

"He doesn't seem enough impressed with his sin in breaking caste," said others.

"We will impress him!"

"Yes, we will impress him!"

For after poison and starvation there can always be fire. They set fire to his house... the little flames went licking up the walls toward the dry thatched roof. It was a horrible night... If ever the Hurried Man was needed it was then, to help this new Christian out of his sorry plight. But you will remember that the Hurried Man was hurrying around America, raising missionary money from church members who wondered if it were all worth while.

Yes, it was worth while! For there was Fingiah. Neither poison nor starvation nor fire seemed to startle Fingiah at all, just as hopping into a well for a baby had not startled him. Fingiah said to the new Christian: "There is a Christian village within this other village, where caste never darkens the doorways. I will help you build a little white-washed Christian hut."

"And I will help," said the excited boy who had once been down in a well until Fingiah had come to the rescue. Four poles, a leaf roof, matting, a dirt floor—then white-wash everywhere. It was not much of a house for a Brahman, and the other Christians were rather bashful about having more in their own homes than this great ex-Brahman master now had in his. Timidly they offered him a pot, a pan, some corn to grind,—timidly, because a week before he would have scorned to touch anything from people of such a low caste. But now, now—

Fingiah sang about it on Sunday morning; his own lovely tune intoned the Bible words:

"For ye see your calling, brethren, how not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called;

But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty;

And base things-of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are!

That according as it is written, He that

glorifieth, let him glory in the Lord."

Surely you can see for yourself that it is only for this that a Brahman dares let caste fly out of his doorway.

RECEIPTS FOR FEBRUARY

(Continued from page 257)

\$5; "One Who is Interested," \$25; Miss M. P. Laing, \$10.

From O. O.—Selkirk Ladies' Aid, \$5.

M. B. Piersol, Treas.

Mrs. W. H. Piersol,

35 Dunvegan Rd., Toronto.

Is there a boy or girl who is not interested in David Livingston? See the Literature Department's list of books on the back of this Link.

SURPRISE

O little bulb, uncouth,
Ragged and rusty brown,
Have you some dew of youth?

Have you a crimson gown?

Plant me and see

What I shall be,—

God's fine surprise

Before your eyes!

O fuzzy ugliness,
Poor, helpless, crawling worm,
Can any loveliness

Be in that sluggish form?

Hide me and see

What I shall be,—

God's bright surprise

Before your eyes!

A body wearing out,
A crumbling house of clay!
O agony of doubt

And darkness and dismay!

Trust God and see

What I shall be,—

His best surprise

Before your eyes!

—Maltbie Babcock