

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys,—What large black bonnets those women have on! — as large as huge pumpkins and as black as the boilers that used to hang in grand-father's fireplace. This style has been in vogue ever since we came to India. There are no feathers, no ribbons. The shape is curious. It sits right on top of the head, like a pumpkin; no rim—all crown. The under part of the crown spreads out, and flares up like the bottom of a great bowl. Then it slopes in again and tapers toward the top, ending in a round mould, opening its black lips to the clouds like the crater of a volcano. It looks about as large when it holds a pair of water. There is a hole at the back, one behind the other, are a dozen Telugu women walking along the street with these spacious bonnets on. They are advancing to join that party of women who are standing in a ring. As each woman approaches the group she steps up, removes her bonnet and places it on the ground at her feet as carefully as if it were an egg. What are they all doing? Are they playing some game? But as we draw near we discover that inside of the ring is a square space inclosed by a wall of stone and mortar, like the curb of a well. On a stone spot this side of the wall is a bunch of green moss and ferns, growing in a ring around the group of women, built upon the sand, is a small heathen temple. Beyond the temple are the leaf roofs of a part of a village. Beyond the roofs the sea is roaring on the beach. Beyond the sea the sun has arisen out of the boundless bay. The women all have ropes in their hands, that hang over the inside of the well-curb, as if they were fishing. By holes that women have cut in the wall, full of water and is pouring it into the mouth of her bonnet. The basket is about the shape of a large loaf of bread. If you should cut a good slice off one edge of the loaf and then dig all the soft bread out, leaving the crust, you could dig out the pulp of a pumpkin to make a jack o' lantern—you would have a crust basket about the shape of one of these baskets. Only these are made of the large leaf of the palmyra palm, which is crinkled like a fan, and as light as a straw hat, and you can buy six of them for a cent. The stem of the leaf is bent across the top of the basket and tied to the other side for a handle. This is fastened one end of the rope. Sure enough! This stone well is a well-curb, and this is a large deep well. Be careful not to tip over the curb and fall in. These women are drawing water with their leaf baskets, and are all pouring the water into their bonnets. The mouth of the well is as large as a small parlor. A few feet down a thick bush is growing out of the rocky side. A bird that looks like a crane stands in the water and is eating of the bush. As it flies across and flings to the stones. As it flies around here and there the beating of its little wings makes a heavy sound, so that even if your eyes were shut you could tell by the noise of the flight, as well as by the cool breath that comes up and by the music of dripping water that you were at the mouth of a well. From the top, half way down, the well is thoroughly washed by the water. From midway to the bottom it is cut out of the solid rock. Its jagged sides are wild as the flinty precipice that drips the mountain springs. The women look at us and grin, but pay more attention to their work. Although it is early morning they have no time either to goss up or gossip too much with one another, for they all have husbands, and if dinner be not ready when my lord comes home at night, there to the wife. Therefore each woman throws her basket into the well. Her hand has the knack of a sportsman who throws his fly-hook into the river, and she waits for a bite, she waits for her basket to fill. It falls upon the face of the water as lightly as a butterfly, but it tips on its side and the water runs in, tipping it more and more until it is full. Then she hauls it up quickly, for there is a silt in one corner, and the water is leaking out fast. When she gets it to the top she pours it into her bonnet. This woman has a new basket which does not leak, and she does not have to haul it up so fast. See the basket. One is nearly to the top, another half way up, nearly to the water leaked out; another has just left the water; another is filling; another has just struck the water; another is just coming down like a falling leaf; another has just left that woman's hand, and another has been lost and is floating about in the troubled water. What a crowd of women around the well! One, two, . . . nineteen . . . twenty-six women and girls. That's about twelve years of age, some married, and has her hard day's work to do for her master. There are no happy girls here. They are all married and enslaved to heathen men. That woman who has her bonnet full. That girl who is holding her lift-it and put it on her head. But just as she sets it on her crown, the bottom of the bonnet caves in and all the water is pouring down over her head and shoulders. She hears the mischief like one who is used to calamities; stoops over and lets it drench, unopened buckets drip upon the ground, and sets herself at work to wringing out her cloth which serves for a dress, and which is called a "quakwa" (After a week's probation, and satisfying ourselves that his story was straight, we joyfully acceded to his earnest request and received him by baptism. One incident like this in a year is sufficient to keep the outlook black.

From Friend to Friend. Goes the story of the excellence of Hood's Sarsaparilla and what it has accomplished, and this is the strongest advertisement which is done on behalf of this medicine. We endeavor to tell honestly what Hood's Sarsaparilla is and what it will do, but what it has done is far more important and far more potent. Its unequalled record of cures is sure to convince those who have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla that it is an excellent medicine.

