AMONG THE RED INDIANS

AND OTHER STORIES

BY C. J. L.

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CHAPTER I.

MOST, if not quite all, of the boys and girls I know have pleasant memories of country or seaside holidays, and enjoy talking about the long rides by railway train, or, perhaps better still, when the sun shone brightly and the blue waters danced and sparkled in its beams, the trip by steamer that enabled them to reach the place where some happy days or weeks were to be spent.

But to-day I want to tell you something about the travels of a missionary in a land where railway trains and steamboats were not then known, and yet, without their aid, he and his fellow-workers have, by means of canoe and dog-trains, been enabled to take journeys lasting sometimes from six to eight weeks, and covering distances of many hundreds of miles.

We are going (in thought) to take a peep at the Red Indians of North America, who are the people who live on the shores of the great lakes of that country, and get a living, though often a very poor one, by hunting or fishing. They are divided into many tribes, and do not live in towns, but in widely-scattered villages. These villages are often only a few, perhaps from ten to twenty, small, round-topped huts, called wigwams. During the summer months they often leave their wigwams and camp in the great forests, where they know that the fur-bearing animals are to be snared or shot.

Many of their villages and camping-grounds are so far from each other that the missionary is not able to visit them more than once or twice a year. At the beginning of the last century the Cree Indians were all heathen, savage, dark and cruel, living in constant fear of

wicked spirits, and also very much afraid of conjurors, or medicine men, who pretended to have the power of keeping these evil spirits, with the sickness and death they were supposed to bring, from the persons and houses of those who, by making them presents, paid them well for their trouble in using their charms and spells, which we know were quite useless. Rather more than eighty years ago the Lord reminded some of His servants, in both England and America, of His desire that the gospel should be preached to every creature under heaven. They almost seemed to hear the voice of their absent Lord bidding them—

"Go, gather the harvest in."

Constrained by the love of Christ, several were willing to offer themselves as His messengers to carry the glad tidings of the love of God in the gift of His Son to those who had never heard the gospel.

At first the Red Indians were angry with the white strangers who had come from across the sea to take away their lands, as they thought. They had no written language, and so, of course, no books. These early missionaries needed great patience, as well as very simple faith in God. Though learning the Indian language without books or teachers was, we may be sure, slow work, they kept steadily on, and when, after months of plodding, they were able to speak to the Indians about the one true God, and His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, it must have been very discouraging to be told by those poor, ignorant people that they did not wish to change their religion, but would live and die as their fathers had done.

Did the missionaries give up and return to their pleasant homes and friends? No, they kept faithfully on, preaching the gospel. Larger numbers came to listen to "the old, old story," and among the many who heard, some believed and confessed Christ, and soon shewed by their changed lives that the work of God in their souls had been very real and deep.

And though many of the young converts were often left for quite a long time without the visit of a missionary or any christian friend, they did not forget what they had been taught. Not only on the Lord's day, but often when their day's work was done, they loved to get together and would sing the hymns they had been taught, pray, and tell each other as much as they could remember of what they had heard from the missionary.

A band of Indians, many of whom had been converted, had been left for some months without a missionary. At last one, hearing of their need, made up his mind to visit and, if the way was made

plain, to live among them. After a long and trying journey he found he was only a short distance from their village, but it was almost dark, and besides it was time to camp for the night. But having come so far, and being only a mile or two from the village, he determined to go on; so leaving his Indian companions to follow with the dogs and sleds, he walked on through the deepening twilight to the spot where, in the distance, he saw the faint outline of an Indian wigwam. What was his surprise on reaching it not only to hear the sound of singing, but to find the people inside were singing a christian hymn to a well-known tune.

When the singing ceased one of the Indians engaged in prayer. At first the prayer seemed to be all thanksgiving, but the Indian went on, "Lord, please send us another missionary to teach us out of Thy great book. We want to know more about Thyself and Thy Son Jesus Christ. Please, Lord, do send a missionary soon, or we poor Indians may forget what we have been taught." With a glad and praise-filled heart the missionary entered and told the praying company that he had come to live and labour among them. Great indeed was their joy as they crowded around him. Some kissed him, some shouted their welcome or shed tears of joy.

Chapter II.

A LOUD "Ahem!" behind the chair of Mr. Egerton Young, who was for many years a devoted and successful missionary among the North American Indians, made him turn quickly from the small study table where he had been writing, to find himself face to face with a tall, copper-coloured Indian, one whom he felt sure he had not seen before. He had not noticed the entrance of his visitor, for, like most of his tribe, he had been unable to see any reason for knocking at the door, and his footfall was as noiseless as that of a cat.

Pointing to a chair, Mr. Young told him to be seated. He did not sit down, but going close up to Mr. Young, said in a voice that trembled with eagerness, "Missionary, will you help me to be a Christian?"

The simple question must have been a glad surprise to the faithful but often sorely-tried labourer, and his answer was, "Certainly I will; that is why I came to live among you."

"Will you help my wife and children to become Christians too?"

"Yes, of course I will. It was to tell your people of the love of the great Spirit, and of His Son the Lord Jesus Christ, that my wife and I left our home, very, very far away, and came here. Now tell

me who you are, and from what place you come."

The Indian had a wonderful story to tell, so full of interest that I feel sure if he were here Mr. Young would forgive me for trying to tell it as nearly as I can in his own words.

"Many years ago," he said, "when I was quite a little boy, I was kindly cared for by Mr. Evans, who was then our missionary. My father and mother had died, leaving none to care for me. I had some relations, but they were not Christians, and there was not much love or pity for the orphan in their hearts. Mr. Evans took me to his own house. He fed me, he clothed me, he made me a home. He taught me to read the new letters he had written for our people; he told me about the great Spirit; he taught me and other Indian children to pray to God. I was very happy with him. He kept me with him for two or three years, and I was very happy in having such a kind friend had I only known it.

"One summer, among the many Indians who came to sell their furs at the company's stores, was one family who lived very far away. They seemed to take a great liking to me and would often talk to me. They said they had no little boy in their wigwam. They said they wanted me to go and live with them, and they told me a lot of foolish things about how much happier I should be with them than having to obey the white man. And, foolish boy that I was, I listened to them, and believed all they told me, and one night, when they had got everything ready to start, I slipped quietly out of the house and joined them. We paddled hard most of that night, for we knew we were doing wrong, and were afraid of being followed.

"After many days we reached their hunting grounds. I did not find living with them so pleasant as they had said it would be. They were often very cruel to me, and sometimes we had very little to eat. I was very unhappy, yet I dared not run away, for all the Indians who lived in that part were wicked, so it would only have made matters worse. All the worship they did was to bad spirits. They were all very much afraid of the medicine man. I thought as I lived with them I must be like them, so I tried to forget all the good missionary had told me about the great, good God and His Son. I tried to wipe it all out from my mind.

"I grew up to be a man. I was a wicked heathen, but I was a good hunter. One of the men sold me one of his daughters to be my wife. We have several children. I had seen when I was a little boy how much better the Christian Indians treat their women than the pagan

Indians do. I treated my wife and children well. I was never cruel to them. I love my wife, I love my children.

"Last winter the snow was very deep. I took my family and built a wigwam where I thought we should find plenty of deer, and I set traps for the fur-bearing animals and took a good many, but very little that we got was good for food and often we were nearly starving. I could not find any deer to shoot, or if I did my gun, an old one, would only flash the powder in the pan and would not go off, but the noise it made would frighten the deer, and it would be gone before I could fire again.

"Day after day things seemed to be getting worse with me. At last I said, I will only try once more, and if I cannot shoot a deer I will shoot myself. So I took my gun and went into the forest, far away from my family. I hunted all day, but could not find even the track of a deer. At night I made a little cover, and lay down cold and hungry. The next day I hunted again, but only took a rabbit. I ate it in the little camp I had made, and lay down the second night in the snow.

"On the third day I felt weak and ill, and I said, 'It is of no use trying any more. I will die here.' I loaded my gun with a heavy charge, and was putting it to the side of my head. Just as I was about to pull the trigger, I thought some one said to me, 'William' (not my Indian name, but the one the missionary had given me). I was frightened; I put down my gun and looked round me, but could see no one. Then I knew the voice was in my heart, and it seemed to say to me, 'William, do you not remember all the missionary told you about the good God? He said He was kind, and even if we did wrong and got far away from Him and His Son, Jesus Christ, if we were sorry, and told Him so, He would forgive us. Why not pray to Him now?' I remembered how wicked my life had been. I said, 'I cannot; it is too mean to begin to pray now.' But again the inner voice seemed to say, 'It is worse to stay away.'

"Then I seemed to hear my wife and children crying for food in the wigwam where I had left them, and that decided me. I knelt down in the snow and began to pray. I cannot remember what I said, but I know that I asked the great Spirit to forgive the poor Indian who had been so wicked, and had gone so far away from Him. I told Him I was very sorry, and I told Him if He would forgive me, and help me in my trouble, and give me some food for my wife and children, that as soon as the snow was gone I would seek for the missionary and ask him to help me to be a Christian.

"While I prayed I seemed to grow stronger. I felt in my heart that help was very near; I forgot that I was cold and hungry. I took up my gun with a glad heart, for I felt that the great Spirit had had mercy upon a poor, wicked Indian. I had not gone far before I saw a large reindeer only a few yards from me. I fired, and it fell dead. I was very glad. I quickly skinned it and made a fire and cooked some of the meat. Then I pulled down a small tree and fastened part of the meat into the top to keep it from the wolves, and let the tree swing up again. I took as much as I could carry upon my back and set off to my hungry family, my heart filled with joy. Soon after I returned for the remainder of the venison. It was quite safe, for it had been beyond the reach of the wolves.

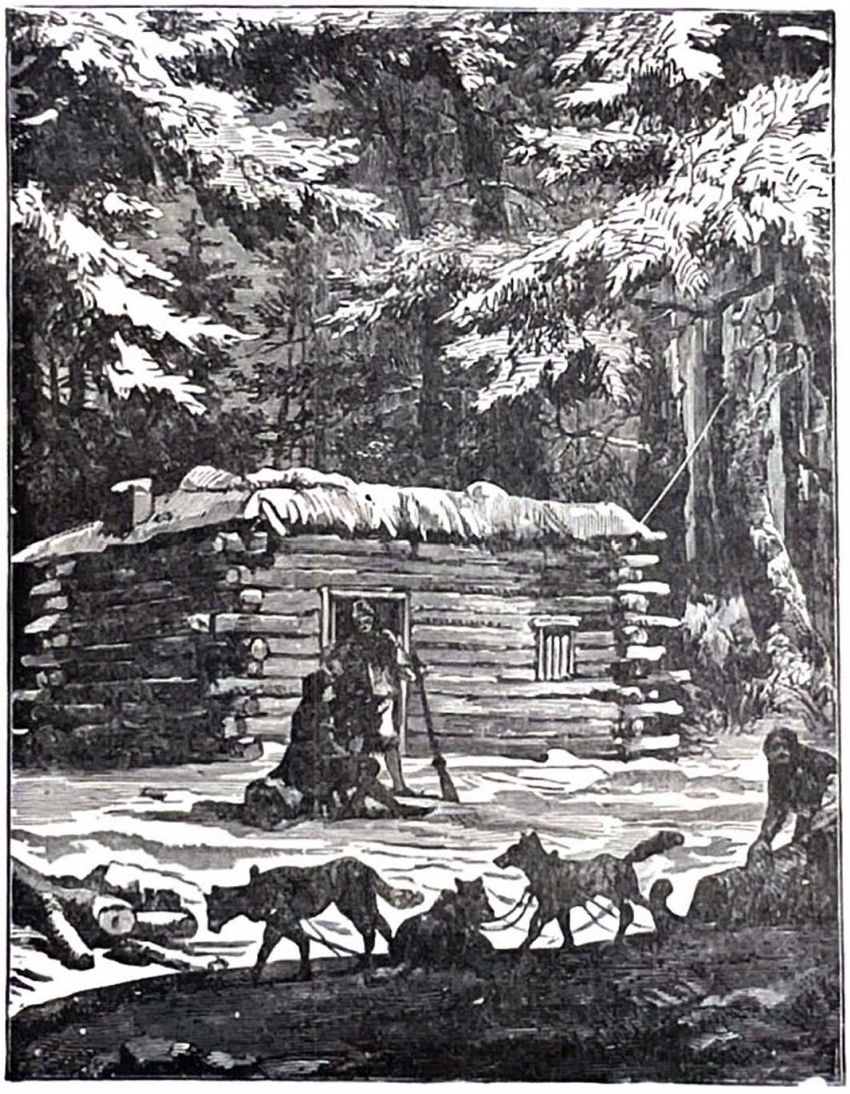
"Since that day we have always had something to eat. I have hunted hard and God has given me success. God has been very good to us. He has been all that the missionary told me He would be. I have not forgotten my promise made in the forest. As soon as the snow had melted, and the ice was gone from the lakes and rivers, I got my canoe ready and brought my wife and children here, and now we want you to help us all to be Christians."

Chapter III.

WINTER travelling across the hard-frozen lakes of North-West America is always difficult, sometimes dangerous, yet, if the scattered bands of Indians, who camp during the colder months of the year on the shores of the great Lake Winnipeg, are to be reached with the glad tidings of the gospel, these long and frequently trying journeys must be taken. Mr. Egerton Young, of whose labours among the Red Indians you have already heard, had many strange experiences, but few perhaps left him with a deeper sense of the goodness and care of his heavenly Father than those of one never-to-be-forgotten day on Lake Winnipeg.

A small company of friendly Indians had, he heard, encamped at a distance of about a day's journey from the mission house, so taking only one companion, Alick, a christian youth about eighteen years of age, he started quite early one winter's morning to visit them. It was bitterly cold, but they were well wrapped up, and the dogs, of which there were eight, four to each sledge, were in good working order. For some time they made good progress, and hoped to cross about sixty miles of the hard-frozen lake before dark, but shortly before noon they saw they were about to be

overtaken by a blizzard. At first it looked only like a dense fog coming up from the distance, but in less than half an hour the air was filled with flakes of fine, hard, dry snow, that seemed to blow from east, west, north and south almost at the same time.



LEAVING THE MISSION HOUSE.

For an hour or two Mr. Young and Alick tried to keep themselves from freezing by every now and then getting off their sledges and running for some distance, but before long the snow was too deep and too blinding for this to be possible. Tying their sledges together by the tail ropes, that they might not get parted, they owned to each other that they did not know where they were or in what

direction they were going. The short winter's afternoon would soon be followed by total darkness, and if the blizzard continued, and they were obliged to remain without shelter all night, it was quite likely that before the morning they and the dogs would be frozen to death.

There was only one thing they could do—commit their way to God and allow the dogs to take their own course. After prayer, taking some frozen food from their provision basket, they tried to make a meal, but greatly missed the cup of hot tea they would have had if they had been able to reach the shore and find wood enough to make a fire. The dogs, as usual, crowded round them while they ate, and though it was a rule only to feed them once a day, and that when the day's work was done, they were not forgotten.

The dogs were all large and good ones, but the largest, and perhaps the strongest of the eight, was Jack, a special favourite of Mr. Young's, and this dog is to be the hero of the story. Jack had been close to his master while they ate, and as Mr. Young patted his head he talked to him somewhat in this fashion: "Jack, my noble dog, do you know that we are lost, and may never see the mission house again? The loved ones may watch in vain for our return, but we are going to trust to your sagacity to guide us to the shore and safety. So wake up, good old dog, go which way you like, and do the best you can, or you may never have the chance of another nap stretched on the wolf's skin by the study fire."

They were soon ready to start. Mr. Young wrapped up Alick as warmly as he could in his long coat of rabbit-skin, tied him on to his sledge to prevent him slipping off, and after warning him that he must try to keep awake, made himself as comfortable as he could under the circumstances. Jack was the second dog in his team, the leader being a large white dog, Koona, the Indian word for snow, but when the word "Go!" was shouted to the dogs, Koona seemed bewildered, and turned round as if to ask, "Which way, my master?" But Jack was equal to the occasion. Seeing that Koona did not move, the intelligent dog sprang forward and started off in an easterly direction. Koona ran by his side, quite willing to give up the honour of leadership to Jack, the other dogs following at a brisk pace.

Owing to the blinding snow, and the gathering darkness, Mr. Young and Alick were unable to see each other, or even the dogs before them, but from time to time Mr. Young shouted to his companion, "Alick, don't go to sleep, for if you do you may not awake again till the resurrection morning," and the an-

swer came back, though Alick's voice sounded very far away, "All right, missionary, I'll try to keep awake."

Hour after hour the dogs dragged them on, Jack never seeming for a moment uncertain which course he ought to take. The cold grew more and more severe, the wind more and more biting, but the dogs kept bravely on. About three hours after dark they started off into a gallop, and shewed by their excitement that they had found some signs of being near land, of which the travellers as yet knew nothing. After dragging the sledges over some rough ice they pulled them up a steep bank, and after about a couple of hundred yards further, they reached a small group of wigwams, occupied by about thirty Indians, who gave the missionary and his companion a warm welcome, and rejoiced with them in their marvellous escape.

Mr. Young stayed with them in their encampment for three days, holding meetings three times a day, and never did he find a more ready ear for the gospel or speak to more attentive, earnest listeners.

(*Continued on page* 21.)

THE DAFFODILS.

Hard by a little belt of wood,
In an old garden Eric stood,
With thoughtful brow and look intent,
As o'er some daffodils he bent.

While thus he stood his aunt drew near,
"Eric," said she, "what brings you here?"
"I only came to take a walk,
And with the daffodils to talk."

"To talk to daffodils, you say,
Upon what subject, Eric, pray?"
"I wondered, auntie, if 'twere good
The gardener took them from the wood.

"And so I asked them to reply
Where they liked best to live and die;
Whether as in the wood of old,
Or planted in the garden mould?"

"A question strange; what answered they,
The daffodils, so bright and gay?"
"Though long I, auntie, by them stayed,
They *only bowed*, no answer made."

Now let it be our hearts' concern,
From Eric's daffodils to learn
To leave our path in God's own hand,
And silent bow to His command.

'Tis He, whose ways work for our good,
Does better for us than we could;
Let Him for us our pathway choose,
That we His smile may never lose.

E. H. C.

William Tyndale

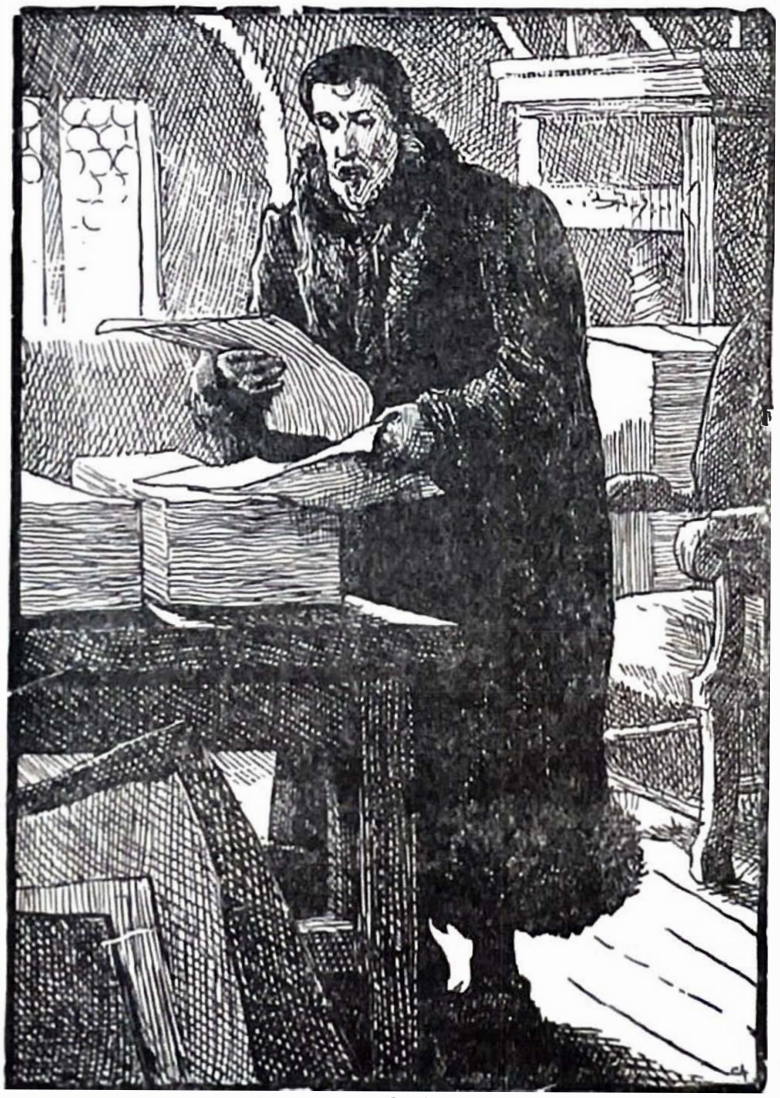
WILLIAM TYNDALE! We have all heard his name, and yet if some of the boys and girls I know were asked who he was, or why his name is loved and honoured not only in England, but wherever the English Bible is read, I am afraid the answer would be, "I don't know," or "I can't remember." Never mind; though the story of the man and the work he did has been told by more gifted pens than mine, it is worth telling over again.

So little is known about the boyhood of this truly great man that we cannot be quite sure even of the date of his birth, but it is generally thought to have been about the year 1484. His birth-place is believed to have been a village on the border of Wales, half-hidden among the beautiful Cotswold hills. England four or five hundred years ago was so unlike the England of to-day that as we read about it in some very old books it seems almost like some other country, and not our own dear island home at all.

There were no railroads or steamboats; motor cars and boats were unheard of. Rich people kept large, heavy-looking coaches; farmers and their wives often rode on horseback; poor people did not often travel far from their own homes, and if obliged to do so took the journey on foot. No one had ever sent a message by telegraph or telephone, or stranger still, you will say, received a letter by post.

The printing-press had begun its work, but as newspapers were not printed till many years later, it often took weeks, or even months, before people who lived in one part of England knew what was going on in another part.

There were very few books, and fewer people who could read. The Bible was almost a forgotten book. There were a few copies, but as they were written in Latin, and locked up in the libraries of the houses where the monks lived, their light was hidden. By far the greater number of those who said they were teachers and guides of the people knew next to nothing of the written word of God, or the way of salvation; so having nothing better to give those they professed to teach, they told them strange and untrue stories, and encouraged them to say prayers in Latin, of which they often did not understand a single word, kneeling before images or pictures of the Virgin Mary, or people who had been dead for hundreds of years.



PRINTING IN OLDEN TIMES.

We know very little about the parents of young Tyndale, or the schools to which he was sent. Parents and teachers in those days were all strict, and no one had ever thought of making learning easy or pleasant. Still, being a

bright, clever boy, he made good progress, and entered college when not more than eleven or twelve years of age. There his great talent for languages began to shew itself. One who knew him in later years said of him that he spoke seven languages—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French and English—with such ease and correctness, that any one of the seven might have been his mother tongue.

On leaving college he was engaged as tutor to the children of a country gentleman. Though still a young man he had learned to love the Bible, and longed to share with others the treasure he had found in its pages.

A dinner party to which several Roman Catholic priests were invited is said to have been given by Tyndale's employer; the conversation in which the tutor took part turned upon the scriptures. Tyndale uttered the never-to-be-forgotten words, that if God spared his life, before many years he would cause the boy who drove the plough to know more of the word of God than the Pope himself knew. It was a noble purpose, and well he kept to it, though it cost him a life of poverty and hardship, exile and hiding, and in the end life itself.

His work of translating the New Testament from Greek into English was, as far as we know, begun at Sudbury, but finding that his duties as tutor would not allow him to devote much time to the task he believed it was the will of God he should complete, he gave up his situation and went to London, where he hoped to find friends who would help and encourage him in his work. His first application was made to Cuthbert Tunstall, who was at that time Bishop of London. He was a friend and patron of learned men, and might, Tyndale thought, be willing to allow him to live in some quiet corner of his palace till his translation was ready for printing.

But the great man had no welcome for the poor scholar, no desire that the scriptures should be read by ploughmen and maid servants, and roughly bade Tyndale begone. Others were tried, but with much the same result, and for a time the translator was in great poverty. How glad he must have been when God raised

up a generous friend for him in a London merchant, Humphrey Monmouth, whose kind help enabled him to finish his work.

But new troubles arose: if an English New Testament was to be of any real use, it must not only be written, but printed; that, Tyndale soon found, he could not get done in England. So taking the precious sheets on which so much loving labour had been spent, he went to Hamburg and was soon at work; but not for long, as he was discovered, and obliged to hasten to Cologne. There he got type set up, and some sheets printed, but was betrayed by one of his workmen, who had been drinking too freely, and he was again obliged to seek safety in flight. At Worms he found a quiet resting-place and several kind friends who helped him to finish his work.

TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENTS BURNT

In the year 1525 the first edition of the English New Testament was printed; but how were the books to be got to England? It would never do to send them openly. Several merchants, who were friendly to the gospel, had the precious books hidden in bales of cloth, or stowed

away in sacks of corn, and in this way many copies reached our ports, where they found willing buyers.

The Bishop of London was very angry when he heard of the arrival of so many New Testaments; not content with preaching against them, he purchased as many copies as possible and had them publicly burnt. He little knew that he was really helping, not hindering, the work of God, for the money paid for these copies enabled Tyndale to print another and better edition.

Tyndale not only translated the New Testament, but some parts of the Old. About the end of 1535, his ever watchful enemies laid a plot by which he was arrested, and hurried off as their prisoner to a castle about eighteen miles from Antwerp. There he was confined for one hundred and thirty-five days; he was tried and sentenced to death on the charge of heresy on August 10th, 1536. On October 6th he was led from prison to the stake. His last words, uttered in a clear, firm voice are said to have been, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

We think of William Tyndale as being one who not only served his generation by the will of God, but did much toward giving us the priceless treasure of our English Bible. A beautiful statue has been erected to his memory on the Thames Embankment in London.

A BOY NATURALIST.

Chapter I.

I DO not think Thomas Edward was really a naughty boy, though his love of motion and free outdoor life must have made him an exceedingly troublesome one. "But who was he? and why is the story of his life worth telling?" are questions some of my readers are sure to ask.

The son of Scotch parents, he was born at Gosport in December, 1814, but as, soon after the battle of Waterloo, his father, who was a private in a Scotch regiment, obtained leave to return to Scotland when Thomas was only a few months old, and as the whole of his long and busy life was spent on the other side of the border, we will not dispute his claim to be considered a Scotchman.

"Such a lively, restless little fellow as her Tom," Mrs. Edward was often heard to say, "she had never nursed, or even seen!" and her neighbours agreed with her, for it seemed impossible to keep him still during a single waking moment. When only four months old he had tried to spring from his mother's arms, in an attempt to catch a large fly that was buzzing on the window-pane. Before he was well able to walk he had made friends with all the dogs and cats in the neighbourhood; he would have liked to be on equally good

terms with the ducks and chickens, but they did not understand his intentions, and generally ran away on his approach.

