

and floating about, here and there, up and down the river. Twenty years more were thus passed, and still he felt that the load of sin had not been removed. He was a tall, well-built man, with a long beard, and his hair braided in coils around his head. Neither beard nor hair had been cut for many years, and it was plain that he was getting to be an old man. He himself said that he was between eighty and ninety, and this was confirmed by the neighbours.

"After he had finished telling us of his vain searchings for salvation and peace, my uncle, taking out the Bible which he always carried with him, read several chapters, and told him of the great Deliverer who had come to save the world from sin. The fakir listened eagerly, and asked many questions about the Saviour; he seemed very glad to hear at last of One who was able to save from sin, and promised to remember the words he had heard and to ask God to give him salvation for Christ's sake. On going away my uncle gave him a small tract containing, among other things, the Ten Commandments, and charged him to read this carefully. Just as we left the village people came up, bringing the fakir's breakfast. This consisted of various kinds of sweetmeats and fruits, a plate of boiled rice, and brass cup filled with fresh milk.

"Here is your breakfast, father," said they; "give us your blessing and let us go to our work."

"The fakir, extending his long arm, scooped up a handful of water, and sprinkled it upon the people—his children, he called them—and bade them go.

"Three years later my uncle visited Little Calcutta again, and of course went to the river to see if the fakir was still there. He found him in the same place, and said to him: 'Well, father, has the seed I planted when last here sprung up yet?'"

"Yes," replied the old man; "it has come to the top of the ground; but there is no one to water and cultivate it and so it does not grow." My uncle proposed that he should leave his box and the Ganges and go with him, so that he could teach him of Christ; and to his surprise the fakir said that he was quite willing to go. He had given the hermit life a fair trial, and had failed to find peace, and hence was all the more willing to go with his newly-found friend. My uncle took the

fakir with him from place to place, explaining the Bible to him day after day, and telling him of the Saviour.

"After some months he was transferred to the city of Budaon, where several English gentlemen were living, and where a missionary was stationed. As soon as he heard of the old fakir, the missionary called him to his house and had a long talk with him; he began to instruct him in the Bible, and laboured earnestly to lead him to Christ. At last the darkness gave way, and the light of God's word shone into the old man's heart, shedding abroad the peace and joy which only Christians know.

The fakir at once cast away his Brahminical cord, and became a new man in Christ. He was baptized in a Mission Church, in the presence of a large congregation, both Christians and Hindoos coming to see the ceremony. He was widely known throughout the district, and was so greatly revered that many Hindoos still consider him as one of themselves, and continue coming to him for a blessing. Mr. Reid, an English gentleman, who had taken a great interest in the old fakir, took upon himself his support; and sent him out to tell the people of the blessed Saviour. It has now been at least a dozen years since his baptism, and the old man—he was named Paul at his baptism—is still preaching, carrying with him everywhere his well-worn Bible and hymn book. Although a hundred years old his eye is not dim, and his voice is strong and clear, as he tells of the power of Christ to save."

"Come."

IT is said that in the deserts, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel with its rider some distance in advance; then, after a little space, follows another, and then at a short interval another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next, hearing his voice, repeats the word "Come!" while the nearest again takes up the cry "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come!" So in that verse of the Scripture the Spirit and the bride say, first to all, "Come!" and then let him that heareth say "Come!" and whosoever is athirst let him take of the water of life freely.