

BOILING DATE-PALM JUICE.

This picture represents a thoroughly rural Bengal scene. It shows the boiling down of date-tree juice into goor, or coarse brown sugar. The date-palm is found in great abundance in Bengal. But what is strange, while dates are produced in large quantities, yet they are good for nothing and cannot be eaten. However, the natives have discovered a way of using the sweet juice which would otherwise be wasted in nourishing these uneatable dates. It is to collect it by tapping the trees and boiling it down into molasses. The time of collection is the spring of the year, when the sap flows most abundantly. The tree is cleaned by cutting off all the branches and bark on the side opposite to that tapped last year, and then a deep cut is made half round the tree. The middle part of the cut is a little lower down than the ends, so that all the juice runs from both sides down to the centre. Here a peg, made into a sort of trough, is fastened into the tree, and this carries the juice into an earthen vessel tied underneath. The best juice flows during the night. Hence the tapper goes round all his trees in the evening and empties out any juice accumulated during the day, and takes care that the peg is in working order and directly over the vessel. And, in addition, he must keep watch all night, otherwise his juice would be all stolen and his vessels broken by thieves. Thefts of this kind do very frequently take place. In the early morning the tapper ascends the trees again, and takes down the vessels full of sweet, frothy sap. This work of tree-climbing is very laborious, because most of the trees are very lofty and the cut is made directly under the head. While the man is at work upon the tree, the whole of his weight rests upon a band tied round the trunk.

The juice makes a very pleasant drink while fresh, but, if allowed to stand some time, ferments and becomes intoxicating.

The furnace, where the boiling process takes place, is a very rude affair, but at the same time very effective. A deep hole is dug in the ground, and at the top a framework, made of clay, with holes in it, is placed, on which the earthen cauldrons stand. In the picture are two such furnaces. The one in front is not being used just now, only the one behind. Both of them are fed by holes in the side. The man squatting down

on the right-hand side is employed in pushing fuel, which consists of palm-leaves, straw, and grass, down through the hole into the furnace under the pots. There are four cauldrons on this, filled with juice, which has already been greatly reduced by long boiling. At first the quantity of juice is so large that many cauldrons are required, but by degrees the boiling diminishes it, so that few are needed. At last it becomes quite thick, and on cooling resembles dark, wet sand. Great quantities of it are eaten in this state by the natives, and are also sold to merchants, who take it away to refineries near Calcutta, where it is made into pure white sugar. The sugarcane, as well as the date-palm, grows abundantly in Bengal, and the juice of this is used in the same way by the natives for making sugar.

To the left of the furnace is a woman standing very eagerly watching the boiling process. She has her dress well drawn over her head, hiding completely her face. It would be considered very improper for any woman, and especially for a young wife, even in country districts, to remain with her head uncovered in the presence of strangers. Further to the left is one of the sugar-makers, sitting down to have a few delicious pulls at his dearly beloved hookah. A native when at work seldom drinks much, as is the custom of laborers in England; but when tired and thirsty squats down and takes a few long pulls from his pipe, and rises refreshed and strengthened by his work.

Standing by his side is his little son,

looking on with great interest, no doubt with his mouth watering at the thought of the feast he will have when the boiling is over. In the left-hand corner, in front, is a tiny babe too young to take any interest in the proceedings, lying in the warm sunshine upon a cloth spread on some dry palm-leaves.

Visits among the quiet country people are always much enjoyed by missionaries. We find them much more straightforward and simple than the townspeople. They listen with very great interest to the Gospel, but are afraid to act upon it without the consent of their priests and teachers, and of course these do all they can to keep them under their influence. However, it was to the poor chiefly that our Saviour preached, and it is from amongst the poor in India that we have the largest number of converts.—T. R. Edwards, in *Missionary Herald*.

LOUISE'S VICTORY.

BY MRS. W. D. BROWN.

It was a warm, rainy afternoon in September. Mrs. Meade was busy in her sewing-room, cutting, basting, stitching, while baby Howard was amusing himself with clothes-pins and building-blocks on the floor beside her. The window was open a little and there was a pleasing harmony in the patter of the raindrops upon the large leaves of the grape-vine which grew just outside, the busy clicking

"At school; a penny rolled down the floor under my seat; I picked it up, and Sadie French told teacher I had got her penny, and teacher asked me for it, and I told her it was mine. I said papa gave it to me, and he didn't, mamma, 'twas Sadie's penny, and I—I—told a lie. Oh, dear!"

"Did the teacher punish you or why did you come home?" asked mamma.

"She talked to me, and I gave her the penny, but I couldn't stop crying, and she said I had better come home, and I ran all the way, and cried awful loud, I was so afraid."

"Why were you afraid?" asked mamma.

"Oh, because I told such a lie!" and tears and sobs poured forth afresh.

Mrs. Meade did not speak for some minutes. She had a great horror of untruthfulness. If there was one thing she had watched more carefully than another in the character of her children, it was truthfulness. If there was one sin more hateful than another in her sight, and that she had tried to teach them to hate, it was falsehood, deceit. She had always won from them the truth, and taught them constantly that "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord." It had been taught them in a way which they clearly understood, and the good seed had fallen in good ground. The children had been truthful. Their parents could trust their word, and gain from them the truth, even though it revealed their own faults. Never had Louise been known to tell an untruth before, and

sob, Mrs. Meade told of the love and pity of her Heavenly Father that could put this wicked thing all out of her mind, and love her just as much as before, and would blot from her life-book the sad story.

