

Then he had such funny invitations printed, with the picture on one side, of a little girl opening a box, on which was written "Birthday Offerings," and out of which pennies and dimes and dollars were rolling in every direction ; and on the other side was printed, "5 to 8 P. M., Wednesday, July 21, 1886, at Woodland Glen. Opening at 6 P. M."

He let the ten little workers spend an afternoon with him, and direct all the envelopes, and help put up the six hammocks and try each of the four swings, and have a little ride on the lake near the house, and even told them that he was going to have ice cream and that they were to pass it for him. And Flossy confided to him before they left, that if he could not find any nice old lady, she would marry him when she grew up and had pretty white hair like his, he was "just so good."

The party was a mixed one, I assure you, but Uncle Will was equal to the occasion, and with the books, papers, pictures, and curiosities everybody's taste seemed to be gratified.

At length came the opening and when the cashier at the bank counted it he said "Just an even twenty dollars.—*Herald and Presbyter*."

THE GODDESS CALLED "THE BLACK MOTHER."

BY MRS. A. S. PAGE, OF INDIA.

Not long ago a friend and I each took a bundle of tracts and went to the most sacred idol shrine in Calcutta, that of the goddess Kali. As we approached the place we were met by several priests, one after another, each trying to persuade us to bestow some silver coin ostensibly as an offering to the idol, but, in reality, as a free gift to himself.

They spoke to us in Bengali, but one more forward than the rest tried English. "Do you wish to see our black mother?" he asked me. I told him that I had come to speak about the one true God, who dwelleth in light. So we stepped out of the carriage and walked to the temple

through a narrow passage, between two rows of small shops.

Here were many petty traders, seated cross-legged, each before his pile of goods. Some sold tiny brass vessels shaped like a canoe, used for pouring out libations of Ganges water before or on the idols ; also brass jars, in which the water of the sacred stream is carried to the homes of thousands of devotees, to be administered as medicine both for the mind and body. Some sold garlands of large, bright flowers to be blessed by the priests, and then worn by the worshipper on his return journey.

Others, again, were venders of coconuts, eagerly bought and devoured by weary pilgrims. As we passed by, each one called out to us to buy something, and not go before the "black mother" empty-handed.

My thoughts immediately reverted to the old hymn—"Nothing in my hand I bring ; simply to thy cross I cling"—and I told them of the offering the Christian's God desires—"a broken and a contrite heart." It was difficult, indeed, to get them to listen, seated, as they were in the avenue leading to their holiest temple, and each one of them having a keen eye to business and profit.

As we entered the quadrangle of the temple, we met a number of fanatics returning home after the worship of the goddess was over. They had garlands round their necks, and some of them were clapping their hands as they danced and sang in a very ecstasy of delight. Poor deluded creatures ! they thought that they had cast away all their sins and had become pure and holy.—*Missionary Link*.

HOW TO KNOW.

"Is John a Christian?" was once asked of a friend. "I don't know; I never lived with him," was the peculiar but pointed answer. That tells the tale. The people who live with us know whether we are Christians or not. Our professions cannot deceive them. They know our lives, the real exponents of our characters.