

that it did not matter much. Then a feast drew near and they sent for her to come home. She told the missionary, "I will not do anything wrong. I will say I am a child of Jesus now, and tell them about Him." She was only a child and looked forward to new clothes, new jewels, and nice things to eat. "Only four days at home and I will come back to you," she said, as she slipped her Gospel of Mark into her dress. That was all of the Bible she had, but already she loved it dearly. Weeks passed, and no tidings of little Star. The missionary knew she would have sent a message if she could. One girl in a like position had been kept in chains for three years. Then came the sorrowful news that she had done what she was ordered to. A family council was called to counsel the little girl to worship Siva, and rub ashes on her head. She refused, and more severe punishment than she could bear followed, until at last she yielded. Now she would soon be married and sent far away. The missionary was told that nothing could be done for little Star. She could not be saved from her terrible fate, so her Christian friends felt sure that she had been forced to deny her Lord, through deadly fear; and so kept on praying for her. A week passed, and the little girl came back to the mission house, and was very ill for weeks. The reports were all false, and she had not yielded or worshiped Siva at all. They had taken her gospel of Mark from her, and she said: "I had not the comforting feel of it, but I knew that they could not take away Jesus, and that He was in the fire with Shadrach, Mesbakh and Abednego, and only the cords that bound them were burned. So I asked Him to let the

fire burn my cords. After that I did not remember anything, only I think the fire got cool." The next five years she spent in the mission school, many times her father went for her and left muttering, "What is the matter with me? My hands are strong, but it seems as if I were bound and could not touch her." Every time he came the missionaries prayed for help, and Jesus, the living God, helped them. She became a Bible woman, and loved to go among the heathen and tell things about blessed Jesus. Years passed, her father became more friendly and gave up his idols; but did not confess Christ openly, because, as head of his caste, he would have to sacrifice so much. Death came suddenly to him. He would not allow any idolatrous rites; said they were of no use. Almost his last thought was for the child he had once cursed, but now forgiven. "Do not write to Star," he said, and with loving words for all around him, he passed away. Then the idol priest took possession of the body. Four hundred rupees were spent on a great feast. Hired mourners came with their hideous wailing, and when the missionary arrived with Star they thought her unfeeling because she could not do as they did. Star's sore heart could not be comforted by this outward show, and they would not let her mention the Lord Jesus, but scolded her for not wearing more jewels, and for not being married. Star returned to the mission, feeling it to be more her home than the richer one of her childhood, because there she had learned to know and love Jesus, the living God.

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