

place one foot on his master's knee and the other over his head. He will also go through varied marchings and it may be some clumsy attempt at dancing.

He is most gaudily dressed in gay trappings, with bells about his neck, for bright color is a weakness among Hindus and no tamasha would succeed as well without it.

One man, as you will see, confines himself to beating the tom-tom, a most excruciating instrument, with a noise that is calculated to drive an ordinary man crazy, but without which the Hindu carries on no tamasha, no ceremony or temple service. Night and day, in season and out of season, you hear the eternal strumming of the tom-tom.

There is much that is childlike about the people of India, and it is through their propensity for the curious the missionary often reaches them.

Standing in the streets of the bazaar he will play the concertina or baby organ, or oft times merely sing a hymn, and it will not be long before he has an audience, most of whom will remain to hear, and some among whom we trust will become interested in the story of Jesus.

beating drums, cymbals. This is worshipping the God of the kitchen!

New Year's day as I walked along the streets, I saw crowds of little boys and girls. I remember seeing three little boys; they had on little black satin hats with red buttons on top, and little embroidered shoes. One had on a green gown and a bright yellow coat, another a green gown and a blue coat, the third a yellow coat and red gown, all made of silk. They were popping fire crackers, blowing tin horns and playing tricks on each other and having a lively time for China. Chinese boys don't seem to have as much fun as boys in America.

Further on I passed a house closed tight. Inside they were making a terrible noise. Before their gods they were burning candles, bowing down, singing, beating cymbals and drums. Before what god? Why, they are worshipping the god of riches, praying for good fortune, success in business and plenty of money during the coming year! They forget our God from whom comes every good thing. Chinese children have no Christmas; China has no Christ.

Children's Missionary.

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### NEW YEAR IN CHINA.

I wonder what New year is like in China?" asks a little friend. "Is it like our New Year?"

Chinese New Year is just past and it may interest you to know how the Chinese begin their New Year. With good resolutions? Well, may-be they do.

The Chinese New Year doesn't come at our New Year, but about one month later. This year it was January 26th. New Year's season is a holiday for every one. All the stores are closed for the first five days of the year. The schools give holiday for three or four weeks. Chinese children appreciate this; for except a few days in summer they go to school all the year round.

No Chinaman will work at New Year's if he can help it. He spends the last days of the old year collecting all the money that is owing to him and paying his debts. Then New Year's day, dressed in his best clothes, silk or satin if possible, he walks the streets, calls on his friends, sends presents, perhaps gives his friends a feast, in return for which he expects to be invited to another.

The night before New Year's day you hear a great noise in the houses, fire crackers,

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### A MEDICINE MAN'S BASKET.

The funny looking basket in the picture is very dirty and ugly. It was given to Mr. Hemans, a missionary in little far-away Iwambo, in the heart of Africa, by a witch doctor or medicine man. As he gave it he said: "Since you missionaries have come to my country I can no more find use for it."

Wouldn't the missionary's heart be glad to hear that, for then he knew that the people were really beginning to give up their faith in witch medicine and magic and put their trust in the great loving Doctor who used to go about doing good in the long ago days.

Oh, those African witch doctors—what strange and often bad men they are! They go about saying they can cure everybody, no matter what the illness is. And then, their medicines are so dreadful. You who think cod-liver oil and rhubarb such nasty, horrid stuff, what would you say to a dose of chopped up snake skin, mixed with a vulture's feathers burnt to ashes?

These doctors pretend sometimes to be rain-makers, also, and sell medicines and charms, too, to make the fields and gardens bear good crops, or to help people to work and hunt well. In our medicine basket you would find bits of bone, teeth, shells, twigs, feathers,