

but was disappointed: the boy refused to go and said plainly that he was happy and contented in his new home: the uncle came to me and seemed almost heart broken to think that they had lost their boy; he even hinted that I might expect to be persecuted in the courts; there is little danger of this however as the boy is of age—at least in India.

A week later another uncle came to see the new convert, and like the other used every effort to cause Raj Kishore to give up Christianity and go back to his relatives. "Come," said he, "it is true you have done shamefully in thus forsaking the faith of your ancestors and joining the Christians, but if you will come back we can some way mend up matters and secure your reception into caste again." But the boy was firm and steadily refused to go; and his relatives will now probably give him up.

The boys and girls in America can hardly realize how the relatives of such converts are affected by hearing of the baptism of one of their number; the news is carried to the distant home; the men talk it over as they meet at dusk to smoke and chat; the women whisper it to each other as if some terrible thing had happened; and the village children talk of it in their play; it is safe to say that not a single person in Raj Kishore's village is ignorant of the fact that he has become a Christian.

By and by we hope to see this brave boy a preacher; what a privilege it would be to go with him to his native village, to hear him tell the story of his conversion and urge his relatives and friends to accept the Saviour. Who can tell the good he may be able thus to do?

This is a fair illustration of the happy influences which are constantly being exerted by our Mission Schools in all parts of India, and gives us great encouragement in our work. We go on from day to day teaching the blessed Bible in our schools, sowing the seed, not knowing when or how it will spring up, nor the quantity of fruit—thirty, sixty or a hundred fold.—*The Little Missionary.*—

DEATH OF REV. J. W. McLEOD.

One of our missionaries has gone to his reward. Mr. McLeod has been in Trinidad for five years and this summer he would have come home for a time to rest. But God had a better rest for his servant, and called him away to a better country. He died at Tunapuna, Trinidad, on the first day of April.

What do you think his last words were? They were these,—“I want my wife to bring up my children in the fear of the Lord.” His last wishes were that his little boys should grown up good men.

The parents of many of you my young readers, have just that wish for you. They long to see you grow up in the fear of the Lord. Why? Because they know that it is the only way to have a real happy life here, and to be prepared for a happier life when this one is ended. Thus only can you do what you were made for, “Glorify God and enjoy Him for ever.”

THE POINTE AUX TREMBLES SCHOOL.

Some of you know all about this school, and some of you do not. It is about nine miles east of Montreal, and is for young French Canadians. Many of the young people who attend it are Roman Catholics, but there they learn of Jesus, and many of them become teachers and go out to tell their Catholic friends and neighbors what a dear Saviour they have found. This is one way in which the gospel is slowly spreading among the French Catholics of the Province of Quebec.

Last winter ninety-five boys and girls and young men and women, attended the school. Seventeen of these go out this summer to teach, some of them in Mission schools, others to go about the country selling good books.

Fifteen of those attending the school last winter, professed their faith in Christ for the first time, and joined the Christian church, while about fifty of those present were professing christians. The young people attending the school are from different parts of Quebec.