As he grew older it was no easy task to keep him indoors. He did not care much to play with boys of his own age, but loved to wander off alone to some pond or brook, where he soon became quite expert in the capture of tadpoles, frogs, sticklebacks and other small creatures. A nest of field mice, or a young rat, was a great prize.

His finds, however, were not wanted or welcomed at home, and he was often severely punished for bringing into the house what the neighbours called his "nasty, venomous beasties." His mother turned out all his pets, and he was forbidden to bring such things into the house again; but whether he forgot, or disobeyed, he could not remember; the very next day he returned home proud and happy in having in his possession a nest of young rats. His father gave him a severe flogging, but the boy was a born naturalist, and his love of all living creatures, birds, butterflies, fish and even worms and beetles, was too strong to be whipped out of him.

After long years of war, England was again at peace, many of the regiments were disbanded, and the soldiers went back to their old trades, among others the father of young Thomas, who was a hand-loom weaver. He left home early in the morning and did not return till late at night. His mother also was often obliged to be out during the day.

On one occasion, having made up her mind that her boy should for once remain a prisoner during her absence, she tied him firmly by a strong cord to the leg of the table. This was, he thought, very hard lines; after some time he got his sister to help him to drag the table close to the fire, and set light to the cord. As soon as he was free, he was off to his old haunts, busy and happy as ever catching newts and tadpoles. He was flogged again on his return, but it did him no good. Sometimes his clothes were hidden away, but he always contrived to find something to wear.

Going to school did not suit him at all. He did not learn much, and often played truant. Still, with all his faults, he was a brave, truthful little fellow. His school-life came to an abrupt end when he was only six years old. Lessons were going on as usual one morning, when the master started from his seat with a scream, and shook something from his arm. It was a centipede, or, as the boys called it, "Maggie monny feet," that by some means had found its way into the schoolroom. All eyes turned to young Edward, for his

love for living things was well known alike to the teacher and his pupils.

The boy was called to the desk. "This is some of your work," said the master. "Have I not ordered you never to bring any of your beasts here?"

"But I did not bring it, sir; I have not brought any for a long time," the boy answered.

"That's a lie, and I'll make you confess," roared the master, and blows fell thick and fast. But the boy did not cry. The shower of blows ceased, and the master sat down, panting for breath. "Now will you confess?"

"No, sir, for I didn't bring it."

The boys were asked, "Have any of you seen Edward with this beast, or any other, to-day?"

One and all said they had not. The master was utterly baffled. Turning to Edward, he said, "Get your slate. Go home, and tell your father to get you put on board a man-of-war. That's the only school fit for the likes of you."

The boy got his books and slate, and went home, his mind fully made up that he would never go to that school again.

School-life had been a failure, and though Edward was not seven, he begged to be allowed to go to work. His parents were poor people; no matter how small the boy's earnings were, they would, his mother said, "be a help." So he went with his brother, two years older than himself, to work in a tobacco mill. Work hours were in those days very long, and his wages only fourteen-pence a week. But the master was a kind man, who loved birds, and allowed the boy to keep rabbits in the back yard, so that he got on much better than he had done at school.

After about two years at the mill, the boys heard that lads employed in a factory at a distance of more than two miles were getting

much higher wages. Taking advantage of a fair day, they walked over, but to their disappointment were told that no additional hands were wanted. They had some time to wait, but at last were engaged, their work-hours being from six in the morning till eight at night, six days in the week. They had to get up at four in the morning, and start soon after. Much of the way lay through a wood. It was lovely in summer, but cold and dreary in winter. But still the boy found time to study natural history, though without the help of books or any friend better taught than himself, and made collections of moths, butterflies, birds' eggs and other objects of interest he found in the woods and fields.

At the age of eleven his parents thought it was time he should learn a trade, and he was bound as an apprentice, for a term of seven years, to a shoemaker. His new master was, however, a slave to strong drink, and when under its influence, treated the poor boy with the most heartless cruelty, often knocking him down and beating him about the head with a shoe-last. But the last drop in his cup of bitterness was when his employer killed, out of pure mischief, his pet sparrow, which he had taken from the nest when very young. It was so tame that it would come at his call, and perform several little tricks at his bidding. After this, Edward stoutly refused to go back to work. His apprenticeship was afterwards finished with another master; and for more than fifty years he worked as a journeyman shoemaker, not only for his own support, but that of his wife and a family of five children.

Chapter II.

MANY of the boys, and a few of the girls I know, think of a butterfly hunt, an afternoon spent in catching minnows, or a ramble through the woods, returning to a late tea with baskets filled with ferns, mosses and wild flowers, as among the most keenly enjoyed pleasures of a summer holiday.

But to Thomas Edward, "the Scotch Naturalist," all these were no holiday amusements. From quite a tiny child he had loved all living things, and as he grew older he learned to look upon birds, insects, and even creeping things as part of the wonderful works of God, and did not mind taking trouble to learn all he could about their habits and ways of life.

Working, as he did for many years, at his trade of shoemaking, it was only by very early rising,

often long before daylight, that he was able to get time for his nature studies. It is pleasant to remember that for him the Lord's day was one of rest, and he went where the word of God was read and explained.

Brightly written and well-illustrated books on natural history were not so plentiful fifty or sixty years ago as they are now; and he could not afford to buy even one of the few larger and more expensive works that were then to be had. Very few, if any, of the people he knew took much interest in birds and butterflies. Yet he kept steadily on, learning something every day; and though often slowly, still steadily adding to his collection of moths, butterflies and curious insects. I think he must have taken "try, try again" as the motto of his life, for when things did not go smoothly, and the labour of months or even years seemed lost, he did not waste time in fretting or grieving over his troubles, but set to work again to repair the mischief done.

Moths and butterflies were among his special delights; he was often out with his net by three or four o'clock in the morning, or late at night, to secure the night-flying species. Ready-made cases in which to keep his specimens were far beyond his means; so he taught himself enough of the trades of carpenter, painter and glazier to make, paint and glaze those he required for his collections.

During four years he had made a collection of nine hundred and ten rare insects, moths and butterflies; these he placed with great care in twenty boxes. Not having at the time the money needed for the purchase of glass, he carried the boxes into his garret, turning them face downward to keep out the dust. They were not left very long; on the evening of one pay-day he arrived at home with the glass, little thinking of the disappointment that awaited him. On lifting up the first box he found it had been robbed of its contents; he tried the others, but all were empty. Nothing was left but the pins with which they had been fastened, and here and there a wing, head or leg. The room had been entered, and the boxes stripped by rats or mice.

His wife on seeing the empty cases, said, "What are you going to do next?" His answer, bravely, almost cheerfully given, was, "Well, it's a big disappointment, but I think the best thing will be to set to work and fill them up again." And set to work he did, allowing himself fewer hours of sleep than before. Early and late he was at work, moth hunting. It took about four years to refill his empty cases, taking care to glaze each as soon as it was filled.

He was very fond of birds, and knew where each species to be found for miles round his home loved to build; but he remembered that a bird's nest is its home, and though he would take an egg, or a young bird for the pleasure of taming it, he was careful not to destroy the nest, or frighten away the mother bird. He had many a stiff climb, and more than once a bad fall, when hunting for the eggs of sea-birds, but nothing stopped him.

Walking along the seashore, gun in hand, he was much interested in watching the flight of a flock of terns (a large kind of sea-gull). He had long wished to obtain one of these birds to be stuffed and placed in his collection. Choosing a favourable moment, he fired, and one of the largest fell with a broken wing into the water. The report of the gun, and the shrill cries of the wounded bird, for a moment scared away its companions; but only for a moment. Returning, they flew round in circles, uttering screams, and seeming to consult as to what was best to be done. Edward stood perfectly still, and to his great surprise, saw two of them lift the wounded bird out of the water, and each taking hold of a wing, carry it for six or seven yards; they then laid it gently down, when it was taken by two others, and borne further seaward. More than once the wounded bird and its bearers were within range of his gun, but he had no heart to fire again.

Time and space will not allow me to tell you more about the work done by this humble shoemaker. His opportunities of gaining knowledge were not large, but his industry, patience and perseverance taught him how to make the best use of such as he had.

When asked by some one how it was that while working at his trade he had been able to learn so much about natural history, his reply was, "I never wasted a minute, or any part of a minute, in which any work could be done."

Towards the close of his life he was asked to address the boys of a high school. I close by quoting one or two of his remarks: "Keep this ever in mind, young friends, that no *idler* will ever do anything but evil. Some of you may not be called to work for daily bread, but you can labour in other ways. We are told in the best of books that 'Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour until the evening.' Do something. Be kind to every living creature, help one another in every good work; be obedient to your parents and teachers; be brotherly-hearted to your brothers, sisters and playfellows, and above all, whatever you do, or wherever you go, let an old man beg you never to forget your great Creator."

AMONG THE RED INDIANS.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER IV.

SHALL we be thought guilty of great rudeness if, even though we have not been formally invited, we venture to take a peep into Mr. Young's study? I think not. A writing table and chair take up most of the space, for the room is by no means a large one. A bright fire of pine logs burns cheerfully on the hearth, while a large rug of silver-grey fur gives a touch of home-comfort. We feel sure that the beautiful fur has a story of its own, and Mr. Young replies:

"Yes, that rug will always be to us a reminder of the mercy of God. It is the skin of a silver-grey wolf, that but for His good hand would have made a meal of my boy Eddie. The Indians were out in the forest cutting wood, and Eddie was having a good time with his sledge and team of dogs, going to and fro, taking the logs to the wood-house and racing back with his empty sledge. He was on his return journey when a large silver-grey wolf (a wild, troublesome fellow that for some reason of his own chooses to live and hunt alone) rushed out of the forest and made for the lad. The frightened dogs rushed into a furious gallop; had there been a moment's delay, or an upset, escape would have been impossible. But the eye of God and His guiding hand were over our son, and he reached home in safety.

"The wolf was soon after killed and its skin dressed, but still the memory of that perilous ride brings tears of gratitude to our eyes and puts a praise-song into our hearts."

Chapter V.

ABOUT sixty miles from Beaver Lake a band of heathen Indians had encamped. Gospel work among them had been more than usually difficult and discouraging. By far the greater number would not even listen to the glad tidings the missionary had travelled so far to bring them, and the few who did, heard the story of redeeming love in sullen silence, unmoved by the earnest pleadings of God's faithful servant. And yet to reach them had taken Mr. Young and his two faithful companions a journey of eight days from the mission station. The wilderness had been dreary; for days they had not met a fellow creature, and as game was scarce, when the supply of food they had been able to take with them was exhausted they had more than once known what it was to suffer from hunger. Heavy rain fell day after day. With dripping garments and chilled bodies, they had longed for a little bright sunshine.

When at last the Indian camp was reached, the welcome the missionary received was anything but a warm one. The Indians were sad and silent. Only a short time before scarlet fever had broken out among them, and nearly all their children, of whom they were very fond, had died. They did not want to hear about the Lord Jesus and His love, but said, "As our fathers lived and died, so will we." Tired and sad at heart, the missionary could only turn to God in silent prayer and ask that some message that might be guided by the Holy Spirit to their hearts might be given him.

Standing in their midst, he said in a loud, clear voice, "I know, yes, I know most surely where the children are whom death has taken from you. You have laid them in the cold grave; their hammocks are empty; their little bows and arrows are idle, and your hearts are very sore for the children that death has taken from you."

At once there was a movement of interest and attention. The Indians had sat with their faces covered with their blankets, but they uncovered them, and shewed by their manner that they wished to hear more, so he continued: "Yes, I can tell you where the children are you have lost. You weep for them, for they come not at your call; but I am so glad that the great Spirit, the good God, has given me authority to tell you where your children are, and that you may meet them again. But you must listen while I read to you out of His great book what Jesus the Son of God said about the little children, for there is only

"Missionary, my heart is empty, and I am sad."—PAGE 23.

one way to the beautiful home where He has gone and where He has taken the children, and where He wants you to meet them again and be happy with them for ever. But if you will not listen to His words and let them enter your hearts, you cannot go to that home. You must learn how to serve and please Him."

While he was still speaking a tall, powerful man sprang to his feet from the far side of the wigwam and rushed towards the missionary, saying, "Missionary, my heart is empty and I am sad, for not one of my children is left among the living. I am very lonely in my wigwam. Tell me, oh, tell me how I can serve the great Spirit, that I may go where my children are, for I long to see them again." He was quickly followed by others, and from that hour a deep and far-spreading work of God began in that tribe; many were converted, and shewed by their changed lives whose they were and whom they served.

Chapter VI.

THE account of Mr. Young's first winter trip to Nelson River is so interesting, and unlike anything we see or even hear of in England, that I am going to tell my young readers something about it that they will be sure to read.

The weather was bitterly cold, the snow in many places being from two to three feet deep, when Mr. Young, with a guide and several dog-drivers, all, or nearly all, of whom were Christians, started to visit a band of pagan Indians, whose hunting grounds were so far north that they almost touched those of the Esquimaux, with whom, however, the Indians never hunt, and are seldom, if ever, on friendly terms. The journey that lay before them was one that would take several days, and as the greater part of it lay through dense forests, where they were not likely to see a wigwam or meet a fellow-creature, the dog-sledges were rather heavily loaded, as many things, such as kettles, guns, knives, tin bowls, bedding, blankets and skin robes had to be taken, besides food for the whole party and their dogs, of which there were from twelve to sixteen.

In many places the snow was so deep that if the guide and dog-drivers had not walked ahead of the dogs, beating down a path with their snow-shoes, the animals would not have been able to pull the sledges through. The dogs, as a rule, were only fed once a day, and certainly deserved a good supper when their day's work was done. The party usually stopped about

half an hour before dark in order to prepare for passing the night in the snow. For some time before the halt was made, the guide, who for the last hour or so had been on the look out, stopped and said, "Missionary, here is a good place for our camp."

"Why do you think so, Tom?"

"Because we can cut down these tall balsams for our beds, and there is plenty of small, dry wood for our fire." So every one set to work with a will to prepare for sleeping in the open. The dogs were unharnessed, and while a few of the younger and more lively ones went off for a rabbit hunt on their own account, the older and wiser ones would look for the most sheltered spots, and then begin scraping away the snow till the ground was reached, then with teeth and paws they would make their chosen sleeping-place as smooth and even as possible; this done, they would curl themselves up, and wait more or less patiently till called to supper.

A quantity of balsams were then cut down, and a pile of dry wood for the fire collected; then the missionary and his men, using their snow-shoes as spades, began clearing away the snow, and building it into a low wall on three sides of the camp, care being taken in choosing a place for the fire to be sure that it was one in which the wind would blow the smoke from, and not to the camp. As soon as the fire blazed brightly, two large kettles were filled with snow and placed over it. As soon as the snow in the largest of the kettles was melted, a large piece of meat, the fatter the better, was put in, and while it was cooking, the fish for the dogs' supper was thawed by being placed before the fire, the fish, of which each dog received from four to six pounds, being frozen as hard as a stone. Tea was then made, and poured into pint tin cups, but the cold was so severe that ice would often form upon the cups that had been filled with boiling tea only a few minutes before.

Supper over, and the dogs fed, it was time to prepare for the night's rest. Wood enough for the morning fire had to be collected, as an early start, some hours before daylight, must be made. When all was ready, the guide would say, "Missionary, we are now ready for prayer." The whole party ranged themselves round the fire. The Bible and hymn-book were brought out, and by the light of blazing logs Mr. Young read from the word of God, the book many of them had learned to love so well. Several hymns followed; many of the Indians have very musical voices, and love singing. Then came prayer, that in that lonely place, far away from their homes as they were, with no

wall around them but one of snow, with no roof over them but the star-spangled sky, the presence and care of their God and Father might be very real to them; and we may be sure that they did not forget to ask that the hearts of the Indians they hoped in a few more days to reach might be prepared by the Holy Spirit not only to listen to the sweet story of a Saviour's love, but to accept God's offer of a free salvation, through faith in the finished work of His Son.

Fresh logs were piled on the fire, and the guide said, "Now, missionary, I am ready to make your bed." Balsam boughs and stems were laid on the ground, upon the boughs a skin robe and a heavy blanket were spread. When this was done and the pillow placed, he would say, "Now, if you will get into bed, I will cover you up and tuck you in." Undressing in such bitter cold was out of the question; another skin robe and another heavy blanket were spead over the tired missionary and carefully tucked in, and though at first he objected to having his head and face completely covered, he soon found it was the only way to escape severe frost bites. When a foot or eighteen inches of snow fell during the night, it added to their comfort, the extra covering enabling them to make up for sleep lost on previous nights when the intense cold kept them awake.

Chapter VII.

THOUGH all, or nearly all, of Mr. Young's missionary journeys were attended by dangers and difficulties, yet the Lord did not withhold from the faithful labourer the joy of seeing many of the Indians who had first heard the glad tidings of salvation from his lips, not only converted but witnessing brightly for Christ. His own account of his second visit to Nelson River, where a large and friendly tribe had taken up their winter quarters, is so full of interest that I will try to tell its story as nearly as possible as he told it.

On his first visit very few Indians were in the camp, some having gone a distance of many miles, and their whereabouts not being exactly known he could not follow them, even if the time at his disposal would have allowed him to do so; others had gone to one of the company's stations to sell their furs. He was, however, well received by those who were there, and they had, on the return of their friends, so much to tell them about the missionary and the wonderful book he carried, and which, after a great deal of talking among themselves, they agreed must have been wrapped up in an envelope and sent down direct from the heaven of which he had told them, that they all

wanted very much to see him, and were quite ready to give him a cordial welcome.

After travelling for several days by canoe and dog-train, he reached their encampment just before sunset. The news of his arrival spread with great rapidity, and in a short time he found himself surrounded by from two to three hundred Indians, men, women and children, among whom the use of soap and water seemed to be unknown, who all wanted to *kiss* him. As he was by no means anxious to be kissed by so many unwashed people, he put them off with a few kind words and some hand-shaking, and after telling them that he was very tired, but that if they would come together at eight o'clock the next morning he would read to them from the wonderful book of which they had heard, and which he always carried with him, he induced them to go away and leave him and the christian Indians who were with him to rest for a few hours.

But as the Indians had neither clocks nor watches, perhaps some one will wonder how they were to know the time. They were all keen observers, or in other words had learned to take notice of everything around them, and as the sun, which is God's clock, never goes wrong, by watching it they seldom make any serious mistake as to the time of day.

A large company gathered quickly and quietly, very few of whom had ever heard the gospel before. Several hymns were sung by Mr. Young and the christian helpers who were with him, to the great delight of the listeners. Then the blessing of God upon the meeting (which I need hardly add was held in the open air) was asked, and then Mr. Young preached to the crowd of interested and attentive listeners, reading every now and then some short passage of scripture. If the message he brought them was to be understood, he must, he knew, begin at the very beginning, so in the simplest words he could he told them the story of the creation and the fall, the story of the Garden of Eden, which you, dear young reader, have so often heard, but which was new to the Indians.

Then he told them of the great love of God in the gift of His only Son, and when he spoke of the Lord Jesus, of His life, of His death upon the cross for sinners, and of His rising again, and tried to shew them how, though we are all by nature sinful and have wandered far away from God, we are invited to return to Him and by faith in the Lord Jesus become His dear children, loved and forgiven, the Holy Spirit was, he felt sure, working in the hearts of many of his listeners, and though he spoke for four hours, no one seemed

to be tired, or to think of going away.

After prayer and more singing, Mr. Young asked them all to again seat themselves on the ground, as he wished to know if any among them really wanted to give up the worship of idols and become Christians. Every eye turned towards their chief, as if waiting for him to speak first. After a short pause he rose from his place among his people, and going up to where Mr. Young was standing, placed himself at his right hand. The address he then gave was one long to be remembered.

He said: "Missionary, I have long lost faith in our old heathen ways." Then, pointing to the conjurers and medicine men, he continued, "They know I have not cared for the old ways. I have not called for these men; I did not fear them as my people do. I will tell you, missionary, why I have not called for them. I know there is a God. I hear Him in the thunder, in the rain, in the tempest. I see His power in the lightning that shivers the forest trees; I see His goodness in giving us the moose, the reindeer, the beaver and the bear. I see His kindness in giving us when the south wind blows the ducks and geese, and when the summer comes, and the snow and ice melt, He fills our lakes and rivers with fish, so that if we are industrious and careful we may always have something to eat. So thinking about these things, I made up my mind years ago that this great Spirit, so kind and so watchful, did not care for the beating of the conjurer's drum, or the shaking of the rattle of the medicine men, so for years I have not followed their ways.

"But, missionary, what you have said to-day fills my hungry heart, it makes me glad. It is just what for years I have been wishing to hear about the great Spirit. I am so glad that you have come to tell us this wonderful story. Stay with us as long as you can, and when you must go, forget us not, but come again soon and tell us more of this good news."

A murmur of approval ran through the crowd, and many spoke in almost the same words. The conjurers and medicine men, who knew if the tribe became Christians their trade would be gone, were the only ones who looked troubled and anxious.

A strange, savage-looking old man rose from the back; he wore very little clothing, and his tangled grey hair was almost down to his knees. He said: "Missionary, I am an old man. Grey hairs here, and grandchildren in the wigwam tell me that I am old. You have told us great things to-day; stay with us, or if you must go, come again soon, for I am old, and I may forget. May I say more?"

"Yes; say on."

"Did I not hear you when you spoke to the great Spirit say 'our Father'?"

"Yes."

"Is He your Father?"

"Yes."

"Would He be Father of the poor Indian too?"

"Yes, for He loves poor Indians."

Then after a pause, "If He is your Father and my Father too, then we are brothers?"

"Yes, we are brothers."

"May I say more?"

"Yes, say all that is in your heart."

"Then, my white brother, I do not wish to be rude, but my people are dying. I am old, and soon I shall die. Why have you been so long in coming to bring us the Book of the great Spirit, and to tell us its wonderful story?"

Ah, why are those who know the blessedness of the gospel, who are themselves rejoicing in salvation, so slow in obeying the command of their absent Lord, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." (Mark xvi. 15.)

(Continued on page 41.)

DAVID THE GIANTKILLER.

THE age of giants has not passed away,
Giants exist, and must be fought to-day;
For this we need God's armour shining bright,
Courage and godly fear to put to flight
Our foes invisible, who lurk unseen,
The giants Sloth, Self-will and Self-esteem,
And many another, crafty, bold and strong
Who draw us from the right and lead us wrong.
Therefore, my boy, be brave and watchful too,
Trust thou in God and seek His will to do.
Go not with sinners, tread the narrow way,
The path of light leads to the perfect day.

CHILDREN :: :: IN CHINA.

A CHINAMAN always, or nearly so, looks so grave and sober that one finds oneself wondering if he ever was a boy. But he was once a child, and as Chinese fathers and mothers are very proud of their sons, and pet and indulge them a great deal, the first eight or ten years of boy-life in China are often very bright and happy ones.

The birth of a little son is a great event in every Chinese household. Friends and relations send good wishes and baby garments. There will be no dainty white frocks, white and blue being in some parts of China only worn as mourning; but the wee stranger's clothes are made of brightly-coloured silks, red, green and yellow being those most suitable. Many of these small coats and trousers are beautifully embroidered, and almost covered with ornaments. If baby's friends are rich people gold thread will be used, if not, gilt paper will serve equally well. But without some words in the strange-looking letters we call Chinese characters, each garment would be thought unfinished, and perhaps would never be put on at all. The heathen Chinese, who do not know the only true God, would tell us that these letters were charms, and would bring good to the child and also keep away evil spirits, of whom the poor people live in constant fear.

Sometimes little boys have girls' names given to them, in the hope

that the spirits will be deceived, and thinking they are *only girls*, not take the trouble to steal or bewitch them. When baby is a few months old, a very curious thing happens: dressed in his gayest clothes, he is placed on a table; books, pens, scales and different kinds of tools are all placed within reach of his small hands, and the family stand round, waiting to see which of the various objects he will choose. If it is a book, they are greatly pleased, for they feel sure he will be a scholar; if a pen, a scribe, or letter-writer; if scales, a shop-keeper; while his trying to grasp a tool would, they think, settle beyond a doubt that he will be a mason or bricklayer.

The Chinese are very fond of mottoes and inscriptions. On doors, windows, gates, pillars, and everywhere, inside and outside their houses, shops and temples, scrolls covered with writing are to be seen. The mottoes or signs over some of the shops are very curious. Here are one or two: "Heavenly Embroidery" is painted in large black characters over a place where coals are sold; while his next door neighbour advertises his shop by the high-sounding title of "Temple of Celestial Principles." A third is called "The Shop of Morning Twilight." Over a house we read, "May the five blessings descend upon this house." There is the owner, so we will ask him what the five blessings are. His reply will be, "Contentment, health, long life, riches and success." Do you notice he puts contentment first? We are reminded of the Bible words: "And having food and raiment let us be therewith content." (1 Tim. vi. 8.)

But I must not forget the wonderful lanterns, the delight of every Chinese child, and not of the children only, but of the grown-up people. They are of all shapes and sizes. Some are made to represent dragons, birds and fishes. Mottoes or riddles are very often painted upon them. Once every year, a great feast called "The Feast of Lanterns" is held, when, as every house is hung with lanterns, the effect is very bright and pretty. It is only the poorer class of Chinese women who, as a rule, are to be seen in the streets. The rich seldom, if ever, go out, except when carried in sedan chairs; but the Feast of Lanterns is a general holiday, and mothers take their children to see the wonderful display of light and colour.

THE CHINESE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

CHILDREN IN CHINA.

The Chinese are a polite people, and though time is often wasted in paying compliments, and they are not always careful to say exactly what they mean, some English boys and girls might perhaps learn a lesson from the respect every Chinese boy is taught to pay to old people. Visiting cards are used by poor as well as rich in China. They are made of a very bright red paper, but different cards are required according to the visit a Chinaman wishes to pay. If he is only going to call upon a slight acquaintance, or a person no better off than himself, a common card will do very well. It is about twelve inches long by four broad, with the full name of the caller written in very large black characters; but if a wedding or a birthday visit is to be paid, a sheet of crimson paper must be folded ten times, each fold being as large as a common card. On the top left-hand corner must be written, if the person he is going to see is about his own age, "Your stupid younger brother," then follows the name, "bows his head, and pays his respects," but if the person visited is much older, it would be thought polite to call himself, "Your more than stupid nephew."

Chinese boys, as a rule, study well; for every one seems to be looking forward to the time when he will be old enough to go in for a Government examination, which are much harder than any we have in England. In some parts of China the students who sit for "honours" are shut up, each one by himself, in a small cell-like room, where he must stay for three days and nights, not being allowed to speak to a single person, but working away at his papers nearly the whole time.

But our great interest in China is not the odd ways of its people, but the open door there is now for the gospel. Much has been done, but a great deal needs still to be done. Though there are many missionaries in China, and quite a number of native Christians, there are many villages in which the sweet story of a Saviour's love has never yet been told. Do we ever ask the Lord to send labourers into this great harvest-field?

After Many Days

Chapter I.

AN ALPINE TRAGEDY.

