

hung by his side, but with that exception he seemed to hang entirely by the two hooks in his back. The flesh was gathered up, showing great tension, and his back was bent.

After an hour and an quarter the car returned to its starting-place, and the man was released. The hooks were not taken out, but were kept in that they might move the people to be liberal in giving presents to the performer. His pulse was good and his condition seemed normal, but the flesh of the back was so drawn up as to leave deep holes for the hooks. He put on an air of bravado and even offered to swing for a second time if a suitable present should be given. It was only in the evening that the hooks were taken out.

The image of the goddess was carried around on a wooden bull behind the car; but the great object was to get money, and for three months the man can have the hooks and cord and knife used to show to people and beg for presents.

It is said that the present attitude of the government of Madras is due to instructions from the Secretary of State for India. If that is so, there is no hope of our effecting anything here; it must be done in London. The manager declared to the superintendent of police that he proposed to continue the swinging annually.

We utilized the occasion for street preaching to the best of our ability. A piece of land near the temple has recently been secured for the mission. The walls of an old hut were thrown down so as to make a high platform, and on this were erected a temporary shed of plaited coconut leaves. And there a force of men from the Madura and Battalagundu stations preached all the forenoon and until two o'clock in the afternoon, when the noise and excitement of the swinging prevented further effort. The days before and after were also utilized for preaching in the same place. On the principal day not less than 1,500 people listened to the preaching of the uplifted Saviour.

I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me.

## LOVE FOR LOVE.

**R**AGGED, dirty, ugly. He had fallen in the muddy gutter; his hands and face were black, his mouth wide open, and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him up and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and inquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a minute to jeer and load him with their insults. Poor boy! he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of. Certainly he did not deserve one; but if none but the deservng had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady is passing; her kindness of heart prompts her to stay and say a word to the boys who are joking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looks fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad against the wall.

"Why, John, is it you?"

He removes one black fist from his eye and looks up. He recognizes her. She has taught him in the Sunday school.

"O, ma'm! I'm so bad!"

She has him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterward she visits him kindly and frequently.

A year passes by.

There is a fire one night. A dwelling-house is in flames. The engine has not yet arrived. The inmates cannot be rescued. A boy has looked on. Suddenly he shouts, "O! she lives here;" then he climbs up the heated, falling stairs. He fights against the suffocating smoke. He hunts about until he finds what he sought. She has fainted—is dying, perhaps. No! he will save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she is safe in the cool air.

The bystanders are struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walks away muttering, "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt."

The stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond.—*Sel.*