

All night that young sceptic heard the tramp of the feet of that sleepless sire, and the sound was a knell of sorrow, the cause of which he well knew. In the morning the father brought to his son the well-known Bible of a sainted mother, and desired him to read and compare its teachings with his memories of her life. He read, and found a tear-stained and deeply underscored verse, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Conviction seized him. The beauty of her character, the patience, purity, and fidelity she had showed were convincing evidences of scepticism. He cast away the foils of the tempter, knelt and consecrated his life and his splendid talents to his Saviour, whose voice then and there seemed to say: "This is the way; walk ye in it." The surest way, therefore, for us to conquer the unbelief about us is to live the faith we profess, and thus hasten the day of its grand coronation.

CHILD LIFE IN INDIA.

The Hindu child is said to possess, even in insanity, in a remarkable degree, the virtue of patience. All day long the child of the poor coolie will cling to her hips, often tired, and sleepy, but not crying or fretting.

"The Hindu baby will lie for hours on a hard cot in a dingy room, tormented with flies and mosquitoes supremely contented apparently in the contemplation of its dusky little hands."

Grown older, the children are timid and respectful in manner, obedient to their parents; and well-behaved in public. They learn very readily, and are quick at memorizing. Truthfulness is not impressed on them at home, and they early learn deceit.

CASTING BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A colporteur of the board of Publication writes from Michigan: "One Sabbath evening in the summer of 1877, as I reached a school-house where I had organized a Sunday-school the Sabbath previous, I saw some eight or nine young men and large boys armed with clubs just about to enter the school-house. I asked them what they were going to do. When they, looking around, saw who it was, they said, 'We are going to clean out this institution.' After some little urging they threw away their cudgels and entered the house with me. They were

very quite while we were talking, and when we left the house some of them accompanied me to my stopping-place for the night, anxious to talk about the theme presented that evening—viz. the love of Christ. Since then the church of B— has been organized in that place, and a number of my young friends who accompanied me from the school-house that evening have united with the church. Surely it was casting bread upon the waters that night, but the humble colporteur has seen it gathered in a rich harvest at last."

BE THEY FEW OR MANY.

It was said of a certain statesman that "he had so much interest for men in masses that he had none for the individuals."

Whether this were true of him or not, pastors are sometimes in danger of thinking of the congregation, rather than of the persons of which it is composed. One sultry Sabbath evening we sat in the study window, meditating on the theme for the approaching service. A mode of depression came over the spirit and we thought, "What is the use? It is a dull night. There will be but few out. I wish it was over." Just then the people began to gather. The first was a widow accompanied by her oldest son, for whom she had lately felt great concern. Then came an aged man, who was seldom able to get so far as the church. After him followed a venerable widow of more than four score years, who had already been twice at service that day. The next we noticed was a worthy man in great financial embarrassment, and then a young couple just married, but without religion; and so they continued to gather one by one; and as they past the window the thought arose, "Are all these coming out this sultry evening to listen to the gospel?" In an instant the depression was gone, and in its place hopefulness and energy. When in the pulpit we lost sight of the congregation, and thought only of those who "needed us most." Perhaps they were blessed. We know that the preacher was not without comfort.

The congregation may be small, yet "each heart knoweth its own bitterness," and the pastor may feed the flock one by one, and if it be numbered by hundreds he will reach more hearts by thinking of the needs of a few, than if he is lost in contemplating his congregation.—*Chris. Advocate.*