

estate, who has been attending the school there for some time and he wishes to be baptized but his father won't consent. One Sunday afternoon about three weeks ago, Mr. Grant was preaching in the school-house on the estate and the boy and his father were present, the boy listened attentively, but his father was very drowsy and did not pay much attention. In the evening, Jahungier with some of his companions walked in to San Fernando, about four miles, to church, and after the service they came to make their "salam." Mr. Grant, in speaking to the boy said that his father had seemed very sleepy at the afternoon service, "Yes, sir," said the boy, "I saw him trying to sleep and when I went home, I told him that I thought the devil was tugging at him and trying to get him to sleep so he would not become a Christian."

A few evenings ago Mr. Grant came in as we were sitting down to tea and entertained us by telling what I am now going to tell you. He had been chatting with an Englishman, a prominent lawyer here, who has two of the boys of our Mission with whom he is greatly pleased. The elder has been with him four or five years, the younger was taken on about six months ago. The other night this gentleman being unwell, had the little boy to sleep in the room with him. The lawyer thinking the boy very quiet peeped behind the screen and, said he, "you will be pleased to hear that I found the little beggar on his knees. When he got up I asked him what he was doing, he said 'I was praying to God.' What were you asking? 'I prayed that God would make me a good boy, keep me from everything bad, and bless my papa and mamma and all God's people.' 'Believe me said this gentleman, with a tear glistening in his eye, I was pleased and I just wanted to tell you as I knew it would gratify you.'"

I think I have written you quite a long letter for this time, and am only sorry that I have been so long without writing, but I hope to let you hear from me soon again, as you take such an interest in our mission.

If any of the children have any Sabbath school papers which they have already read, and can spare, they will be very acceptable to us, as we are very often asked for tracts and papers.

With kind love to all, and wishing to be remembered in your prayers,

I remain,

Yours very truly,

LIZZIE COPELAND.

THE FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN BOY OF INDIA.

Bunaram was the second convert from among the Rabba Cosaris, one of the tribes inhabiting the hilly country of Assam. He was only thirteen years old when he put his trust in Jesus. In becoming a Christian he broke his caste. His friends were in great distress at this, for they think that to break one's caste is worse than death.

The priest can restore caste by an endless course of ceremonies and costly offerings to himself and to the gods. His friends loved Bunaram very much and would gladly have paid all the expense if he would give up his new religion, for of course their efforts would be of no avail had he continued a Christian.

They pressed Bunaram to give up Jesus and come back to the worship of his people, but to their entreaties he firmly answered: "No! You may cut me in pieces, or do what you like with me; but I can never deny that I am a Christian."

At last his father, in bitter anger, said: "You are not my son any longer. If you loved me you would let me get back your caste."

Poor Bunaram was thereafter treated as an outcast. He had to eat his meals in the cow-house because he was a Christian.

When he returned to school and told his teacher what had happened, the teacher asked him: "Well, Bunaram, did it make you sorry that you were Christ's disciple?"

"Not a bit," was his reply.

Jesus and His religion was more precious to this noble boy, lately a poor heathen, than his dearest earthly friends.