

A HEATHEN TEMPLE EMPTIED.

A pleasing story is told by Mrs. Gates of the Maratha Mission, in Western India, which shows what a power the children have. Mr. and Mrs. Gates were away from their Sholapur home on one of the preaching tours which are often taken by missionaries in India, and one night they were in camp at a village of Angar, about half a mile from a temple dedicated to a god called Khandoba. It happened to be the feast day annually kept in honor of this god, and the people were coming from the near villages, on short pilgrimages to the temple, to pay their homage before this heathen shrine. Some school-boys who were among the number, spied out the tent of the missionaries among the trees, and came over to see what it all meant. Mr. Gates had a talk with them, and Mrs. Gates sung to them and played to them upon the little organ which is carried about on these preaching tours for the purpose of attracting and interesting the people.

About a quarter of an hour after the boys had gone, while the good missionary and his wife were busy about the tent, they heard a great commotion outside, a rustling and pattering, and on looking out, the tent was found to be surrounded. On inquiry they found that the boys as well as the older people had all come over to hear the organ. One man said that not a single person was left at the temple. The company stayed until dark and enjoyed the music, and you may be very sure that they heard something of the gospel message. Mrs. Gates asked some of the boys if Khandoba, the idol, would not be angry if they left him so long. "He is only a stone how can he get angry?" said they.

"If he can't get angry, then he can't love you, can he?" asked Mrs. Gates.

"Oh no, of course not."

"But," said the missionary. "I should want a God who could love me. My God does love me, and He is your God too, and loves you."

This was a new and strange idea to these boys. They knew it was a good friend who told them so, but they could scarcely believe it. Told so long that the gods are cruel and revengeful, they are slow to learn what the gospel teaches of God's love to man. Pray that they may believe the truth when they hear it.

And ought not more of the children of India to hear it soon? *Missionary Day-spring.*

THE BUDDHISTS.

Many Buddhist temples now abound in Ceylon and Burma and Siam. There are millions of Buddhists in the world, though not nearly so many as has sometimes been claimed. They are followers of an East Indian sage who was born not far from 600 years before Christ, though the exact date is much disputed. He was called Sak-ya-muni, or sometimes Gautama, and in later years he received the title of Bud-dha—meaning "The enlightened one."

Strange stories are told about the birth and childhood of this man, and his history at this period is often compared with the infancy of Jesus. But in one respect certainly there was a striking difference between the two. Jesus was born of poor and lowly parents, while Gautama was the son of a king, and the lad bore the title of Prince, and was reared in luxury. When a young man he was noted for his bodily vigor, and overcame all others in the feats which required skill and strength.

In his early years Gautama was of a melancholy state of mind, and as he grew up he was sorely distressed by the sight of suffering which as a child he had been prevented from seeing. He became very sad and though every effort was made to divert his mind to cheerful subjects, for a time with success, he again relapsed into deep melancholy, and left his palace, his wife, and child, to become what is known in India as a mendicant, or religious beggar. He put on a coarse garment, and carried in his hands a beggar's bowl for receiving money or broken pieces of food. Thus wandering about the country, he gave himself up to meditation and the practice of self-denial.

The chief article in the belief of Gautama was that every living soul on dying passes into another form of life, at the end of which it is born into still another existence, and so on in an endless series, unless by meditation and the practice of virtues it may escape this perpetual round of existence and pass into an unconscious state, which is termed Nirvana. As all life was believed to be full of misery, the great object which should be sought was the attainment of this Nirvana, the end of conscious being. If one lives well in this life, and subdues his passions, he will at death be born into a higher state, and so on from one stage of being to another until he reaches the goal where he shall cease to feel and to think. If on the other hand