

"But," said he, "the Ganges water washed the foulness from my skin, not the foulness from my soul, and still the old burden was there, un eased." He told us how he had gone from thence, on foot, all the way to Kameswaram; begging his food all the two thousand miles; for he had given all his money to the temple, and thence again to Srirangam, and thence to other holy places. He told us how he had spent his whole life in these pilgrimages, and in penances, and in desert wanderings, apart from his kind, living on roots and nuts and jungle fruits, remaining for years at a time in the forest jungles, in the vain search for relief from the burden of sin.

"And now, sirs," said he, "my life is almost gone: my hair is thin and white; my eyes are dim; my teeth are gone; my cheeks are sunken; my body is wasted; I am an old, old man; and yet, sirs, the burden of sin is just as heavy as when, a young man, I started in pursuit of deliverance. Oh, sirs, does your Veda tell how I can get rid of this burden and be at peace? Our Vedas have not shown me how.

How gladly did we tell him of our gracious "burden bearer," and of His loving call, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." How eagerly did he listen as we told him of Jesus Christ, the God-man, the Saviour of the world, and told him what He had done for our salvation. How gladly did he pore over the gospels we gave him, and what earnest questions did he ask during the day as to points in their teachings which he did not quite understand. During that night he left and went upon his way, taking the gospels with him, and we never saw him again.

Though so many years have intervened, his earnest, reverent countenance remains photographed on my memory, and I shall look for him up there among the redeemed; for I believe that he was in earnest in seeking deliverance from the burden of sin; in vain, indeed, as he said, through Hinduism; I trust not in vain through the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Yes, the great religions all agree in the main as to man's having fallen into the pit of sin, but all except Christianity leave man in the pit, in vain struggling to help himself out.

Christianity alone pictures the Lord of Life, clothed in human form, coming by and looking down into that pit with eyes of compassion, and bending over and reaching a hand far down for each repentant sinner to clasp and be drawn out, that his feet may be fixed on heavenly ground.

But more; it is not sufficient that there should be simply an Almighty being coming to the rescue, but to reach our needs, it must be one endowed with our natures, suffering with us. It must be one "who can have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way, for that He Himself also [in the days of His flesh] was compassed with infirmity."

And such is this our Jesus, for "Being made perfect, He became the Author of Eternal Salvation unto all them that obey Him."

Yes, the magnetic love of Jesus Christ does make an impact on that soul that cries to Him. That impact imparts power to spring out of Satan's thralldom into God's liberty. It makes us sons of God. It seals us for the kingdom of heaven.

In this truth lies our power; not in the fierce denunciation of the errors of those systems which we are seeking to supplant, but, acknowledging whatever of truth they do contain, and using it as a help, our power lies in presenting in the most vivid light this higher

truth, higher than they ever conceived of, even in their most rapturous dreams, Jesus the divine, the sympathizing, the all-sufficient help-giver and burden-bearer, come to our aid.

Yes, in this truth lies our power; our power for work in the home land; our power for work at the ends of the earth. How it challenges us to obedience; how it energizes us for the conflict in the carrying out of that Saviour's ascending behest: "Go, evangelize all the nations."

The key is furnished us. The incentive, the constraining love of Christ, is limitless; the leverage is adequate: "Come on, Immanuel's followers! Let us lift the world for Christ, through Christ, to Christ.—*The Independent*.

A MITE-BOX MEDLEY.

LILLIAN M. QUINBY.

Wasn't it splendid, Kate Burtwell? Arn't you glad Bertha May coaxed us to come?"

The question proceeded from the lips of one of two young girls, as they tripped lightly down the steps of a large church in one of our leading cities.

"Yes," responded the other, more slowly, "it was much more interesting than I had supposed a missionary meeting could be, and I'm glad I came. And yet," she added somewhat impatiently, "I don't see any use in such a promiscuous distribution of mite-boxes; it's all very well for those who belong to the societies to have them; I suppose they are all so interested that it is an easy matter for them to get their mite-boxes filled; but what can be the use of giving them to all of us who are not interested in missionary work?"

"But Kate, are you willing to be counted among the non-interested ones any longer? After the stirring address to which we have just listened, and a talk which I had with Bertha the other day, I feel as though I would rather be among the missionary workers. And why should not these small boxes serve to help awaken a missionary zeal in those of us who have therefore been indifferent?"

"Well, Ethel Lawrence, I believe you will develop into just such a missionary enthusiast as Bertha is, if you keep on, and then I shall be 'left out in the cold.' I'll have to think this matter over, but I don't believe I ever shall remember to put anything into this box. Good-by," she added smilingly, as their way separated.

The three girls, Kate, Ethel and Bertha were familiarly known among their schoolmates as "the triplets," as much on account of the life-long and intimate friendship which existed between them as from the singular circumstance that their birthdays were coincident.

They represented three different stations in life, although to them, as schoolmates, this fact had as yet made little difference.

Kate Burtwell was the only daughter of a wealthy banker, and had never known the lack of anything money could secure. Money however could not save the fair young mother, whose life had gone out when that of her little one began, and therefore Kate had never known a mother's love. The kind father, realizing to some extent his daughter's great loss, had devoted himself, with more than unusual tenderness, to his motherless child, especially since the dear grandmother, who had at first cared for her, had left them, and Kate frequently declared that he had been "father and mother both" to her.