

THIS MONTH'S PICTURES.

The cuts for this month are worth studying. The first, on page 37, shows how the dates grow that you sometimes see in the shops, and sometimes get to eat; and shows how the people gather them.

The second picture, on page 41, shows a Mission School in India made up of girls of the highest caste, the Brahmins. How nicely they are dressed! And you see also the black spot upon their foreheads which shows the caste to which they belong. They are very proud of it and think themselves very holy, and a great deal better than other people.

They are learning from our missionaries that they are sinners and need a Saviour, and that Jesus has come to save them from sin, and many of them are putting their trust in Him.

The third picture, on page 45, shows what is being done for the poor lepers, outcasts from society. They are gathered into these homes, and made comfortable while they live; and taught of healing from the leprosy of sin, and of a better home where Jesus will give welcome to all the cleansed ones.

See the long row, hundreds of them, beside the road, just below the houses, gathered to have their picture taken. If the picture were large enough to give their faces and hands and feet, many sad sights could be seen among them.

Our own medical missionaries in India have been helping the lepers, and if you wish to help them in this work you can do so through our own Foreign Mission Fund.

THE AFRICAN GIRL.

Du Chaillu, the African traveller, tells a pathetic story of a poor girl, Okondago, in Central Africa, who was compelled to drink poison for having "bewitched" a person who had recently died.

As she was borne along by her furious accusers, the cry rang in the traveller's ears, "Chally! Chally! do not let me die?" but he was powerless, and could only shed bitter tears. With two other women she was taken in a canoe upon one of their beautiful rivers

and the fatal cup was placed to their lips. Soon they reeled and fell, when they were thrown into the water.

At night the brother of Okondago stole to the traveller's house in distress. He had been forced to join in the curses that were heaped upon his sister. He was compelled to conceal his grief. Du Chaillu tried to give comfort, and spoke to him of God.

The poor man cried: "Oh, Chally? when you go back to your far country, America, let them send men to us poor people to teach us from that which you call God's mouth." "And," writes Du Chaillu, "I promised to give the message."

Okondago perished more than twenty years ago, and hundreds like her have been condemned by the witch doctor, whom the people dare not disobey.

The message has come to us. Shall we send them the help they need?—*Life and Light*.

THE BENGALI GIRL.

A young Bengali Christian was dying. She was a bright, happy girl, Sarala (which means Guileless) by name, and truly guileless by nature.

Seeing how sad her parents looked as they sat by her bedside, she said: "Jesus comfort my parents."

A little after that the doctor came in. He is a Hindu, not a Christian. Turning to him, Sarala said: "Doctor, I am glad you are come. I want to thank you for all you have done for me. Good-bye. We shall not meet again on earth. I am going to heaven. Oh! how I wish to see you there. Come and meet me. But to do so you must believe in Christ. Tell Christ all your sorrows and troubles. He will help you."

The doctor's eyes filled with tears, and on leaving the room he told the sorrowing father and mother that what they had witnessed was not death—the child was only entering life. No English Christian girl could find Christ nearer or more precious than did Sarala. With Him there is "no distinction."—*News from Afar*.