WHEN we hear or read of the Alpine valleys we shall be reminded not only of snow-crowned mountain peaks, lovely waterfalls, terraced vineyards, and fields where in the early springtime many-coloured flowers form a carpet of no common beauty, but also, I hope, of fellow-Christians, who in days of great darkness and difficulty held a pure faith, and in many instances chose to die rather than give up the simple teachings of the word of God.

Though a large number of the inhabitants of the Tyrol are, and have been for generations past, Roman Catholics, here and there amid the darkness there were gleams of light: little groups of simple and industrious peasants, who, having found in the Bible a treasure far more precious than gems or gold, would not give up their faith or bow to the authority of the Popes of Rome. They knew that they might have to suffer, or even to die for the faith they held, but they had counted the cost, and counting upon God to keep them true and faithful, refused to attend mass or worship the Virgin Mary. "We love and honour her," they said, "but we cannot give to her the worship that belongs only to God and to His Son the Lord Jesus Christ."

The hour of danger and of death had come. A terrible persecution had broken out against the Huguenots, who lived in the part of the Tyrol called Zillerthal, and many, leaving their flocks and vines, had sought safety in flight.

Peter Hollman, the owner of one

of the prettiest cottages in the district, was, at the time of which I write, too feeble and aged to join a party of his friends and neighbours who had made up their minds to quit the valley before the arrival of a band of soldiers, who they had learned were already on their way to force them to submit to the Pope. His two daughters, Anna and Eloise, firmly refused to leave their father, saying, "No, dear father, if we are called to lay down our lives for our faith, let us all die together."

ARRIVAL OF THE SOLDIERS.

Their first care was to seek a place for their much-loved Bible. Hollman knew only too well that it would be destroyed if it fell into the hands of the soldiers, and though he expected no mercy for himself, he wished and prayed that when he should be no more God might speak through its pages to some other heart.

As the shades of evening began to gather, Hollman drew his daughters to his side, and after repeating the Saviour's words, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you" (John xiv. 1, 2), the family knelt in prayer. He prayed as one to whom "unseen things" were very near and real, as one who expected very soon to be with the Saviour whom he had long known and trusted.

He prayed for his daughters and for himself, that faith and courage might be given to them to suffer death, if such were the will of God, rather than deny their Lord.

They had not risen from their knees when the sound of firearms was heard, and a moment later a

band of soldiers burst into the cottage, shouting, "Down with the heretics. We will make short work of the heretics." Going up to the old man, the leader of the band, shaking him roughly, said, "Confess your errors and return to the only true church, or die on the spot, the wretched heretic that you are."

Calmly and gently Hollman replied, "I cannot confess as an error that I have loved and read the Bible; neither can I own as the true church one which has so forgotten the spirit of the Saviour as to persecute and kill His humble followers."

Eloise was the younger of Peter Hollman's daughters. She was only fifteen years of age, and her life had been a very bright and happy one. Naturally timid and gentle, it was not surprising that she turned pale and trembled violently. Anna, who was several years older, was pale but calm; she threw her arms round the trembling girl, whispering tenderly, "Courage, my darling sister; let us be faithful unto death, we shall then receive a crown of life. We shall not be parted in death, but dwell together with our Lord and Saviour."

A crucifix was then thrust before the face of each, and they were ordered to kiss it and repeat a Latin prayer to the Virgin Mary. Their refusal to do so was followed by the gleam of swords and the flash of pistols, and in a few minutes Peter Hollman and his daughters, absent from their bodies, were present with the Lord.

The soldiers then plundered the cottage, and twice set it on fire, but surely the eye of God was upon the carefully hidden Bible, and the cottage was not allowed to burn, for each time the flames went out of themselves.

The soldiers at last left the cottage. A day or two later the bodies of the father and daughters were buried in the garden where they had trained the vines and tended the flowers with such loving care.

Chapter II.

A NEW OWNER.

FOR thirty years the pretty cottage that had been the loved home of Peter Hollman and his daughters stood untenanted, for though sometimes the villagers would speak to each other of the martyred family, saying, "What a pity they refused to go to confession, and would not attend mass; they were always so kind to the poor, and had a smile and a pleasant word for every one," they were, as far as possible, careful to avoid being in the neighbourhood of the cottage after the evening shadows

began to gather, and even the children seldom, if ever, played near its crumbling walls.

And so, year after year, the work of decay went on. A few garden flowers still reared their heads and unfolded their fragrant blossoms among the mass of weeds and undergrowth that had changed the once well-kept garden into a wilderness. The vines, no longer trained by skilled hands, drooped and died. The walls and roof of the cottage suffered greatly from the storms of many winters, and the whole place seemed given over to ruin and desolation.

Such was the state of things when, after an absence of nearly forty years, Adolf Pascilin returned, with his wife and two children, to his native valley. He had left it as a youth of not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age to seek employment elsewhere. Sober, steady, industrious, and possessed of considerable ability, he had had no difficulty in finding work; but, like many of his countrymen, to return to the scenes of his boyhood had been the hope to which he had clung through all those years. For this he had toiled and saved, and when he had acquired what, to a man of his simple tastes and habits, seemed almost a small fortune, he gladly bade good-bye to the busy town in which, for so many years, he had lived and worked, and turned his steps to the valleys of the Tyrol.

Almost his first care after his return was to provide a home for his family, and he remembered how often as a boy he had admired the cottage of Peter Hollman, and, on making inquiries, he found that, owing to its ruinous condition, he could purchase it for a sum much below its real value.

"Why did Peter Hollman leave the cottage?" he asked.

"Ah, my friend, it was a sad day for our village when a party of soldiers, whose business it was to hunt for heretics, entered it. No mercy is, as you know, shewn to those who will not confess and return to the true church, and as Peter and his daughters were obstinate (I have heard the story from my mother), they were killed, and that grassy mound at the foot of the garden marks their graves. Well, all I can say is that I am sorry, for though a heretic, Peter Hollman always acted like a good christian man, and his daughters were fair, gentle girls, and so young. Ah! we are living in troublesome times."

"Heresy is doubtless a great sin," replied Adolf, who thought himself a devout Romanist; he then continued in an easy, good-natured manner, "Yes, it is a sad story, but I do not see why it need prevent me from buying the cottage;

"Come here, Annette, and see what I have found."—PAGE 37.

I like the situation. We shall not disturb the dead, and the dead cannot harm the living."

In less than a week the purchase was made, the title-deeds of the cottage duly signed and witnessed, and its new owner was busily engaged in making such repairs as he thought necessary before bringing his wife and children beneath its roof.

The work was still unfinished when the family took possession of their new home. Though the cottage and garden had begun to recover something of their former beauty and order, much still remained to be done, and when autumn came, with its chilly nights and mornings, Adolf set to work to repair the large, old-fashioned fireplace. While doing so he took up the hearthstone, and great was his surprise on finding beneath it a large, flat parcel, carefully wrapped in many coverings.

"Come here, Annette," he exclaimed to his wife, "and see what I have found. It must be something of great value by the care that has been taken to preserve it from damp."

Together they removed the wrappings and found a large copy of Luther's translation of the New Testament, with some portions of the Old. Both Adolf and his wife, who had never seen a Bible, and, like most of their neighbours, were quite ignorant of God's way of salvation, were greatly surprised.

Adolf opened it at the title page, and after reading the words, "THE NEW TESTAMENT of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST," exclaimed in horror, "Why it must be the book of the heretics! Let us burn it at once, and so rid the house of heresy, or it will surely bring trouble."

"Let us look into it before you destroy it, Adolf," pleaded his wife. "We will hide it again now, but will you not read some of its words to me when the children are in bed? Old Lena, who lives in the hut on the other side of the forest, has told me so much about the Hollmans that I should like to hear some of the words of their book. She says they were good, so it is strange their book should be a bad one."

So the Bible was again hidden to bear fruit "after many days."

(*Continued on page* 58.)

Four Blind Boys.

THERE are not many homes or schools for blind children in India, but it is pleasant now and then to read of a few rescued little ones whose lives have been made brighter, happier and more useful to others than they could ever have been had they been left to grow up in the dark and cheerless surroundings of the homes in which they were born.

One of the first sightless little ones to become a regular pupil was a Mohammedan boy who, one morning, groped his way to a tent where a missionary lady-doctor was seeing patients and giving medicines, and feeling his way to the table where she sat, begged her to open his eyes and give him sight. It did not take long for her to feel sure that for him there was no hope of earthly sight, but might he not one day see the face of Jesus? Speaking kindly to the poor, neglected child, she soon drew from him his sorrowful story. His mother was dead; his father had turned him out because he was blind and useless; nobody wanted him; he belonged to nobody. How his new friend longed to claim him for the Lord! He was about five years old, he seemed all skin and bone; the hunger from which he had so often suffered had written its history upon his pale, pinched features. Taking his hand in hers, she told him that if he would go with her she would find him a home where he would have "several mothers."

With a child's simple trust, he was quite ready to go, and when her morning's work was done, Miss Basu took him to the then newly-opened school for blind children at Amritsar. His looks soon improved under the loving care of "several mothers." In less than five years he was able to read the Bible (in the Braille system) in two languages, English

and Hindustani, and write with ease in both languages, and having a good memory could repeat several chapters by heart. Hearing a question put at a Bible-reading, "What was the cause of the famine in the days of Elijah?" before any one else had time to answer, he replied, "I know; *prayer* was the cause; we are told in James v. 17 that Elijah prayed, and God shut up the heavens and there was no rain."

Jacob, as he is now called, is, it is hoped, a truly christian boy. His great desire is, when he grows up, to be a preacher of the gospel: he is fond of play, but good at lessons as well. Friends in England are writing history for him; and some raised maps lately sent from England have been a great delight to him. The school playground is the flat roof of the house, surrounded by a high railing, and being forty feet above the city street, forms a safe and healthy playground. And the blind boys do enjoy their play hour. It is not uncommon to hear one of them say, "Let's play blind man's buff! but as I am blind there is no need to bandage my eyes." And their game is a very merry one.

Little Mitthra is a great friend of Jacob's. He was quite a tiny child when he was received into the home. His parents, who at one time professed to be Christians, but have gone back to their old heathen ways, never took the trouble to inquire after him, so he has been the pet of the household, his sweet, gentle disposition making him very dear to his teachers and playmates. He is a bright, clever boy, and can read and write Braille with ease. He has been taught how to make mats and baskets from a kind of rush that is very common in some parts of India. Like Jacob, he seems to love the Saviour, and says that when he grows up, he, too, wants to be a preacher. Perhaps some day these boys may be messengers of "glad tidings" to some who, like themselves, will never look upon the bright and beautiful things of earth, but if saved by the precious blood of Christ, they shall one day "SEE HIS FACE."

Joseph is another blind boy who was brought to the home by a missionary lady who devotes much of her time to village work. One day, as she was visiting in a large village in the Fathgahr district, a number of women and children gathered round her. She shewed them

Bible pictures, and spoke to them about the Lord Jesus. One little fellow attracted her notice. He was dirty, almost naked, and nearly blind; but he listened with great attention to all that was said, and when a hymn was sung, quickly caught up the tune and joined with all his heart in the singing. He was just a poor beggar child, homeless and friendless. His relations were all dead, and from day to day he begged his food, sleeping where he could. The missionaries began to shew him kindness, and a little later he was admitted as a pupil to the blind school, as, though not quite blind, he had not sufficient sight to be taught to read printed books.

It was touching to see his delight when proper food was, for the first time, given to him; he trembled with joy, but only ate a portion of the plate of rice and curry placed before him. When asked why he did not eat more, as he must still be hungry, he said that when food was given to him he always kept part for the following day, as he was never sure of getting more. He also took kindly to school life, and gives his friends reason to hope that he will, if his life is spared, grow up a good and useful man. The fourth boy whose story I want to tell you is called Teddie.

One day a christian man stood in the hall with a note in his hand and a dirty, ragged boy by his side. The boy was Teddie, and the note was from a missionary friend working at some distance. "Could Teddie be received as a free inmate of the blind school? He was so poor, so neglected, so friendless." The question was far from being an easy one to answer; funds were low, and the boy was too big to be put with the children, and yet not old enough for the men's class and workshop. Rachel, the children's nurse, passed with food on a tray. The hungry boy looked wistfully at it. Her remark was, "He'll cost a good deal for soap to begin with!" A little later she said, "Perhaps the Lord Jesus has sent him." Teddie was not turned away, for who could say "No" to the Lord. He proved a quiet boy, not quick, but willing and obedient. For a time he was looked after by a christian man and his wife, and after some months placed in the men's workshop to learn a trade. There are many blind children in India; do we ever think of and pray for them?

AMONG THE RED INDIANS.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING the summer months Mr. Young travelled long distances by canoe. In this land of broad lakes and rapid rivers and winding creeks, the birch-bark canoe is of the greatest use. It is to the Red Indian of the North West what the horse is to his more war-like brother on the great prairies. It is very lightly made and yet it can be loaded almost to the water's edge, and large canoes will easily carry from twelve to fifteen men.

The Indians shew great skill and ingenuity in the construction of their canoes. In the first place great care is needed in stripping the bark from the tree. A long cut is first made down the trunk of the tree, and from this the Indian begins and with his keen knife gradually peels off the whole of the bark, as high as his cut went, in one large sheet. Even when he has safely got it off the tree the greatest care is necessary in handling it, as it will split or crack very easily.

Then the framework is prepared, and is usually made of cedar, if obtainable. The pièces of birch bark have to be sewn together, and the whole is then fastened to the outer frame. The sewing is done with the long, slender roots of the balsam or larch trees, which are soaked and rubbed until they are as flexible as leather.

Great care is taken to make the canoe watertight. To accomplish this the boat is often hung between two trees and filled with water, and every place where the smallest leak is found is marked and when the canoe is emptied the weak places are well covered with melted

pitch, which is obtained from the spruce and balsam trees.

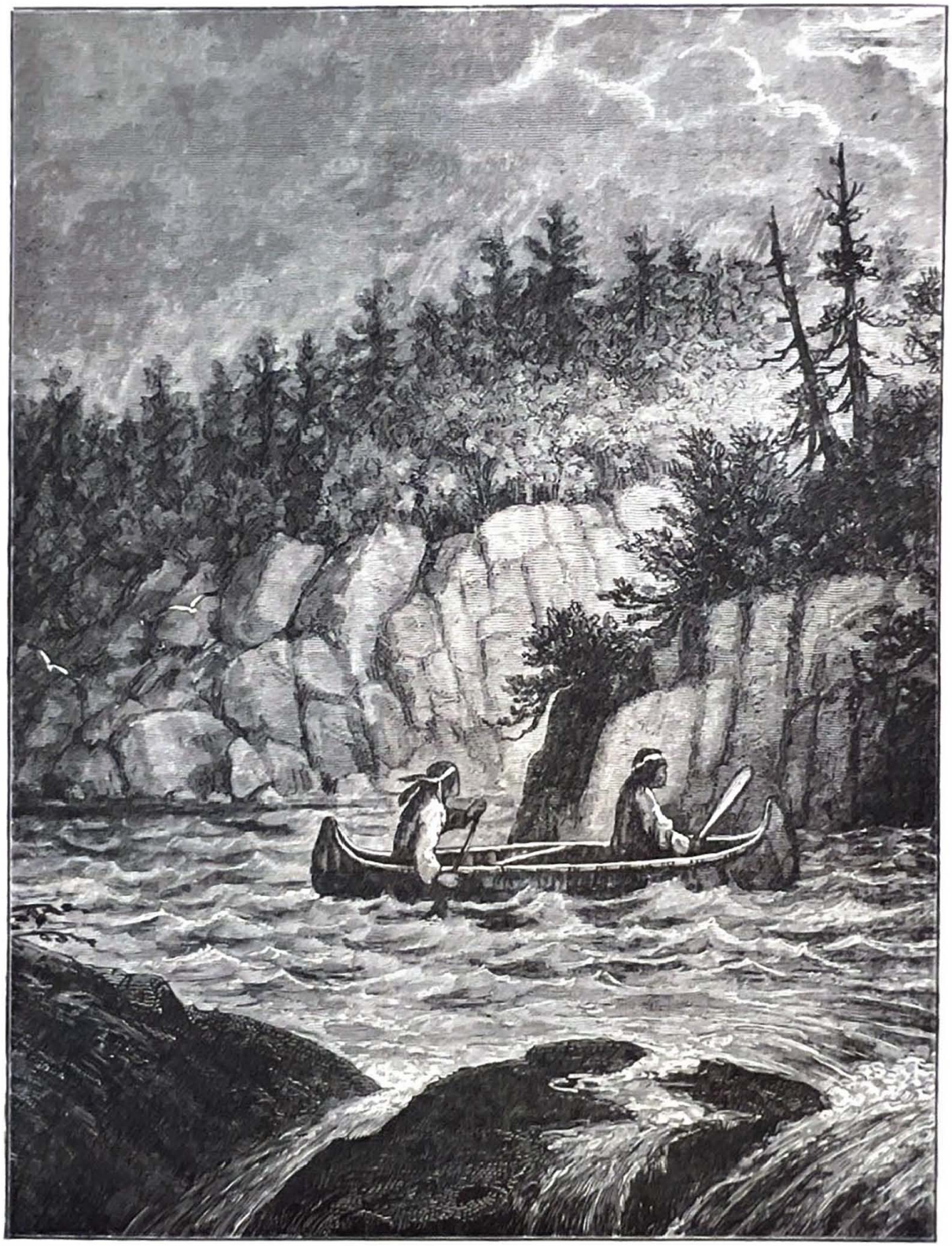
Mr. Young had many exciting adventures in his journeys on the great lakes, where storms are often met with that threaten to swamp the light canoes, but the skill of his well-trained canoe men was equal to every emergency, though the waves sometimes rival those of the ocean in size.

He had especial cause to thank God on one occasion for preserving his own life and that of his two companions when caught in a storm in the middle of lake Winnipeg, a few miles from the place that was their destination. At first they rode the waves safely, but when the full force of the storm reached them their canoe was tossed about like a cork, and a wave of unusual size struck the frail craft and split the birch-bark bottom from side to side. The missionary quickly folded a blanket and carefully placed it over the rent and kneeled down upon it, and while one of the Indians baled with a tin he and the other plied their paddles for dear life. After a hard struggle they reached an island more than a mile away with their canoe half full of water. Here they were able to land and repair the damaged bottom with sail-cloth and pitch melted on the camp fire they lighted to dry their drenched bedding and clothes.

At other times his way lay along the broad rivers through the wildest country imaginable, when for miles they did not see a house, with the exception of the lodges built by the beavers. There the chief danger was from falls or rapids.

When one of these was encountered it meant a good deal of labour, as the canoe had to be dragged ashore, the bedding and provisions unloaded and the whole carried past the obstruction. In these portages one of the Indians carried the canoe on his head while Mr. Young and the other divided the remainder of their belongings between them. Sometimes the path was only a narrow ledge of rock close under a great granite cliff, at others through a treacherous swamp, or through regions so wild that there was hardly anything to indicate the right direction. As many as eight or ten of these portages might have to be made in one trip, and though when no storms or head winds hindered them they were able to travel fifty or sixty miles in a day, at other times in stormy weather they were continually drenched with the rain and their lot was anything but an enviable one.

In closing this chapter, I must tell you of one occasion when they and their canoe narrowly escaped being crushed in the ice. One spring they started on a trip before the



INDIAN CANOE MEN.

floating ice-fields had disappeared, and after some hours they came to a place where for many miles the moving ice-fields stretched before them. Only one narrow channel of water could be seen, and anxious to get on they dashed into it and rapidly paddled along. But instead of widening as they had hoped, they found the ice slowly but surely closing in upon them. There seemed small hope of escape, but when it was so near that they could easily touch it on either side with their paddles, one of the Indians said, "Missionary, will you give me your paddle?" It was handed to him, and immediately he thrust it with his own into the water, holding the ends of them so low in the water, and horizontally under the canoe, that the blade end was out of the water on the other side of the boat. The other Indian held two paddles in a similar position. Almost immediately the ice crowded in upon them, but as the blades of the paddles were higher than the ice, of course they rested upon it for a moment.

This was what the Indians were waiting for, and using the ice as a fulcrum for their paddles, they pulled on the handle ends of them, and the canoe slid up on to the ice as it closed in and met with a crash under them. They sprang quickly out of the canoe and carried it away from where the ice was being ground to powder by the force of the impact, thankful that they had escaped by this means from the power of the ice, which would have been sufficient to crush a good-sized ship.

Chapter IX.

MANY of the Indians not only listened with great attention to the preaching of the gospel whenever Mr. Young visited their fishing or hunting grounds, but received the word with gladness, and shewed by their changed lives that for them "old things had passed away." Upon his first visit to a tribe who lived so far from the mission house that it was not possible to visit them oftener than twice a year, in summer by canoe and in winter by dog-train, he became interested in a very aged man, with snow-white hair, who, though he at first opposed the missionary, and was angry with him for going amongst his people, soon became an earnest and attentive listener, and said he wished very much to become a Christian. He never seemed to tire of listening to simple Bible teaching or having the way of salvation more fully explained to him. He would follow Mr. Young from place to place like his shadow. If he taught the children, preached the

gospel to the older people, or visited among the wigwams, it made no difference to the old man, he was always by his side.

Sometimes, when after a long day's work in preaching and visiting, the tired missionary, before wrapping himself in his blanket and lying down upon his bed of leaves and twigs, would kneel for a short time in silent prayer, a quiet voice, close to his ear, would whisper, "Missi, pray in Indian, and pray very loud that poor Indian can hear you." When the visit, that was all too short, came to an end, he would say, "Come back very soon, yes, very soon. I am an old man, and I cannot remember all you have told me about the great Spirit and His Son Jesus Christ. I want to hear it all again many, many times that I may not forget it."

It was the old man's farewell—they were not to meet again on earth. On his next visit to his village, quite a crowd gathered round the missionary to bid him welcome. Long and anxiously, but in vain, he looked for the old man with snow-white hair. The first gospel service was held only an hour after his arrival. At its close he asked, "Where is the grandfather, the old man with hair like the snowdrift ? "

The people, among whom were quite a number of his sons and grandsons, looked sadly at each other, but no one spoke. The Red Indians, until as Christians they have learnt that through the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ death is a conquered foe, will not, if they can in any way avoid doing so, speak of any of the friends or relations they have lost through death. But Mr. Young continued, "Tell me why he is not here. What have you done with him ? Tell me quickly, for I must know."

After what seemed a long silence, one of the sons rose, and said, "Our father with the snowy hair is no longer among the living."

The answer left no doubt as to the old man's death. "Tell me why he left you. I very much wish to know."

"Come with us to our wigwam, and we will tell you;" they said. The account of the old man's death is best given in their own words.

"Soon after you left us last summer, missionary, the grandfather got very sick, and after some weeks he seemed to know that he must soon leave us. He called us all to him, and said a great many words to us. I cannot remember all that he said, but I do remember that he said, 'Oh, how I wish Missi would soon come again to talk to me and comfort me ! But he is far away, and my memory is bad. I forget what he said to me, and many of the words he read to me

out of the great book. My body is getting weak, and so is my mind. Tell him his coming was like the sunshine on the waters; but he came so seldom that many of the good things he used to tell us about the great Spirit and His Son seemed to have slipped away from me. Tell him how, as long as I was able, I used to go day after day to the point and look over the lake to watch for his canoe returning. And when the winter set in I would go out to the rocks and listen for the sound of his sleigh-bells. But, alas! I heard them not. Oh, that he were here now; he would help me, he would comfort me. But he is far away, so get me my old drum, for I must die as my fathers have done. But you are young, and your memories are not bad; you can remember all the missionary has said to you. Listen to his words. Do not let them slip from your minds. Serve the great Spirit, love His great book, and then you will not die as I am dying, in the dark. But you must give up all our old heathen Indian ways. You must be Christians.'

"Soon after that he spoke no more, and we thought he was asleep: But when we could not hear him breathe, we went near and touched his hand. It was cold, and we knew he was not among the living. But we do not forget his words, and we want you to stay till you have taught us how to become disciples of Jesus Christ."

(*Concluded on page* 83.)

TASTING.

A CHRISTIAN friend of mine told me that once in the city of C—— a boy was walking along with a pot of honey in his hand, when a gentleman inquired what he had in the pot. His reply was, "Honey, sir." "What is honey?" inquired the gentleman. "Sweet stuff, sir," was the reply. "How sweet is it?" said the gentleman. "Very, very sweet, sir," said the boy. "What do you mean by very, very sweet?" replied the gentleman. "Here, *taste it for yourself*," said the youngster, at the same time handing him the pot of honey.

Now this is just what we want our young readers to do as to the goodness of God. "Taste and see that the Lord is good," and then you will be able to finish the verse by saying from the heart, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in him." (Psalm xxxiv. 8). J. M.

William Carey.

Chapter I.

A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE VILLAGE.

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." (Prov. xx. 11.)

VILLAGE life in England a hundred-and-fifty years ago was very different from what it is to-day. The telegraph and telephone were things unheard of. No one had ever travelled in a railway carriage, or seen a steamboat. Very few letters were written or received, for as there was no penny post, it cost what in those days must have seemed quite a large sum to send a letter even to the nearest town; while for greater distances still more was charged.

Work hours were long; holidays did not come very often; children were sent to work in the fields or at the loom when not more than seven or eight years of age, and often grew up without knowing how to read and write, as, though almost every village had its school, many of the poorer people said that they could not afford to pay school fees; and as they had never been to school themselves, they did not see that "book-learning," as they called it, was likely to do their children much good.

The Northamptonshire village of Paulersbury was not a large or thickly-peopled one when, on a bright August day in 1761, there was rejoicing in the small two-roomed cottage of a hand-loom weaver over the birth of a little son, the firstborn, and for some time the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Carey. The family had seen better days, and that Mr. Carey's father was the first schoolmaster of the

village gives ample proof that he had received an education superior to that of most of his neighbours.

The baby received the name of William (helper of many). He was bright, lively and healthy; but no one even guessed how loved and honoured the name of William Carey was to be, not only as a christian missionary, but as a translator of the scriptures into a language read and spoken by millions of people in India. Almost before the child was able to speak plainly he seemed to be always picking up scraps of knowledge; often in the early dawn of a summer's morning his mother would be awakened by his baby voice, and in answer to her question, "What is it, Willie?" he just wanted to know something he was sure mother could tell him.

Five sons and daughters made the little cottage at times seem somewhat crowded; but if the Careys were not rich in worldly goods, they were in affection, and their home, if humble, was a happy one.

The first six years of William's life were spent mostly under the care of his widowed grandmother; she was a woman who feared and loved God, and we cannot tell how much her early training may have done to make her grandson what he afterwards became. As the boy grew older, he was often with his grandfather, and it is not at all unlikely that he may have heard from his lips stories of great and good men whose birthplaces had been not many miles from his native village. Wyclif, who has been called "the morning star of the Reformation," could hardly have been forgotten; while the story of John Bunyan, who wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress" and was imprisoned at Bedford on account of his faithfulness as a preacher of the gospel, would be a never-failing interest to the boy; he would also hear of Fox, from whose writings we learn so much of what was suffered for the word of God in martyr times in England.

