

There are pictures of trees and flowers and words from the Koran or sacred book of the Mohammedans. All this is done by cutting these figures deeply into the marble and then fitting in the gems of different colors. This is done so carefully that it looks like beautiful embroidery.

The Taj was built by a king named Shah Jehan, and Tavernier a traveller says that it took 20,000 men 22 years to build it. This building is also a tomb built to keep in memory one of the wives of Shah Jehan. Where did the stones come from? Let me tell you. The white marble came from Jeypore in Ragpootana, the yellow marble from the banks of the Nerbudda, the black marble from Charkoh, the crystal from China, jasper from the Punjab, carnelian from Bagdad, turquoises from Thibet, agate from Yeman, lapis-lazuli from Ceylon, coral from Arabia and the Red Sea, garnets from Bundelkund, diamonds from Punnah in Bundelkund, rock spar from Nerbudda, the philosopher's stone from Marcheon, the loadstone from Gwalior, onyx from Persia, chalcodyon from Villuit amethyst from Persia, sapphires from Lunka.

Perhaps some of you will get your atlas and find out where all these countries and places are, and then you can get the dictionary and see what color the different stones are.

These precious stones are searched for in deep and dark pits, and even when found many are so dull and dirty that you would not know they were precious stones. They must be cut and polished at great expense, if they are to be worn in a crown or as the jewels of a great prince.

Now our work in India is really that of finding precious jewels, we go into these dirty Telugu villages and perhaps a little girl or perhaps an old man may hear the gospel and believe, but how rough, and rude and dirty they are at first, there are so many things to cut off, and to be left off. Then the Spirit of God polishes them by working in their hearts with great power.

Some one has said that a perfect Christian is a perfect gentleman or a perfect lady, this is true for they respect others and are courteous to others and kind to all.

"Why don't you swear?" asked the village children of little Yenamma who had attended the Tunj girl's school for a few months, and had gone home for vacation. "I do not swear now said the little girl."

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts in that day when I make up my jewels."

R. GARSIDE.

### A SANAYASI.

It is a long time since I last wrote a letter for boys and girls in Canada, but just now it seems that I have something interesting to tell. I am out on my boat travelling along the canal and stopping at villages to preach about our Saviour, Jesus. The other morning I started out and stopped first to speak to some poor ignorant people. They listened very well for a time, but their work in the fields was waiting, so they had to go, and then I thought I would go and see the school and sell some books to the boys, I had a book, too, that the master had asked for some months ago. However, as I went along I saw a few men sitting on the canal bank under a large tree. A voice within urged me to go and speak to them. When I went near I found that they were looking at a man who was holding

his left hand up in the air, and I saw that the nails on it had grown longer. I knew that he was a sanayasi or ascetic, that is, a man who thinks he can please God by inflicting suffering and pain on himself. This man was doing something with his right hand, so I thought he was performing some sort of worship. I asked the other men if this was so, and they said that he was preparing some ganja for smoking. People who smoke this poison become intoxicated like those who drink liquor. I asked this man what good would it do for him to hold up his hand for ever, if he used that poison. Everyone here knows that it is very wrong to use that stuff. He replied that it made him feel happy, and then after some conversation he sang one of our Telugu hymns about Christ. He told me that he belonged to Parvatipuram near Bobbili, that he had been to Rameshvaram and Srirangam, sacred places in the South of India, and that now he was on his way home. He knew some English, but whether much or little I can not say. As he asked for a hymn book, I sent him a little one with a prayer that the hymns might lead him to Christ. I preached to him and the other people present for a long time, and then we sang a few hymns.

Remember this poor man who hopes for salvation by visiting sacred places and by inflicting suffering on his own body, while he knows so little about true holiness that he still smokes that poison to make himself miserable. Pray, too, for the many people who listen to the story of the cross but do not at least outwardly yield themselves to the Lord Jesus, who alone can save them. And dear boys and girls, remember what is more important still to you, be sure that you are not neglecting Him yourselves.

Your friend,  
AKIDU, India. JOHN CRAIG.

### MISSION BAND LESSON.

#### A GLIMPSE AT THE MISSION FIELDS OF THE WORLD.

(A few remarks by chairman or President to introduce the subject by saying that although India is the special field for foreign missionary work for our own church in Canada, it is only one of many heathen lands.) In our lesson this month we will ask members of the Band to give short descriptions of the conditions of women and girls in countries where Christ is not known. First, we will hear something about *Africa*. This land is known as the Dark Continent. The two great explorers Livingstone and Stanley have opened up much of this country. One hundred million people are here, and the men are fierce warriors. The women do all the hard work, and their little ones are sadly neglected. Old people and children are not treated with kindness as in Christian lands. Sickly and deformed children are killed by their parents, while the old people are carried off in the desert to die or be devoured by wild beasts. When little girls should be happy at play, they are sold by their fathers, for six or eight cents, to be the wives and hard-working slaves of other men. The climate is hot and people wear very little clothing, live in small huts, sleep on mats and have a block of wood for a pillow. They live in terror of "man stealers" who sometimes take captive whole villages of people. Families are parted and carried off in ships to other countries to be sold as slaves. The people worship idols, and believe in witch-craft. One little girl was accused of being a witch, and to have caused the death of a relative. Two men took her in a canoe on the river, made her drink poison, and when she died cut