

Foreign Missions.

The Story of Isai Dai.

Many years ago a missionary in India baptized a convert from idolatry, calling him Isai Dai, which means the servant of God. Isai Dai afterwards became an active preacher of the Gospel, suffering many things because of his renunciation of his paternal religion.

One day when he was journeying on foot he was attacked in a forest by robbers.

"Who are you?" they asked him, abruptly.

"I am a preacher," replied the man. "And you, friends, who are you?"

"That's none of your business," was the rough reply. "And don't say 'friends' to us: we are all your enemies. Where is your money?"

"I have not much, only five annas."

He gave them what money he had, and a watch which a missionary had given him a year before, adding, "You have not found my most precious treasure."

The robbers, surprised at this, commanded him to give it up at once.

"In one minute," was the reply, and then Isai Dai began to sing a Christian hymn.

The robbers listened in attentive silence. When the hymn was finished he began to tell them about Jesus Christ, the Son of God, saying that He was the greatest treasure in the world. When he ceased the head robber said:—

"Friend, you have found the key to our hearts. You have conquered us; but you must come with us."

Then, giving back his coat and his watch and mounting the preacher upon a horse, they hastened away to their home, where the head robber was mayor.

Arriving there he said to the preacher: "You must stay here. My wife is sick, and if you are a man of God you must cure her."

"By the grace of God," replied Isai Dai; "I can do it no other way."

Having already had some experience in sickness, he made a medicine, and praying to God with all his heart, the woman in time recovered.

After twenty days the mayor said: "Now you are free to return to your own home. But you have benefited us much, therefore take these two *li*ras (eight dollars and twenty-five cents) and go." And the preacher went in peace to his home.

The Easy Quiet Way

in which T. A. JLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL has won its way into public favor speaks volumes for its merits. At the office of the company, Toronto, Ont., can be seen scores of valuable testimonials, while any druggist will tell you that for all pulmonary difficulties it stands unrivalled.

The air, with God's sweetest and tenderest sunshine in it, was meet for mankind to breathe into their hearts and send forth again as the utterance of prayer.—*Hawthorne.*

Here is a short sermon by a woman, though not preached from a pulpit. It is a good one, and is pretty sure to hit you somewhere, whatever may be your age and circumstances: "The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity."

Obituaries.

Thompson.—In speaking of the death of a person, and especially in speaking of the death of an elderly person whose life has been well spent and in the service of the Master, it is necessary to say something more than to state simply the facts of birth and death.

When servants of the State are called hence they are given much honor by society, and long and well written obituaries carry the intelligence of their death and those things of their life which merit respect and reverence from the people into distant parts of the land. If this is due to those is there not some thing due to the memory of the servants of the King of kings when they depart from the scenes of this life, especially if they have been true to all duties imposed upon them both by the laws of society and the Word of God?

Geo. Thompson was born in Prince Edward Co., Ont., January the 22nd, 1820, and died in Wainfleet, Wolland Co., Ont., July 26th, 1891, thus being seventy-one years, six months and four days old. He was laid to rest in the Honslar family, burying ground July 29th, 1891.

Bro. Thompson came to Wainfleet when twenty-one years of age, and lived in the same place and on the same farm until the time of his death.

In 1842 he married Sarah Honslar, and from this union there were five children: David James, who resides not far from the place so long the home of his father; Almira, wife of Wm. H. Swayze, of Wolland, Ont.; Wm. H., a physician in Cleveland, Ohio. Mary R., the only one of the children who does not survive the father, and the youngest of the five children, Ella E., who is still at home.

Bro. Thompson's first wife died in 1871, and he afterwards married Eunice Divans who survives him.

Bro. Thompson obeyed the gospel and became a member of the church early in life and has since been a constant worker.

The Wainfleet church is one of the oldest in Canada, and since its organization he has been a member and the greater part of the time an officer. First he became a deacon and afterwards an elder. The latter position he held acceptably up to the time of his death, almost a quarter of a century. He was a man cautious and conscientious desiring and laboring for the good of the church. The Wainfleet church has much of the time been without a regular minister, and so a good part of the work of teaching and exhorting devolved upon the elders, and Bro. Thompson always bore his full share of labor and responsibility. He was faithful to the church, taking an active part in all good works and making himself a good citizen as well as a good Christian man.

Being usually blessed with good health it was seldom indeed that he allowed anything to keep him away from the Lord's house on the first day of the week. When others younger and stronger than himself thought the storm too severe or the distance too far, he never faltered but was always found at his post carrying out the will of his Father.

He was sick but a few weeks and confined to his bed only a very short time; and while his family and friends knew that he had lived man's allotted time yet they did not think they would be called upon to mourn his departure so soon.

About the last of May the writer received a letter from Bro. Thompson, as elder of the church—which brought him here to labor with the people. He was then attending school in the States.