Philip Doddridge and John Newton, both well-known as hymn-writers, had lived in the neighbourhood; and while William Carey was still a youth, his village was the home of the poet Cowper. When William was six years of age, a great change in his surroundings took place. His father was appointed schoolmaster, and the family removed to the school-house, where the next eight years of his life were spent.

His schoolboy life seems to have been on the whole a happy one. He learnt quickly, entered with all the energy of his being into boyish amusements, and was a general favourite with his schoolfellows.

At one time the boys wanted to climb a very tall tree that grew

WILLIAM CAREY AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.

near the village. Several had tried and failed; William made up his mind to succeed, and though he got a fall or two on his first attempts, he took "Try, try, try again" as his motto, and kept on trying, till at last he had the pleasure of gaining its topmost branch. Whatever the boy began he finished. Miles of open and very beautiful country lay round his home, and he dearly loved long walks. Birds, flowers and insects were to him never-failing sources of delight; he early formed the habit of observation, and though very few books on the subject were at that time to be had, he began his "nature studies" when not more than seven or eight years of age.

After the family went to live at the old-fashioned school-house, William had a room to himself; it soon became at once a library, a museum, and a natural history collection. His sister said of the room that its walls were covered with insects, which he kept that he might observe their habits. He had also several pet birds which, when he was away from home, were left in her care. In after years she wrote, "I really tried to take care of his birds, and though I often killed them with kindness, when he saw how really sorry I was, he not only forgave me, but left his pets in my care the next time he was obliged to be away from home."

Chapter II.

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." (Eccles. xii. 1.)

"COLUMBUS," as William Carey was in sport called by his schoolfellows, gave early proof of genius, and if the villagers among whom he lived did not understand, they soon learnt to respect him. His school-mates would often say, "Now, Columbus, if you won't play, preach us a sermon." Mounting an old dwarf-elm about seven feet high, on whose forked branches several could sit, he would hold forth for a considerable time, and they seldom failed to listen well. The same old tree was also his favourite spot for reading.

Many years after, when he was a missionary in India, he wrote of his schoolboy days: "I had not many books, but borrowed from friends and neighbours far and near. Books of history, science, travels and voyages were, whenever I could get them, my choice. Novels and plays disgusted me, so I avoided them. 'The Pilgrim's Progress' I read several times, but to no purpose, as I did not understand it."

The old parish church, part of which was built in the time of the

Normans, was, with its quaint carvings and curious monuments, another source of interest to the thoughtful boy, but its cold and formal services left little, if any, impression upon his mind. Still his home training was good, and the habit of reading the scriptures was early formed.

In that quiet country village there were but few openings for the boys when their school-days ended. There was not much room for choice. Farm-labourer, weaver, or shoemaker seemed the only ways of earning a living open to young Carey or his school-fellows, and at that time wages were so low that it was impossible to make any provision for sickness or old age, very many being, after a life of hard work, obliged to go into the workhouse.

For two years after leaving school Carey tried field-work, but whenever exposed to the sun he suffered so greatly from a painful disease that attacked his face and hands, that it was decided that indoor employment would be more suited to him, and at the age of sixteen his father made up his mind, as soon as an opening could be found, to bind him apprentice to the shoemaking.

A master shoemaker, Charles Nichols by name, who lived at a place called Hackleton, about nine miles from his native village, agreed to receive the youth as apprentice to his trade. He appears to have been a moral man, and one who, though destitute of any saving knowledge of Christ, prided himself upon being a regular church-goer. Carey also considered himself a strict churchman. The elder apprentice, who was in God's hand to be the means of leading the boy to the Saviour, attended chapel, and their talk over their work often took a serious turn.

For twelve years, from the age of sixteen to twenty-eight, William Carey was a shoemaker; and perhaps none who saw him at his work or met him in his weekly walks to Northampton or Kettering, carrying a bag of shoes to the warehouse, even guessed that his name would one day be honoured and known as one of the most learned scholars of his day, and the most able translator of the Bible into some of the many languages of India. God, whose ways are not as our ways, saw it was best for the future missionary to keep him so long at his humble occupation, for He was Himself fitting and moulding him for the great work that lay before him.

I do not think that shoemaking was exactly the kind of work young Carey would have chosen had his health at that time permitted a more active outdoor life, for he was a great lover of flowers and gardening. From the time when a boy

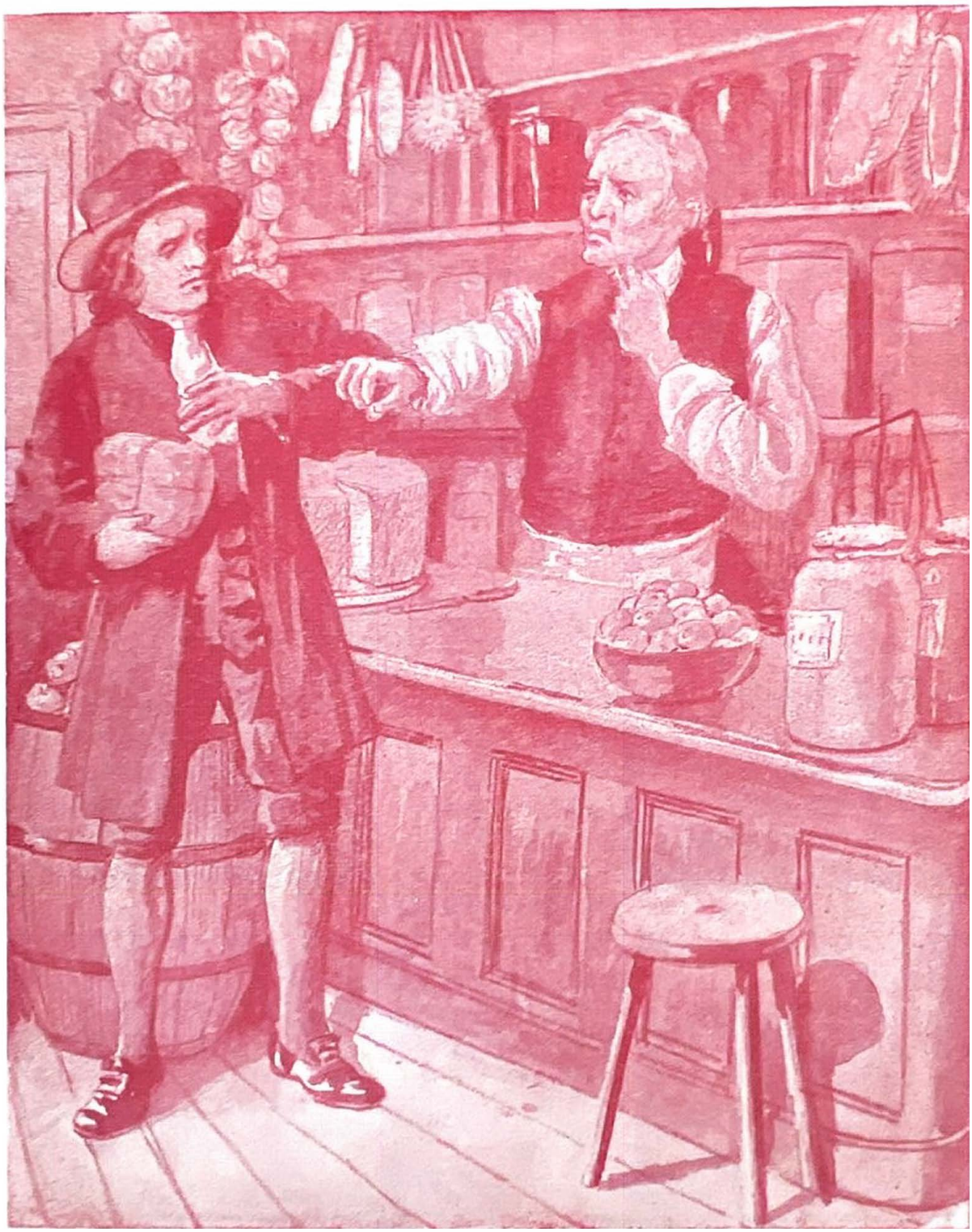
of fourteen he took the entire charge of his father's garden at the schoolhouse, to his death, wherever he was, at home or abroad, poor or in comfortable circumstances, he always had a garden, well-stocked and neatly kept. The beautiful Botanical Park and Gardens at Serampur, which for more than fifty years held their own as the finest in South India, were the fruit of his skill and industry.

Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, worked, as we know, with his own hands at his trade as a tentmaker, not only for his own support, but that he might help others; and William Carey was not the only shoemaker who, in the wisdom of God, has been called to higher service. Hans Sachs, a shoemaker of Nuremberg, was also a poet. He was warmly attached to Martin Luther, from whom it is not unlikely he learnt the truth as it is in Jesus. He has been called "the master-singer of the Reformation," and his hymns and songs on sacred subjects were quickly learnt and sung throughout Germany.

When Carey left home and entered upon his apprenticeship, he was not only thought well of by others, but he thought well of himself. Was he not moral, upright and respectable? He would, he thought, have scorned to do anything mean or dishonourable. But an incident that occurred before he had been very long in his new situation was used by God to strip him of his self-righteousness, and led him to see that as a sinner needing salvation he must take it as the free gift of God, that he could not earn or buy it by any fancied goodness of his own.

It was usual in those days for the apprentices to be allowed to collect Christmas boxes (small sums of money from the tradesmen with whom their master dealt, or customers they had waited upon during the year). Among those Carey called upon in the hope of receiving some small coin in exchange for his good wishes was an ironmonger, who asked the youth which he would have, a sixpence or a shilling? He chose the shilling, and on his way home made some purchase, when, to his surprise and disappointment, he found that his supposed shilling was not a coin of the realm, but only a brass medal silvered over, and so of no value at all. He had not money enough to pay for the things he had bought, so changed a shilling belonging to his master.

Finding he required a few pence to make up the sum needed for repayment, he yielded to the temptation to try to cover one sin by another, and on his return told an untruth about the money he had received. Strange to say, he prayed about it, and promised God that if he was not found out, he would never be dishonest or untruthful



He found that his shilling was not a coin of the realm.—PAGE 52

again. He was, however, "found out," and besides severe reproofs from his master, he was so filled with shame and sorrow, that for weeks he did not care to go out, as he thought every person he met would be looking at him and talking about what he had done. His good opinion of himself was gone, and gone for ever, and for the first time in his life the prayer "God be merciful to me a sinner" was the cry of his heart.

Chapter III.

OLD THINGS PASSED AWAY.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word." (Psa. cxix. 9.)

UP to the age of eighteen William Carey had been on very good terms with himself. Friends and neighbours looked upon him as a model youth, and even held him up as an example to their sons. His outward life was blameless and respectable; was he not a regular church-goer, a dutiful son, and a kind brother? But partly through the incident recorded in the last chapter he had found out that he was not all he had thought himself to be. The Holy Spirit had begun a work in his soul; the word, "Let there be light," had gone forth, and in that light he saw himself to be what he really was, a lost and helpless sinner.

In the ministry of the church he attended there was very little spiritual help to be found. The darkness in many villages of so-called christian England was at that time almost as great as in after years Carey found among the heathen, to whom he was sent as a messenger of glad tidings. But God, who never leaves Himself without a witness, in His mercy guided the steps of the youth to some Christians who lived in a neighbouring village. They had themselves received the gospel from the Moravian brethren. He was longing for peace and rest of soul, and they shewed him that "salvation is of the Lord," that he could not obtain the forgiveness of his sins by any efforts of his own, but must receive it as the free gift of God; that what he needed was to know Christ as a living Person.

Resting his weary, sin-burdened soul simply on the finished work of Christ, he found peace, but longed for more light and a better knowledge of the will and ways of God. Well was it for him that his Bible was his daily companion and teacher. From its pages he became truly "wise unto salvation."

Soon after his conversion he had a great desire to confess his Lord and Saviour by baptism. Years later, the story of his baptism was

told at a missionary meeting by Mr. Ryland, who said: "On October 5th, 1783, I baptised in the river Nen, a little below Dr. Doddridge's meeting-house at Northampton, a poor journeyman shoemaker, little thinking that before nine years had elapsed he would be used by God to arouse the Christians of England to the duty of sending missionaries to the heathen, and he himself among the very first to go."

Except his dearly-loved Bible Carey had but few books, but he made good use of the few he had. One curious old book, called "Help to Zion's Travellers," appears to have been a great help and comfort to him; he read it over and over again, made notes in a very neat hand along its somewhat wide margins, and often spoke of it as having proved a real friend to him in seasons of discouragement. The copy he used, worn and worm-eaten, and almost falling to pieces with age, is still preserved in the library of one of the colleges at Oxford.

From the time of his conversion a deep love to Christ filled his soul. For some years he stood alone in his father's house, though when he asked permission to have family prayer whenever he visited the home of his boyhood, his request was not refused. He was not understood by those to whom he was so nearly related. His sister remembered one occasion of which she said, "Only my love for my brother kept me from being very angry with him, and shewing it too. He had quoted in prayer the words from Isaiah, 'our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' I did not think he thought *his* so, but looked upon me and the family as filthy, not himself and his friends. Oh, what pride is in the human heart!"

The death of Carey's first master, before the close of his apprenticeship, made a change necessary, and he was transferred to a Mr. T. Old, who carried on his business as a shoemaker in a small shop on the high road, between Olney and Northampton. The shop was a little way from the dwelling-house; and years after, one who knew him well during the closing years of his apprenticeship would point to it and say, "*That was William Carey's college.*" His remarkable talent for learning languages had begun to shew itself, for while still working as a journeyman shoemaker, he had acquired a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek and Latin.

(*Continued on page 73.*)

UNSEARCHABLE RICHES,

AND HOW A POOR MAN FOUND THEM.

"I MUST be rich! I will be rich!" The speaker was Jean Barri, a young silk-weaver, who lived some years ago in a village not far from the old French town of Lyons. Clever at his trade, steady and industrious, he had constant work, but his earnings were not large, and for months his friends had noticed how restless and discontented he had grown. A great longing for wealth had taken possession of his mind; by night his dreams were of the gold he hoped some day to win, and by day, as he bent over his loom, his mind was busy with one question, "How can I grow rich?"

He would do what others had done, leave his native land and go to Africa. He had heard of some who had made large fortunes on the Gold Coast. Gold was, he believed, to be had there almost for the picking up. Yes, he would go, and in a few years, he hoped, return a wealthy man, buy or build a beautiful house, and pass the rest of his life in idleness and pleasure.

The old weaver to whom he confided his hopes and plans looked grave and said, "It is, I believe, true that some who have gone to the Gold Coast have grown rich, but many have returned poorer than they went; some have lost their health, and others have died. How do you know that you will be among the few who succeed? And why should Babeete wait till her eyes grow dim with weeping, and her hair is white with age? You have known each other for seven years, and she is not anxious to be rich."

But Jean had made up his mind. Go he would. His friends said that he was mad, and would return a poorer man than he went away. His answer was, "If I cannot bring riches I will not return at all." By selling his loom and other possessions, he

got money enough to pay his passage out. But Africa was not the land of gold he had expected to find it. No one seemed to want the kind of work he could do. His small stock of money was soon spent; poor and friendless, he hardly knew how to get food. Weavers were, he was told, wanted in England. If he could get to that country, he would find employment and receive good wages. After some time of hardship and waiting the captain of a ship allowed him to work his passage to the London docks.

A stranger in a strange land, he found his way to Lambeth, where at that time quite a number of French families were living. He had not been there more than a day or two, before God, "who is rich in mercy," raised up a friend for the sad, lonely man.

A kind-hearted Englishwoman said if he cared to live in her attic till he could get work, he might do so; he might also use a loom, already there, which had belonged to an old weaver who died under her roof; she had nursed him in his last illness; he was too poor to pay even his rent, but had left her his loom and a few other things of small value. Barri accepted the offer gladly, and being a good workman soon obtained employment; still the riches he longed for seemed as far away as ever, and he often felt sad and lonely.

Often he would think of his own sunny France, and say to himself, "I will not lose heart, surely I shall yet be rich, and the long, weary waiting time will be over." One evening, just as the setting sun gilded the tops of the houses he could see from his attic window, the door opened, and a fair-headed, bright-faced little fellow of three entered. Pushing the weaver into a chair he said, "Mother's out, all out. Pimpy wants to say prayers, 'ou hear Pimpy"; and kneeling by his side, the child lisped in baby words a simple prayer his mother had taught him. Rising from his knees he looked gravely at his new friend for a moment, then again kneeling, added to his little prayer, "Please, dear God, bless Barri." The weaver, who was fond of children, caught the little boy in his arms, kissed him, and gave him a lump of sugar. Pimpy then trotted off to, as he said, "put himself to bed."

Before an hour had passed Jean had another visitor. Mrs. Mortimer, Pimpy's mother, climbed the somewhat steep stairs leading to the attic. Having been sent for to visit a sick neighbour, she had been detained longer than she had expected, but she wanted to thank the weaver for his kindness to her little boy. "Pimpy," she said, "can talk of nothing but you and the sugar. God bless you, Mr. Barri," and the busy woman, with a kindly "good-night," turned to go.

"Stop a moment!" cried Barri, in his broken English. "Twice this evening God has been asked to bless me, first by a little child, then by a woman; if there is a God, surely He will hear such prayers, and send me the gold, yes, the riches I long for." "Yes, there is a God," Mrs. Mortimer said, "and the sooner you believe it the better, Mr. Barri; and there are two kinds of riches, one kind you must work for, and you may get it or you may not; but even if you do, you have to leave it all behind you when you die; the other kind is a free gift, it is kept for you and can never be taken away, and I am one of those who prefer having my fortune made for me; but I must not stop talking any longer, so good-night, and again I say, God bless you."

Barri thanked her, and said he should like both kinds. He did not understand all that she had said, but new thoughts were in his mind; he had failed in getting the riches he had sought, perhaps it would be well for him to seek those of which Mrs. Mortimer had spoken. But how or where to begin he did not know.

The next evening, and for many that followed, Pimpy trotted up with the same errand, he wanted Barri to hear him say his evening prayer; and little by little the weaver began to pray for himself. He hardly knew what he wanted, or how to ask for it, but for him the light had dawned, God the Holy Spirit had begun a work in his soul.

"I ought to have thought of it before, Mr. Barri," his landlady said one day, "but you must feel lonesome at times all by yourself here; come downstairs sometimes in the evenings, you might

like a bit of English home comfort, and my husband will be glad to see you, that he will."

From that time the weaver often spent his evenings with Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, who, having themselves found the true riches, sought to lead him to the Saviour they loved. He bought a French Bible, and some happy hours were spent with his friends, reading the word of God together. He went with them to hear the gospel preached, but was disappointed at finding he could only understand a few words here and there.

After the meeting, an old man took him by the hand, saying kindly, "My friend, have you found the 'unsearchable riches'?"

Barri replied sadly, "Ah! I went to Africa to seek for riches, but I had to return without them, I have not yet found them."

"And I, when I was a young man, went to Australia on the same errand," said the old man, "but in finding Christ I found the true riches; and you may have them too, for it is 'whosoever will, let him come.'" And before many weeks had passed a seeking Saviour and a long-sought sinner met; peace, too deep for words, filled the soul of the French weaver.

He wrote to Babeete, telling her how at last he had found the true riches, and asking her to come to England to be married to him, he was earning enough for both. But her reply was a great disappointment; she said he had deceived her, he had promised to return with riches, but he had not done so, and she was about to be the wife of another.

While still working at his trade, he gave all his spare time to gospel work among the French families in and near Lambeth. God owned and blessed his work. After a time he went to help a missionary working in Paris, "for," he said, "I can return to my native land, as I have found better riches than those I left it to seek." A few years of happy service were his, and then he caught a fever from a sick person he visited, and died, full of joy in the Lord.

After Many Days

(*Continued.*)

Chapter III.

LONG HIDDEN TREASURE.

IT was an evening in late autumn. Without, it was almost dark. The branches of the trees, that formed a background of no common beauty to the cottage of the Pascilins, swayed and moaned with the wind, while their leaves of many shades of green, brown, crimson and orange fell softly and silently upon the mossy carpet beneath.

Within all was bright and cheery. The children, tired out by a long ramble in the woods, were in bed and sleeping soundly. Adolf had closed the heavy wooden shutter and lighted the lamp. Annette had cleared the table, and heaped a fresh supply of pine-cones and branches upon the fire, and after drawing her spinning-wheel from the corner where it usually stood, sat down near her husband; for though it had required some persuasion on her part to induce him a second time to open the book of the heretics, he had during the day promised to do so, and she knew him to be a man who kept his word.

Perhaps it was from fear of discovery that Adolf had returned the Bible to the place beneath the hearthstone, where it had been so carefully hidden; or he may have thought that out of sight it would be out of mind, that Annette would not refer to it, and at some convenient season he would destroy it; but when reminded by her of his promise, he rose half unwillingly, raised the stone and placed the Bible upon the table, saying, as he did so, "I hope, Annette, we are not bringing trouble or sickness upon ourselves or our children by

opening the heretics' book, or even keeping it in the house. If his reverence the priest were to come in he would be very angry, and order me to throw the book into the fire, and perhaps I had better do so at once."

"O Adolf, not until you have read some of its words to me. Poor old Lena, who lives on the other side of the forest, knew Peter Hollman and his daughters quite well, and she has told me of so many kind things they did, that I should very much like to know something about their book. If it is, as we have been told, a bad book, I will say, Burn it, with all my heart; but let us first read some of its words."

"What can you have heard from Lena that has made you so anxious to know more about the heretics?" Adolf asked with some degree of interest.

"Thirty years or more ago Lena was quite young, but she was married and had several children. They were very poor, for her husband, who was a woodman, had been hurt by the falling of a tree, and was often too ill to go to work. A fever broke out in the village: her husband was one of the first to take it, and died. Then three of her children were sick. She could not leave them to work in the fields, and had it not been for the kindness of Peter Hollman and his daughters, they would often have been without food. On one occasion, when her youngest child was not expected to live till the morning, Anna, though quite alone, crossed the dark forest at nearly midnight, carrying food and medicine, and watched with her all night by the little sufferer."

"She must have been a brave as well as a kind-hearted girl," replied Adolf warmly. "I am no coward, but I should not myself care to cross the forest after dark; strange stories were told about it when I was a boy. But since we have got out their book we may as well read a little here and there, to-morrow will be time enough to burn it."

As he spoke he opened the book, when to the surprise of both a neatly folded paper fell from between its pages.

"Read it, Adolf, do read it," exclaimed Annette, "perhaps it is a letter from Peter himself, and will tell us why they chose to die rather than attend mass or go to confession."

After a few moments' silence, Adolf read the following words: "I and my daughters have heard that those who seek our lives have entered our beloved valley. We cannot seek safety in flight, so have determined to await them here. We will try to conceal this precious book from their fury. Possibly it

may fall into the hands of some person who would wish to know if the words we have loved to read in life, and if the truths we have drawn from it, are enough to support us in death. I answer, never did they seem so true as now; never were they so dear, never did they possess such power to comfort the soul. They *are* sufficient to comfort the soul. Stranger, a voice speaks to thee from the dead! It bids thee guard with care what has been purchased for thee by the blood of martyrs. Pray that light from the Holy Spirit may beam upon it, and that thou also may be able to say in thy dying hour, 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight . . . I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' These words, which we quote from the holy and ever-blessed Scriptures, as expressive of our own feelings, may be found in 2 Timothy iv. 6–8.

"In expectation of our dying hour.

"(Signed), PETER HOLLMAN,
"ANNA HOLLMAN,
"ELOISE HOLLMAN."

A sob burst from Annette Pascilin as this deeply touching letter was read, and the heart of her husband was strangely moved.

"What noble words!" exclaimed Adolf. "On one point I am resolved, my hands shall never cast into the flames a book which could give such comfort in life, and such peace in the prospect of a speedy and violent death."

"Let us read it for ourselves," said Annette, "then we shall be able to judge for ourselves whether its teachings are good or bad. We need not tell any one of our discovery, but every night when the children are asleep we will read it together. I wish I could have known the Hollmans; Lena never seems tired of talking about them. She says that though they were not rich, they always seemed able to help and comfort every one in the valley who was sick or in any trouble."

Adolf had hardly heard what Annette was saying, he had been so intent upon the newly found Bible; but new light seemed poured into his soul as he said, "Hear this, Annette, I never before saw such wonderful words," and he began to read 1 John iii. 2, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

"Sons of God! how simple, and

yet how grand," said Adolf, "but it surely cannot mean poor peasants like ourselves. It can only be true of holy men such as priests and monks. But it is late now, to-morrow we will read more."

Chapter IV.

CLEARER LIGHT.

NIGHT after night Adolf Pascilin read the Bible to his wife, who listened with ever-growing interest and attention. Both were learning, taught by the Holy Spirit from the simple teaching of the word of God, the way of salvation by faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus; and when they saw that they too might be numbered among the children of God, their joy was deep and lasting.

One evening Adolf read, "And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins." (1 John iii. 5.) He laid down the Bible, and after a few moments' thought exclaimed, "O Annette, how simple it is. It is the Lord Jesus Himself who takes away our sins. Not one word is added about a priest, and we are not even told to do penance for our sins. I do not see that either can be needed for our salvation. If they are I cannot understand why they are not mentioned by the Apostle John who wrote these wonderful letters."

Again he read, "There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." (1 Tim. ii. 5.) "One mediator!" he cried joyfully, "and that One the Son of God; but," and a shadow seemed for a moment to damp his joy, as he continued, "how shall I who am a sinner dare to approach such a great and holy Person?"

"Does not the book also say, 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find'?" Annette asked. "When you read those wondrous words to me more than a week ago I took courage, though I am but a poor woman, to ask God to make me one of His children, and I tell our little ones some of the words of the book, and they are so pleased, and say, 'Why does not father read the book to us?'"

"So I will, God helping me," Adolf said with deep earnestness.

Though at first the Pascilins had intended to keep their discovery of the Bible a secret, they soon longed to share with others the joy that filled their own souls. They began by telling their children of the Saviour who loved and blessed the little ones. They had no very near neighbours, but among the dwellers in the valley were many who had never even heard of the love of God to sinners. Among the Romanists

THE VILLAGERS VISIT THE PASCILINS.

the custom was to go to mass quite early on the morning of every Lord's day, then keeping up the line of things that had continued for many generations among the Swiss peasants, they all assembled on some open space and spent the afternoon in dancing and other amusements, often continued until lengthening shadows reminded them that it was time to disperse to their somewhat scattered homes.

From the day on which Adolf Pascilin and his wife began to read the Bible, they had found such absorbing interest in its contents that every spare moment was devoted to its study; and as it was well known in the valley that Adolf did not work on the day of rest, it was not long before their absence from those weekly gatherings was noticed. But though no one guessed the real cause it called forth a good deal of remark.

"How can the Pascilins live without amusement?" said one who knew them. "I cannot think how

they spend their time in that out-of-the-way cottage now that they no longer come to the weekly dance, where even those who do not care for dancing can always meet their friends and talk over all the news of the valley."

