

acteristics of child nature—curiosity, sympathy, and love of activity. Children have not the power, even if they were so disposed, to fix their attention on a subject for a long time, so whatever is done to implant in the young a knowledge and love of Missions must be done in a way to hold the attention even in spite of the will. In our M. B. we tried an experiment. We have a membership of about 30, mostly between 10 and 14 years, some younger. The aim was to make them familiar with the different Mission stations and Missionary enterprises, and to impress them with the fact that they were concerned with the success and progress of the work. This, it was thought, would interest them in the Missions and make them more eager to help all they could.

To engage the activities of the members and make them feel that they were workers, certain of them were chosen to prepare and give lessons on the different Mission stations. A black-board was used for the outlines of the lessons, and each day the previous lessons were reviewed. In this way even the younger members soon acquired a good knowledge of the Missions. It was found that this method was more effective in holding the attention of the Band than having an outsider give the lessons. This order was varied by having occasional temperance and Gospel meetings, all by the Band themselves. The zeal with which they carried out the work was very gratifying to the friends of the movement.

In order to get the forces in line, and to keep the members working in harmony, it is most desirable that the President or leader be a person who understands the child nature she has to deal with—one of the older members who has skill and tact in marshalling the ranks and keeping them all in touch and sympathy with both herself and the work—with herself—that they may be willing and anxious to do all they can to help her carry on the meetings—with the work—that they may be made to feel and know that they are really doing something to help those poor despised heathen boys and girls, who know nothing of Jesus and his love for little children. Once get the minds filled with this thought and this knowledge, and this sympathy, and we have done much—nay, we might say everything we can do towards the accomplishment of our aims.

TIDINGS FROM AFAR.

THE WEATHER.

Some weeks ago things looked serious in this part of the country. The crops were rapidly drying up and the year's "bread" (or rather rice) seemed likely to perish, and leave the people again face to face with the awful horrors of famine. The sky was cloudless, the ground was parched, and as each day passed the people looked more alarmed. A few more days of cloudless sky and the crops would be beyond resurrection. It was not quite time for the autumn monsoon, and rain could hardly be expected unless it came in some unusual or extraordinary way. But the Lord, in great mercy, heard somebody's prayer, and suddenly a cyclone storm from the Bay burst upon us like a veritable flood. For several days we were drenched, and the heavens seemed to have an inexhaustible supply for the thirsty land and the withered crops. We thought it must be the monsoon, but it proved to be simply the Lord's timely sending of special torrents for that special and terrible need.

What a change it wrought in the appearance of things, and in the spirits of the people! We laughed for joy and praised God, while we watched it pour from above. The famine was averted and now the chief need is for a thankful people to appreciate the deliverance.

THE PENNY POSTAGE.

Those who have to write many letters for foreign post, are doubtless rejoicing in the prospect of enjoying the benefits of the reduced rate of postage. We missionaries shall now, I hope, be able to write more frequently to pastors and churches at home, in the interests of our common work. Let me say that we are always glad to hear from those at home whom we represent. We do occasionally hear from a few of the pastors and from some of the workers in the churches. But we could stand a good deal more of this luxury than we now have. Remember we are isolated out here from genial society, and have not the Christian privileges that you have at home. Will you not send us some letters now and then? I shall always be glad to hear from the young people who may wish to ask questions about India.

HOW WE GOT INTO A ZENANA.

I presume most of you know that a zenana is a word applied to the seclusion of Indian women. These women are called "gosha" and are not allowed to be seen by men outside of their own household. All Hindu women are not "gosha," and some are much more strict than others, even among the "goshas." The husbands are extremely jealous and suspicious of their wives, especially if they are beautiful. According to Hindu notions, unchastity among the men is no fault, but the women must be chaste, even if their chastity has to be maintained by compulsory seclusion in the zenanas. For them to speak to a man who does not belong to the family would be a great sin and cause of jealousy. The result of this system is that thousands of these zenana women live and die in this seclusion, not permitted to have social intercourse with any but their own sex. While on a tour recently Mr. Corey and I visited the palace of a native prince, and also the village adjoining the palace. We went out to this place upon our "wheels," and carried with us as usual some medicines, in case we should find any sick. While talking to the Raja upon the veranda of his palace, some one handed me a slip of paper, upon which was written a request to go to see some sick woman. Taking leave of the Raja, we followed the man to the street where the Brahmins live. Crowds of people followed us to the door of the man's house. We were there met by the husband of the sick woman, who told us about his wife. We saw that she was one of the "gosha" women, and we were rather elated at the idea of getting into the inside of a real zenana. Of course we could never have gotten into such a place, except as medical men (the few medicines we had with us made us, in their estimation, full fledged doctors). The rabble were driven from the door and we were allowed to enter by a narrow opening, after which the door was quickly closed and fastened. The sick woman was then brought to us for treatment. She had probably never seen a white man before in her life, and you can hardly realize what it meant for her to allow herself to be seen by us. It was with great difficulty that they persuaded her to come near us. She came very slowly and with such a frightened look as if