

ened to his body, not able to move but carried about in a strong bed. Others will wear a cage around their necks or sit and burn in the midst of five fires. Swinging on hooks, piercing the tongue and flesh with knives, are other austerities. And the people really believe such men to be holy, the very incarnations of God. I have seen one of them come into Mhow and the people erect over him a bower of leaves and flowers and surround him at night with hundreds of little lamps and then bow before him in worship.

The degrading and superstitious reverence paid to these men could not be better illustrated than by the following list of expenses contracted by wealthy Bombay merchants in connection with the visit of one of these "holy men." (The rupee is about one-third of a dollar.)

For homage by sight.....	Rupees 6
For homage by touch.....	Rs 20
For the honor of washing the holy man's feet.....	Rs 35
For the glory of rubbing sweet ungents on his body.....	Rs 42
For the bliss of occupying the same room.....	Rs 50 to 500
For the delight of eating pan su- pari thrown away by the holy man	Rs 17
For drinking the water in which he has bathed or in which his foul linen has been washed.....	Rs 19

To such depths has the idea of reverence been degraded under the leadership of India's holy men.

#### A CONTRAST TO THE ABOVE PICTURE.

How beautiful is the following, from a letter to a lady in Montreal, by Miss Jeannie Dow, the missionary in Honan of the Montreal W. M. S. It is all the more beautiful because not intended for publication, but the artless, unstudied expression of feeling from friend to friend. I do not know that I have permission to publish it, but am taking the risk.

She is speaking of a place by the sea coast, where was a number of work worn missionaries of North China for a few weeks of refitting for further years of toil.

"We met many excellent people and formed some friendships which ought to be lasting. Oh, it was such a treat to look

into the faces and hear the voices of new people. There were many kinds, with varying strong characteristics, who did us good.

How some people do help one! One was brave, a silent but living rebuke to my shrinking and fear of coming difficulty. Another was always bright and smiling. It made one glad to see her. Another was gentle and graceful, beautiful in spirit and in outward form, and is not "a thing of beauty a joy" still? Others there were whose very bearing as well as their words increased our thirst for the Infinite, the Eternal; whose hearts so evidently found their home in God that they stimulated us to follow them farther into the heart of the Divine Love.

And to join one's longings with those of other souls in prayer, to follow them in spirit as they led us in asking for what we desired above all besides;—well it helped me. I cannot express half of what it did for me nor can I tell how graciously, kindly, and tenderly, the needs I was not even well conscious of were fully supplied by our Father, needs of mind and soul. So now I ought to be ready for a good siege in Honan."

#### CHINESE IN MONTREAL.

Two very interesting gatherings have been held recently in Montreal in connection with the Chinese Mission; one on Dec. 28th, in Crescent St. Church, the other 24th Jan., in the American Presbyterian Church. The former, a Christmas gathering of the Chinese attending the S. Schools, with their teachers and friends, fitly commemorated the 90th anniversary of the beginning of Protestant Missions in China, by Rev. Dr. Morrison. The latter was the Chinese New Year. The entertainment of both evenings was furnished chiefly by the Chinese, and consisted of readings, from Scripture, recitation and singing of hymns, and addresses. Patiently and successfully are Dr. and Mrs. Thompson, and their many volunteer helpers, pursuing their work, and very grateful are the Chinese for what is done for them. They contribute with fair liberality to our Foreign Mission Work, and support besides two Chinese Mission workers in their native province of Canton, China.