

Stewart and his lecture for an evening's entertainment. Giving as it does the record of a life in itself an inspiration, and delivered in his own enthusiastic way, it cannot fail of accomplishing good. D. M. M.

THE TIMPANY MEMORIAL SCHOOL.

GUELPH.—Following the example of our Woodstock friends we, too, have had an "Envelope Social" for the above fund, on the evening of the 14th May. The evening being so stormy not many were present. But the few contributed well; not only suitable passages of Scripture and gems of thought came from the envelopes, but \$21.40. Our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pickard, afterwards gave us \$10, making in all \$31.40.

E. THOMPSON.

SARNIA TOWNSHIP.—The Women's Home and For. Mission Circle held an open meeting on the 18th; the exercises were chiefly in the line of mission work, adding \$12 to their funds.

E. FLAMBORO.—The members of the Baptist Church met on the 9th inst. in this place, and with the aid of Mrs. Thompson, of Guelph, formed themselves into a Home and Foreign Mission Circle. We want to do a little part in sending the blessed Gospel of Christ to the dark places of the earth; may God bless us in our work. Names of officers:—Mrs. Minnie Patton, President; Mrs. Ann Revell, Vice-President; Miss Bella Cartwright, Secretary; Miss Jennie Revell, Treasurer.

BELLA CARTWRIGHT.

HAGERSVILLE.—A home and foreign mission circle was organized May 17th. Fourteen ladies have already joined, and probably several others will be enrolled during the next week or two. O. G. L.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Little Helpers.

Little Helpers,
Young Disciples
(Of the Lord, once crucified.
By your giving
Are securing
Life for those for whom He died.

Homes of gladness,
Homes of darkness,
You can picture, side by side;
Thus love binds them.
So faith links them
Into one, though severed wide.

Your seed sowing,
Which is growing
Into harvests for the Lord,
Will be gathered,
And be garnered,
Such the promise of His word.

Little Helpers!
One day leaders
In this work of Christ abroad,
Heaven bless you,
Guide and keep you,
Help you win the world to God!

From *Little Helpers*.

A Street Spectacle in India.

The people of Chicacote—a town near the coast, about half-way between Calcutta and Madras—are in a great commotion to-day. They are dragging through the streets of their town large figures on carts. What are these? And what are the people making all this fuss about? There are musicians accompanying the carts blowing trumpets, beating drums, and playing on other instruments, and crowds of men and women are talking, shouting and making a great noise. There are no less than six figures set after one another in line in the procession. First comes a huge camel as large as life. It is made of a light framework of wood, covered with cloth and painted. The workmen who have made it have not been very skilful; for their work is clumsily done, and the camel is far from being a handsome one. But in the eyes of the people who see it it is a marvel of excellence. Next follow it three elephants—the biggest, as is right, coming first, and the smallest being last. They are all made in the same way as the camel, and being set on carts and firmly tied, are drawn along by patient bullocks. Each has a small house on its back, called a howdah. Young men and lads have crowded into them, and are carried along aloft, with the pleasure of having a good view of the sightseers beneath. But what is that comes next? It is no animal that ranges the forest of this country. It is intended to be the model of an English steamship. See, there is actually smoke coming from its funnel. And who are these men in it, wearing white jackets and trousers, but with black skins, within them? They are supposed to be the seamen and engineers who sail this strange vessel, which vomits smoke although it has neither boiler nor engines, and is borne aloft in mid-air without the need of either screw or sails. One might think that such a wonderful object as this would wind up the procession. No. There is something else yet. Here it comes. Ah! this is a sight we expect to see in this land of heathenism. The highest skill of the native artists has been employed to make it, and in the onlookers' eyes it is the grandest and most important part of the procession. But what it is would puzzle a stranger to say. It is a bird—a peacock—with a human figure mounted on it, having a great number of arms, and adorned, as its builders think, with great splendor. The rider is called Kumaraswamy. There are other smaller figures by the side of him completely dressed, and in reality, somewhat pretty; so pretty, that a missionary spectator determines to try and purchase one when the show is over. When we look at the back of the figure, we find that it has only a front and not a body—the back being merely the rough wood on which the cloth and tinsel of the front part is fastened. It has, however, two smaller figures set up against it. The one, a person of a smiling countenance, being Siva; the other, a frightful aspect, with bloodshot eyes and open mouth set with fearful teeth having the name Hanuman.

But what does all this mean? Is this a kind of free show, or open-air panorama, or a trades union procession? Not at all. These people never heard of such things. This grand sight is intended to give joy. It is a festival. But for whom is the pleasure? Do the rich of the town provide it for the poor, or the elders for the children? That is not the idea. All this show is for the purpose of pleasing their gods. In the month of March, the frightful disease cholera raged in the town. The inhabitants believing that the gods were displeased for some cause or other, vowed to give them this festival to pacify their anger. All classes of people subscribed to get up this