It was not long before Adolf was asked by one who had known him in his boyhood to give a reason for their absence. "Pray come to my house and see for yourself," replied Adolf in his good-natured way. "Bring as many of our country people as you can, my good friend, and I will promise to entertain you all very pleasantly, even though I shall not invite you to dance." Though some of the villagers who had begun to suspect Pascilin of heresy refused his invitation, others led by curiosity went to his cottage.

There was not one of that little company to whom the Bible was not a new book. They had heard, or might have heard, some portions of the Old and New Testaments read, but they had never read the word of God for themselves; and when Adolf in simple but very earnest words told them not only how and where he had found the long-hidden Bible, but what God had done for his soul, and spoke of the joy and peace that were his through faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, all listened with marked attention while he read several passages from the gospels, explaining them, and answering the questions that were put to him as well as he was able.

And though some fearing the anger of the priest never ventured to repeat their visit, there were others whose heart-hunger for the Bread of Life was too keen to be satisfied without going again and again to hear and learn more. So week by week the little company grew; and though their Bible readings reached the ears of the priest, he found himself quite unable to stop the work of God in the valley.

Chapter V.

BLANCHE PASCILIN.

"THE entrance of thy words giveth light." (Psa. cxix. 130.) So wrote David, the shepherd king of Israel, many years ago, and it seemed as if the long-hidden Bible, which had once belonged to Peter Hollman, had been a lamp from which light had shone into many hearts, and brought blessing into many homes.

Threats and promises had alike failed to induce Adolf Pascilin and his wife to give up the treasure they had found. They not only read and loved the word of God for themselves, but told their friends and neighbours of the joy and peace

they had found by accepting as a free gift the salvation of God.

And though in the days of which I am writing Bibles were neither cheap, plentiful, nor easy to get, Adolf succeeded in obtaining five copies, which he gave as his most precious legacy to his children and grandchildren; and, before his death, which did not take place till he had reached a ripe old age, he could rejoice over many in his own loved valley who were his sons and daughters in the faith.

We must pass over nearly a hundred years, and take up our story again in the year 1832. The old cottage having fallen into decay had been pulled down, but a larger one had been built on the same site. The old hearthstone was, however, still carefully preserved, a few words carved upon it telling how for thirty years Peter Hollman's Bible had been concealed beneath it, and by whom found and read.

The blessing of the Lord had rested upon the family of the Pascilins. They had prospered in this world's goods, but the sunshine of prosperity had not spoiled Frederick Pascilin, who was a grandson, or great-grandson of Adolf. He with his wife Blanche and their only child Henry lived in the new cottage. The husband and wife were alike Bible-reading and Bible-loving Christians, their great desire being to sow the good seed in the heart of their little son, in the hope that he might early know and love the Saviour.

Ernest Balduff, the father of Blanche Pascilin, was a man of violent temper, and of stern and unyielding character. There could hardly have been a greater contrast than existed between him and his gentle and timid wife Louise.

The first great sorrow that Blanche, who was an only child, had known was the death of her mother, which took place when she was about fourteen years of age. Her death-bed had been a sad and sorrowful one, for though the Roman Catholic priest had visited her several times, and had assured her that the Latin prayers he had offered, and the oil and ashes with which he had sprinkled her, were enough to secure her eternal happiness, and it would be only for a very short time that her soul would have to endure the fires of purgatory, there was no loving voice to tell her of the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"How can I know? How can I be quite sure that I shall ever reach heaven at all?" she would ask in a voice so full of sadness that Blanche, who loved her mother dearly, would burst into tears and hurry from the room lest the sight of her grief should add to the distress of her mother.

In vain her husband assured her

that he would pay for as many masses (prayers for the dead) as the priest wished to be said or sung for the repose of her soul. Still no gleam of light, no word of comfort brought peace to her soul.

The death of her mother was a shock from which Blanche did not seem able to recover. Day by day she grew paler and thinner, and at last was so really ill that her father became alarmed, and after making some objections, yielded to the pleadings of Paul, an old and faithful servant who had been for many years in the family, to allow his young mistress, under his care, to join a party of their neighbours who were going to visit their friends who were tending their flocks upon the mountains, where he hoped the pure, fresh air would do much to restore her health and spirits.

The upward path, though pleasant, was too fatiguing for Blanche, and after about an hour's walking she became too tired to go any further, and as they were near the hut of a shepherd, it was arranged that Blanche should rest and remain for the night, and, still attended by Paul, continue her journey on the following day.

When they were alone, Paul begged his dear young lady to tell him the cause of her sadness. After a few moments she replied, "I am not really ill, though I know that by all my friends I am thought to be in a deep decline. I am very unhappy. I cannot forget the death-bed of my dear mother. The visits of the priest gave her no comfort. I, too, must die, and the fear of that dreadful hour seems always before my mind. I cannot eat or sleep for thinking of it. I pray to the Virgin Mary and to all the saints, but they either will not or cannot help me."

After a pause she continued: "Do you not remember my father's old shepherd Walter and his daughter Sophia? She was a good and gentle girl, and my mother loved her much. I could not understand why my father was angry with them. When Sophia was very ill, only the day before she died, I was told that she had asked for me; and not knowing that it was against the wishes of my father I went to see her. I do not think that she was afraid to die for she looked so happy. I feel sure she wished to tell me something, but at that moment my father entered the cottage. He seemed much displeased at finding me there, and bade me go home at once. Then I heard that Walter was dismissed from our service. I have not seen him since that day, but I often wish that I could ask him what made his daughter so happy."

"Walter was dismissed by my master on the day of your visit. We are not far from him now, for

somewhere on these hills he keeps the flocks of his present master, Gaspard Pascilin, who is one of his own people. They are called heretics because they have left the church of Rome; but I have known several whose lives were happy and deaths peaceful though no priest attended them."

"Do take me to see Walter," pleaded Blanche; "if any one can give me comfort or help, I believe he can."

"The mountain path is steep, and you will, I fear, find it trying," replied Paul, "but we are not more than two miles from the cottage of Gaspard Pascilin. There you could see and converse with Walter, and I am not afraid to say you would be welcomed by Gaspard and his wife, who knew and loved your mother, my dear mistress, before her marriage."

"Will you really take me there, Paul? I long to see our good Walter, and to know from him why Sophia was not afraid to die."

Early the next morning they reached the home of the Pascilins. They received her most kindly, and pressed her to remain for the night, as Walter, who was keeping sheep on the mountains, would not return till sunset.

But before the evening shadows fell Blanche had heard the wondrous story of the love of God in the gift of His Son.

Very simply and gladly she received the truth as it is in Jesus; fear and gloom gave place to joy and peace in believing. Walter, whose affection for her was hardly less than that of Paul, was delighted at the meeting, and gave her his daughter's well-worn Bible.

When after a fortnight she returned to her father's house, her health and spirits had greatly improved. Her father, still stern and bitter, found her one day reading her loved Bible; he took it from her and ordered her to leave the house and never to return to it unless she was prepared to give up what he called her heresies. She obeyed in tears and trembling. Paul, who for some time had been convinced of the errors of Rome, was again her guide to the home of Gaspard Pascilin, whose service he entered. A few years later Blanche became the loved and loving wife of his only son Frederick, so proving the truth of that word, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." (Psa. xxvii. 10.)

A Japanese Schoolgirl and her Story.

PLUM-BLOSSOM, for that is the meaning in English of her name, is, I believe, living to-day, a happy wife and mother, and better still, an earnest, happy worker for the Saviour she has learnt to love and trust; but if my story is to be that of a schoolgirl, we shall have to go back some years to the time when Plum-blossom was not more than ten or eleven years old. Such a weary little girl, with a sad, tired face, and a heavy baby strapped on to her back; for, as you may have heard, babies in Japland generally spend their waking, and perhaps many of their sleeping hours, strapped on to the back of some one, mother, aunt, elder sister, or nurse.

The sun was shining brightly; not even a soft, white cloud flitted across the deep blue sky; and the flowers in the well-kept gardens of the small, almost flat-roofed houses that lined the village street were a wealth of colour, and filled the air with their perfume. But just then Plum-blossom was not thinking of any of the bright and beautiful things around her. Poor little girl! Her childhood had not been a happy one. Her parents had died when she was too young to remember much about them, and she had gone to live with a married sister and her husband. They were not very kind to her, and though, as soon as she was old enough, she did nearly all the work of the house, and

almost always had the fat, heavy, two-year-old baby upon her back, she knew that her brother-in-law grudged her the bread she ate, and sometimes spoke of turning her out to beg or starve.

It was the afternoon of the Lord's day, but it brought no rest or joy to her, for she had never heard of the one true God, or of the Lord Jesus Christ. The heavy wooden shoes she wore made her feet ache, and she was wondering if she should always be so tired, when she stopped suddenly, attracted by the sound of music. Some one was playing; it was not a native instrument, it must be, she thought, a foreign musical-box (American organ). But now there was singing too, and as the voices came through the open windows and paper walls of the mission bungalow, she could hear every word.

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong."

Jesus! She had never heard that name before, she was quite sure of that. Who was this Jesus? where did He live? and why did He love some people? No one loved her, except, perhaps, the baby who always held out his arms to her. As she stood thinking and wondering, the door opened, and quite a troop of boys and girls came out; most of the girls were, like herself, baby-carriers. Among them she saw one she knew, and going up to her asked, "Pine-leaf, what has been your honourable employment? Is it a school, and are you forced to go?"

Pine-leaf replied, "Honourable Plum-blossom, it is a school, and yet it is not a school, for we do not write or work sums; we sing, and Miss White, the English lady, who calls it her Sunday-class, tells us such beautiful stories out of the Bible. We are not forced to go, but Miss White visits our mothers, and asks us to come to her class, and we should not like to stay away."

"How much do you pay to go?" Plum-blossom asked somewhat timidly.

"We do not pay anything," Pine-leaf replied. "The class is

free to all, and all are welcome. Will you not come too? There will not be another class for a week, but I will meet you here, and we can go in together."

Plum-blossom promised, if possible, to be there, and wishing each other an honourable good evening, the girls parted. Plum-blossom did not say anything to her sister, as she was afraid that her brother-in-law, who made no secret of his dislike to foreign teachers, might forbid her going. The day came at last, and she got through the work of the house as quickly as possible; when it was finished her sister said, "Now take baby out in the sun." She needed no second bidding; Pine-leaf was at the appointed place, waiting for her. There were about twenty children present; they did not sit upon forms or chairs, but according to Japanese custom, on soft mats. The hymn this time was:

JAPANESE CHILDREN.

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has given;
Many wonderful things in the Bible I see,
But this is the dearest, that Jesus loves me."

"All about Jesus and love again, what can it all mean?"

Plum-blossom said to herself. But the hymn was finished, and the children bent forward, and covered their faces with their hands, for Miss White was speaking, not to them, but to some one they could not see, and yet the lady seemed so sure that He could hear. Plum-blossom ventured to peep through her fingers to see if any stranger had entered the room during the singing. But there was no one, and she was more puzzled than ever. After the prayer came the Bible lesson, a simple talk about the love of God in the gift of His Son, and though Plum-blossom did not understand all that was said, her heart opened to the gospel message as flowers do to the sunshine, and before many months had passed she was able to say:

"Now I have found a Friend, Jesus is mine."

The missionary took a great interest in her new pupil, and went to see her sister, but her visit was not welcomed, and she saw that to go again would only make Plum-blossom's home-life more trying and difficult.

So things went on for some time, and when she was fourteen there came a sad day, when her brother-in-law told her he did not intend to keep her any longer, she was never to go to the school or see her missionary friends again, as in a few days she was to be married to quite an old man, who was, the poor girl knew only too well, a heathen and a drunkard. She knew that as a Christian she could never be happy as the wife of such an one, and after prayer for light and help, she left her home never to return to it; going to her friends at the mission-station, she told her story, and begged them to shelter her. A few hours later she was engaged by the wife of a missionary as nurse to her children.

There, loved and valued, she found a really happy home, and when four years later she left it, it was to be the wife of a native christian schoolmaster, and with him to begin work for the Master in the capital of Japan. There she has her own Sunday class, and loves to tell to others the glad tidings that brought joy and peace to her own soul.

William Carey.

(Continued.)

Chapter IV.

THE VOYAGE TO INDIA.

"Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak." (Jer. i. 6, 7.)

SOON after his conversion William Carey began to preach in the villages for miles around. A great love to Christ and to souls filled his heart, and it is not surprising that many came to hear him. He had often to walk long distances, sometimes sixteen miles to and from the place where he was expected to preach. The people to whom he ministered were very poor, and he was frequently left without money enough to replace the clothes he had worn out in their service.

A little later he became a regular preacher, but was still very poor. He had married early, and an attack of fever caused the death of his first child, and left him so low and weak that his friends had little hope of his recovery.

For a time after his illness he taught a small day-school, and to add a little to his income made or mended shoes in the evenings.

If he did not teach so many subjects as the boys and girls for whom I am writing are expected to learn, those who remained with him for any length of time were sure to get a good knowledge not only of scripture history, but hear words "whereby they might be saved," which were day after day read and explained in their hearing. Christ was very precious to his own soul, and from a full heart he spoke of Him, his own trusted Saviour.

Geography lessons, too, could hardly fail to be interesting when they were given by a teacher who knew so much about the people of other lands, people of strange languages, and still stranger customs.

One of Carey's early friends remembered having seen in his room a map which the future missionary had made by pasting several sheets of paper together, outline maps being drawn of the different countries, and in the space allotted to each, he had written in a small, neat hand, interesting facts about the country, its people, their customs, language and religion.

As he thought of the Saviour's words, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi. 15), "Why," he asked himself, "are Christians so slow and half-hearted in obeying the parting command of their Lord and Master? Why has so little been done to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the millions who have never heard the name of Jesus, but blindly worship gods of wood and stone? Surely there are some who *could* go, and many who, if they could not go, might at least help to send missionaries to heathen lands."

"Here am I; send me"! was the language of his heart. If others could not or would not go, he was willing, longing to be sent forth. There were many difficulties in the way. "Is William mad?" his father had said, on hearing that his son had offered himself as a missionary. His wife, whose health was not very good, had at first objected strongly to leaving England, but in the end yielded, and with her children, the youngest an infant of only a few weeks old, joined her husband.

Mr. Thomas, a medical missionary, who had twice been in Calcutta, was anxious to return to India, and gladly agreed to be Mr. Carey's companion on the voyage. The school was given up, and the people to whom he had preached felt that in giving one whom they had learned to love and value greatly to the mission-field, they were making a costly, though free-will offering, and bade him an affectionate good-bye. To secure a passage to India was in those days by no means easy, and it was not till after many delays and disappointments that the captain of a Danish ship, *The Princess Maria*, bound from Copenhagen to Serampur, agreed to take them.

After waiting for some days at Dover they were roused from sleep very early one summer's morning by the news that the ship was entering the harbour, and by sunrise a party of eight, Mr. and Mrs. Carey, their three children, with a sister of Mrs. Carey's, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were on board.

The voyage began on the 13th of June, 1793; but as those were not the days of fast-sailing steamers, it proved long and trying. On the 9th of November Mr. Carey wrote, "For nearly a month we have been

within two hundred miles of Bengal, but the violence of the current sent us back, even when we seemed at the very door."

On the 11th of November, after a five months' voyage, they landed at Calcutta, and Mr. Carey wrote, "I think I understand a little of what Paul felt when he beheld Athens, and 'his spirit was stirred within him.' I see one of the finest countries in the world, with a simple and industrious people, yet large portions of it are nothing but jungle, left to wild beasts and serpents. If the gospel but takes root here, the wilderness will yet blossom as the rose."

Very real and simple faith in God was needed to go on, surrounded as the two missionaries were by at least one hundred million of heathen; these poor people had never heard of the "one living and true God," but worshipped stones, logs of wood and monkeys. To bathe in the river Ganges, or to die upon its banks was, they thought, to wash away their sins, and make their souls pure and holy.

The kind heart of the missionary was deeply touched by the misery and ignorance of Hindu women. No one ever thought of teaching a girl to read, write, or do plain sewing or fancy-work. The sewing was done by men belonging to a certain caste, and the washing by those of another. There was not a single girls' school in India. Little girls were often betrothed in marriage, and the child widows numbered thousands; the lives of these were very sad, as Hindu laws and customs alike allowed them to be treated with neglect and cruelty.

Chapter V.

ALL ABOUT INDIA.

"I am the Lord: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images." (Isa. xlii. 8.)

INDIA is a land of idols, and if I tell you just a little about two or three of the idols millions of the people of India fear and worship, you will, I think, be better able to understand how trying and difficult Mr. Carey found the first years of his missionary life in India. Indeed, had he not had very real and simple faith in God, and felt sure that he had been sent with a message of glad tidings, he might have said, "What can one or two men do among these hundreds of thousands of poor, dark heathens?" and taken passage in the first ship sailing for England.

India is such a very large country that you will quite expect to hear that thousands of heathen in India

do not all worship the same idol. As no one could live long enough to worship all the idol gods of India, each person chooses the one he likes best or is most afraid of; for the heathen never love, though they fear their gods, and believe that if they do not keep them in a good temper by prayers and offerings, they will be angry and bring sickness or trouble upon them or their families.

In every heathen home in India a small image of their favourite god is worshipped. Every morning a priest comes, offers prayers to it, and takes away, as his present, all the offerings of rice, fruit, money, and other things that have been made to the idol.

One of the great feast-days in India is called the festival of Sauri. On that day every Hindu workman prays, and makes offerings, or, as it is called, "does pujah" to his tools. Almost countless numbers of Hindu women are worshippers of Siva. The images of this idol are often very small, sometimes not more than three inches in height, just a plain, black stone. When a Hindu woman wishes to do pujah to her god, she sits down before the image, and sprinkles it with water from the Ganges, if she can get any; if not, water from some other sacred river is used. She then offers the image sweets, flowers, nuts and rice; with every gift she says a little prayer, but if she makes even a single mistake, or forgets to move her head or her hand at the right time, or in the right way, all is of no use, and she must begin over again.

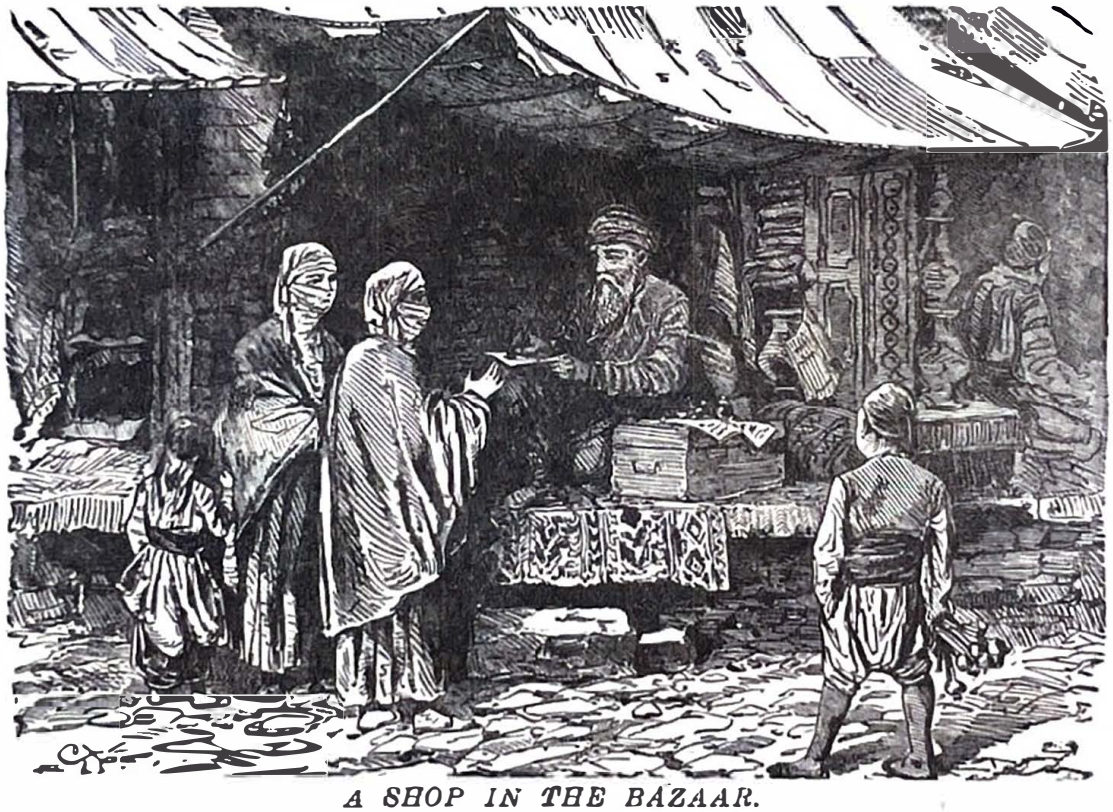
A Hindu market is called a bazaar; in every bazaar there are shops where idols of any shape or size can be bought. Almost anything, a piece of wood or a lump of stone, can be made into an idol by putting a little red paint upon it, but it is not thought to be of much use till a priest has blessed it, or, as he says, "put the god inside of it."

An English gentleman once watched a Hindu buying an idol; in the back of the image there was a very small door, which, when opened, showed a tiny cupboard. The man bought the idol, and took it to the priest; the gentleman followed, as he wished to see what would happen. The priest took the image in his hand, opened the door, said a Hindu prayer, then closing the door, gave it back to the man, saying, as he did so, "It is all right now, I saw the god go inside."

The Hindus think that their gods and goddesses are often more wicked than themselves, and Kali, the wife of Siva, is (they say) so cruel and fond of fighting, that not only men and women, but all the other gods and goddesses are afraid of her. Kali is thought to be a great

friend of thieves and robbers, who before going out to steal or do other wicked things always pray to Kali and ask her to help them.

I could go on for quite a long time telling you of other strange and foolish things that numbers of the poor people who have never heard the glad tidings of a Saviour's love believe, but as I know you are wanting to hear more about William Carey and his work in India, we will go back to the subject of our story.



A SHOP IN THE BAZAAR.

Calcutta is the stronghold of the worshippers of the goddess Kali. Every year a great feast is held in her honour; thousands of goats and other animals are killed as offerings to the goddess, in the hope that she will be pleased and not send any trouble to those who make her presents.

It was in that large and thickly-peopled city that the first five months of Mr. Carey's life in India were spent. Perhaps during those months he hardly seemed to be doing much real missionary work, but by working hard at language study he was getting ready for it; he was also learning to know and love the people among whom so many years of his life were to be spent. As a great many different languages are spoken in India, he

made up his mind to learn as many as he possibly could. Every fresh language he acquired would, he felt sure, open doors never before opened to the messengers of the gospel. On the voyage out he had worked hard at the study of Bengali, and very soon after his landing was able to read, write and speak the language with some degree of ease; but he knew if the sweet story of salvation was to be listened to by the educated men of India, the scholars and teachers, he must learn Sanscrit, a much older and more difficult language than Bengali; and though his head ached very often, and the great heat of the Indian summer made him feel sick and faint as he bent over the page, still in faith and prayer he worked patiently on.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST YEARS OF MISSIONARY WORK.

"For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." (2 Cor. iv. 5.)

WE left Mr. Carey working hard at language study. It was no easy task that lay before him, but he knew how to take hold, and to keep hold; or, as one nearly related to him said not long ago, "he was good at plodding." And though for a time, believing it to be the will of God that he should support his family by the labour of his hands, he engaged in business as an indigo planter, he never forgot that his object in going to India was to preach the gospel to the heathen—to win souls for Christ.

For five months after landing in India the Carey family lived in Calcutta, but the cost of food, rent and other things was more than Mr. Carey could afford, so they removed to a place called Bendal, about thirty miles up the river Hoogly. There Mr. Carey met an aged German missionary, who, though in his eighty-fourth year, was actively engaged in the Lord's work. His knowledge of the people and their language proved a great help to one who had been only a few months in the country. They purchased a boat, and together visited villages, markets, and towns on both banks of the river, preaching the glad tidings of salvation through the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and getting many opportunities for quiet, personal talks with the people on the sin and folly of idol worship.

Mr. Carey's heart was very full of thanksgiving when he was able to preach in Bengali. He must have made good progress, for in less than three months after his arrival in India, he wrote in his journal, "To-day I finished the correction

of the first chapter of Genesis, which my pundit (teacher) says is translated into very good Bengali. Just as we finished, another pundit came in, bringing a friend with him. I shewed it to them, and we had an interesting conversation about the creation."

A little later he wrote, "To-day we met some money-changers from Calcutta, who spoke fairly good English. I tried to shew them the need of a saving faith in Christ, but they did not, or would not understand, and I could only pray that the light of the Holy Spirit might shine into their dark hearts. One of them was very crafty, and tried to get me into a corner by asking hard questions, but at last he had no more to say."

The indigo plant, from which the beautiful blue dye for which India has so long been famous is obtained, must be sown early in March; it grows to a height of about five feet, and is cut down in July. The yield is very uncertain, as a good rainfall, constant weeding, and great care during the whole time of growth are needed to bring the crop to perfection. When cut the stems are tied into bundles and soaked in vats for some days; the liquor is then boiled until the blue dye forms a sediment, which, when dried, is cut into small cakes, and carefully packed for market.

Mr. Carey's work as an indigo-planter only occupied him about three months each year, so that he had plenty of time for preaching the gospel. A great number of native workmen were employed on the indigo plantation; he held a gospel service for them every Lord's day, and was glad and thankful to find that even his first attempts at preaching to them in Bengali were well understood. Workmen from other plantations joined them; the numbers grew so quickly that as many as six hundred were often present. As a rule they listened well. Some said what he told them about a great and good God who created all things, and sent His only Son to be a Saviour was true and very good, still he could not at that time rejoice over a single native convert, but he went on in faith and prayer, sowing the seed, and looking to God to bless it, and cause it to take root in the hearts of many of his hearers.

Much of the work of an indigo plantation has to be done during the most unhealthy part of the year, the rainy season, which begins in June and lasts from three to four months. Mr. Carey took a fever, and was so very ill that for some days he did not expect to recover, but in the mercy of God he was again raised up. Before he was strong, his son Peter, who had been ill at the same time as his father, died. Mr. Carey, who was an affec-

tionate father, felt the loss keenly, but was enabled to say, "I bless God that even in this trial I feel a sweet submission to the will of God."

In preaching Mr. Carey found his great difficulty was to find words simple enough to be understood by the poorest and most untaught of his hearers. He wrote, "I find that while those who have had a fair education and read and write Bengali understand what I say quite easily, the things of which I speak are so new to many, that I am afraid they go away having understood very little. They have no words for love, faith, or hope. Schools are greatly needed, and I hope very shortly to have one in good working order." Soon after he wrote, "I have now forty boys in my school, and were it not for the expense, the number would be larger; but several are orphans whom I could not refuse, and they have no relations who can give any help towards their support."

(*Concluded on page 97.*)

"BUY THE TRUTH."

