

was threatened by his Roman Catholic neighbors with death. He was firm, however, in his faith, and feared none of their threats. But one day shortly after, his dead body was found in the street, with thirty-five stabs in it.—*Conqueror's Herald*.

A FINE INSTANCE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

"I have nothing to regret," said a young man, as he stood looking down upon the still, white face of his dead mother. "No, I have nothing to regret, now that she is at rest," he repeated. "I feel that everything that could be done to make her comfortable was done, but my heart bleeds when I remember that in all the years to come her corner will be empty."

Ten years before Benton Gibbons had entered college, full of ambitious plans for the future. At the beginning of his junior year his father died, but his mother, anxious "that he should complete his education, insisted that he should keep up his studies, but before a twelvemonth had passed away the precious mother was laid aside by an incurable disease. The older children were all married and gone, so Benton cheerfully gave up his loved studies and came back to assist his young sister in caring for the helpless invalid.

Securing a subordinate position in a store in the village, the young man had spent the last seven years of his life in ministering to his mother. All his bright visions of a grand life had been set aside, that she might lack for nothing, and now at the end of these shattered years, he could look back and say he had nothing to regret. His own disappointed hopes counted for nothing. The best years of his life were not lost when they were devoted to mother. He had no regrets for the might-have-beens or the would-have-beens, if things had been different. No self-denial was a sacrifice when it was made for mother, and all his after years will be blessed by the knowledge that he did his duty, expecting no reward, but an approving conscience and a mother's benediction. The whole current of his life

was changed when he turned his back upon his college friends; but the aching void in his heart at sight of an empty corner was all that troubled him, when the dear mother was called up higher.

BOMBAY, INDIA.

[For the Children's Record.]

As you look at a map of the world, Bombay seems like a small speck or point. No city, however, in Canada, is equal to it in size. It is a fine city in many respects, and contains some beautiful buildings.

Let me tell you of a very strange building erected in Bombay several years ago. It is an hospital. We have hospitals in our towns and cities into which sick people are taken to be cared for. The hospital in Bombay, however, was not built for sick men and women but for disabled animals. If you were to visit it to-day you would find within its walls monkeys, peacocks, hedge hogs, deer, sheep, dogs, and cattle, in great numbers. What a strange place you say. What silly people to build a hospital for dumb brutes.

But when you know a little of the belief of these poor people you will not wonder so much at their erecting such a building. Many of them worship these animals. They make gods of them. When any of their friends die they think their souls pass into some animal, and that is why they show so much interest in them. They are kind to the dumb creatures, but how sad that they should worship them. Do they not need what you are hearing every day and what is found in our homes in Canada, the Bible, to tell them of the kind Father and the loving Saviour who can hear and answer their prayers.

Missionaries are now laboring among them and some fine schools have been opened in Bombay. Some of the children attending these schools are working for Jesus. Open air meetings are often held and the children sing nicely at these meetings. There are millions, however, still sitting in darkness with none to tell them of a Saviour's love.

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