

work where other folks are stirring about lively. We all get tumbled up and down in our mind sometimes. John Bunyan said he did, and he was about as good a man as we've heard tell of. Delsie, you're running away from the place the Lord laid out for you. There's nobody that'll do for your Aunt 'Mandy as you have. Your mother thought a sight of her—she was her only sister—and when she died of the fever, your Aunt 'Mandy took you home. You were only a baby, and she has done the best she could for you. It's all because of those infirmities of the flesh she's got that she's so trying. What would any of us be if we'd been bedridden for ten years? It takes more strength of character and Christian grace to have staying power than it does going power, child. Hadn't you better get right off here and run back to your work, cross the lots, slip up the back stairs and take off your Sunday clothes, put on your workaday dress again, and kneel down and ask Him to give you staying power? There are lots of folks' names written up in heaven who never made any noise in the world—folks like you that are set off in corners and lonely places, doing some important work for the Lord, of a kind that don't set 'em up much, may be, but they'll be better known by-and-by. Want to get off, Delsie?

'Yes, Mr. Davis; I guess I'd better go back and try to stick to my place a spell longer.'

'Pray for staying power, Delsie. I'll bring your bag around when I come from the station to-night.'

Two years passed—Aunt 'Mandy had accomplished her warfare with the ills of the flesh. The small amount of property left had been willed to Delsie, but it was going to be necessary for her to earn something to add to it. The place was advertised to be sold at auction, and Delsie sat alone the evening before the sale, wondering what she was going to do. A knock at the door caused her to look up and see the old stage-driver standing on the threshold.

'Good evening, Delsie. I came around to tell you about two lady passengers I had today. They came from the city and are going to bid on this place to-morrow, and make what they call a "Working Girls' Rest" of it. They asked me if I could recommend any good young woman who would take charge of it for 'em; they said somebody that had a faculty for getting along with folks' odd ways and peculiarities. I told 'em, "Delsie Downs is just the one for you. She's got lots of staying power in her."

And that is the way that the name of Delsie Downs has become, during the past few years, so sweet to many a weary city worker who found new strength and cheer by a few weeks' stay at 'Good Rest.' Her corner of the earth is no more a lonely, unknown one. It is one of God's beautiful hospices, which make the way to the Celestial City so much easier for many a travel-worn pilgrim.—'American Messenger.'

Many Gods.

(Dayspring.)

One of the strangest things in all the world to me is that intelligent, grown-up men and women can worship the absurd things they do—cows, and snakes, and monkeys, and such hideous looking idols—they are so frightful and repulsive that those who worship them live in constant fear of them; and yet, as you and I know, they are perfectly helpless. I once read a story about a little boy and an idol which was like this:

'Sheosahai, the Brahman, stood in his

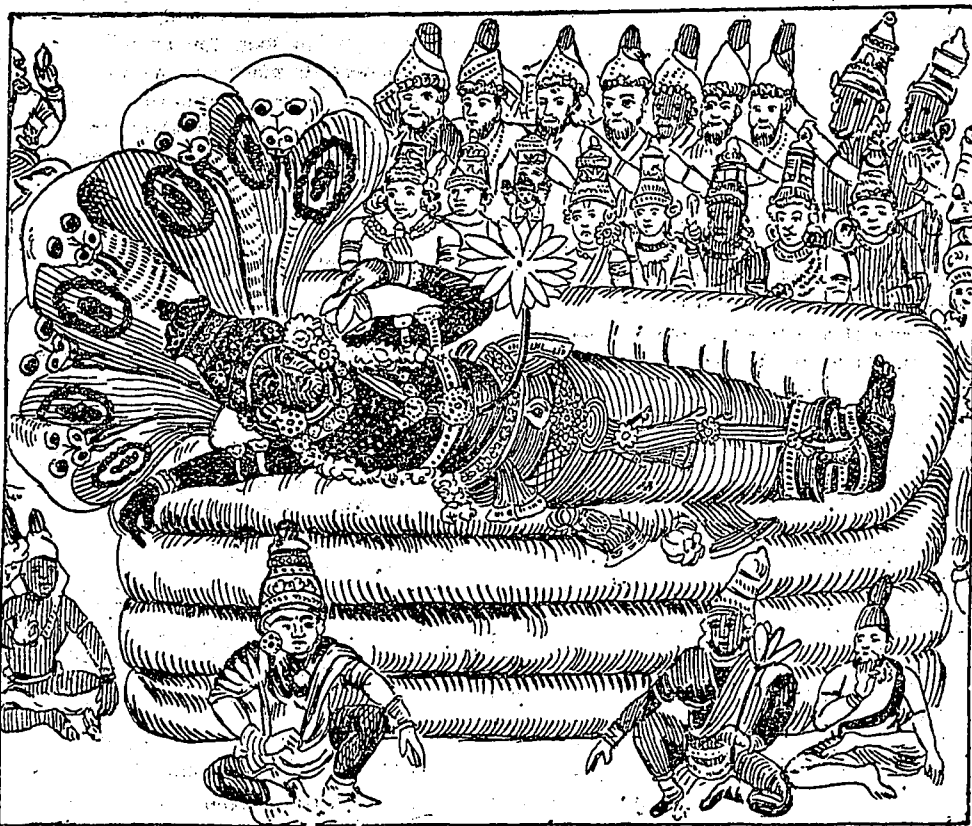
straw-thatched cottage gazing on the image of Krishna, the dark god, which for centuries he and his fathers had worshipped. His young son, Sheo Deo, who from his birth had been paralyzed in his limbs, lay on his mat near, and thus addressed his father:

