

Next they brought on "mitai" sweetmeats, of two kinds. Did you ever know a boy or girl that did not like candy? They are hard to find, and these Indian boys and girls were no exception, and left not a crumb, even though we thought there could not be room for another mouthful.

Before we rose from our feast, we were all wreathed with beautiful garlands. Did you ever make a daisy chain? Well, these were made in very much the same way from small white chrysanthemums and tuberoses, with occasionally a pink rose. Their fragrance was very strong. The last thing was to anoint us with sandalwood oil, which has a strong and lasting odor, and which they wished to put on our clothes, hands and faces. However, they finally confined the oil to our hands. It seemed to be a sort of signal to rise from the meal.

When everything was cleared away, we opened the baby organ, and when all were seated round in a circle, we began to sing some of the native hymns; two of the Christians spoke very earnestly, and several prayers were offered. Nor was Dr. Buchanan, who is so much beloved here in Ujjain, forgotten. Earnest prayers were offered for him and his family, who are now out in the Bhil country telling those poor hill people of the Saviour you have always known about.

Perhaps you think, boys and girls, that it was a strange thing to close a picnic with a prayer-meeting. But to these people, who have so little comfort and joy in their lives, the knowledge of a Saviour, Jesus, who would be to them such a real friend, brings real, true happiness and newness of life; and to sing and talk of Him is to them a natural and enjoyable thing, and they would think it strange to close without a short service of this kind.

Mr. Ledingham spoke a few words in English, and then Mr. Jamieson talked for a few moments, and then wishing them all the season's greetings, dismissed them with the benediction.

In a very short time all traces of a picnic were cleared away, and only the happy faces of all told my tales.

After many a salaam and happy word, we were all on our homeward way, somewhat tired, happy in knowing that we had a delightful day. It was a day that Jesus would approve of, I think, for His name was glorified in our midst.

And now, boys and girls, do not forget to pray for these boys and girls out here, who are daily being taught about Jesus, that they may grow up to be men and women worthy of the name of Christians; and especially pray that Dr. Buchanan may be blessed in the new work he is undertaking. He will soon be home to tell you all about the Bhils, and I am sure you can do something to raise the netted money for opening up that work.

Your sincere friend,

WINNIFREDE JAMIESON.

"TRIFLES MAKE PERFECTION."

A friend of Michael Angelo called on the great artist while he was finishing a statue. Some days afterward he called again, the sculptor was still at the same task. The friend, looking at the statue, exclaimed:

"Have you been idle since I saw you last?"

"By no means," replied Angelo. "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb."

"Well, well!" said his friend, "all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

So it is with the shaping of character; each day brings us under the play of innumerable little influences. Every one of these influences does its work good or ill. By-and-by appears the full and final result, and this is particularly noticeable in our Christian growth. It is attention to the "trifles" that makes us Christ-like.—*Ex.*

O, my Saviour, help me, day by day, in little things and great things to do as Thou would'st do, and thus I shall grow, each day, more like Thee.