

the dear Jesus, and also that every fault is building character, just as every victory over fault, and every good deed is making her a good and beautiful woman. She cares for nothing except punishment.'

I think in this case I would quit preaching and go to practicing. That is, I would not attempt to influence the child by any arguments, but I would let her reap immediately the results of her own conduct. If she grumbles at her breakfast, I would make no comment, but simply, quietly, pleasantly have the breakfast taken away from her and let her go without until dinner time. You need not be afraid of its doing her any harm to go without one meal, or even more, if she persists in grumbling. When she is thoroughly hungry she will eat.

If she grumbles at getting up in the morning, pleasantly acquiesce in her staying in bed, but insist upon it that she shall remain in bed, and that not appearing at the breakfast table, she loses her breakfast.

If she grumbles at going to bed, again agree in her staying up, and order it so that she shall find it an undesirable thing. Let her be left to go to bed alone and without the good-night attentions that she usually receives, or leave her to sit up alone, while the rest of the family go to bed. If she learned that every time she found fault with anything, it resulted in her being deprived of her pleasure, interfered with her happiness, while at the same time she saw nothing except you were very sweetly accepting her ideas, I think it would soon teach her that her own judgment is faulty and she would more willingly accept that which you arranged for her.—'American Mother.'

A Tour Round the World.

(By Rev. Henry Miller, in 'The Presbyterian.')

I went to early service one morning at the English Church, Delhi, adjoining the hotel. The church is a miniature St. Paul's Cathedral, standing in beautiful grounds. A large ball, and gilt cross, as at St. Paul's, London, crown the dome. Their predecessors are placed upon a pedestal near the entrance to the church, riddled with shot and shell—a memorial of the Mutiny. I felt the force of the comforting promise about the two and three gathered together, for the congregation consisted only of myself and a faded-looking woman. The clergyman was of the Dr. Moinet type—tall, handsome, faultlessly dressed, and impassive. The service was gone through in a monotone, and suited the resonant acoustics of the building. After service I had a long conversation with the minister. He did not eat the bread of idleness. He had no helper, and yet had two daily and three Sunday services, garrison work as chaplain, Bible classes, the superintendence of a mixed school of natives and Europeans, several ladies' societies to look after, etc. All this, with the other routine of ministerial duty, made up a tale of work equal to that of any hard-wrought merchant or mechanic.

PRESBYTERY AND EPISCOPACY.

On the verandah of the hotel I made acquaintance with a lady born in India, but who had been sent home to be educated at Helensburgh, Scotland. She returned to India, and was now married. Her Helensburgh experiences were interesting, and may carry a lesson. Brought up in the Church of England, she was taken by her aunt to the Free Church. The ways of the people, the singing, the extempore prayers, and, beyond all, the long sermon, were too much for her endurance. She begged to be allowed to attend the services of her own church, but her aunt was inexorable. At

last she achieved her freedom. She resolved to behave in church so outrageously as to call down upon her the general attention of the congregation. She did so one Sunday so effectually that her aunt told her she would never take her to church again and kept her word. The service of Presbyterianism is certainly open to improvement, if it is to be attractive, and especially to the young. At the Episcopal service I have mentioned the lessons were read alternately by the minister and the faded-looking woman and myself. Why should we not have that in our own churches? Reading 'verse about,' makes people acquainted with the Bible, commits them to take part in the service, and emphasizes the fact that the church is the people, and not a hierarchy. 'You give the people nothing to do.' I remember a Yorkshire vicar saying to me when I travelled in Palestine.

JEYPORE.