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The New Sinai Gospels.

Whence do we get the text of our English New Testament? From the Greek, most of our readers will answer. But few, we venture to think, have ever cared to trace the steps by which it has been won from moldering fragments, by patient scholar or by enterprising traveller.

We returned home in the end of March, and developed most of our photographs successfully, with the exception of some which were sent to the Eastman Company and were spoiled. The box which contained these had been picked out at random from amongst over forty similar ones, yet, strangely enough, it contained those of which my sister's mistakes had furnished us with duplicates. When the three hundred and fifty-six pages of our palimpsest were completed, I read the upper writing, and found that it contained the stories of Thecla, Egeana, Pelagia, Marcella, Euphrosyne, Gerasima, Orestes, Marcellina, Irene, Euphrosyne, Sophia, Theodora, Theodora, a short creed, and the stories of Susanna and of Cyrian and Justina. As my eyes were not keen enough to read the under-side of the parchment, and underneath the lines of the upper, and was, of course, much more minute than the original, I showed my photographs to several Syriac scholars, asking if they could help me to find out to which version the text belonged. They were all either too busy, or their eyes were, like my own, not of the kind which read minute things easily. At length I showed some of the clearest photographs to Mr. F. C. Bartoloni, of Cambridge, who kindly helped me in transcribing a page, with the result that they pronounced the version to be one closely allied to the Curetorean. It was evident that a satisfactory transcription could be made only from the manuscript itself, and as these two gentlemen, with Mr. Rendel Harris, undertook to transcribe it, my sister and I offered to return with them to Mt. Sinai, as we thought that our presence would induce the monks to lend it more readily to our friends. We were not mistaken. The treasure was at once committed to my keeping, and for more than a month was worked upon from sunrise till sunset, with the following results: The upper writing is in one column, and, as we have said, a continuous volume; a selection of short biographies of women saints, with the title, "Select Narratives," by one John Hadad, in the Dialect of Beilan. He inscribes the vellum on which this is written, an older book has been taken to pieces, and arranged so that the gospels are interleaved with each other. They are there in a complete form; if only they could be all read; but the words, which are in two columns, can only be distinctly seen when they are on the margin, or beyond the upper or lower line. The smaller letters of the Gospels have often been traced amongst the larger ones of the martyrology. Some are distinct, but some are greatly faded, and show themselves only when touched by a chemical reverter. Nearly the whole of the Gospel of Mark, in the last two hours of the last twelve verses, which are absent, as they are from some of the older Greek codices. It is supposed from this that our manuscript may be a more ancient one than a Curetorean.

The old reading, "God will towards men" (en antrophos endokho), in Luke 2: 14, is confirmed. Lastly, our manuscript is linked to the Curetorean version, which tells us that these are the separated gospels, separated, perhaps, from the Diatessaron, or Harmony of Tatian, which was used by the Syriac church during the second and third centuries. The gospels end on page 320 of the manuscript. The remainder is apocryphal writings, in Syriac and in Greek, which are as yet only partly transcribed. We can only hope that this discovery of an early text of the Gospels of interest to the world, may lead to an increased interest in Syriac studies, and to a renewed search in Eastern monasteries for further documents which will, like the Apology of Aristides, give us a more intelligent insight into the history of the first martyrs and confessors. — Agnes Smith Lewis, in S. S. Times.

What a striking and at the same time beautiful contrast does the Carpenter in the humble cottage in Nazareth present to all this rush and gasp and anxiety to be out in the world's year come and go, and still He remains hidden away in that little town, as though there was nothing for Him to do beyond its narrow borders. Can He feel the deep need of the perishing world around Him, does He not see the gross misconception of all that is Divine in the teaching of those who were the accredited teachers of holy things in Palestine? Does He not know that He alone knows the truth, and that He alone can clear away the rubbish of rabbinical tradition that hides the pure light of truth from the eyes of men? What is He waiting for? He is waiting until He shall be fully manifested as a man and fully assured of His Divine mission "there are twelve hours in a day." He said to one of His disciples on one occasion, thus reminding him that His Master took no steps in the dark, but walked by the light of day. He said, "Down deep in the ground, hidden from the eye of man, lie the secret sources of the strength the tree displays when the hurricane sweeps over the earth. In the humble home at Nazareth, in the daily working round of His days, He thought to be done in the obedience to Mary and Joseph, and above all, to the Father whose business He was to do in this world, was to be found the preface to that life whose closing word was "Finitus." Never could a word so close to His own word in this great life of Living Epistles been written with infinite care. . . . If we would perform our life-work so as to be thorough in the performance, we must, as He did, have a lofty conception of the magnitude of that work. It must seem to us a great thing. "It must seem the all-important thing. As we undertake anything it should be done in this spirit, "This one thing I do. Then we shall be able to say that if not of the whole life, when we lay it down, "It is finished." — Rev. James A. Dunsan.

