

RIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys,—Under the place where the north star was last night, that high hill, half hidden in the morning mist, is the aged guardian of Vishnagram. Nearer home and a little to the right, that smaller mound which rises out of the green plain like a huge ant hill to the clouds, keeps ceaseless watch over a little village that sleeps beneath the trees at its feet.

Over the palm trees, the rice fields, the slow winding, shining Chittavassara river, the gleaming tanks and the dark green indigo plantations, as the pigeon flies, that colossal cone is less than six miles away. But if you wind your way around those sprawling hills to the left, along the public road, it is a drive of seven miles and a half.

This is Poleyiply. Miss Gray is here on tour yet. Mrs. Morse and I are going out to a while to help her. Here we are arrived in this hamlet beneath the hill, and are pressing our way along its main, narrow, dilapidated street. On our right are grandfathers' big bare doors which open on the creaking hinges; and we climb over a stony threshold through a doorway spacious enough to let in a load of hay.

We tramp through a long hall and come out on the other side of the old palace into another space overgrown with patches of rank grass, weeds and shrubs—a picture of neglect, like Goldsmith's deserted Auburn. Around this abandoned court, like a wall on the left, a wall on the right and a wall in front of us, stand rows of low little roofed dwellings with verandahs all around, opening out into the yard and resting on cylindrical pillars.

Here, looming almost over our heads, is the hill we saw from home. On its stony, shrubby side, scattered over it from foot to brow, a hundred sheep graze beneath the rocks as busy as bees amongst the cherry blossoms.

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One day a Brahmin invited him to his house and gave him betel-nut to eat, mingled with poison. He went home and died. When his son heard that his father was dead, he was so wroth with grief that he beat his head against the wall and killed himself.

Those who have watched at the bedside of a loved one battling with death know that hope and fear. At one hour there seems to be a calm in the storm, as if Death were wretched and the loved one would live. Then we can scarcely speak for joy.

Death back to the grave, the life that is linked with ours survives, strength returns and hope springs in our breasts.

devil has paw and claw clenched deep on nearly every heart, and he is halting them by the thousands to the bottomless pit.

But here are these three brothers who are trying to throw off the devil's hand from their hearts. Sometimes it seems as if they had said indeed, "The battle is the Lord's," and had placed their cause entirely in His hands.

The other day, when one of these brothers was alone talking with me, he wept like a child. So many things were against him. His eldest brother was against him, his wife was against him. If he should come out as a Christian none of his people would let him eat with them or touch them.

So Somalingam truly—broken-hearted. He appears to be truly converted. When he comes to talk with us we feel that we are meeting a brother. He is very humble. He appears determined, too.

He has been waiting and waiting in hope that his wife would come with him. We searched the Scriptures to see about this waiting for others. After we had finished he said, "Now I have a new sorrow; I see that God will be displeased with me if I wait for my wife."

The eldest brother, the proud man, has a bright boy about nine years of age. He comes to Miss Gray every day, gets a little Telugu book about Jesus, reads it, brings it back and gets another one.

His mother seems very much interested. She will listen with beaming face while Miss Gray tells about Jesus, and then with eyes snapping like fire will explain it to others.

Dear Brethren,—The Board of the Grande Ligne Mission is impressed with the desirability of our young people becoming acquainted with our work among the French Catholics of Quebec.

We are desirous that the Sabbath-schools in each association should raise a scholarship to be known by the name of the association providing the same.

The Cross-Bearer's Missionary Reading Circle.

This organization is making steady progress in educating the church on missions in its hands.

The Missionary Review of the World, Funk & Wagnalls Co., to the secretary, Rev. J. M. Williams, A. M., St. Joseph, Mo. Literature for this year as follows:

My Missionary Apprenticeship. Bishop J. M. Thoburn. \$1.20 The Story of John G. Paton. 1.35 Doomed Religions. Rev. J. M. Ridd, D. D. 1.20 The New Era. Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D. .75

The Love of Money.

BY REV. THOMAS DIXON, JR.

(The text chosen was the proverb, "He that hath an evil eye hateth after riches," the specific subject being "The Money Man.")

It is not a sin to be rich if our riches are righteously obtained. And yet a thousand dangers beset the man who sets out with the determination to be rich. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

First—It denies and abrogates the paramount law of industry. In the sweat of man's brow he shall eat his bread, declares the eternal God, echoes the eternal nature.

Second—It leads to a thousand crimes. The desire and the determination to get rich, and the means to that end, leads the man intrusted with money to risk that money in questionable transactions.

A highwayman is a highwayman because he determines to be rich suddenly. The burglar is a burglar because he desires to get rich in a night.

The hunger for love, says, "Eliminate love from life, and there is nothing left but death." A working man left his avocation and watched by the bedside of his dying wife.

Third—This mania as it grows in men emphasizes and develops all that is central in self. It necessarily makes a man selfish in all his relations.

Fourth—This mania surely and thoroughly destroys Christian life. The man afflicted with it begins at once to cultivate these delightful motions, old and new, in their meaning.

Dr. George Shady, the great physician, left his rich patients and went on a vacation in the mountains for absolute rest.

Resolved, that we will love ourselves as our neighbor loves himself, and we will make it hot for any man that tries to outdo us in this labor of love.

A man died the other day in the fellowship of a Christian church. He possessed a large fortune, and he is reported in his will when he left the earth: "Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, we four and no more. Amen. The devil take care of the balance."

I do not know what a man who makes this principle the ruling one of his life will do if he ever gets to heaven. They say that some of these men who live money, who think money, who breathe money, are going to heaven.

It is very easy to say that this is a superficial view of the modern methods of the commercial world and is based upon impractical education and impossible ideals.

Fifth—It is this mania that reduces life to the standard of a miserable commercial dividend. Men afflicted with this disease refuse to enter upon any work that does not pay in a commercial sense.

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ever received. Life does not consist in the abundance of things which a man may possess.

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August 9. Sabbath School BIBLE LESSON THIRD QUARTER. Lesson VIII. Aug. 9. Acts 2. PAUL BEFORE FELIX. GOLDEN TEXT.

In our last lesson we left Paul rescued from the hands of the chief captain, Lyca, and his address upon the stairs to the court of the Gentiles to the Antonia. Paul's Roman officer did him good service on this day for when the chief captain, Lyca, reading him of course to have a kind of malfeasance, since he had kind bitter opposition, ordered he be bound and scourged, Paul appealed for his rights.

Paul was bound and saved at the next morning Lyca brought before the Jewish Sanhedrim what it was they accused Paul for. The absence of his name from the list of names of those who had murdered him. These names were afraid that they had killed him which would have Roman court; and even the names were divided.

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