

could, to master the short catechism and the responses in the baptismal service. The poor old fellow did his best for nearly two months, his Christian leper friends helping him all he could: but it was of no use, Murthiram could not commit the portions to memory. His anxiety increased; he could bear it no longer: therefore, one morning, he came hobbling up to my door. 'Sahib,' he said with deep feeling, 'what am I to do? I have tried and tried, and I cannot remember the words. My poor head is heavy and thick; what shall I do? Won't you baptize me? I can't learn the words, it is true; but I know this, I am a poor miserable sinner, and I know that there is no Saviour but Jesus Christ. I know he shed his blood for me, and I only trust in his blood for pardon and salvation.' Then, folding his hands in an imploring attitude, he said, 'Do Sahib,

do baptize me at once.' I was quite affected by the old man's importunity, and, in the words of Peter, I exclaimed, 'Can any man forbid water, that he should not be baptized?' I at once fixed the hour for his baptism. At the same time I baptized also another, a Hindoo woman, who had been a candidate with himself. Thus within the last few months have seven of these poor miserable creatures been gathered into the fold of Christ. Very loathsome and repulsive are they to the eyes of man, but I am persuaded that some of them are now lovely and precious in the sight of the Lord. Their poor bodies are truly so many masses of corruption, but inwardly they are washed, they are sanctified; and the Holy Spirit of God will not scorn to tabernacle with them. I know of no objects of suffering more to be pitied than these

FIRESIDE READING.

THE TWO GIVERS.

There was once a collection for Foreign Missions at the church door, and all the people as they passed by dropped their contributions into the plate.

The richest man in the congregation put in a five pound note, and a poor little girl, who came in immediately after him, put in a penny.

Men were looking on, and, as the rich man's money was laid on the plate, they admired the liberality of the gift, but they took no notice of the poor little girl's penny.

But Jesus and the holy angels were looking on too, and they were not like the elders that stood by; for they noticed the little girl and her penny, but took no notice of the rich man and his five pounds. And why?

That same morning the rich man said to himself, "What shall I give to this collection for Foreign Missions? I must give a five-pound note, for that is what will be expected of me, and I wish my subscription to be above all the others."

That same morning the little girl had been reading her Bible, and had seen

there the story of the love of Jesus, and she loved Him in return. She thought within herself, "If Jesus did so much for me, oh! what can I do to show my love to Him? There is to be a collection for the Foreign Missions this day, and I have only a penny; but I will give my penny for Jesus' sake, and it may be He will accept it from me, for I love Him very much."

The little girl took the penny and kneeling, prayed thus for a blessing:—"Oh, my God! here is a penny which I wish to give to thee. Oh, take it, Lord, although I am not worthy to give it, and bless it so as to make it do good to the poor heathen."

The little girl when she put in her penny never thought about the men that stood by. She saw gold and silver on the plate, and as she felt how little was her offering, she felt also how good it was in God to permit her to give it, although it was small.

There was a meeting for prayer in the Sabbath School that same evening, and the heathen were not forgotten in the prayers. But the little girl especially was very earnest that God