— Use Skoda's Discovery, the great blood and nerve cure.

Waiting on God.

BY REV. THORODRE L. OUTLER.

"They that wait on the Lord shall not be ashamed." They shall mount up with wings as eagles." This passage from the old Jewish prophet has the ring of an Alpine horn. It is very easy to misunderstand this word "wait," and regard it as meaning inactive passivity. There is a vast deal of nerve in the original Hebrew; it signifies to be strong enough to hold out. It expresses a solid endurance such as a pressure to a stiff piece of oak that never bends and never breaks under heavy pressure. Hence the word came to signify patience as opposed to worry and dependency. Waiting, in this oft-quoted text, denotes a habit of mind—a devoted habit that loves to call on God, a submissive habit that is ready to receive just what God sees fit to send, an obedient habit that is glad to do just what God commands, a stalwart habit of carrying such loads as duty lays upon one for fear again to be spiritually weighed down, and a firmness of mind that will not be won by temptations, and those who were strong before will be stronger. I have often gone to Saratoga in the heats of early summer, quite run down, and my vitality burned out as coal gets exhausted in the bunkers of a steamer. Then I repaired to one of the tonic springs and "waited" on its babbling waters, trusting them and taking them into my system. Presently a new apoplexy of vigor came, and I was able to go home with a stronger will and a more vigorous body.

Waiting on God not only gives strength, it gives inspiration. "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." God means that every soul which waits on Him, shall not creep in the muck and mire of the world, but shall stand aloof from it. When a soul has its inner life hid with Christ and lives a life of true consecration, it is enabled to take wing and its "dittany" is in heaven. He catches inspiration; he feels the wide world; he breathes the clear and crystalline atmosphere. He outflutters many of the petty vexations and groveling desires that drag a worshipping down into the mire. What cares the eagle as he bathes his wing in the translucent gold of the sun, for all the turmoil, the dust, or even the murky clouds that drift far beneath him? He flies in company with the sun. So a heaven-bound soul flies in company with God.

You may gain all this strength and reach these altitudes of the Christian life, my friend, if you will steadily on God and knit your soul's affections fast to Jesus Christ. You will find a tenderer His in your religion. "You will be delighted with what power He has to carry you clear of low, base, groveling desires, and to inspire high ambitions and holy thoughts. It will kindle joy in the darkest hours of affliction; keep you serene as the steers whom no storm-clouds can ever reach. Try all this for yourself. Quit waiting on your fellow-men's opinions and rules and ways of living, and try waiting on God. Try the wings of prayer. Set your heart on things above, and insure to your heart's best treasures by lodging them in heaven.

Keeping thus the Godward side of your life clear and strong, your religion will be all the stronger on its outward side. The celestial springs will brighten and fertilize; and refresh the lowly valleys of your every-day existence. Christ will be with you in your home, in your business, in your fields, in your shop, in your humblest toils. Christ will sweeten your daily cup. His love will lighten every cross and every care. Don't expect to get to heaven before your time; wait on the Lord here.

The joy of dying that others might live, the glory of living without self-concern, the enthusiasm of feeding His life away to His hungry brethren—this was the joy that was set before Christ, and it is the quickest joy because it sets us to get men to love one another, and thus get the will of God done on earth as it is in heaven, is our mission as truly as it was the mission of Jesus. We can each take this mission as our own, and it is the quickest joy because it sets us to get men to love one another, and thus get the will of God done on earth as it is in heaven, is our mission as truly as it was the mission of Jesus. We can each take this mission as our own, and it is the quickest joy because it sets us to get men to love one another, and thus get the will of God done on earth as it is in heaven, is our mission as truly as it was the mission of Jesus. We can each take this mission as our own, and it is the quickest joy because it sets us to get men to love one another, and thus get the will of God done on earth as it is in heaven, is our mission as truly as it was the mission of Jesus. We can each take this mission as our own, and it is the quickest joy because it sets us to get men to love one another, and thus get the will of God done on earth as it is in heaven, is our mission as truly as it was the mission of Jesus.

For Scrofula.

After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health. — Hon. Joseph L. Pugh, 37 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

Catarrh. "My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physician being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health. — Mrs. Louisa Riddle, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

Rheumatism. "For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so laid at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time. — E. T. Hainsworth, Elk Riv., Va.

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