

Our Christmas offering, the result of a "ten cent tea," was four dollars. We do not feel discouraged in our work, but pray that this year will be more prosperous, and much good be done in heathen and home lands.

MARY E. BANKS, Sec.
MRS. V. J. CHUTE, Pres.

March 2nd, 1898.

WOLFVILLE MISSION BAND REPORT.—The Wolfville Mission Band of "Willing Helpers" has a membership of fifty, with an average attendance of about thirty. Meetings are held once a month on Sunday afternoon. Usually, some topic is taken up at the meetings with the object of learning something along that particular line of work. Quite frequently we are able to have an address by a missionary, or some one interested, which we find very pleasant and instructive as well. Last year we tried to study something of European Missions, interspersed with miscellaneous programmes. Twenty-seven dollars and six cents were raised last year towards Mr. Morse's salary. This sum was raised by means of mite boxes, birthday box, and a magic lantern exhibition given by Rev. W. V. Higgins, (the latter realized something over nine dollars). One of our members, Herbert Curry, has joined the Students Volunteer Band during the last year, and we hope, work, and pray for more of such blessed encouragement in the future. We hope during the year to come, that the true missionary spirit may possess and control us in all our work, and that our efforts may help in the extension of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

A. E. F.

The Secretary of the Mission Band at Belmont, Col. Co., writes, that while the year will not be up until June, the Band have already raised fourteen dollars.

Mrs. George Bishop has accepted the post of Secretary, for King's Co., in place of Mrs. M. P. Freeman, resigned. Mrs. Bishop's address is Burlington, King's Co.

Young People's Department.

THE WEE FOLK OF INDIA.

Dear Girls and Boys,—

I want to tell you something about the little girl and boy babies of India. Did you ever see a picture of them? Such cute little faces they have, with brown skin, dark hair and beautiful soft brown eyes. But although all have dark skin and hair, they don't all look alike by any means. Some are fairer than others, some are pretty and some are homely, and just as in Canada, some are very close and some as good as gold.

Most parents in India love their children dearly, but they show their love in very funny ways and do such strange foolish things when an infant comes into the world. Let me tell you a little of baby's life. In the first place, notice that in the beginning of this letter when I write of the "girl and boy babies of India," I put the girls first. That is right, boys, is it not? "Ladies

first" is what father says, you know. That is always the way it is in countries where Jesus is known and loved. But in India men always come first, and women, girls and girl babies have to take such a low place, oh, such a shamefully low place. By the time you have finished reading this letter, boys, you will be indignant at the way they are treated, and inwardly think, perhaps, that you would like to tell the people of India what you think of them; and you, girls, oh how thankful you will be you live in Canada and not in India. There is something else I think you will all do, and that is, to run and give little sister a kiss and tell her you are glad she is not a Hindu baby.

When a boy is born in India there is great rejoicing. Father rubs his hands with delight, and for the time being is very kind to mother; a big bell is rung to let everybody in the neighborhood know, and messengers are sent hurrying off to tell relations and friends the good news. The new-comer gets all sorts of presents, and baby's father in turn sends gifts to all his friends.

Now suppose it is a girl that is born, what happens then? Why, nothing at all; no bells rung, no presents, no visitors, no happy people, nothing but sad, and often angry glances for the poor wee girlie. Father scolds, mother weeps and everybody says it would be better if the child had never been born. Now, girls and boys, what do you think of that? Isn't it shameful!

When a Hindu child is six days old, an idol is brought and placed outside the door of its room. This idol is an image of a goddess, who is supposed to look after little children. The child's people bring fruit and milk and place before this ugly image, praying it to take care of baby.

Two days later the little one has a kind of a birthday party, only instead of all the boys and girls bringing it a present, they all receive one from baby's papa.

That night, something else funny happens. All the children living near, come and beat on the door with small sticks and ask how the child is. Then they all shout over and over, "Let it rest in peace in the lap of its mother." Canadian children would think this a very strange thing to do, but they think it great fun. They seldom do this for a little girl.

If Indian babies are not as pretty as Canadian, they are much more quiet and patient and will lie for hours perfectly content and happy.

Do you remember, children, how much hair your little brother or sister had on its head, when it was six months old? What would you have thought if father had come home one day and told you that next day he was going to bring a barber and have him shave it all off? This is what they do in India to six months old babies. The same day he is given rice to eat for the first time, is dressed all in silk and shown to his friends, when he is given more presents.