'“O father! the time for pujah (worship) has come. Why do you not prostrate yourself before Krishna?”

'Sheosahai made reply: “My son, I was at the mela (fair) yesterday, and there was a man preaching; and I stood to listen, and his words have troubled my soul. He said that thousands of years ago the mighty God came down upon a mountain in fire and smoke, and that from the midst of the fire and smoke a terrible voice gave this command, “Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them!” I would fain have cast dust at the speaker, and yet his words clung to my

Presently there came a terrible storm—the thunder roared above like the noise of a thousand cannons, and fierce lightnings flashed from the darkened sky; the whole earth seemed to tremble with the fury of the great tempest. “Was it in a storm like this,” thought Sheo Deo, “that the awful voice was heard from the mountain, “Thou shalt make no graven image?” Then came a more terrible crash than Sheo Deo had ever before heard, and the moment after there was the smell of burning, and then the glare of fire above. Lo! the lightning had struck the hut, and the thatch was burning over the head of the wretched boy, who, paralyzed as he was, could not even crawl out of the burning dwelling.

'The red light glared on the image of Krishna. To the terrified Sheo Deo it seemed almost as if the idol had life. “Help me! save me! oh, save thy worshipper, great Krishna!” he cried, while the heat around him grew more and more fearful, even as that of a furnace. But the image stirred not, heard not; the sparks were kin-



THE IDOL KRISHNA.

soul; for he spoke as one who knows that he speaks the truth.”

'“Was the great God of whom he told the God of the Christians?” asked Sheo Deo, who had heard something of their religion before.

'“The same,” replied his father. “And the preacher went on to say that in England thousands of years ago men bowed down to idols, and worshipped the work of their own hands, and then the people were feeble and few; but the nation has long since cast away idols, and now men read their holy books and pray to the Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore England is mighty, and a blessing rests on the land.”

'“O father, do you not fear the wrath of Krishna, when he hears you repeat such words?” cried Sheo Deo, looking up in alarm at the painted image. Sheosahai made no reply; he turned and slowly left the hut. Perhaps the thought arose in his heart, “Has Krishna power to hear them?” After his father's departure, Sheo Deo lay still on his mat (from which he could not move), and often he gazed up at the idol, and turned over in his mind the strange words which his father had heard.

ding upon it. Then, in the agony of his terror, the poor Hindu bethought him of the Christian's powerful God. Even in the presence of his idol, he clasped his hands and uttered the cry, “O Lord Jesus Christ, if thou canst, save me; oh, save me!”

'At that moment Sheosahai burst into the blazing hut. The Brahman looked at his helpless boy lying on the mat, and then on the idol which he had so long worshipped. He had no time to save both. Which should be leave to the devouring flames? Only one day previously the Hindu might have hesitated in making his choice; but he did not hesitate now. He caught up his son in his arms; he bore him forth from the fiery furnace. “If Krishna be a god, he will save himself,” muttered the Brahman. The hut was soon burned to ashes, and the idol lay a heap of cinders within it.

'Sheo Deo lived; and in the following year, after much instruction from the missionary, he and his father received the water of baptism, believing that which is written in the Holy Scriptures: “This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.”