

and trust that if it be God's will, the coming year may be still more successful.

LOTTIE HOWARD, Sec.

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### How Some Missionaries Travel.

It was the rainy season; she was going to visit a sick missionary thirty-eight miles away, and she had a servant with her who could speak English. She says:

"The bullocks were so frisky that I seemed in danger of losing my life. How they *did* behave! One was especially unwilling to be tied. More than once the bandy bumped down with me, and one bullock ran away up the road, leaving the other beside himself with fear.

"The river, which in the dry season is simply a bed of sand, in the rainy season is sometimes so high that bandies cannot cross, except on rafts, and sometimes not at all, because of the very swift current. On our return trip, the river was nearly its full width, and was rushing along with tremendous sweep. It was not very deep, however, and I decided not to wait the river's pleasure, but to risk crossing it. I took twenty-one men to get us across that river! Pulchi, my servant, piled all my boxes on the board, which on a bandy is the bed, and he and I perched ourselves on them, balancing as best we could. One man went ahead to sound the river, two guided the bullocks' heads, two drove, eight took the wheels, five pushed, and the others steadied us; for more than once it seemed as if the current would sweep us over. However, after the first scare, I felt safe, and rather enjoyed my ride. Landed on the other side of the river, the water was emptied out of the bandy, and we went on for hours through the palm tree forests and the banyan-lined avenues.

"Would you like to know the cost of getting over that river? It cost two cents a man! The roads are so muddy that we had occasionally to get help to push the bandy along. Once, in getting out of a hole, the wheel was thrown over the bank of a tank. The driver did not dare try going on with me inside, so I crawled out over the wheel. We were thirteen hours in making the thirty-eight miles."—*The Pansy*.

### How to Move the Wheels.

Dr. John Scudder tells us that on his return from India he made a short stay in London. While there he went one day with his family to visit the Crystal Palace. That was the building where the first "world's fair" was held, and it has been kept up as a kind of perpetual fair ever since. Among the curious things which pleased the children very much was a great collection of toys. One set consisted of an old woman with a wash-tub, a wind-mill with its sails all set for work, a mason with his trowel, a big rooster with his wings just ready to flap and his throat to crow, and several other similar pieces. "Wouldn't it be fun," said one of the missionary's little folks, "to see all these things move?" Now the children might have stood about there forever, wishing, hoping and even praying for this end, but it would do no good. But just drop a penny into a little slip left for it, and, behold! the mason began to work, the windmill to turn, the old woman to rub her clothes, and the rooster to crow. The money started the whole machinery. So, Dr. Scudder said, it was with this mission work. The church had been praying a great while for the Lord to "open the way" for His Gospel. He had opened it so wide that the laborers did not know what to do. They could not occupy a tenth of the ground.

The church now needed to drop in the money if they would see the works move. Isn't it a blessed thing that the children's pennies can help start the wheels?

Chrysostom advised to keep an offering-box in the place where one usually prays, and to begin every act of devotion with a gift. I am sure we should all pray better for it, and I know the Lord will add His blessing to such gifts.—*Home Missionary*.

### A Mohammedan Zenana.

BY MISS A. J. MARRIS, BENARES.

This morning I went to a Mohammedan house where one of the daughters is learning to read the Hindi character. I went along a narrow passage where two people could not walk abreast, turned in at the open door, lifted a heavy curtain of dirty matting, and passing through a tiny room, found myself in the zenana courtyard. The women were all sitting in the middle in the sun and did not see me, so I called out: "May I come in"; and then they all jumped up and salaamed. I went across the courtyard to the opposite verandah, and my pupil brought me a chair. At first I was very uncomfortable, because an old man, who seemed to be the head of the family, was lying on a bed under this same verandah, and waking up as I came in, began to put on his turban and wrap his shawl round his shoulders. Then he wanted me to sit down on his bed, which he seemed to think more comfortable than the chair; but I refused, and in a few minutes my pupil and I were working away at the first Hindi reading book; she could just do a little more than A, B, ab. She sat beside me on another bedstead, and her little brother came and looked over. Every now and then we were interrupted by some of the women coming up to ask all sorts of questions; such as: Where is your sister? are you married? Then some one wanted to know the time, and I took out my watch to tell them; and when I told them my father gave it to me, they began to ask if I had any brothers or a mother. There was a constant going and coming; the *bhisti*, or water-carrier, came in with a skinfull of water on his back, and filled up some great red earthenware jars that stood on a low tressel; one of the boys came by with ghee in an iron ladle and an egg he was going to fry; the old man went up on to the roof of the building opposite me and began to clean his teeth.

At last, when we were half-way through the writing lesson they ask me to show them the pictures, as one of the women had to go away for some reason, and she wanted to see them first. I had taken with me two large coloured pictures of the series published by the Religious Tract Society, and had carefully kept them covered till the reading and writing were over. When I uncovered them and began to read the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and then the story of the Prodigal Son, all the women came round to listen, to ask questions, and to make remarks. I do not know enough of the language to explain much, but I could read the story in St. Luke's Gospel, and it was beautiful to see how they listened and seemed to take it in. Their own family love is so strong that it appealed to all their best feelings. After that I tried to teach them the first two verses of "Around the throne of God in heaven," and having sung it through to them, it was time for me to come away. For a minute or two I could not see which room I had come through, so one of them showed me the way out. At the door I asked her if she could tell me which was Manqui's house, as I was not sure; but she smiled and shook her head, saying: "We people do not go out of our house."—*Juvenile Miss. Mag.*