IT was a glorious day in the early spring of 18—, and the warm sun shone brightly upon the smiling faces and gay dresses of the crowd of men, women and children who thronged the streets of the old Portuguese town of Figueira da Foz. A festival was being held in honour of one of the many saints to whom Roman Catholics pay so much homage, so shops and schools were closed, as the day was a general holiday.

Two schoolboys had been for some time walking together. When they got outside the town, the elder of the two drew his companion into a shady nook, whispering as he did so, "Alfredo, I have something to show thee; see!" at the same time drawing a small thin book in paper covers from his pocket. Alfredo's love of reading was well known among his schoolfellows, and his companion noticed, well pleased, the look of delight that came into his face as he turned the pages of THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW.

To Alfredo it seemed indeed a treasure not to be lightly parted with. "Where didst thou get it, Pierre?" Alfredo asked after some time spent in a still further examination of the book.

"At the fair," replied Pierre; "I won it in a halfpenny raffle."

"Wilt thou sell it?" Alfredo asked eagerly.

"I care not to do so," Pierre replied in a tone of assumed indifference. "What hast thou to offer?"

Alfredo drew a small silver coin from his pocket, but Pierre shook his head. A pocket-knife (one of a schoolboy's greatest treasures) was next offered and refused. Alfredo felt that to give up the book would be a real trial, for again and again, as he turned its pages, his eye had rested upon the words "Jesus Christ," and the volume was, he felt sure, unlike any he had ever seen. He had read stories and legends of Romish saints, but this book would tell him of Christ, he must make one more attempt to secure it.

Drawing a fine, white handkerchief from his pocket, he offered it in exchange for the gospel. The offer was accepted, and the book changed owners, and the boys parted, each well pleased with his bargain. Carefully placing the book in his pocket, Alfredo crossed a field, and turned into a quiet footpath. He did not stop till he reached a lonely spot, then throwing himself down upon the grass, beneath the shade of a large mulberry-tree, he began to read, and soon became so absorbed in the book that time and place were forgotten as he read on and on the wondrous, and to him new story of the birth, life, death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus. He did not close the book till he came to the last verse of the last chapter, and then, surprised at the lateness of the hour, started up and hastened to his home.

From that day the book was his constant companion. The more he read, the better he loved it. Taught by the Holy Spirit, the Saviour's words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28), seemed to him a living voice, full of compassion and tenderness, calling him, and though he did not then see God's way of salvation

quite clearly, he was reaching towards the light. He soon longed to share with others the glad tidings of the gospel, so daily, whilst his schoolfellows were at play, Alfredo would make his way to the riverside, where the village women assembled to wash their clothes, and while they washed, Alfredo, sitting upon a stone, would read to them, and soon several began to listen, and to love the book too. And so things went on for some weeks, till one day Father Andre, the parish priest, came along, and finding how the boy was employed, took away the gospel, reproved him sharply for reading it, and threatened that if he was ever found reading such a book again he should be turned out of the true church.

Alfredo felt the loss of his treasured book keenly, but made up his mind that as soon as possible he would buy another. He had in some way found out that the gospel was part of a much larger book, called "The Bible," and toward the purchase of a Bible every coin, however small, that he could earn was saved. Very slowly his store grew, but it did grow, and when he had almost the required sum, a colporteur passed through the village, and finding that Alfredo really longed for the word of God, gave him a copy in exchange for his savings.

How glad the boy was! How he loved the book, and pored over its pages! It was not long before he found peace in believing. He still lives, and loves to tell others of the One who sought and saved him.

Has the written word of God brought peace and joy to *your* soul?

AMONG THE RED INDIANS.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER X.

AS all, or nearly all, the hard and heavy work among the Red Indians, such as digging, planting, fetching wood, and many other kinds of labour, had to be done by the women and girls, and as, before the light of the gospel brought new hope and courage into their lives, they received unkind, and sometimes even cruel treatment, often making their hard lot still harder, it is hardly to be wondered at that they took very little trouble to make their huts and wigwams comfortable, or to keep themselves and their children clean and tidy.

They had everything to learn, and except Mr. and Mrs. Young no one to teach and help them. Their faithful missionary friends soon saw that what needed to be done was not only to visit them in their homes, but as far as possible to enter into and, while giving them a desire for better things and brighter homes, shew them how much might be done by taking a little trouble.

One very hopeful thing was that when any of these poor, down-trodden women became Christians they shewed a real desire to learn, and one way of helping them that answered well was going to dine with first one family and then another. At first the women seemed more than half frightened by the thought of having to receive guests, and would say, "Ah, we are very poor, we have nothing to offer you but fish," but the answer given them was, "Never mind; if you are short of food we will bring some with us," and the woman would go away delighted, making up her mind to have her home and

her children as clean and tidy as her hands could make them.

Soon after breakfast Mr. Young would leave the Mission house to visit sick Indians, or attend to other needful work, so arranging his morning's work as to be able to reach the house where they were to dine just before noon. About ten o'clock Mrs. Young would have her own team of dogs harnessed up, and placing in her sledge food (the best her small means could provide), with a tablecloth, plates, knives, forks and spoons, with perhaps a few pictures, or a small present for the children, would start, attended by a faithful Indian boy as dog driver, to be warmly welcomed by the family, who were eagerly looking out for her arrival. Everything inside the house had been put in order—rubbed, scrubbed and polished up. Some pains had been taken by the mother to make herself and the children neat and tidy. Very few of the Indian houses at that time had tables, so the tablecloth was laid upon the newly-swept floor, plates, dishes, knives, forks and spoons put in order, and the dinner prepared.

By the time Mr. Young joined the party all was in readiness. A blessing was asked, and a happy group partook of the simple meal. Bibles and hymn-books were brought out, and a very happy hour or more would be spent by the whole family in Bible study. Questions would be asked and answered, and difficulties met. Hymn singing and prayer followed, and when Mr. Young left to attend to some mission work, Mrs. Young generally stayed for some time longer, and helped the women to cut out and make their own and their children's clothes.

Once, when speaking from the verse, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me" (Rev. iii. 20), Mr. Young said, "When you heard that we were coming to have dinner with you, many of you were afraid, and said, 'We cannot entertain the missionaries, for we have nothing to set before them.' But we told you not to make a trouble of that; we would bring food, all we asked for was a welcome.

"Now the Lord Jesus knows not only how sinful, but how poor we are. He knows that we have nothing to offer that is worthy of Him, but He asks for a welcome to our hearts. Do we really want Him as our Saviour, our Lord, our Friend? The door of the heart may have been long closed to Him, but if you open it, He will enter, and bring all the love, hope, joy and peace that you need to make you His loving, faithful followers."

Such simple talks were a great

help to the Indians, and were used by God in leading many of them into the light and liberty of the gospel.

After visiting some scattered bands of Indians, Mr. Young was on his return journey, and was anxious to get home as quickly as possible, for it was late in the season, and there was every reason to think that a violent storm was coming on. A heavy fog had settled upon both banks of the river, when to the surprise of himself and his companions they heard the report of fire-arms. They knew it was a signal to them to stop; it hardly seemed wise to do so, as night was coming on, and with it the storm might sweep down upon them. But perhaps God had some work to be done for Him there. So the head of the canoe was turned to the shore, and soon five Indians came in sight.

When asked why they stopped the canoe, their answer was that they were very hungry and wanted help. The bag of powder which they had carried had been spoilt by rain, and they knew that a great storm was very near. They were pagan Indians, whom Mr. Young had met before. When he had tried to tell them of the true God, their answer had been, "As our fathers lived we will live, as our fathers died we too will die."

He then told his Indian companions to go to the canoe and see what food there was; he knew there could not be much. They soon returned, saying there was about enough for one good meal all round. He divided it so that they all shared alike. The storm came on, and for three days they were unable to launch their canoe. The whole party suffered much from hunger. On the morning of the third day one of the Indians found the dried shoulder bone of a bear on the shore. With his knife he contrived to cut a fish-hook, tying his leather shoe strings together for a line, and finding a scrap of red flannel for a bait, with a small stone as a sinker; with this rude tackle he caught a pike weighing about six pounds. It was soon scaled, cleaned and cooked. The Indian put about two pounds of it upon his tin plate, but as he looked at the hungry men he felt he could not eat more than his share, so taking out his knife he cut the fish into eight equal parts, one for each of the party.

As the storm had abated, Mr. Young and his companions were soon on their homeward way. He was told by the christian Indians who were with him in his canoe that they heard the Indians talking to each other something in the following way: "We must listen with both our ears to the words of the missionary, for they are good words.

When he reads the words of the great book, we will listen and obey, for he told us it was the words of his book that made him kind to poor Indians. He shared his last meal with us; if he had not stopped when we asked him, he might have reached his home before the storm came on. When the fish was caught, he was hungry, but he would not eat more of it than we did. Yes, we will listen to his words."

The long winter passed, and the welcome summer came at last. As usual a great number of Indians came to the fort to sell their furs. Many called to see the missionary; among them were five tall men, who said, after a few words of greeting, "Missionary, do you remember the fish?"

"What fish? We often have fish twenty-one times a week. How should I remember one fish?"

"We mean the fish we caught," they said. "All through the moons of winter we have thought of your words, and now we want you to teach us how we may be Christians."

The five men decided for Christ, and were soon afterwards baptised. Before the next winter they and their families were living in the christian village, shewing by their changed lives that they really desired to please and follow Christ.

Chapter XI.

OUR last chapter must, I think, begin with some words I will copy from the letter written to Titus by the Apostle Paul: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." (Titus ii. 11, 12.) For perhaps the power of the gospel, of what it can do in winning hearts and uplifting lives, has nowhere been more clearly proved than among the copper-coloured people who live on the shores of the great lakes of North America.

Great numbers of those who were once heathen have become Christians. As heathen they were selfish and cruel, the sick and aged often received very hard usage at their hands; as Christians they have become kind, gentle and unselfish, and take a real pleasure in caring for poor, lonely and afflicted ones.

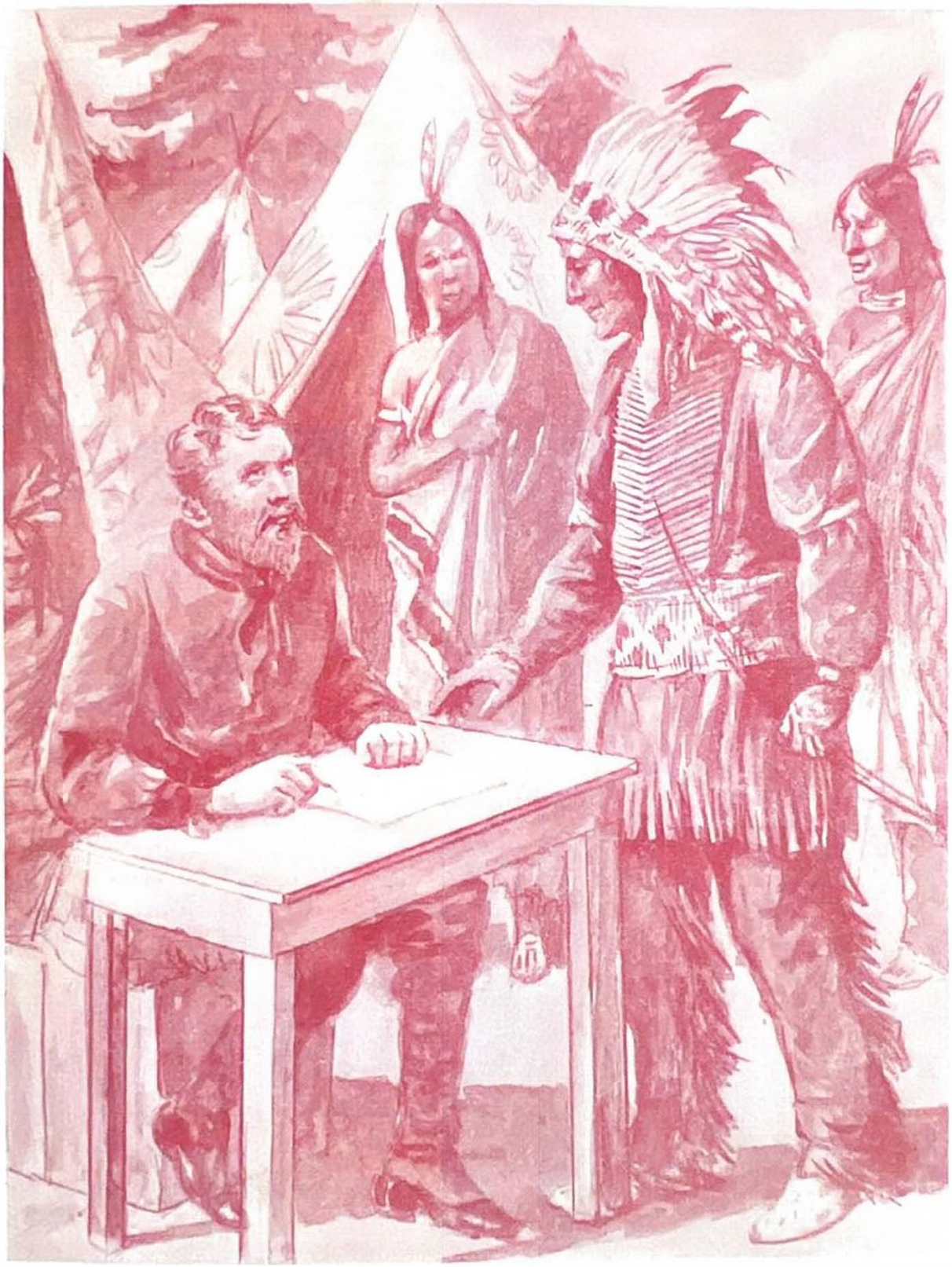
New Year's Day at Mr. Young's mission station was, year after year, if a very busy, a very happy time, as all the Indians for a distance of several miles round were invited to be on that day the guests of the missionary and his wife. But laying in food supplies for such a large company must begin in good

time, so weeks before a meeting was called, and quite a number of the christian Indians said, "We wish to help, so please, missionary, take your pen and paper and write down what each of us is likely to give." Two or three, who were good deer hunters, would promise to shoot deer and bring venison for the feast. Another would say, "I can trap beavers, and I will bring as many as I can trap." A tall, dark son of the forest would rise to his feet, saying, "I know where the bears have made their dens; I will go with two or three of my friends, who are brave hunters. If we can shoot a bear its meat will be our gift to the feast." Others, who were good fur hunters, said, "When we go to the trading port we will exchange some of our furs for tea and sugar."

As provisions were brought in they were stored at the mission station, when, owing to the severe cold, they were within a few hours frozen so hard that there was no difficulty in keeping even fresh meat. When the day drew near Mrs. Young would select several of the most intelligent of the Indian women as her helpers, and under her direction a quantity of food was soon cooked and piled up, enough to satisfy every one, though the Indians are well known to have good appetites. While Mrs. Young and her helpers were so engaged a party of men were just as busy. All the seats were taken out of the schoolroom and they put up long tables.

When the long-looked-for day arrived everything was in readiness, and a large company quickly but quietly assembled. Every table was piled with food, a blessing was asked, but before a mouthful was eaten by any one (and the guests often numbered from eight hundred to a thousand), the chief would ask for a pencil and paper, and say, "Now we will see how many of our people are sick, or afflicted, or too aged to be with us to-day. They must not feel that they are forgotten." Name after name was given and rapidly written down. Then he would read over the list, adding, "Let us be sure that we do not forget any one." Some one would say, "There is an old woman who lives ten miles up the river who is too feeble to walk so far," and another would add, "I did not hear the name of the boy who was badly wounded in the leg two months ago, and has not been able to walk since."

These names were added to the list, then Mr. and Mrs. Young were asked for all the old newspapers and packing-papers they could find, and as for months past they had been saving them for that purpose, a supply was soon forthcoming. Liberal portions of



"We wish to help, so please write down what each is likely to give."— PAGE 86.

food were then cut off, willing hands quickly made up good-sized parcels, one for each person whose name was on the list. The chief would then call in as many of the young men as there were parcels, and giving one to each (the long-distance loads to those whom he knew to be swift runners), would say, as he named each absent one, "Give them not only the food but our love and new year's greeting, and say that we are sorry that they could not be with us to-day."

As the missionaries watched the young men tighten their belts, and start off with their loads, they could only look on with praise-filled hearts and whisper to each other, "What hath God wrought?"

The gathering had begun with prayer, and then the Indians, many of whom possessed really fine voices, joined with their white friends in singing: "Be present at our table, Lord."

Mrs. Young had a long table, at which she had taken special care to seat as many as possible of the most aged and infirm of her many guests. A number of pagan Indians were present, many of whom had come distances of from twenty to forty miles to be present at the great feast, of which they had heard in their scattered forest homes. All were made welcome, as it gave an opportunity of telling them "the old, old story" of a Saviour's love, and in this way, year by year, by twos and threes, some were won for Christ.

Then the feast began, and all were satisfied, and provisions left were divided among the more needy ones. Tables were quickly taken down and the room swept for the great event of the day, the new year's meeting.

After one or two hymns and prayers several Indians gave short addresses, some telling how, through the preaching of the gospel, they had been led to Christ, and told, in simple but touching words, of the joy and peace of their hearts. Once the bondslaves of Satan, they rejoiced in the knowledge that they were children of God by faith in His beloved Son. Others spoke on matters more connected with Indian life and work, but all spoke from full hearts of the goodness of God, and united in expressions of affection for the missionaries and kind feeling and goodwill to each other. Men from tribes who, not many years before, had been at deadly war with each other, might be seen chatting in a friendly manner.

More singing and prayer followed, then good nights were said, the busy but happy day was ended, and the guests departed by forest paths to their various homes.

THE END.

SWEET-PLUM.

"SWEET-PLUM," for that is the English meaning of his Chinese name, was at the time my story begins a schoolboy of not more than nine or ten years old, as fond of fun and frolic as any of the boys I know. English boys would, I expect, think Sweet-plum had very long school hours, as school began about seven o'clock in the morning, and went on (for seven days in the week) till six or seven in the evening, holidays being few and far between. Sweet-plum was not an only child. His brother, several years older than himself, was named Happy-day, his sister Cinnamon Cloud, and the baby—well, as a rule, little girls are not of much account in China, but her name was Little Beauty.

One evening, as Sweet-plum and some of his companions were leaving school, they noticed a stranger, who they saw at once was not a Chinaman, riding a very tired pony. Strangers did not often come to their village, which was fourteen miles from the nearest town, so the boys were quite excited and shewed their surprise by shouting after him in a very impolite manner. But the stranger, who was a medical missionary, had lived too long in China to take much notice of rude remarks, so went quietly on.

Not long after, Sweet-plum, who was getting a ride by hanging on to the tail-board of a loaded cart, slipped and fell. Before he

had time to get up, the cart just behind came up and the mule drawing it stepped upon his leg and broke it in two places. He was carried home and laid upon the floor; his mother cried and scolded by turns, and the place was filled with people, all talking at once, but no one seemed to know what ought to be done.

At last they put some clay on the broken leg and tied it up with straw; they then went away, leaving the poor boy in great pain. All that night he could not sleep, his leg hurt him so badly. The next day his father brought a native doctor, who looked at his leg and said it must be pricked to let the pain out, but instead of letting the pain out, the pricking with a large and not very clean needle put more pain in, and Sweet-plum got worse instead of better.

Then his father brought another doctor, who danced and screamed, and called upon wicked spirits to help him cure the leg, till at last the boy was so frightened that the doctor had to be asked to go away. Day after day Sweet-plum lay there with only a straw mat upon the hard bricks for his bed. The time seemed very long. How he longed to be with the other boys at school or play, but he could not walk a step, or even stand.

So nearly a year went by, when one day his father met a man who used to live in their village, and who on hearing of the accident to Sweet-plum said, "Why don't you take him to the Jesus hospital? Only last year I was very ill and I went there, and the doctor is so clever, and the nurses are so kind, that I was soon well again and able to go to my work. Take my advice and carry your son there."

On his return home the father of Sweet-plum told his wife of the strange news he had heard. She exclaimed in terror, "Oh, no! do not take our son there. I have heard that these foreign doctors cut off children's legs, and take out their eyes to make medicine with. No; it would be too dreadful."

But the father could not forget what he had heard, and as his son seemed to get weaker and thinner every day, and as he began to be afraid he would die, at last he made up his mind

that Sweet-plum should go to the hospital. It was a long way and the family were too poor to afford the hire of a cart, so Sweet-plum was tied up into a parcel which his father, after having slipped a pole through the knotted corners, slung over his shoulder; the mother, carrying Little Beauty, walked by his side.

That night they slept at a Chinese inn, reaching the town early the next morning. The hospital looked just like any other Chinese house, only cleaner, and the words "Jesus Hospital" in large Chinese characters were over the door. They had not long to wait for the doctor, but when Sweet-plum saw him he was frightened, for it was the stranger to whom he and the other village boys had been so rude. How he hoped the doctor did not know him; but if he did, he did not appear to be thinking about it. Turning to the father he said, "Poor little fellow! how he must have suffered; why did you not bring him before?" To Sweet-plum he said, so kindly that he forgot to be afraid, "Now, little man, we are going to put you to sleep, and when you wake up I think the pain will have gone away."

When the boy awoke, he found himself in such a bed as he had never slept in, or ever seen. The pain had nearly all gone, and a lady who, though she wore a Chinese dress and spoke Chinese, was he felt sure a foreigner, came to his side and gave him a nice cooling drink. Every morning, all the time he was in the hospital, either the foreign lady or Sister Peace, the native Bible-woman, would sit by his bed and read out of a wonderful book. He was not the only listener, for his mother never seemed to get tired of listening to the story of the Lord Jesus, His life, His death, His rising again.

After some weeks Sweet-plum was able to walk quite nicely. I cannot tell you how pleased and thankful his parents were. In thanking the doctor, his father bowed so low that his forehead touched the ground (a Chinese way of saying "Thank you very much," you know).

But this is not all. Before Sweet-plum left the hospital both he and his mother had begun to love and wish to learn more

about the Lord Jesus, and his father was greatly pleased with a Chinese New Testament, a parting gift from the kind doctor. He took it to his home and read it first to his family. He, too, began to love the book, and the idols were taken down from the shelf where they had stood for years. The more he read the book the more he loved it. Soon he began to tell his neighbours about his wonderful book, and when any of them said they wished to hear it too, he told them to come to his house on the first day of the week and he would read it to them.

All this happened many years ago. Now, when the doctor visits Sweet-plum's village, a warm welcome is given him. Sweet-plum's mother runs to meet him (her small feet will not allow her to run very fast), for she is glad to see him, and says, "Come into our house, and while you drink tea, Sweet-plum shall call in the neighbours and you will tell us more of the Jesus doctrine."

THE STORY OF ADMIRAL HOBSON.

Chapter I.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." (Eccles. xi. 1.)

A STORY from English history has brought the verse I have just written to my mind, and though perhaps some of our older readers may know the story of the workhouse boy who rose to be Lord High Admiral of England, there are many to whom it will be new, and, I hope, interesting.

The events of my story happened a long time ago, when Queen Anne was upon the throne of England. France and England were then, as now, only divided from each other by the Straits of Dover, but the people of the two countries, though near neighbours, were not on friendly terms with each other. Instead of their soldiers fighting side by side against a common enemy, as they have since, they were fighting with each other, and sea-fights between the ships of the French and English were frequent.

Admiral Hobson was born in the pretty village of Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. Both his parents died when he was very young, and as he had no relatives who were able or willing to take care of the orphan boy, he was sent to the workhouse. We do not know much about his boyhood, his upbringing may have been rather a rough one; but there was one thing that is pleasant to remember, all the old people liked him; he was, they said, so good-tempered, and always ready to help them. When he was old enough to learn a trade the guardians decided to apprentice him to the village tailor.

We may be sure that he was not very pleased on hearing their decision, for "Hobby," as in those days every one called him, loved the sea, and wished very much to be a sailor, not a tailor. But he had no choice in the matter. He got on better than many workhouse apprentices in those days, for the tailor and his wife, who were getting on in years, had no children of their own, and took kindly to the bright-faced, willing lad, who was always ready to run errands, chop wood, or fetch water, who, in fact, liked any thing better than sitting, doubled up, stitching away on the shop-board.

One day there was great excitement in the village. Neighbours came in telling of a large ship, a real man-of-war, that had just come to anchor off shore. How Hobby longed to see it, but the tailor was busy, and he did not venture to ask. How long and weary the hours must have seemed to the restless, eager boy. But after their frugal mid-day meal came the opportunity for which he had waited. The tailor was taking his customary after-dinner nap, his wife busy in her small kitchen. Hobby slipped off the shop-board, unfastened the garden gate without making a sound, then ran as fast as his legs would carry him down to the beach. Once there everything was forgotten in his admiration for the beautiful ship, by far the largest he had ever seen. How he longed to tread her decks! At that moment a boat was putting off to the ship, and without stopping to think of how wrongly he was acting, the boy jumped into it. If any one noticed him they may have thought he had been sent on some errand for his master. He soon found himself on board. Making his way to the captain, he asked, "Please, sir, do you want a boy?"

Yes, the captain did want a boy, and seeing that Hobby looked a bright, likely lad, no questions were asked. Very soon after the order to weigh the anchor was given, and before he had time to think what had happened they had lost sight of land.

He soon found that being at sea was not all sunshine. For two or three days he was very seasick, and hardly able to move; an old sailor was, however, very kind to him, and told him it was only what happened to most of the "landlubbers," and he would soon be on his sea legs. So he was, and about his duties, which were, he found, to combine those of cabin-boy with powder-monkey.

A day or two later a French war vessel was sighted, and everything was prepared for a sea-fight. It soon began; a sailor who had been standing by his gun, near Hobby, was killed, and one or two others wounded. Hobby did not like to see any one hurt, and finding the

old sailor who had been kind to him, asked, "How long are they going to keep this up?" "How long? Why, till that white rag comes down," was the reply, as the old man pointed to the French flag at the masthead.

"If that's all, I'll see what I can do," the boy said to himself. He was a splendid climber; there was hardly a tree round Bonchurch he had not been up after birds' nests. During the engagement the ships had got so close to each other that their yard-arms met. A cloud of smoke hung over the decks of both. No one noticed the boy, who, with almost the agility of a monkey, was climbing the topmast of the British man-of-war. Swinging himself on the yard-arm of the French battleship, he climbed her mast, took down the flag and, winding it round his waist, returned in safety to the deck of his own ship. The French ship being the larger and better manned of the two, up till that moment everything had seemed in her favour. But her flag was lowered! The British sailors saw it and set up a ringing cheer. The French commander, who knew he had given no orders to strike her colours, was quite puzzled. The French gunners left their guns and stood looking at the empty flagstaff with wonder and dismay written upon their faces.

But amid the confusion Hobby made his way to the captain and gave him the flag. He was greatly pleased with a naval victory won at so small a cost, and said, "You are a brave boy, Hobby, go on as you have begun; be willing and obedient, and I'll be a good friend to you." And he kept his word, teaching the boy navigation and many other things that were likely to be of use to him. Hobby proved himself a born sailor, and by repeated acts of bravery rose quickly in his profession, till he became Lord High Admiral. But the sweetest part of my story is to tell you how richly the kindness the village tailor and his wife had shewn to their workhouse apprentice was repaid. Do not forget, dear ones, that God's written word says plainly, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. vi. 7.)

