

hill. In the very court-yard of that heathen temple eight of us—four of whom had turned from idols to serve the living and the true God—kneelt and praised God for His great grace while we prayed for the Christless thousands in the surrounding villages and hamlet. Will you take up that prayer and ask that this temple may change into one wherein He Himself shall be worshipped? God speed the day.

Very sincerely yours,

Padmanabham, India. IDA M. NEWCOMBE.

FROM PANDUR TO CHICACOLE.

BY MABEL E. ARCHIBALD.

"Now cart men, come at 5 o'clock, sharp! We want to get off before dark. The roads may be bad."

We had intended to start last night but the rain descended and the floods came. How it rains this morning! We close all the shutters and doors, light the lantern and spend the time in Bible study, in playing on the concertina, and in writing letters.

We happen to look out. The rain has ceased somewhat. See, why are those men walking round and round that little hill. One bears in his hand a brass vessel, another a tray, and another some fuel cakes. How idiotic they look! Now they all kneel—then reverently lay their offerings here and there around the hill. Upon enquiry we learn that these respectable looking Hindus are worshipping the snakes which have their home in that ant hill!

It is 5 p.m. "Appana, have the cart men come? You know it's time we were off!" Seven, eight o'clock passes, and still the cart men do not appear! It is useless to get ruffled, but we did wish to catch the four a.m. train. However, we occupy the time, by re-reading and answering tender missives from the dear home-land.

10 p.m. "Now, see, cart men, is not this unjust? You promised to come at five, sharp!"

"Oh, amma you know there is a great festival to-day. We had to do much worship."

Soon we are off for the station two miles distant. With much ado the carts begin to move. (Ask Miss Clark when she comes home how the cart man drives the bullocks). Oh the mud—deep—deep—and the water rushing along the road. "Whoa-oo—whoa! Stop, see, there is a great breach and a perfect sea beyond. Turn the carts, quick!"

11 p.m. At the bungalow again. "Is there no way for me to reach the station?" we ask. In a short time the energetic preacher, Bro. Amruthalal, brings four stalwart men. They quickly tie long poles to a chair and say, "Now we're ready!"

"O-o-oh! oh!" I could not but exclaim when my bearers, six feet tall, raised the chair upon their shoulders. Again we start. The bearers soon begin to sing, "Ko—ho—ho." The music soothes my nerves yet I dare not move. On we go over stony paths—muddy ways, stopping every few minutes to find the right direction. Now we go along the slippery edges of steep tanks—the path is

only two feet wide—a false step would land me in the flowing tide. Now the bearers begin to wade. How the water foams and rushes and circles. From my elevated perch it seems that no advance is made. My head is in a whirl—I grip the chair, close my eyes and ask the help of the Lord.

It took us five hours to come the nine miles from the station to the Mission House. However, we reached home safely, and although we had travelled all night through many dangers no evil befell us and we praised God.

I would like to tell you a little about our tour in Pandur. The people had never seen a white woman before, and I know Tennyson, who was ever desirous of avoiding the empty stare of sightseers, would not have enjoyed being in my place. We found one village of intelligent farmers (my uncle had often visited them) who seemed to be hungering for the Bread of Life. They would leave their work and listen for hours to the reading and explanation of God's Word. The children readily learnt the hymns and the parents copied them from our hymn book.

Now my dear boys and girls may you be enabled to say with your whole hearts,—“Dear Father, I give my one life to Thee; accept me and use me! Bless all the stray lambs for whom Jesus suffered so. Bring them also to Thyself for Jesus sake, Amen.”

MILLY'S MITE BOX.

"I did so want to have at least one dollar!" sighed Mildred Harlow, as she busied herself in putting her room in order, on the morning of the 23rd of December.

"There are just ten days before those mite-boxes are to be handed in," she continued. "October, November, December, and I have only saved fifty cents in all that time. I wish I had had a chance to earn more, but mamma has needed my help instead, and she cannot afford to pay me much, even if I do give it to missions. Guess I'll have to be content with giving fifty cents towards schooling little Ammabe, out in Bobbli, and giving myself to home missions as dear mamma calls my work for her."

By this time the room was in order, and Milly ran down stairs to assist her mother in some of the many preparations going on for Christmas Day. Bright, cherry, and helpful, not even the mother dreamed how disappointed was the sweet, winsome maid of fourteen.

Ever since she had given herself to Jesus, a year ago, she had been deeply interested in the work of the Mission Band. The little girl they are supporting in India had become very near and dear to her, and she longed to be of great help; but try as she would her mite-box savings only amounted to fifty cents. "Yes, it was too bad." Then came the thought, "The dear Saviour knows I have done what I could. Perhaps He can make that fifty cents go as far as many a dollar has gone."