

are called the Ghats, a word meaning a flight of steps up a river bank, or to a mountain pass. The Western Ghats are close to the coast line. The Eastern Ghats run down the Madras side of India, sometimes receding inland, leaving a broad plain between them and the coast. These two ranges of mountains meet near Cape Comorin at the extreme south. The rivers are shorter, and flow chiefly to the Bay of Bengal. Here are the Nerboda and the Tapti, and, in the Madras Presidency, the more familiar names of the Godaveri, the Krishna or Kistna, and the Kaveri.

In this part is found India's mineral wealth. Coal mining is a great industry, in the Central Provinces and in Bengal. Beds of iron ore and limestone are found. Copper and other minerals are there in smaller quantities. Gold mining is attempted in Madras and Mysore. The diamond mines of Golconda have long been famous.

IV. Wealth there is in India, yet we want you now to stop to think of the awful poverty of the people. Even when a day laborer can get work, he earns usually less than ten cents per day. Lord Cromer estimates that the average income per capita is only \$9 a year. Every night we retire to cozy beds and we are not hungry. Every night in India forty millions of people lie down hungry upon mud floors. They have had, perhaps, one meal, or at most two scanty meals, in a whole day, and they never know what it is to have their hunger fully satisfied. Men, women and children work together in the fields, yet only 47 per cent. of the population have work, and 53 per cent. are dependent. Yet in Canada, after God has been thanked for food, we have known children glance over a well-laden table, then grumble if food did not just suit their taste. Does not our ingratitude often need God's forgiveness? Oh, let us be thankful! We have so much; these have so little. How can we share with them? A little Welsh boy was given a collecting card at a missionary meeting. He was greatly distressed because he had not even a half-penny of his own to give. His heart was thrilled with interest. He hurried home, collected his little store of marbles, sold them for a penny, gave this to the cause, and felt so glad and happy to do something thus for God. You say that was only a little thing—yes, but for the poor lad it meant unselfishness and sacrifice. Now, do you wonder, since our

mission works among so many of the poorer classes, that we need to support students in school, and provide buildings for their accommodation? A portion of this work is assigned our Bands. Every boy, every girl, "to the work, to the work!" Our opportunity is so great. From Lahore, Punjab, in connection with the Student Volunteer Movement, came this cablegram: "India never so open, so ripe, so hopeful, so needy as now. India prays for the awakening of America to look, pray, send, and come for her awakening." Keshub Chunder Sen, that noted native gentleman, said: "None but Jesus, none but Jesus, deserves to wear the bright and glorious diadem of India, and Jesus Christ shall have it." Are we helping to crown Jesus Lord of all in India? We are praising God at this Eastertide for the resurrection of our Lord. Without it faith is vain, hope is vain. Then remember Col. 3: 1: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God," and Matt. 3: 33: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness."

Sarah Stuart Barber.

OSMAN'S SADNESS CHANGED TO GLADNESS.

Mrs. G. E. White.

Osman trudged along behind his donkey loaded with huge baskets of cherries balanced over the rude wooden saddle. He did not look happy, as he sullenly kicked the rough stones of the roadway. Generally this was a joyful time for the children, as they left the crowded houses in the dirty and narrow streets for the beautiful gardens outside the city, where neighbors and friends gathered to pick the luscious fruit.

What ailed the boy? He had lived his life thus far in a large city in the interior of Turkey, and been happy. But he was a bright boy. He had begun to think. He could no longer be contented.

His father came up behind him on this day in early June and, as he noticed the unusual look of discontent on the face of his boy, asked, "What's the matter, my boy?"

Osman turned quickly and, when he saw they were alone, answered, "Father, why can't I go to school and learn something? There's my cousin Ahmed who