

"Yes," replied her mother, after she had read the note. "We should both have lost a treat if you had forgotten it. He wants us to meet him down-town, and to go to the Musical Festival with him this afternoon."

"Just think!" said Ethel; "what if I'd lost that note out of my pocket! And, O mother! what if I'd kept on reading and hadn't minded you!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Emerson, "there were two chances of losing the concert."

—Exchange

A Dinner Party in India

By Miss Janet E. Sinclair

Away in a city called Mhow in Central India we missionaries were invited to dinner at an Indian doctor's home. He had become a Christian, and he studied medicine and married a Christian lady. They had many opportunities of helping poor Christians, and telling the heathen about Jesus, for they could mingle with people of all classes.

They now have three boys and one dear little girl of their own; the boys attend an English school, but the little girl is not old enough yet, being only five.

The doctor wears English clothes, except his hat, which is the close-fitting Indian hat of soft felt worn by Christians, for in India you can tell a man's religion by what he wears on his head.

The doctor's wife wears the dress of the Indian lady, even to their shoes which they wear without any stockings and slip off when in the house.

Their drug store is across the corner from our Canadian Presbyterian Mission School for boys, and they live in rooms above the store which you reach by going up a stair from the store then out over a roof, and down a few steps into their living room.

Mrs. Bunyan met us as we went in, and invited us to be seated till all the guests would arrive; then, when all was ready we were taken into the dining room, which was very small, and there were no chairs! Worse still there was no large table! There were some little stools, but they were just a few inches

from the floor. We were asked to sit on the floor with our legs crossed and our backs against the wall, the men on one side of the room, the women on the other, with one of the wee stools or rather tables, for such they were, in front of each guest.

And now after asking a blessing, the food was brought in by the doctor's sister and his wife's sister, who live with them, as it is customary for the ladies of the house to do the cooking and to wait on the table, thus honoring their guests, even when they have many servants; and they stooped down so gracefully and put the delicious curried chicken on our plates, then supplied us with chapaties and poories which they use instead of bread—but dear me! we had no knives, forks or spoons to eat with, no, nor even chop sticks like the Chinese use. How do you think they eat? Well, they just use their fingers. They make little balls with their rice in the gravy, and convey it neatly to their mouths, only using the right hand.

Usually the food is so hot with pepper and spices that we cannot eat it, but feel like Silverlocks when she tasted Rough Bruin's soup. However, these kind friends knew our failing, and made it to suit us, so like Tiny Cub's it was "just right," and, like Silverlocks, we "ate it all up;" but the dear brown children, and I assure you they are very handsome and lovable, did not need to cry, because their mother, like our mothers here, takes good care that they have a share of all the good things.

Before we left the tables, one of the young ladies brought a small bowl of water and a towel, so that we might all dip our fingers and dry them; then came the getting up which to most was quite an ordeal, and one stout gentleman had to be helped, which gave us a good laugh.

We then returned to the sitting room where they have chairs, and the children sang some hymns and songs learned at school. Then all the guests were garlanded, which means they put chains of flowers around our necks as a mark of honor, and we said goodbye to our kind friends.

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