Chapter II.

TWENTY years had passed, bringing many changes; Bonchurch was still a quiet and peaceful village. The workhouse boy had been well-nigh forgotten, but the name of Admiral Hobson, as we must now call him, was widely known and greatly honoured.

A large man-of-war, flying the British flag, had just cast anchor, after which several of her officers got into a boat and were rowed to the shore. As they walked slowly up the straggling village street people came to their doors and windows to look at them, and as they did so they may have noticed not only the gold lace with which the coat and three-cornered hat of one of the party was so richly trimmed, but the respect with which he was treated by his brother officers, who touched their hats and said, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," when they addressed him.

They stopped at the door of the tailor's cottage. He was nowhere to be seen, but his wife was at the gate of her little garden shading her eyes from the sun, and thinking perhaps of bygone years. To her great surprise they said they wanted to dine at her cottage. They were willing and able to pay her for her trouble, but they wanted dinner as soon as she could get it ready. More than half frightened, she protested that she had nothing to offer them, nothing fit to set before grand gentlemen like them. All she had in the house was a little bacon and a few eggs from her own fowls.

They assured her she could not have named anything they should have liked better. Times had, she said, been hard with them. All through the winter her husband had been laid up with rheumatism and had been unable to attend to his work.

Yielding at last to their wishes, she went to prepare the meal, while they entered her humble home and chatted. Dinner ended, while she busied herself clearing away, Admiral Hobson began to sing. Looking at him earnestly, she said, as she wiped away her tears with her apron, "Oh, don't sing that, sir, please don't sing *that*! It was our Hobby's song."

"Who was Hobby? Your son?"

"No, sir; he was our parish apprentice, but we thought nearly as much of him as if he had been. He was such a good-tempered, willing lad," and she began to cry again.

"What became of him? Is he dead?"

"We quite think he got drowned. Just twenty years ago a ship like yours came into the harbour. Hobby was always such a boy for the water; but he did not like sitting on a shop-board minding his work. The last that was seen of him was on that day running down to the beach; he never came back, so we think he must have fallen into the sea and been drowned."

"Was his body ever found?"

"No, sir; but that's no proof he wasn't. He knew we had been good to him, and though master

might have been a bit cross with him for not minding his work, he would have been sure to come back to us. Poor Hobby!"

There was a silence, and when the Admiral spoke his voice was thick and husky. "I am Hobby; I was a bad boy to run away to sea and leave you in the way I did after all your kindness to me, and I don't deserve to be so tenderly remembered. But I never should have made a tailor. I think I must have been born to be a sailor. But I want to shew you that I am not ungrateful. You were as good as a father and mother to me, and now I want to be a son to you. Most of my time I am at sea, but when I am on land I have a fine house in London. The Queen often commands me to attend her councils, and even asks my advice. If you will come and live with me you shall be treated as if you were my own father and mother."

But while the old people thanked him warmly, they said they did not know the ways of grand folks and should not feel at home in the great, busy city. So Admiral Hobson bought their cottage and made them a present of it, besides allowing them money on which they could live comfortably, and paying them visits whenever his duties allowed him to do so. So the "hard times" were never known again in the tailor's cottage.

God is a giving God, offering to us the greatest of all gifts, peace and pardon through the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. But some people, and I have known boys and girls make the mistake of thinking they can be givers before they are receivers. Take the freely-offered gift and thank the Giver, and then it does not matter how young or how weak you are you will not be left without opportunities of giving. Perhaps the need of cheerful, willing givers was never greater than it is to-day; but let us be sure that love to Christ is the motive spring of our service. If we are not quite sure that it is we may take even this trouble to the Lord in prayer and ask Him so to work in our souls by His Holy Spirit that "Ye serve the Lord Christ" may be our life motto.

William Carey.

(*Continued.*)

Chapter VII.

VILLAGE WORK IN INDIA.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." (Matt. ix. 37.)

TWO hundred villages without a single missionary! How Mr. Carey longed to preach the glad tidings of the gospel to those who had never heard of the Lord Jesus Christ. Many of these neglected villages were on the banks of rivers at no great distance from where he lived, so to travel by boat was, he saw, the best and easiest way of reaching them.

He usually took two small boats. The one in which he lived was just large enough to hold a chair, a table, a bed and lamp, his Bible and a few other books. The other boat served as a kitchen, and was used for cooking his food, which he always took with him. He would often visit five or six different villages during the day, walking from those nearest the river bank to those further inland, preaching at each stopping-place, and often remaining for some time to answer questions, or converse with any who seemed to wish to hear more, and returning to his boat for food and sleep.

Still, he found time to go on not only with the study of Sanscrit, but to make good progress with his loved work, the translation of the Bible into Bengali. As each chapter was translated, it was tested by being read to hundreds of the natives: when he found, as was sometimes the case, that there was any word or phrase they did not understand, it was changed for another.

Writing to two missionaries about

to sail for Africa, Mr. Carey advised them to learn the language by going as much as possible among the people, adding, "If you have children, they will soon become your teachers, as they learn quickly from native servants or playfellows. Our children speak Bengali almost like natives, and I often find when they do not understand what I say to them in English, it is quite easy when I repeat it in Bengali."

Of his friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Carey said, "God has greatly blessed the medical branch of our work; Thomas has, I feel sure, been the means of saving many lives. I never saw so many sick people. Many are blind. Day after day crowds come begging medicine either for themselves or their relations. They have no money to pay for it, even if we wished them to do so. All have the gospel preached to them, and seem very grateful for help given."

For more than a year Mr. Carey's friends in the Homeland had been without news of him. Letters in those days did not travel quickly between India and England. Owing to bad weather, the ship that took out the missionaries had been driven along the coast of France, and so failed to bring back the expected letters. The waiting-time must have seemed long and trying; there was just one comfort, they could still *pray*, and pray they did; and fourteen months after the day on which Mr. Carey and his family sailed, the long-looked-for packet arrived, giving an account of the voyage, and the first six weeks in India. How much might have happened since those letters were written no one could tell, but the hearts of the little company of praying men and women who met that night in the old schoolroom at Leicester were very full of thanksgiving.

The first six years of Mr. Carey's life in India were spent in Bengal, but God was leading him by a way he knew not; and finding that by a removal to Serampur he would be better able to carry on a work that lay very near his heart, the translation and printing of the scriptures, early in January, 1800, he went there with his family. The day after his arrival he was introduced to the Governor; he then, with his usual promptness, went and preached to the natives.

Soon after his removal to Serampur, Mr. Carey was joined by three other missionaries; he had something kind to say of each. Of one he wrote, "Brother Marshman is a marvel of diligence and prudence, so also is his wife. Learning the language seems only play to him; he already knows as much as I did in double the time. He goes out nearly every day, and seldom fails to make himself understood. Mr.

Ward does not learn Bengali so quickly as the others, but I do thank God for allowing him to come out here, he is a man of faith and prayer, and so useful among the children."

The girls' school for which Mr. Carey had long wished and prayed was begun, and though at first it was far from easy to persuade Hindu fathers and mothers to allow their daughters to be taught to read, Mrs. Marshman, under whose care it was from the first placed, proved herself a patient and loving teacher, and it soon grew in numbers and usefulness.

All the missionaries were early risers, for in India it is well to get work well forward before the great heat of the day begins. On week-days all were at work by seven o'clock in the morning, Mr. Carey in the garden, Mr. and Mrs. Marshman in the schools, and the others in the printing-office. At eight the bell rang for prayers. Breakfast followed, after which Mr. Carey read proofs or went on with translation till dinner at three; after dinner, all rested for an hour, and then went out to preach or visit till supper-time. Bible-reading, prayer and study closed the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOSPEL LIGHT AMID HEATHEN DARKNESS.

FOR seven years Mr. Carey had been preaching the gospel in Bengali; hundreds, perhaps thousands of natives had heard of the love of God and the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Many had paid great attention, some had even told the missionary that they were sure that the idols they had so long prayed to, could not hear or help them; though the good seed had been faithfully and prayerfully sown, reaping-time still seemed far off, he could not rejoice over even one Hindu who had openly confessed Christ. There had, it is true, been a few hopeful cases, just a few who had, Mr. Carey hoped, received some light; one or two were, he thought, "secret disciples," but to break caste and take a stand for Christ by receiving baptism needed more faith and courage than they possessed.

His own faith had been tested by disappointment after disappointment, none perhaps more keenly felt than when a Hindu, who had been for some time an inquirer, said, "For about a year I have been in my heart a Christian, but now I wish to be baptised as a follower

of my Saviour; but my only son is in a distant part of India, I will go and fetch him, that he may be brought up in the christian faith. When I return my baptism need not be delayed."

He went, but never returned. Whether he had again been drawn into idol worship, had died on the journey, or been made a prisoner by his relations, Mr. Carey was never able to learn.

KRISHNA PAL.

Krishna Pal, the first baptised Hindu, was in more ways than one a remarkable man. With a heart that seemed to overflow with love to Christ, he became a valued helper in mission work, and was the first writer of hymns in the Bengali language. Born in the North of India, he worked for some years at his trade as a carpenter; but during a severe illness his sins were a cause of great sorrow to him, and in the hope of finding relief he joined a very strict sect of the Hindus. But no peace came to his troubled heart. One day a message reached him, he hardly knew who brought it, but surely it was sent by God, for it was, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." From that day he became anxious to find some one who could tell him more of the way of salvation.

Soon after, having hurt his arm badly through a slip and suffering great pain, he remembered having heard that there was a doctor at the mission, and sent his son to ask for help. Mr. Thomas, who had only just sat down to his own breakfast, went at once, did what he could for the injured arm, and finding that Krishna Pal could read fluently, gave him a tract, which he received gratefully, and read and re-read many times during the day. The next morning Mr. Carey went to see him, and after some conversation told him, if he cared to go to the mission house, he could have medicine, also books. From that time he was not only a frequent visitor, but an earnest inquirer.

Receiving Christ by simple faith as his own trusted Saviour, he could not keep the glad tidings to himself. He first brought his friend and near neighbour, Gokool, and before long had the joy of hearing his wife, his wife's sister, and four of his daughters say that they too believed in Jesus, and wished to confess Christ by baptism, though they knew that by so doing they would lose their caste, and be scorned and despised by their Hindu relations and friends. Very soon after they were joined by the wife of Gokool, and formed the first little group of native Christians in North India.

The first native preaching-place in Bengal was built by Krishna Pal just opposite his own house, of his own free will, and nearly at his

own expense. There many natives heard, and not a few believed the gospel, among others a widow who was more than forty years of age. His wife and her sister, whose hearts seemed filled with love to Christ, proved themselves faithful workers, visiting the women in their homes, speaking of a Saviour's love, and reading to them from the scriptures, already translated into Bengali by Mr. Carey.

A letter, still preserved, from the wife of Krishna gives an interesting peep at her work. "In this country there are many ways, but they are all in vain. Jesus Christ's death, His words, this is the true way. This week I have had much joy in talking with Gokool's mother of the true way of life. When I was called to go and talk with her, I said within myself, I am but a weak woman, and do not know much, how can I explain the way of Christ? Then I remembered that blessing does not come from us but from God, and I went. Many Bengali women came in, they sat down and listened well while I tried to tell that it was only by the death of the Lord Jesus we can be saved. My heart is glad in hoping that Gokool's old mother is not far from finding the true way. I have a longing to see the kingdom of Christ grow in India."

"JEYMOONI, WIFE OF KRISHNA."

Soon after the missionary was gladdened by the conversion and baptism of a high-caste Brahmin. Cast-off, hated and disowned by his family and friends he had to suffer the loss of all things for Christ, but stood the test nobly, and became a valued helper in the mission schools.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST INDIAN BOARDING SCHOOL.

BIBLE-TRANSLATING, preaching, superintending, and often teaching in his own schools, must have made Mr. Carey's life a very busy one; but still more might, he saw, be done, so without wasting time he set about doing it. In the spring of 1800, a notice, something like an advertisement, appeared in several Indian papers.

"MISSION HOUSE, SERAMPUR. On Thursday, the 1st of May, 1800, a Boarding School will be opened in the Mission House, which stands on the bank of the river, and is very healthy, and pleasantly situated. Letters addressed to Mr. Carey will receive prompt attention. Lessons in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Persian or Sanscrit can be had. Bengali and English will be taught to all pupils, great care being taken

that English should be correctly spoken."

Such was the small beginning of what grew into a large and flourishing college, in which many sons of well-to-do natives received a high-class education. The school for boys was soon followed by one for girls, and as the Bible was taught in both schools (though no one was forced to break their caste), the light of the gospel shone into many a dark heart; and from both schools some went forth as missionaries to their own people.

A little later Mr. Carey wrote to a friend in England: "Last year we opened a free school for boys in Calcutta. This year we have been able to add to it one for girls. The boys' school now numbers about one hundred and forty, and we have about forty girls. The boys are taught by a very earnest and painstaking master; the girls are under the care of a native convert, who, though a very poor woman, is an earnest Christian. All are being taught to read the Bible."

"The missionaries must not be allowed to live and work in Calcutta." So said a great many people, some of whom I am sorry to say were Europeans; but when a college for the sons of high-caste Hindus was opened at Fort William, Mr. Carey was the only teacher of Bengali who could be found, and he was asked to accept the appointment. This he did thankfully, feeling that God had in answer to prayer opened a long-closed door; "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes," was the language of his praise-filled heart.

Work grew fast, for in addition to his duties as teacher of Bengali and English at Fort William, a place for gospel preaching was opened in the large and thickly-peopled city of Calcutta. Bible and other classes were held during the week, and the hearts of the missionaries were gladdened by knowing that a few of the almost countless numbers of heathen around them had not only heard, but believed the glad tidings, and though they had much to learn, really loved to please and serve the Lord Jesus.

Shall we turn, for a moment, from India as Carey found it rather more than a hundred years ago, and take a peep at what is being done to-day? There are many villages in India where lady missionaries are only able to visit very seldom, perhaps once a year.

Thousands of women and girls are shut up in zenanas; if these are not visited in their homes, they live and die without ever hearing of Jesus and His love.

A morning spent in Indian homes could hardly fail to be interesting, but as we cannot travel so far, or speak even one of the many lan-

guages of that vast empire, we will join in thought a missionary teacher, as in company with a native Bible-woman she sets out for her Monday's round of visits. The first house visited seems almost like a small school, for there are ten pupils, all waiting for their weekly lesson; so two classes are formed, the missionary taking five for English and the Biblewoman five for Urdu or Hindu. How the teacher longs to get the three youngest girls of her English class into a christian school, quite near their home; they would be delighted to go, and their mother makes no objection, but the father will not consent, saying that no girl from his caste has ever been allowed to attend school! So the poor children must be content with a weekly reading lesson. The boys of the family all go to school, and sometimes give their sisters a little help. But it is time for the Bible lesson, and as it is given in Hindu, three more come in for it, and all listen very attentively.

One day the lesson was about the temptation of the Lord in the wilderness, and the answer given by the Lord to Satan when he wished Him to bow down in worship to him: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him *only* shalt thou serve" (Matt. iv.), seemed to impress one thoughtful girl, as it was pointed out that the word used for "worship" in the Hindu Bible really means to bow the head, a mark of respect the Hindus never forget to pay to their idols. She said, with a quick glance to the shelf where the family idols were arranged, "Does it really mean that we are *only* to bow the head to God, even though we cannot see Him? Must we bow the head to no one else?" The answer was, "That is what the Lord says." All seemed to feel it was a solemn time.

The smallest pupil, a little girl of seven, would not for a long time even try to learn her lesson properly. Her elder sisters said they had tried to teach her, but could not; she was lazy! One day the teacher said, "I have a little dolly at home, I should like it to come and live with you; but I cannot give it to a little girl who never learns her lessons. What shall I do with it?" The next week the lesson was learnt, and the little scholar seemed much brighter.

(*Concluded on page* 111.)

Sought and Found.

AN AFRICAN STORY.

Chapter I.

IT had been raining heavily for days, and the air was damp and chilly, for during the rainy season it can be cold sometimes even in West Africa. Two old women had met in the almost empty market-place. They had often met there before, and had enjoyed many a friendly gossip, but on that day there was a strangely troubled look on the faces of both, though perhaps it was most marked on that of Sholabi, who was some years older than her companion. Long salutations are dear to the Africans, but on that day their greetings were very brief.

Sholabi was the first to speak. "Ogunyabi, my heart is very heavy, because of these Christians who have come among us. I fear the anger of the gods we and our fathers have served so long will come upon us. And if our gods are angry what can we do?"

"My heart is sad, too," replied Ogunyabi. "Many times I have prayed to our gods to scatter them, and drive them from our land. Yesterday I offered a chicken to Shango that my two sons might be kept from learning their evil ways."

"When you and I were young," said Sholabi, "it would have been very easy. The preacher who has been with the white men and learnt their ways, and serves their strange gods, would never have dared to come to our town; or if he had, he would have been driven into the bush, where he would have died of hunger, or been eaten by wild beasts, but now the white man is too strong for us, and now, if we kill them, or even drive them into the bush, they have a great white king, who has many soldiers, and he would send them to eat us all up, and burn our villages. Even

our brave warriors are in fear of them and their king. Ah! those were good days, when every one feared our gods, and many offerings were made to turn away their anger."

"But cannot you tell us what we can do?" asked the other. "You are a priestess of Ifa, and the leader of us women. You have talked with the gods, you have sought their favour, you have made them many offerings. You ought to be able to tell us what to do to drive the strangers away, and so keep your place as our leader, or I fear all our young people will learn their ways, and who then will keep away the anger of the gods?"

"Yes, it is true I am a priestess of Ifa, and I have talked with the gods, and made them many offerings; but they do not answer me, or regard my offerings," replied Sholabi sadly. "But to-day I will kill a goat, and present it to Ifa, then perhaps the god will be pleased, and speak to me."

"Is it true," asked Ogunyabi, "that your son Fakoyo went to the house of the preacher two days ago, and that he has worshipped with the Christians?"

Fear and anger were plainly written upon every feature of the old woman's face. Her limbs trembled with excitement as she gasped rather than said, "My son! my Fakoyo, did you say, a follower of the hated Christians? No, it cannot be true; I will not believe it. Did not I myself take him to the sacred grove, and give him to the gods when he was only a baby. No, if all the other young men in the village forsake the gods, I will not believe it of Fakoyo."

"Ah, I said it could not be true," replied her companion. "Adesoro told it to me in the market yesterday, but we all know that she says many idle words."

But with a hasty farewell Sholabi turned away, sad and sick at heart. She did not, and told herself she would not, believe what she had heard; and yet, if it should be true! her son, the joy of life, the darling of her heart, to have been even seen in the company of the Christians!

As she walked slowly homewards she remembered that several times lately he had made excuses for not going with her to worship the gods, and only two days ago, on the day the Christians called Sunday, when she knew that they met for worship at the house of the preacher, instead of going to his work in the fields, Fakoyo had put on his new cloth and gone out without telling her where he was going. When he returned he was in the company of two of their young men, who she remembered hearing had already forsaken the gods.

As she recalled these things she

wondered that they had not troubled or made her uneasy. She felt like one who was staggering from the effects of a cruel blow. Could it be true, that she, a priestess of Ifa, the one who for long years had been the leader of the women, the one whom they had looked up to with such respect, not unmixed with fear, had not been able to guard her own, her only son, from this new, strange faith?

"If he has angered the gods they will punish him," she moaned to herself. "They will strike him with a thunder-bolt, or visit him with the small-pox, or lay him low with fever, and in his sickness he will die. Yes, the wrath of the gods is upon him, and I cannot save him."

Poor woman! She did not know that the God whom her son was even then learning to love and trust was a "very present help in trouble," One "whose compassions fail not." She did not even know His name; He was not one of the gods of her fathers, and she did not wish even to think of Him.

It seemed a long and weary way, that day, but at last she reached the circle of mud and wattle huts she mis-called home, and after creeping through the low doorway she picked her way among the ill-smelling rubbish that lay in decaying heaps in the compound. She was tired and faint, yet she could not eat, but sat down to wait as best she could the return of her son, sometimes fearing, at others hoping, that he would laugh at her fears, and tell her he had not forsaken the gods.

Chapter II.

IN all the countries near the equator there is hardly any twilight, as darkness follows very quickly upon sunset, so when the first evening shadows began to gather, Sholabi knew she should not have much longer to wait. Already minutes seemed like hours, when her ear caught the voice of her son calling a cheery good-night to a friend, and singing softly to himself as he drew near the hut. Surely it was the tune of a christian hymn; she had heard it once before when passing the house of the preacher. It was enough to confirm her worst fears; it seemed as if the last ray of hope died out of her heart as she listened.

Fakoyo entered, and, after bowing his head for a few moments, began to eat the food his mother had placed before him. She moved about the hut in a quick, nervous manner, but for some time it seemed as if her tongue was tied. At last she said, "My son, my heart is very heavy. I have heard strange things to-day. It has been told me that

you have forsaken the gods of our fathers, that you have been to the house of the preacher, and you have listened to the words of the Christians. But oh! my son, for the love I bear you, tell me this is not true? Say that you will worship the gods with me to-night."

The young man was silent for a few moments, and when he spoke, it was very gently. "What you have heard, my mother, is true. It is now quite a long time since some of my companions began to tell me of wonderful words they had heard from a great book. The book said there was only one true God, who had made all things, that He is very good, and that He wished us all to love and serve Him. The book also said that idols are nothing but wood and stone, the work of men's hands, and I knew that was true, for I have often seen the priests making them. My heart was hungry, and I listened to all they could tell me of the words of the book, and when they could tell me no more, I went with them to the house of the preacher, and he told me not only that God is very good, but that He is so full of love that He gave His own Son to die upon the cross for sinners; and as I listened, joy came into my heart. I shall never again worship the gods of our fathers."

Sholabi had listened in silence, only now and then a low moan escaped her lips. Then she pleaded with him by every argument she could think of: his love for her, her fear of the anger of the gods, the terrible punishments which she believed would fall upon any who forsook them, the contempt of his former friends, the anger of the men of the village, who were, she told him, even then laying a plot to drive the Christians out of the village and burn their houses.

But it was all in vain; he listened quietly, but remained firm. He had, only a few days before, given up heathenism, and really knew very little about the truths of the gospel; but the little he did know had taken a firm hold of his heart and he could not, dared not, draw back.

The news that Fakoyo had joined the despised and hated Christians spread far and wide, and a time of severe testing lay before the young convert. The old men cursed him; and to the mind of the African a curse is something to be greatly feared. The young men scorned and ill-treated him; his former friends shunned him; but the truth had taken a firm hold upon him, and "kept by the power of God" he held on his way, though, perhaps, what touched him most deeply was the spiritless, heart-broken way in which his mother moved about the hut or went on her daily errands for water or firewood.

But a day came when the heathen

neighbours were almost wild with joy, though the mother's heart seemed breaking with the weight of a great sorrow; Fakoyo was sick, stricken down with a disease from which very few ever recovered. The anger of the offended gods had, they said, fallen upon him, and he would surely die. His mother was in despair. By day and night she pleaded with him to give up his new faith and allow her to make for him just one offering to the gods. Perhaps, even at the eleventh hour, their anger might be turned away, and the progress of the terrible sickness checked. But he refused.

Hour by hour Fakoyo grew worse, and became so low and weak that it seemed as if death must be sure and speedy. The Christians were not allowed to see him, but they knew of his danger, and they knew, too, how hard the battle he was fighting must be, and they found comfort in the knowledge that though they could not see him, there was one thing they could do for him—they could *pray*. And day after day, long before sunrise, and again when the long day's work was done, they met at the house of the preacher and prayed for him. And how they did pray! with a simple yet mighty faith that took hold of God, and asked, if according to His holy will, that He would make His power known, and by raising up the sufferer prove Himself a wonder-working God.

Even when they heard that his death was hourly expected they did not give up praying. No one went to work that day. They just waited, and prayed that as a sign to the heathen his life might be spared. For some hours he had been in a death-like sleep, but while they waited upon God something little short of a miracle happened—he stirred, opened his eyes, and though still very weak sat up.

The hut was soon filled with awe-struck heathen and happy, rejoicing Christians. All alike were ready to own that the Jehovah-God of the Christians had proved Himself stronger than all the idols of the land.

Chapter III.

AND what of Sholabi? The story of her conversion is almost like that of another miracle. At the very hour when her son began to recover, the Holy Spirit moved over the waters of her soul, and she began to *think*. If she had ever thought before, it was only about how she might escape the anger of the idols she so greatly feared.

As Fakoyo slowly recovered strength, mother and son had many quiet talks about the new faith the

poor old priestess had so feared and hated. She had many questions to ask, and though her son had only a very small knowledge of the written word, he had been made "wise unto salvation," and very gladly he became her teacher.

One day the wife of the preacher paid her a visit, and said, "Sholabi, God has been very good to you and to us all in sparing your son. Your gods could do nothing for him. Will you not love and serve the one true God?" She did not reply, but sat silent and thoughtful. For days she had been facing the question; but for her, a priestess of Ifa, the leader of all the women for miles round, a confession of faith would, she well knew, be no easy matter.

God is very patient and very gracious in winning souls, and it was her old friend Ogunyabi who, though not herself a Christian, really helped her to decide for Christ. Meeting her one day she said, "The gods have given you back your son, even though he has become a Christian."

Sholabi felt she could no longer be silent, and replied, "No, it was not our gods; they could do nothing, though I prayed to them night and day, and offered many chickens and goats. The Christians prayed to their God, and He is stronger than our gods."

The friends parted, and Sholabi went to her hut with a new joy filling her soul.

Her life had confessed the truth her heart had for some time believed. The next Lord's day she went openly with her son to the house of the preacher, and joined the Christians in their simple service of prayer and praise.

Her conversion made a great stir for miles round. It was bad enough for a dozen or more of the young men to have joined the faith, but worse, far worse, for the oldest priestess of Ifa, the most respected woman in the village, to have joined the Christians! Every means within their reason was tried to induce her to return to the worship of the idols, and only their fear of the white man kept some of the bolder ones from using personal violence.

Both mother and son stood the storm of trouble that gathered about them, and at last the day came when by baptism they were to make a public confession of their faith by receiving christian baptism. It came at last, that glad, never-to-be-forgotten day, when the white missionary came to their village, and, with several other converts from the heathen, mother and son were baptised.

But the work of God in that heathen village went on, and more souls were won for Christ. As Sholabi walked slowly home after

her baptism, she was met by her old friend Ogunyabi, who had been first puzzled and then impressed by the news of her conversion. Noticing her bright, happy face she said, "Do you not fear the gods a little, now you have left them?"