was our next place of visitation. It is a strictly Indian city of mixed Mohammedans and Hindus; population, 143,000. There are not over 150 Europeans resident in it. The hotel was interesting. It dwelt apart among lofty trees, and in an expansive compound. Several abnormally large sheep and goats roamed about. They were sacred and privileged animals. They had a decidedly Jewish aspect. One billy, with solemn face and flowing beard, somehow reminded me of Abraham; but he was by no means of so amiable and self-sacrificing a character. He called at my bedroom door next morning, and I gave him some of my toast; but when the supply ceased the ungrateful creature horned me. These holy creatures take great liberties. One of them I found beginning to devour my notebook which I had left on a seat. Sacred or no, I made him acquainted with the point of my boot. In Jeypore we found camels common beasts of burden and draught. A hansom drawn by a camel was certainly a novelty; but there it was, with its ears eight or ten feet in the air, and going at a brisk pace. But to see so dignified a creature laden with great blocks of stone from the quarries, like a pack-mule, was humiliating. The crowded streets and bazars were most lively and picturesque. The main streets are 111 feet wide and paved and flagged. The city is laid out in rectangular blocks, and is divided into six equal portions. The houses are colored pink and white, the Maharajah's favorite color. Some of the buildings are magnificent—such as the Maharajah's palace, the college, the court house, the school of arts, the Hall of the Winds, and the public library. In the chief square pigeons covered the ground literally in thousands, and were being officially fed. The museum is the finest in India, with examples of every Indian art. Outside it is as beautiful as inside, being built of decorated inlaid marble. The Zoo is creditable for its tigers, and for one big monkey, chained in the open, who threw stones at us, or, rather, pitched them—big lumps, too. They were put in his way purposely, and, when provoked, he could project them 15 feet.

OLD JEYPORE.

We drove out seven miles to Old Jeypore to see the Ambar Palace, a grand pile, built in the year 1600, and presenting massive entablatures, double rows of columns, latticed galleries, gateways covered with mosaics, panels of alabaster, roofs glittering with spangled work, and doors of sandalwood, inlaid with ivory. There is a British Resident in Jeypore, but otherwise it is a perfectly independent Indian state.

THE MAHARAJAH'S PALACE

deserves special notice. It covers an area

of a half-mile square. All the gates are sufficiently lofty to admit of elephants with their howdahs. The private gate is of solid brass, elaborately ornamented, and cost 14,000 rupees. The public hall and hall of private audience are very fine, with marble pillars, but the decorations are garish, reminding you of the patterns of Manchester cotton prints. The carpets, we were told, were three hundred years old. They looked in perfect condition, but how so I cannot explain, for pigeons, peacocks, and other birds were flying or roaming over them and through the various rooms. The billiard-room, with its accessory rooms, pictures, etc., was handsome, with clerestory windows all round, for the ladies of the zenana to look down on the players. The Maharajah has five wives and four hundred concubines, who live in the top floor of the palace. The gardens are interspersed with canals of running water, 18 inches deep and 12 feet wide, and a lake 500 feet square. These had 1,000 jets of water, which are put into united action twice a year. We visited the crocodile pond, covering ten acres. Nine huge specimens were slumbering on one bank. At the call of the guide, and the waving of a hunk of meat, they lazily took to the water and swam to the steps of the terrace where we stood. The meat was tied to a cord, and was thrown to them and withdrawn in a provoking way. To hear the awful jaws snap was like a tin trunk being violently shut. Tell it not in Gath, but it is an open secret that, in addition to their other meals, these monsters are regaled with the female babies from the zenana, and perhaps other male and female babies as well. Jeypore contains one of the oldest and most famous observatories in the world, with oraries, sundials, etc., on large scales. The observatory is 80 feet high. In the royal stables we saw three hundred horses, the breeds of various nations, magnificent animals, but too well fed, and waited on with more care than human beings. There were a hundred and fifty carriages and one camel car, with a stud of twelve camels. The state car, made in Calcutta, cost 80,000 rupees, the harness 4,000. It was crowned with a palanquin which, as well as the harness and upholstery, was decorated with jewels. We saw the arena where the elephant fights are held three times a year. One of our Americans—the same who hung up the Stars and Stripes in the hotel—demanded to have one provided on the spot, but the palace servants did not respond.

We saw also the royal menagerie, consisting chiefly of tigers. One, of full age and size, caught only six months ago, was a spectacle for beauty and rage combined.

England may well afford to let Jeypore alone. Excluding, of course, Calcutta and Bombay, it is the cleanest, best-regulated, and altogether most satisfactory city we have seen in India.

H. MILLER.

On board the 'Egypt,' Arabian Sea, March 16, 1898.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Oct. 13, Sun.—The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil.

Oct. 14, Mon.—They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed.

Oct. 15, Tues.—They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

Oct. 16, Wed.—Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.

Oct. 17, Thur.—He giveth his beloved sleep.

Oct. 18, Fri.—With the Lord there is mercy.

Oct. 19, Sat.—How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.