

when I first heard this that it was a very flippant way of dealing with the matter. I thought that Paley might have passed away, or half-a-dozen Paleys might have passed away, but the grand facts of which Paley spoke had not passed away. They were facts in the lifetime of Paley, as they were facts in the time of our Saviour Jesus Christ and his apostles. They are facts in our time, and they will remain stubborn facts to the latest age.

Then there is another portion of God's precious Word which brought light to my darkened mind. I carefully studied the Epistle to the Romans, and especially pondered over the first six chapters, and there, for the first time in my life, I beheld the doctrine of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. There in the cross of Jesus you have God "just, and the justifier of him that believeth on Him." The cross of Christ presents a full reconciliation of all the attributes of God. When I beheld this great and glorious truth, I could no longer remain apart from Christianity, but made up my mind to embrace it, and on the 13th of September, 1843, I was enabled to put on the Lord

Jesus Christ. If I had chosen to be a hypocrite, I might have still remained among my own people, but I could not. Brahminism is closely intertwined with the daily life, and it is no easy matter to break off from it. It was very trying in some respects to make the change that I did. I was not afraid of being punished for so doing by my own people, for the protecting arm of Britain extends to India; but I had, to give up a loving mother, three brothers, and three sisters, and a large number of first and second cousins, the last named being regarded in India as belonging to the same family as oneself. But the Lord Jesus has said that whosoever will not take up his cross and follow Him is not worthy of Him. I embraced Christianity, and I found many of the precious promises of the blessed Saviour realized in my own case, especially the declaration, "Whosoever forsaketh father and mother, and brother and sister, and houses and land, hath a hundredfold more in this world, and in the world to come everlasting life."—*Narayan Sheshadri.*

THE KING'S SERVANTS.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

PART I.—FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

CHAPTER I.

OUT OF MY COUNTRY.

IF it would do anybody good to hear my story, they are welcome to it; ay, kindly welcome! I'm too old now to be of any use as a guide; but maybe I can still be useful as a finger-post, that points the way folks should follow.

I married out of my county; my people said, out of my station. For my father held a small farm, and the squire's lady had seen that I learned to read and write, and do fine sewing; but my husband was only a handloom weaver from the north—a man that could weave and sing right well, but never cared much for the inside of a book. But he