

To exclaim, "Ganga, Ganga," at the distance of 100 leagues, will atone for sins committed during their previous lives. In British courts of justice the waters of the Ganges is used for administering oaths to Hindoos. The tribes of the Neigherry Hills worship rivers under the name of Gangamma. In fact the "divinity of water" is recognized by all the people of India.

WHAT THE MINISTER FOUND.

The night was shading the landscape with winter twilight when the man entered this town. He was no common man and was bent upon no ordinary mission. An empire was to be overthrown and upon its ruins a new kingdom established. It was an enterprise environed with peril. Already it had cost precious lives and priceless fortunes.

The man bore himself as one who journeys through a hostile country, knowing that his enemies swarmed about him, vigilant, fearless, powerful. He took from his breast a little book and glanced at the list of names written therein.

"I have in this community," he said, "a band of five hundred friends, who have vowed ever to be loyal to me, faithful to my cause. They know that it is in danger. This is the night of their own appointment for meeting me, that I may instruct and encourage and strengthen them."

The deep tone of the bell broke upon the air. "It is the signal for their gathering," said the man, and hastened forward. Soon he paused before a large building which, save for one dimly lighted room in the rear of the basement, was empty and silent. A man, evidently on guard, stood near the door. He started as the stranger saluted him.

"I am expecting to meet some friends here to-night."

The janitor looked suspiciously at him.

"You'll have to wait, then," he said presently. "There won't be anybody around here for half an hour yet."

"You are a member of the band that assembles here?"

"Um," replied the janitor.

"Is there great zeal among the brethren of the fraternity? Are they united, loyal, eager, aggressive?"

"Well," replied the janitor cautiously, "things are a little quiet with us just at present. Times are hard; and there's a good deal of opposition. We had a great many things to discourage us. Maybe in a couple of months we may get some outside help and shake things up a little; but we don't feel justified in making any effort right now. Will you walk in?"

The stranger entered the room indicated by a sweep of the janitor's hand. Presently an old woman came in, glanced timidly about her, and sat down as far away from the stranger as she could get. By and by came two women. Then a group of young girls fluttered in, sat down, bent their heads together for a convulsive giggle and lapsed into silence. A lame man limped to a seat behind the stove. After awhile, a group of women rustled in, one of them leading a reluctant boy. A tired-looking man, in laborer's garb, sank wearily into a seat apart from the rest. After a long interval there entered a man in black, who tip-toed his way to a seat behind the others. Others came dropping in, until twenty-three people were assembled in, or rather, scattered through the room. They were evidently there in peril of their lives. Everything disclos-

ed a scene of half-restrained fear. The repeated glances at the clock, the painful intenseness with which they listened to every approaching footfall until it passed; the quickness with which all eyes were turned toward the door as often as it was opened deepening the impression that this was an unlawful assembly.

The stranger softly passed out, no one barring his way. Glancing at his book by the windshaken light of the street lamps, he went searching for his absent friends. Three of them he found on a street corner, discussing the political problems of the government under which they lived. Seven men he found in a club-room, reading, chatting, smoking. A score he found at public entertainments; a few at their places of business, lying in wait for belated customers; a half-dozen at a progressive euchre party. Some were in a neighbor's house whiling away the hour by social intercourse. Many were at home, some too tired to go out, because they had been out all day and were planning to go out again to-morrow, and some doing nothing and wearily tired of it. A few were sick; a few were ministering to them. Some were curing convenient headaches by reading the latest novels. So in the course of the evening the band of five hundred was accounted for. Twenty-three at the rendezvous—four hundred and seventy-seven here, there, and elsewhere; dawdling, sleeping—a discouraging outlook for a struggling revolution.

"And what is all this ancient history?" you ask.

Oh, nothing much. And not so very ancient, either. Only Jesus Christ dropping in at a recent prayer-meeting in your church. That was all. And where did he find you?

TWO MOTIVES FOR CHURCH-GOING.

A minister said to a parishioner: "It is pleasing to see you so regularly at church, but some one told me you did not go morning and evening for the same purpose. I do not understand."

"In the morning I go to church for my own good; in the evening for the good of others."

"Pardon me for asking you to explain your explanation."

"In the morning I go to engage in the public worship of God, and receive instruction from his Word. A man who gives his time to the study of the scriptures is better qualified to interpret them than I, who study them only at odd spells. I can learn more from the study of his Word in half an hour than from my own study in three hours. In the evening I go for the good of others. I make it my object to be courteous and cordial. Many attend church in the evening who are not able to come in the morning. Many of these are young; poor, sensitive, obscure, ignorant, or discouraged. It is doing good to make them welcome. A kindly word, a handshake, make the minister's sermon more effective. Much good can be done by the members of the church by conscientious courtesy. In the morning, while I am courteous, my specialty is to worship God and hear his Word. In the evening, while I join in the worship, and pay attention to the sermon, my specialty is to help others by speaking and acting kindly. A Sabbath thus spent is pleasant in retrospect. I like to think not only of the useful thoughts of the minister, but of the bright smiles and thankful expressions elicited by cordiality."—*Epworth Herald*.

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NOT FAITH BUT SIGHT.

"What shall I do with this sorrow that God has sent me?"

"Take it up and bear it, and get a strength and blessing out of it."

"Ah, if I only knew what blessings there were in it; if I saw how it would help me, then I could bear it like a plume!"

"What shall I do with this hard, hateful duty Christ has laid right at my way?"

"Do it, and grow by doing it."

"Ah, yes; if I could see that it would make me grow."

In both these cases do you not see that what you are begging for is not more faith, although you think it is, but sight? Faith says not, "I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it;" but "God sent it, and so it must be good for me."—*Phillips Brooks*.

When baking potatoes, prick them deeply with a fork before putting them in the oven. They will cook better and quicker for the pricking.

Sometimes a cold settles on the bowels. The pain pierces like a lance. Get rid of it promptly by taking Perry Davis' Pain Killer in sweetened water. There is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. Refuse substitutes.

Missions is the one unique, singular, divine enterprise which God originated upon which it could be prosecuted.

Many thanks are due from the proprietors of Weaver's Cerate to friends who have written to tell of the Cerate's good work in curing scrofulous humors, scald head and other skin diseases. These kind words are most encouraging.

One of the Many.

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