



GANESA, THE GOD OF WISDOM.

After the Rain.

ALL day above the tired earth had lain,
Hueless and gray, the funeral pall of cloud;
All day the sullen sweeps of chilling rain
Had broken, fitful, from the lowering
shroud:
All day the dreary sobbing of the breeze
Had sounded sadly from the yellowing trees.

At once the wailing wind rose higher,
Rousing to flash and foam the sullen sea;
And the great forest, like a giant lyre,
Echoed the key-note of the harmony.
It furred the clouds before it like a tent,
And, lo! the sunshine dazzled from the rent.

And all the wet world gladdened to the ray,
As tear-dimmed eyes gleam to a loving
word;
Answering its call out-laughed the weary day,
As a fond slave springs joyful to her lord,
Forgotten chill and darkness, doubt and fear,
"Absent, I droop—I joy, thou art here!"

—All the Year Round.

An Overruling Providence.

DURING the siege of Sebastopol, a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city, and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the cannon-shot had fallen, and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirty troops who were stationed in that vicinity an abundant supply of pure, cold water. Thus the missile of death from an enemy, under an overruling Providence, proved an almoner of mercy to the parched and weary soldiery of the allies. So often the efforts of men against God's kingdom have been overruled to its furtherance.—*Ec.*

Ganesa, the God of Wisdom.

ONE of the most popular of the many idols worshipped by the Hindoos is that of Ganesa, the God of Wisdom. It is partly in the shape of a man and partly in the shape of an elephant. The children in the schools are taught to worship it, and it is adored by all who wish to become acquainted with Hindoo learning: and so-called wisdom. The images of this god are found not only in the temples and schools, and at the corners of the streets in the cities, but under trees on country roadsides.

But multitudes of the Hindoos are now learning that the beginning of all true wisdom is the fear and worship of Jehovah, the only living and true God, and many are the changes for the better which are now taking place in idolatrous India. A few of them are thus stated by the Lucknow *Witness*:

"Should Cary and Thomas visit to-day the scene of their life-labours, it would seem to them a stranger land than when, in 1793, they first touched its shores. Then a letter twelve months old from England was now; now steam has brought London within thirty days of Calcutta, and the telegraph has reduced the distance to minutes. Then clumsy boats, the ox-cart, the palanquin, and the pony, were the only aids to travel; now the railroads of India carry annually more than sixteen million passengers. Her sacred Ganges is ploughed by Government steamers, while twelve thousand miles of wire carry messages for her people. Then

the whole interior was sealed, and its roads almost impassable; now it is all open and surveyors are everywhere. Then no native thought of learning English; now it is hardly a barrier to a professor going among the educated classes there that he speaks English only, while in the counting-houses of every large city may be found hundreds who read the language readily.

"Then it was with difficulty that children could be hired to attend Christian schools; now staunch Hindoos contribute to the support of those schools. Then, if natives could be induced to take Christian books as a gift the missionary rejoiced in his success; books are now sold. Then the education of women was looked upon with terror or utter contempt; to-day the education of the girls of India receives more attention than did that of the boys thirty years ago. In Calcutta eight hundred women are regularly taught in their zenanas by the ladies of the Woman's Union Missionary Society; and many a young Brahmin secretly imparts to his wife daily what he learns at the schools.

"Then the dozen or fifty fathers-in-law of a Kulin Brahmin quarrelled for the honour of supporting him; now he can be compelled to support his wives. It is not fifty years since the high-caste widow of India coveted the funeral pile; now, though at very long intervals we hear of attempts at suttee, its condemnation is almost universal, while the most intelligent look back upon it as we do upon the human sacrifices of the Druids. It is not sixty years since an order was issued by the Indian Government that 'missionaries must not preach to natives, nor allow native converts to do so;' now the officers of the Government vie with each other in praise of the work done by missions.

It is a most remarkable thing that horrible cruelties should for so long have been perpetrated on the poor victims of mental disease. Into the present century even absurd ideas in reference to the insane, and still more absurd methods of treatment, have lingered. Happily at last the humane spirit of Christianity has been applied to the care and cure of those afflicted with brain and nervous disorders. Dr. Daniel Clark, who, as Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Insane Asylum, has been so successful in his humane and enlightened management, has written a brochure, "Insanity of the Past," which first appeared as an article in the *Methodist Magazine*, in which he briefly mentions some of the former methods of treatment and shows how, through ignorance and superstition, the insane were subjected to terrible tortures. He traces the rise and progress of the more kindly and common-sense methods of dealing with the insane of our own day. By this great reform he tells us that the cruelties and neglects of over 2500 years were put into juxtaposition with a benevolent Christianity, so that the shadows from the dark mountains might look the more sombre in the light of that "charity which suffereth long and is kind." The upward progress of the last half-century toward forbearance, pity, and intelligent treatment of these brain-afflicted and storm-tossed mortals has yet to be told, and it will bear repeating as an unanswerable chapter in the evidences of Christianity.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

A New Leaf.

HARRY WILDE says he has "turned over a new leaf." His teacher thinks he has, and his mother knows he has. "The boys," Harry's old companions, laugh a little, and say, "Just wait awhile and you'll see!"

What has Harry done?

He has smoked his last cigarette; he has bought his last sensational story-paper; he has taken hold of his schoolwork in earnest; he has turned his back on the "fast" boys, and says to them in some manly way, when they want him to join them in some of their old-time wicked fun, "I can't go into that with you, boys."

At home he is a different boy. There is no more teasing to spend his evenings on the street; no more slamming of doors when he is not allowed to have his own way; no more sour looks and lagging footsteps when required to obey.

Just this: A looking-glass was held up before Harry's eyes; in it he saw himself a selfish, conceited, wilful boy, on the road to ruin. The sight startled him, as well it might. He did not shut his eyes, as he might have done, but he looked long enough to see that he was fast getting to bear the likeness of one of Satan's boys, and he said, "This won't do; I must be one of God's boys."

Harry soon found that he could not change one of his evil ways, so he was obliged to let God make the change in him; and it is indeed a great change.

Harry has chosen "the good part." Will you, dear boy? Will you, dear girl?

The Three Wishes.

WHILE sitting at the dinner-table with his family, a gentleman had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years:

"Father, I have been thinking, if I could have one single wish of mine, what I would choose."

"To give you a better chance," said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes, what would they be? Be careful, Charlie!"

He made the choice thoughtfully: "First, of a good character; second, of good health; and, third, of a good education."

His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches, and various other things, are held in general esteem among men.

"I have thought of all that," said he; "but if I have a good character and good health and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that will be of any use to me, and everything will come along in its right place."

A wise decision, indeed, for a lad of that age. Let our young readers think of it and profit by it.—*Sel.*

THE most deserving of honour can often not be rewarded—here at any rate—those who die in saving or striving to save others. When noble brutes, too, do good and dangerous service, nothing can be done to honour them and encourage their kind—brutes like the dog who refused to leave the burning house at Rochdale recently until the two children had been saved, although it nearly cost him his life, for the smoke had made him senseless before the brave fireman, who had saved the two boys, carried him, too, out into the air.