Slowly rest and peace came to the troubled heart.

"Now," said Mrs. Meade, "would you not like to tell your teacher all about it, and ask her to forgive you?"

There was nothing in the world so sweet to Louise, just now, as forgiveness, but she was a little girl and very tired; besides, she had never walked alone from her home to the schoolhouse, and as the mother saw her willing spirit and weak flesh, she quickly put on waterproof and rubbers, and taking Louise by the hand went with her to the schoolhouse.

"I ran all the way home, mamma, just as fast as I could, and cried awfully, I couldn't help it; when I was right along here I hollered," said Louise, as they crossed from the sidewalk.

The teacher met them in the hall, and must have read something of their errand in the sad expression of the two faces before her.

"Louise tells me that she told you a falsehood," said Mrs. Meade. "I think she is truly penitent and wishes to tell you so. I am very sorry, we had thought her a truthful child."

"I am sorry, too," said the kind teacher. "I have always depended on her word nor has she deceived me in any way until to-day. I am surprised and pained."

"Teacher, I am sorry; will you forgive me? I never will do so again if I can help it," sobbed Louise, throwing her arms around her teacher's neck. Tears and kisses and whispered words of love and trust were her answer.

"I will not detain you from your duties, Miss Grant, and Louise, you may return to your school. I wish you might feel to tell the scholars you are sorry, for they all heard the untruth you told your teacher, and knew about the penny," said Mrs. Meade, as she turned to leave.

It was a large primary school. Of the seventy pupils, a few looked lovingly at Louise as she entered; some smiled mockingly, while the many were indifferent, for they had no regard for their own word, and thought little or had been taught little of the sin of lying. Could this timid little girl speak to all these?

When the lessons for the day were recited, and books put in order for the night, Miss Grant looked at Louise with a tender inquiring glance. She came forward and stood by her teacher's side, and, turning her face toward the school, said, "I told teacher a lie about the penny. It was Sadie's all the time. I'm sorry, and I don't mean to lie no more," and the little face hid itself upon the teacher's shoulder.

When Louise came home that night there was a smile upon her face which still told its tale of the chastisement of suffering through which she had passed, and there was a look of serious earnestness in her eye which her mother well understood.

Five years have passed away since that day. Sometimes something has transpired that has recalled the event to Mrs. Meade and Louise, but it is never referred to, save that Louise says, I never have since that day, mamma," and mamma answers with trust and confidence in her tones, "No, Louise, never," for this is a true story.—*Golden Rule*.

So tired; yet I would work
For Thee, Lord, hast Thou work
Even for me?
Small things, which others, hurrying on
In Thy blest service, swift and strong,
Might never see.

So tired; yet I might reach
A flower to cheer and teach
Some sadder heart;
Or for parched lips perhaps might bring
One cup of water from the spring
Ere I depart.

—Selected.



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of the sewing machine, and the noisy glee of little Howard over some triumph of building or ruins of his lofty tower. Suddenly there came a sound which did not harmonize. It was the loud crying of a child, and looking out, Mrs. Meade saw her little Louise running past the window and into the house. She rose to meet her, and the frightened, screaming child ran into her mother's arms. Now, Louise was a little seven-year-old girl; a merry, happy child, always full of fun and play, and it was altogether a strange thing to see her in such distress. She had tripped off to school an hour before, happy as a lark, and now her face was red, her eyes swollen, and her little form trembling with emotion.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Meade, as she threw back the hair from her hot face, and tried to soothe by loving tenderness her excited child.

Louise did not speak, but cried harder than before.

"Are you hurt? Has anything bad happened to you? Tell me why you cry so!"

But Louise was crying so hard she could not speak.

"Are you sick? Do you ache anywhere?"

Louise shook her head.

Mrs. Meade said no more, but held her in her lap, and soothed her into quiet, while little Howard, standing by his mother's knee, patted the tear-stained face.

"Oh, mamma, I lied! I told a lie!" sobbed out Louise.

"Where? To whom?" asked mamma.

now that she had done it so deliberately and decidedly the mother's heart was pained, for this, to her, was trouble, and silent tears coursed down her cheeks, and dropped on the fair hair of her sinning child. Louise saw her mother's sorrow, and the look of pain deepened in her eyes.

"Did you ever tell a lie before?" asked mamma.

"No, ma'm," Louise answered.

"This is very sad," said mamma. "It has made you suffer, and me, and your teacher, and one who heard it first, and knew it was a lie before it passed your lips, feels how sad it is more than any of us. It is a very wicked thing, my child, but the sin is against God, and the dear Jesus who loves you so dearly. Are you sorry for this great wrong, my darling?"

"Oh, mamma, I am so sorry, and I never will do it again if you'll only forgive me this once!"

"Do you feel just like that to God, and can you tell him just the same?"

"Yes. I want to now."

Mrs. Meade led her little girl into the sitting-room, closed the door, knelt by the side of her child, and prayed that this sin might be forgiven and forgotten, and that the heart and mouth that had been so polluted might be made clean and pure again, and then Louise prayed, confessing her sin, and asking forgiveness with the simplicity and trustfulness of a child in whose mind there has been no conflict with doubt. Then they sat down side by side, and with her arm around the little form that now and then shook with a convulsive