

the neighbors' doors were opened, my grandmother woke me up and took me out to the well. Then lifting the sieve which she had in her hand half over the well, she asked the god of that region to remove the cause of my trouble, with the promise that at the moment of its removal, she would surely show the remaining half of the sieve. The belief was, that the deity could never be satisfied if he once saw a half of anything circular, so that by this temptation he can be led to perform the healing that you desire.

We were also taught to be very careful in following the signs of the Zodiac. There are twelve of them, and the year, the month, the day and the hour all follow them. I was born in the year of rabbit and that is the reason I suppose that I am so small and always hopping about. Our new clothes were usually cut on the day of the hen, in order that our clothes may increase in number as the number of the feathery garments which the hen wears. One time I was very anxious to do well in writing. I was told that if I had the courage to stay up alone in a room steadily writing during the hour of monkey, which was between one and two in the morning, he would come, take hold of my hand as a teacher would, and teach me to write. I was only thirteen then, but I obediently followed the suggestion and my desire was granted, but I am sure it was not because of the help derived from that being that I succeeded.

These instances that I have mentioned are but few among many and are of the pleasantest kind. But I think it is enough to show the reason for our great joy when we are led out of this darkness into the marvelous light of the Gospel of Christ. You cannot wonder why we who have been loosened from the bondage of heathenism are so eager to tell others the way of escape. I am thankful to say that many in my country are already rejoicing in their salvation and I hope that not many more years will pass before all in heathen lands will be taught the way of truth.

—The Helping Hand.

A GOOD USE FOR IDOLS.

A missionary in Travancore, India, saw one morning a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening it, he emptied it

of its contents—a number of idols.

"What have you brought these here for?" asked the missionary; "I don't want them."

"You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," said the native; "but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?"

The hint was taken; they were sent to a bell founder and made into a bell, which now summons the native converts to praise and prayer.

A BATHING FESTIVAL IN INDIA.

Extract of a letter from Miss Priest at Pantakolt:

Since we came here there was a bathing festival at the full moon. Such crowds came just to have a little sea water poured on them by a Brahmin, who muttered some munthram while doing so and charged a fee for the same. They had come various distances and this ceremony must be gone through fasting, so they were in no humor to listen to us. An idol was brought, carried on men's shoulders in a small palanquin, with the blowing of a trumpet and the beating of drums. Here was Isa. 46: 1, 2, right before our eyes. It was carried to the sea for a bath the same as the people who worship, only they were able to walk themselves, and this had to be carried. Many of these people have heard at least something of the truth, but are so bound by custom and superstition that they go right on in the old way.

NOTICE—MISSION BANDS!

The revised lists of pupils in Samulcotta Seminary and in Cocanada Girls' School reached the secretary some weeks ago, and word has been sent to all supporters of students. If any have not received their notice regarding the progress of their student, please make inquiries, as we may not have present correct addresses.

The Board has secured for the use of the Bands four new kinds of picture postcards—"Jennie McArthur Bungalow," "Tuni Mission House," "Boys' Dormitories at Samulcotta," star of "Hope Hospital, Akidu." They sell at the rate of two for five cents. Already nearly 1,000 are sent out. Send orders early with, 7c. per 100, to Mrs. G. W. Barber, Band Secretary, 35 Charlotte St., Brantford, Ont.