Her answer was, "Do you not remember the day that I told you that my heart was very heavy, because of the Christians and their God? For many years I served the gods of our fathers, and my only reward was fear. Now I have learned to know the true God, the God of the Christians, and He gives me peace and joy, and when I die I shall go to His house in heaven and be happy with Him for ever. Why should I fear? The way of the Christians is a good way, as my son told me. Will you not come along it with me? The gods of the land can give you nothing but fear; my God can give you everything."

Ogunyabi looked at her with a strange, wistful gaze. At last she said, "I know nothing about this way, but I should like to feel as you do. But I am only a poor woman; you have been a priestess, and have often talked with the gods. Your God may speak to you, but surely He would not speak to me."

"My God is not like the gods of our fathers. His great book says He will be found by any who seek Him, and even little children may come to Him," replied her friend.

"Then I, too, will be a Christian. The gods of our people have never made me happy. If your God will have me I will serve Him all the days that are left to me."

The two friends turned back to the house of the preacher, and while they knelt in prayer Ogunyabi knew that God had spoken to her, for His love was shed abroad in her heart by the Holy Spirit.

William Carey.

(*Continued.*)

Chapter X.

SOME INDIAN GIRLS.

BEFORE again taking up the story of William Carey, shall we again suppose ourselves going with a missionary friend to see some of the girls who, though they would not be allowed to go to school, may yet be visited and taught in their own homes?

The hour spent with the first group of pupils has passed all too quickly, and though they are in no hurry to part with the kind and patient teacher they have learned to love, they are pleasantly reminded that others are waiting for their weekly lesson, so amid a chorus of "Come again soon; come early!" good-byes are said.

The next house visited is that of a Mohammedan family. Two girls, nearly grown-up, are waiting with their books; both are really anxious to learn to read, and one still older comes in for her lesson. One of the pupils is a quiet, thoughtful girl, and though she does not say much, there is good reason to hope that the good seed of God's own word has in her case fallen into good soil, and will bring forth fruit.

While the lessons are being given, one of the men of the house came in, and though he did not appear to be taking much notice of what was going on, it was easy to see that he was really listening to the story of a *full*, *free* salvation through the precious blood and finished work of Christ. The Mohammedans believe that one of their own prophets died for them. But how could a sinful man die for sinners? Only a sinless Saviour could do that.

In the next to be visited, the people are Hindu. A young wife,

who was the first pupil there, wants very much to learn to read, but is even more anxious to be taught *to write*! She is reading the gospel in Hindi, and her mother-in-law comes in, for she loves to listen to hymn-singing. Quite a number of gospel hymns have been translated into Hindi or Urdu, and when set to native tunes, always find ready listeners.

In the next house four girls have been waiting quite a long time for their lesson. Poor things! it must have been a little trying, and it is not quite easy to get them to understand that the teacher cannot go to every one *first*. Here a young wife kept her face covered the whole time her mother-in-law was in the room; she was very shy, and nothing could induce her sisters-in-law to tell the missionary her name, so it was written down as "daughter-in-law."

One more house has to be visited. For some time only two small girls, one of them not very bright, were learning to read, but one day their mother said in a shy, half-ashamed way, "Will you teach me? I too would like to read. I have tried before, but it was all so hard; if you will teach me, I will try again."

She has a very easy lesson, and tries to remember the names of the different letters of the Hindi alphabet; both pupil and teacher will have need of patience. But it is almost noon, and the heat reminds the tired missionary that she must seek rest and refreshment.

We have left Mr., now Dr. Carey, too long already. From boyhood he had been an early riser, and the great heat of India made the cooler morning hours far too precious to be spent in sleep. The first streak of dawn found him at his desk, busy translating the scriptures or reading proofs sent in from the printing-office. It must have been a cause of deep joy and thanksgiving to the whole-hearted missionary when his sons were not only converted, but offered themselves for mission work.

Almost from the time of her marriage Mrs. Carey had been more or less seriously ill, so that her death in the winter of 1807 was not unlooked for. Dr. Carey's second marriage was a very happy one, his wife not only taking a great interest in all her husband's varied work, and though herself far from strong and unable to take long walks, proving herself a valued helper in the schools and in visiting the people.

When on the 24th of June, 1809, Dr. Carey told his fellow missionaries when they met at dinner that he had that morning finished his Bengali translation of the whole Bible, he was asked if he had other translations in hand. His reply was, "If it please God to spare

my life, I have as much work in front of me as I can reasonably hope to get through in twenty years!"

For years he had been working hard, too hard for his strength, and the next day he was laid aside by a severe attack of fever, and was so very ill that for some days it seemed hardly possible that he could recover. In answer to many prayers his life was spared, and though when danger was past strength came back very slowly, the tender, careful nursing of his devoted wife did much for him, and before many weeks had passed he was again able to meet his classes, and when his duties did not require his being at the college, he was at his desk, again busy at his loved work of translating the scriptures.

When the first edition of the Bengali New Testament was printed, a few copies were sent by Dr. Carey to friends in England. One found its way into the hands of Earl Spencer, whose poor tenant the translator had once been. The book and its story interested him so greatly that he at once sent a cheque for fifty pounds to help to pay for printing more copies, and desired that one should be presented to King George III. His Majesty received the book in a most gracious way, and said, "I am greatly pleased to find that any of my subjects are employed in this manner."

Chapter XI.

BUSY YEARS.

WE all know something, though perhaps it may not be much, about the story of our own dear English Bible, how it has been translated, and how suffered for; but if the people of India were to read for themselves God's wonderful book, it must be translated into many languages; and fifteen years of patient, steady work were needed before the Bengali Bible was quite ready to be put into the hands of native converts and others to whom it had long been promised. It was printed in five large volumes, and though in preparing it Dr. Carey got help which he valued greatly from his fellow-missionaries, every sheet was written by his own pen.

During the forty years of his missionary life in India, Dr. Carey saw through the press no less than five editions of the Old Testament and eight of the New, in Bengali. But if the scholars and pundits (teachers) of India were to read the word of God for themselves, it must be offered to them in Sanscrit, the language in which their Vedas, or sacred books, are written.

A Brahmin to whom a copy of the New Testament in Bengali had been offered would not even touch

the book, but said, "Even if the book contains the knowledge of God, it is to us what milk would be if placed in a vessel of dog's skin, polluted, and we would rather die from thirst than drink it."

But when the scriptures were offered to them in Sanscrit, even high-caste Brahmins took them gladly.

The blessing of the Lord rested upon the translation of the scriptures. A copy of the gospels led a Brahmin priest to Christ, and many of the Sepoys, or Indian soldiers, were so anxious to get New Testaments of their own that they bought them of their officers.

The story of the conversion of Ali Khan, a high-caste Brahmin, is deeply interesting. Thirty-two years before it took place, he had been sent with his elder brothers by their father to a fair, with a string of horses for sale. A Bible in his own language was, while at the fair, given to him by an English gentleman, who told him to take care of it, not to throw it into the fire, nor into the river, but keep it safely till the British were rulers in the land. He said nothing about the book to any one, but after wrapping it up in a linen cloth, hid it carefully away.

Unable at the time to read it for himself, during all those years he had only shewn it to one person, a Mohammedan, who read some passages from the Old Testament, and said, "Yes, this is a true book, it tells of Father Noah and Father Moses." Great changes in the government of India had taken place, and a large part of the country was under British rule. So Ali Khan made up his mind that the time to study the book had come. He read, believed, was won for Christ, and became a whole-hearted helper in making the gospel known to his countrymen.

The cold season of 1811–12 was one of deep and unlooked-for trial. Death was a frequent visitor at the mission-house, and each of the little band of missionaries was called upon to part with some loved one; Dr. Carey lost one of his grandsons. A severe shock of earthquake caused great alarm. Houses shook and fell, while hundreds of natives ran wildly about calling upon idols that could neither hear nor help them.

The sun had just set on the evening of March 11, 1812, the native workmen had all gone to their homes, Mr. Ward still lingered at his desk, busy with some accounts, when clouds of smoke poured from the type room. A large stock of paper had only a few days before been stored in the printing-office, where were also thousands of printed sheets ready for binding, besides valuable manuscripts, types, a dictionary of all, or nearly all, Indian

languages, on which Dr. Carey had worked for some years, and a safe in which the money that would be needed to pay the work-people had been placed. Rushing through this room to try and find out the cause of the fire, he saw the paper store was alight.

Joined by Mr. Marshman, they had every door and window closed, and with the help of some natives, who brought water, they climbed on to the roof, and for four hours did their utmost to put out the flames. About midnight, just as they hoped they had got the fire under, some one opened a window, and the whole building was one mass of flames; soon after the roof fell in with a terrible crash.

Dr. Carey was in Calcutta on the night of the fire, but when he arrived the next evening the ruins were still smoking. The trial was keenly felt, but all realised it might have been worse, for Mr. Ward, who had been all day hard at work clearing away rubbish, was able to report that five large printing-presses had not been touched by the flames and some other valuables had also escaped injury. A large, old warehouse near the mission premises was taken and all hands set to work to clear it; the presses were set up, and in little more than a week after the fire, printers and type-setters were at work again.

Much that had been destroyed by the fire had to be done over again; but good came out even of what at first had seemed so trying. When the story of the fire and the losses the missionaries had suffered became known in England, Scotland and America, old and new friends alike felt that they could do something to help, and not only wrote letters full of kindness and sympathy, but sent money to buy type, paper, and many other things needed in printing-offices.

Soon after the fire Dr. Carey wrote to a friend: "The loss is very great, and will long be severely felt, yet it might have been much more difficult to bear. The Lord has laid His hand upon us, He had a right to do so, and we deserve His correction. I wish to bow to His will, and even to rejoice in it, 'He hath done all things well.' I turn now to the bright side. Our loss as far as I can see will be repaired in much less time than at first seemed possible. We have already begun to set type for a fresh edition of the New Testament in Tamil. Many are praying for us, and we can say of the Lord, that 'his mercy endureth for ever.'"

Chapter XII.

FORTY YEARS A TRANSLATOR AND MISSIONARY.

THER and perhaps greater trials followed the fire of 1812, by which so many books and much valuable property had been destroyed; these were money troubles. Money was nowhere to be had; one large firm after another failed, and merchants in Bengal, Calcutta and other Indian towns and cities who only a short time before had been rich men, hardly knew how to get bread for their families. A large sum of money needed for the support of the schools and college, which had been placed, it was thought, for safe keeping in the hands of a merchant, was lost, and for a time it seemed as though both schools and college would have to be closed.

All this was a great trial to Dr. Carey, but his faith in the love and wisdom of his heavenly Father was not allowed to fail. Like Job, he was enabled to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Those who knew him best often wondered how it was possible for one man to get through all the work that made the life of Dr. Carey such a busy one, for in addition to his regular work of preaching, teaching and translating the scriptures, he held for eight years the appointment of Translator to the Government. Perhaps the secret was that he knew the value of *time*, knew that

> "The little moments,
> Tiny though they be,
> Form the mighty ages
> Of eternity."

Busy as Dr. Carey always was, still he found or made time for the one recreation he allowed himself, gardening. We remember how, when a boy of fourteen, he had taken charge of his father's garden at the village school-house, and in old age his love of flowers and plants was as fresh as it had been in his youth. Only once during his last illness was he observed to be less cheerful than usual, and when asked by his friend and brother missionary, Mr. Marshman, the cause of his depression, he replied, "When I am gone, they will turn the cows into my garden." And his garden was indeed a lovely one. Cucumbers and melons did not need as in England to be grown under frames or in greenhouses, but did well in the open air.

From the time of his first going to India, Dr. Carey had asked his friends in the homeland to send him not only flower seeds, but as many as they could get of such fruit trees as, like the apple and pear,

grew from pippins; plum and peach stones were also wanted, and would be welcome. When packed in small boxes among dry sand, he found they arrived in good condition, and generally did well. In this way many fruits and flowers unknown before in India were introduced into the country, and now seem to have made themselves quite at home in Indian soil.

Forty years of work in the trying climate of India had told upon the once vigorous man. Time had whitened his hair and slightly bent his frame, but his spirit was as cheerful as it had ever been, and his heart often seemed to overflow with praise, though little by little the weakness of age crept on; he had more than one severe illness, and when he neared the close of his seventieth year, he himself seemed to feel that his work was almost done. Still, when able to sit up, several hours each day were spent at his desk, translating or correcting proof sheets.

When the first copy of the eighth edition of the Bengali New Testament came from the hands of the binder, he was just going to preach; taking the precious volume with him, he held it up and with deep feeling repeated, and afterwards spoke from the words of the aged Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Among those who visited Dr. Carey during the last few weeks of his life, one who always received a specially warm welcome was Alexander Duff, a young Scotch missionary, at that time only twenty-four years of age. On one, perhaps his last, visit, he found the doctor too weak to talk much, so for some time he sat by him speaking of the work God had enabled him to do during his forty years in India. Presently the dying man said, "Pray." His visitor knelt, and after prayer said good-bye. As he reached the door he was recalled, and the lesson then learnt was a never-to-be-forgotten one, as the veteran missionary said in a feeble voice, "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey; when I am gone say nothing about Dr. Carey, speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour."

The last days of his illness were described by a fellow-missionary who wrote to friends in England under date January 31st, 1834: "Our loved father, Dr. Carey, is still spared to us, and does not seem much weaker than he has been for the last three months. He can only walk a few yards at a time, suffers very little if any pain, and reads and sleeps a great deal. To him it is everything that the gospel is true, and that he believes it; and as he says, if he knows anything, he knows that he believes it."

About half-past five in the morning of June 9th, 1834, the Lord gently put him to sleep. His funeral took place the following day, and was attended by large numbers, every possible mark of respect being shewn to the memory of one whose labours as a scholar and a missionary had been so widely known. All the ships in the harbour had, by order of the governor, their flags half-mast high (ship's mourning). At the grave a Bengali hymn beginning:

"Salvation by the death of Christ,"

was sung, and several native converts and English brethren took part in the simple service. One lesson we may all, I think, learn from the story of WILLIAM CAREY is how much may be done by one unselfish life. Few, perhaps, have the talent for learning languages he possessed, but *all* can do something towards making the glad tidings of the gospel known to others. But do not forget, dear boy or girl, that the first step to a really useful life is to have to do with Christ as a personal Saviour; then ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and sooner or later, though perhaps not quite in the way expected, HIS answer is sure to come.

THE END.

STORIES OF OLD RETOLD.

No. I.

THE EDICT OF NANTES.

SOME boys and girls I know say that they never can remember dates. Perhaps the reason is that they really do not try to remember, so I will only ask my young readers to remember just one, as by doing so they will find the story that follows much more interesting than if they did not know when the events they are reading of really happened.

On the 18th of October, 1685, King Louis of France signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and very sad and stormy were the years that followed.

But what was the Edict of Nantes? and why was it revoked? Henry IV. had given his Protestant subjects, of whom there were at that time many thousands in France, by a document known as the Edict of Nantes, liberty to follow the pure and simple teachings of the word of God, and to meet together for Bible study and prayer; and though they were not much in favour in the palaces of the king, and were very seldom called to fill high offices in the State, they had for many years been allowed to go on quietly.

But all was about to be changed. Louis XIV., who was a Roman Catholic, acting, there is no doubt, under the influence of his Catholic friends and advisers, made up his mind that all his subjects *must* be Romanists too. They would be required to give up their Bibles, and instead of meeting to worship God in the simple, quiet way they had learned to love so well, they would be expected to attend mass, where the prayers would be in Latin; and many of them not prayers offered to God, but to the Virgin

Mary, or Peter, or men and women who had lived and died hundreds of years ago.

Four days after the king had signed the decree, it was made widely known all over France. There were sad hearts in every home in which a Protestant (or as we shall call them Huguenot) family lived.

The fathers and mothers felt the sorrow keenly, not so much for themselves as for their children, for the new edict required that all children were to be sent to Roman Catholic schools, where they would be taught to kneel before pictures and images and to believe many things contrary to the plain teaching of the word of God. If any parents refused to allow their children to attend such schools, full power was given to the priests to take the children away, and send the girls to convents and the boys to be placed under the care of monks. If any child more than seven years of age had even once entered a Roman Catholic church it was said to be a Romanist and taken from its parents.

Though at first many who had only been half-hearted, or who perhaps had never had any saving knowledge of Christ, made up their minds to comply with the wishes of the king, and went over to the Roman Catholics, there were great numbers who saw that if in faithfulness to God they stood firm, they must be prepared to suffer for the truths they loved; and conversations such as the following might have been heard in many homes.

"It is not for ourselves I fear," said a French silk-weaver, whom we will call Ambrose, "but for the children; though we have often been encouraged to hope that the good seed we have tried to sow in their hearts is already bearing fruit, and that both Victor and Babet truly love the Lord Jesus, Babet is so young, only just turned eight, and though Victor is almost two years older, he is less thoughtful and more easily led, and some, even among those who only a little while ago we counted among our friends, will spare no pains to induce them to enter the Roman Catholic church, and having succeeded, tell them to hide from us that they have disobeyed us."

"But cannot we leave France, as I hear many of our friends and neighbours intend doing?" said Annette, his wife, making a great effort to smile. "We, my dear husband, are of one mind, and would it not be far better to leave our native land, with its sunshine and flowers, and go forth homeless and friendless, than to allow our children to fall into the net that is, we plainly see, about to be spread for their feet? God will give us grace to be faithful to the light He has given us, but I cannot be

happy until I know that my children are in a place of safety."

"I, too, have thought of leaving France," replied Ambrose, "but even if it can be done, there are many dangers and difficùlties. The king is, I hear, about to make very severe laws to prevent any of his subjects leaving the country. The captains of ships are forbidden to allow them to take passage in their vessels, and in case any should succeed in getting on board and hiding themselves in the hold, the king's officers have orders to see that sulphur is burnt in such quantities that any who were hiding would either be suffocated or be compelled to creep forth, when they would at once be made prisoners and sent in gangs to the galleys, where they would be made slaves for life."

The children, who had been listening, sad and silent, although hardly understanding why their parents should be so distressed, now began to cry bitterly, while the father, throwing an arm round each, went on to say, "If what I have heard to-day is true, the rich who refuse to conform to the order of the king will have much to suffer. Large numbers of wild, lawless soldiers will be sent to their houses; they are told to provide them with food and wine and give them the best of everything the house affords, while their stables are to be given up to the horses of the soldiers.

"Do not let us, my dear wife, lose faith in God. Let our sorrow only cast us more simply upon Him, who is 'a very present help in trouble.' Dry your tears, beloved. Let us, as far as lies in our power, prepare to leave the country, and while waiting, we will hope and pray that an opportunity of doing so may yet be given us."

Such scenes as the one I have tried to picture were taking place in thousands of homes in France. Louis XIV. lived thirty years after signing the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, years of great trial and persecution to the Huguenots.

He had lived an idle, self-pleasing life, and made himself disliked by his subjects, so much so that the news of his death did not cause any sorrow.

No. II.

LA TOUR DE CONSTANCE.

TO-DAY we will pay a visit to a prison, always a sad and gloomy place, in La Tour de Constance, a large, old castle-like building, which for more than fifty years was used as a prison for Huguenot women and children.

We may find even there a gleam of brightness, for

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage."

We know the names, and something, though perhaps not much, about some of the prisoners, and very sad and touching these stories are. One elderly woman, who had been imprisoned there for thirty-eight years, said that the day on which under a guard of soldiers she first crossed its damp, dismal courtyard, and leaving friends and liberty behind entered its low, dark doorway, was still fresh in her memory.

Marie Harbourn had lost both parents when she was very young. Her only brother Henri, who was several years older than herself, was very kind to her, and it was from him she learnt not only to refuse the errors of Rome, but to hear the voice of the good Shepherd, the Lord Jesus, speaking to her through the written word. Her young heart was won by the love of Christ; and like her brother, she made up her mind to cast in her lot with the persecuted, despised Huguenots. They had been forbidden by the laws of France to hold meetings, but many felt that they *must* obey God rather than man, and still continued to meet together, though secretly, and in strange, out-of-the-way places, often in caves and woods.

Marie and her brother attended these meetings whenever it was possible to do so; and though nearly all the Huguenot pastors had been forced to leave France, now and then, though at the risk of his life, one ventured to return, and the place and time when he hoped to preach or hold a Bible reading was quickly spread by trusty messengers among his friends.

One of the most gifted and devoted of these pastors, Paul Rubent, had had several narrow escapes. Though exiled, and forbidden on pain of death to return to France, he more than once crossed the frontier in the dress of a mason with a basket of tools upon his shoulder, and, most likely thinking that he was only a workman seeking employment, the guards allowed him to pass without asking him any questions.

Marie and her brother never missed an opportunity of attending these meetings, and even when the place of meeting was at a distance of some miles from their home, Marie begged so earnestly to accompany her brother, that he seldom if ever refused her request. Returning after nightfall from one of these secret meetings, they were surprised by a party of soldiers. Marie clung weeping and trembling to her brother, till rudely pushed away by a soldier. The brother and sister were parted, never to meet again on

MARIE AND HER BROTHER ATTENDED THESE MEETINGS.

earth. Henri was led to a martyr's death, and Marie was sent to La Tour de Constance.

Sadly and wearily the days passed for her. There were no comforts in the cheerless cells and damp walls of her prison; and even the scanty portion of food allotted to each prisoner was often withheld on some trifling excuse. Yet even there she found some work for Christ, and in caring for others she found comfort, and, even though she could not forget her own sorrow, courage and strength to bear it bravely and patiently.

Seldom can the heart be lonely,
If it seek a lonelier still;
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups to fill.

And among her fellow-prisoners Marie found one who was, if possible, even more lonely than herself. Liza, a child of only eight years old, interested her greatly. We may ask, "Of what crime could one so young have been guilty?" Only that with her mother she had attended a Huguenot meeting; she was sent like her mother to La Tour de Constance. The mother died in prison,

and Liza lived on, a sad and lonely child-prisoner.

Liza had been made a prisoner when she was so young that she could hardly remember ever having been a free and happy child. Marie's kind heart was deeply touched by the sorrows of the motherless little girl. She taught her to read the Bible, told her stories, mended her clothes, and in many ways did all that lay in her power to make her life happier than it would have been without her love and care.

We do not know whether Liza died in prison or not, but after Marie had been a prisoner for thirty-eight years, an aged French pastor was able to induce the prime minister of France to pay a visit to the prison. He was shocked and grieved at what he saw and heard, and through his influence an order for the release of Marie was granted.

She had no relations living, and the sufferings and privations of the long, weary years during which she had been a prisoner had told upon her health, which had never been strong. She did not live long to enjoy her freedom, but it is pleasant to know that a few of the Lord's people felt it a privilege to care for one who under great difficulties had been faithful to Christ.

If she and her fellow-prisoners had given up their Bibles and said that they were willing to believe the false teaching of Rome, they would, there is no doubt, have been released from prison, but they made a noble choice—to suffer for rather than deny their Lord.

No. III.

JEAN FABER.

THOUGH, as we shall remember, French Huguenots were forbidden by the laws of France to hold meetings, and many had been able to leave the country, great numbers remained in France who, choosing to obey God rather than man, continued to meet for Bible-reading, prayer and preaching in lonely, out-of-the-way places, often in woods and caves among the rocks. The meetings were usually held at night, and though the time and place of meeting were kept as secret as possible, it was no uncommon thing for the Huguenots to find themselves surprised and surrounded by soldiers, who fired alike upon men, women and children. The men when taken prisoners were sent to the galleys, the women and children to convents or prisons.

On New Year's Day, 1756, it had been arranged to hold one of their meetings in a cave not far from Neames. The meeting had only just been opened by prayer, when a warning was given that the sol-

diers were upon them. The meeting closed at once, and those present tried to escape by climbing the rocks. Among those who succeeded in doing so was a young silk merchant, Jean Faber. He was beyond the reach of danger, but on hearing that his father, who was seventy-eight years of age, and too feeble to climb as the younger and strong had done, had been arrested and was being taken to prison, he returned, and going boldly up to the soldiers who were leading the old man away, offered himself in exchange.

At first the officer in charge refused, but though he does not seem to have been a man much used to pity, after some time he was so touched by the tears and prayers of the son that he gave a half-unwilling consent. The aged father was set at liberty, and Jean under a strong guard of soldiers led away to prison. While awaiting his trial, he was not allowed to see his father, or the young lady to whom for some time he had been engaged, and to whom he had hoped very shortly to be married.

When tried he was, as he expected to be, sent to the galleys for life. In company with and chained to thieves, murderers and criminals, a long and weary march lay before him. When the coast was reached the gang, as they were called, were drafted on board the royal galleys, care being taken that the Huguenot prisoners should be placed as far as possible from each other. Their sufferings were very great, as they were often employed by night as well as by day in rowing, and never allowed to leave the bench to which each man was chained, even to lie down. They were treated with great cruelty, the only food given them being a soup made of boiled beans, with a little black bread. For some weeks Faber was not even able to eat this untempting food. He lost strength and was so seriously ill that he did not think he could recover. A friend hearing of his illness sent him better food, but for some days he was so weak that he could not eat it. After a time, though very slowly, he began to recover, and his daily and nightly toil went on.

A fresh trial, however, awaited him. A succession of heavy losses had reduced the father of the young lady, who had remained faithful to him, to poverty; his health too was broken, and another lover sought his daughter's hand in marriage. The father, who believed that she would never see Faber again, urged her to accept the new lover, as he felt he had not long to live, and wished to see his daughter comfortably provided for before his death.

Other friends joined their pleadings to his. For a time she refused

firmly, but at last said that if Faber was willing to release her from her engagement she might consider the subject. He was applied to, and though it was an added drop of bitterness in his cup replied, that while for himself he saw no brighter prospect than being a galley slave for life, he would not spoil her life, but released her, and bade her be happy as the wife of another, if she could.

She at last consented to the marriage, and the day was fixed; but almost at the last moment she withdrew, saying that she could not act against her conscience, and be untrue to one who had already suffered so much.

For six years Jean Faber toiled in the galleys, then through the influence of a gentleman who now and then visited the Huguenot prisoners, he was able to send a petition, asking only for a leave of absence, to a duke who was known to be a just man, and on the whole not unfriendly to the Huguenots. This was granted, and he was allowed to leave the galley, and begin business, though in a small way, as a silk stocking weaver. But as he was not a free man, and might be recalled any day, he could not marry. His father had been dead for some years. The day of Jean's freedom was not far off. His story had become known to some who were in high places; its truth was confirmed by the officer who had allowed him to take his father's place, and after some delay he received a full pardon, the only crime laid to his charge being that he was a Huguenot. He was shortly afterwards united in marriage to the one who had waited so long and patiently.

I do not need to ask, dear young reader, if you have not admired the courage and devotion of the young man whose story you have just read. Jean Faber cheerfully accepted the toil and sufferings of a galley slave that his aged father might be a free man; but I want in closing to remind you of a still greater love, that of the Lord Jesus Christ, who gave His own life that He might be a Saviour; who suffered the death of the cross for sinners who did not love Him at all; whose hearts were just as sinful as the hearts of those who cried, "Away with him! crucify him."

Has the story of His love won your heart? Are you trusting Him as your own Saviour?

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv. 13.) "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v. 8.)

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