on the cot like an abandoned chrysalis.

'Far far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;

* * * * *

Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,

Faith's journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;

And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

And Upbraideth Not.

If any man lack Wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.

(Mary Riggs Stevens.)

O sweetest words of courage
That bind my heart to Thee,
Whose promises of wisdom
I was too blind to see!
Till storm and fear of wreckage
Drove me fast-sailing home,
To grasp Thy hand outstretched,
And hear Thy tender—"Come!"

Secure in Thee I rested,
Nor tried my wings alone,
Till misspent time came mocking
Of harvests I had sown;
Then 'me with strength Thou girdedst
To make my perfect way.'
'Fear not thy little might so!
It shall be "as thy day."'

So day by day I'm living,
Content midst work and song;
With little care if this life
Be very short or long.
One life—in Him abiding—
And He appoints the spot.
Remorse and fear—I have none,
Since he 'upbraideth not.'

The Astonished Infidel Club.

(E. Payson Hammond, in the 'Light in the Home.')

Certain Union meetings the Y.M.C.A. Hall, London, brought together large audiences, and the reports in the papers arrested the attention of an Infidel Club. Hundreds were convicted of sin and brought to Christ. The club sent one of its trusted henchmen to find out about the so-called 'awakening,' and to bring a report to them. They were then determined to expose the whole fallacy of the movement, and to show what fools the people were to attend, or allow their children to attend, such services.

And now let me tell you in substance the words of this man who, a few weeks after, at another meeting in London, gave his testimony as to what he had seen and believed.

'I was appointed from our club to visit Finsbury Park Hall during the special mission conducted by Mr. Hammond. The first night I sat in the rear of the hall, with the curl of derision on my lip and the look of scorn on my face. My note-book became full of sarcasm and indignation that so many could be stupidly fooled. But, determining to find out everything I could, and to gain fresh points for myself and allies, I took a seat one night near the front and alongside of a little fellow of ten summers. Mr. Hammond made an earnest appeal to all who would become Christians to pray just where they were. To my astonishment, the boy by my side dropped on his knees immediately, and with tears sought the help of the Saviour.

'Mr. Hammond then asked all of the adults to help any that needed counsel, and to pray and speak with the anxious.

'In order to further carry out my instructions, and to show it was all a farce, I knelt by the side of this weeping boy. Supposing I was a Christian, he said, "Oh, sir, won't you pray for me?" This was more than I could stand, and I got up from my knees and fled quickly from the hall. I saw there was a power in that meeting new to me, and I at once found myself fighting something within. There seemed a dreadful warfare between two

different persons. Then, for the first time, I realized what it was to be in the hands of a just God. My agony of soul I can never describe. The conflict between light and darkness was one of terrible fierceness. The natural man struggled against the Spirit, and it seemed as if I should lose my reason. But I gave myself to Christ, as many children and adults had done in those meetings. But then came a worse fight than that between the natural and spiritual man. For the first time it dawned upon me that I had to make my report to the club. I asked, "Does my new-found religion demand that I should report accurately what I have seen and felt?" I saw there was no other way. So I resolved to report in person, and gave them substantially this report:—

"Gentlemen,—

"At your request, I attended the meetings of the Rev. E. Payson Hammond at Finsbury Park Hall. Three nights were passed in secret exultation, thinking it was all a mockery. But I found out my fearful mistake." As I spoke thus, a deathlike pallor overspread their faces. "Not only is the work real and the conversions are genuine, but I, too, am convinced of the deity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and have accepted him as my Saviour. God has not only been working through these meetings, so that children are moved, but men and women, young men and maidens, have found that their crying need is to have their hearts changed through faith in the Son of God, who came to seek and to save the lost. I rejoice that I sought forgiveness through faith in his finished work."

'You may imagine,' said the speaker in his closing words, 'what a fearful revelation this was to them! If a thunderbolt had fallen in their midst, there could scarcely have been greater consternation; and then, as the facts loomed before them, after a moment's silence like that of the grave, followed by oaths and bitter denunciations, stigmatizing me as one of the worst of all these canting hypocrites, with force they ejected me into the street; but in my great joy of having found my Saviour, I returned to my home, happy in the love of Christ.'

I pray that the readers of these lines may have such faith in the power of Christ and him crucified, and may so present him to unbelievers and infidels, that they shall feel their hearts drawn out in love to him.

I Wonder Why.

Not very long ago a vessel containing numerous passengers was exposed to a violent storm. The waves rose higher and higher, the vessel was tossed by their violence hither and thither, until at last she struck against a rock and was dashed to pieces. A young man on board had his skull seriously injured and his face very much hurt. When they were removing him, in a dying condition as it seemed, into a boat to be conveyed to the shore, he calmly looked up and said:

'Tell my friends not to trouble about me; I am safe in the hands of Jesus my Saviour.'

On landing at Plymouth he was taken to a hospital there in preference to his home. For days and nights he suffered agonies. When, at last, he was recovering and able to converse, he said to the matron, who was sitting by his bedside:

'I wonder why God has allowed me to suffer all this—such pain as I have gone through; I don't know what it has been for.'

'Oh, don't you?' asked the matron. 'Then I do. Shall I tell you?'

'Yes,' replied the young man, 'do.'

'Well, then, your coming to this hospital has been the means of bringing me to Jesus. I can now say that he is my Saviour.'

God sends us trials that we may be blessings to others, and also to bring us nearer to himself.—'Word and Work.'