

THE PALM BRANCH.

watchmen from the village to run ahead of the jutka, one carrying the lighted lamp.

Soon there were blows, utter darkness, and in the pouring rain Dr. Hart saw her rubber apron torn off the rear of the jutka, a hand felt her all over and ordered her out. She began speaking in Tamil, when blows from a huge leather strap were directed toward her, but fortunately most of them fell on her mattress and she was not hurt.

The brave watchmen had run away, flinging aside the carriage lamp in their fright, but the driver and Brahmin attendant showed true gallantry in remaining and defending Dr. Hart. They told the thieves to take their things but leave that lady alone, as she was going only on an errand of mercy. Their importunities not only prevailed, but called forth the latent chivalry of these two robbers, for they returned the umbrella to Dr. Hart, which was the only thing of hers they had thus far taken.

At our Christian woman's suggestion, she stopped talking Tamil and scolded them roundly in English. I suppose that sound echoed the power of Britannia's rule, and soon they departed, after stripping the driver of his turban and the Brahmin of his jewels, turban and top cloth.

Dr. Hart says she was not frightened all the time, only angry at the assault. Bravery was given her surely as needed. She even laughs as she relates one ludicrous feature of the affair, and that was, the Brahmin's begging to be allowed to keep his coat in order to be presentable before the Doctor Dorasoni (lady), and the highwaymen granting his petition.

The sequel was not tragic, but most uncomfortable, as all, minus the thieves of course, passed the night in a small native hut, Dr. Hart sitting or lying alternately on her mattress on the floor, but not closing her eyes in sleep, her attendants positively refusing to go on, despite her urging, as more thieves were reported ahead. At dawn, however, they were on the move again, and needed help was given the sufferer. A carriage was sent out in the early morning from here, and we expected Dr. Hart to return in it to breakfast, and were beginning to be troubled when she drove in about 1.30 with her amazing tale, and a terrible cold she had caught from exposure to rain and remaining in wet clothes.

She is better of that now, but still coughs, and I can see she has had a nervous strain, as noises at night startle her. The lamp was found on the road next day, I repaired my carriage apron on the machine, and no serious damage has been done. The police are supposed to be on the track, but I think their only trail is to occasionally interview Dr. Hart. We are thankful indeed that though "dacoited" she escaped unhurt and with no loss.

—Mission Gleaner.

Dr. Hart is a younger sister of our own Miss Lizzie Hart in Japan and Mrs. Spencer, (Miss Sadie Hart), so well-known that all our readers will be interested in this perilous adventure and, truly thankful for her escape.

CROWNS FOR KING JESUS.

EXERCISE FOR SIX.

Come with the crown of Purity
To lay at Jesus' feet,
The "Lily of the Valley," He
Shall fill with fragrance sweet
The heart surrendered to His love,
And make it fair for realms above.

Come with the precious crown of Love,
The noblest, truest, best!
To deck His brow, who lives above
Preparing mansions blest
For those that follow, day by day,
His blessed footprints in the way.

Come with the conquering crown of Power;
"All power to Him is given;"
Dark though the clouds of sin may lower,
Our King still reigns in Heaven;
The nations yet shall know His voice,
And earth redeemed, in Him rejoice.

Come with the crown of Wisdom, too,
Our King to magnify;
His are the words, so strong and true
That never fail nor die;
Like those who followed Bethlehem's Star
We'll spread His matchless name afar.

Come with the golden crown of Wealth
To deck Immanuel's brow
For He who is our "saving health,"
Shall bless our substance now.
The riches of the world shall be
Used for His Kingdom, grand and free.

Come with the sparkling crown of Joy,
Joy in redeeming grace,
And grateful, happy songs employ,
As we His mercies trace;
Rejoice, rejoice in loudest strain,
Rejoice, for Jesus lives again.

From Easter Crowns.

Twenty-five years ago no one suspected of carrying a Bible was allowed to go into the City of Rome. He must leave it with an officer who would return it to the traveller when he came back. Now the Methodists are printing Bibles and Testaments and tracts by the thousand in this same City of Rome.

A Chinese proverb says, "There would be no rich people if they were capable of feeling what a pleasure it was to give."

When Stanley made his tour of Central Africa, tons of Bibles were among his supplies. He says, "Let Christians send Bibles along with railroad lines into the interior. Wherever they go the people grow better."