

Just before New Year is the busiest time in the whole year. The streets are so full of people coming and going that it is almost impossible for a sedan chair to pass, and the noise is something dreadful. Every man seems to try to shout louder than the other man, as all push forward with their loads on their shoulders. The beggars are worse than at any other time, and the shops are full of bright, pretty things to tempt the people, who come there to do their New Years shopping. If we are not very careful to lay in a supply from the market the day before New Year's, we shall find we have not enough to eat in the first few days afterwards.

In the idol shops all the idols look as bright as fresh paint and gilding can make them. At this time the old kitchen god is taken down, and early in the new year a new one is put up. It is only a large sheet of paper with an old man, an old woman, and a cow, a pig and some other animals printed on it in bright colours, and is pasted on the wall over the cooking furnace in every house where the people are not Christians, but it is considered as necessary as a stovepipe in an American kitchen. The people offer incense to it, and it superintends the kitchen affairs.

The first time we went to Ku Liang we rented a room, and there was no place to cook, so our landlord let us build a range in his back porch. It was a new thing to have foreigners live on the premises, and they were a little afraid; so to make everything safe, they pasted a kitchen god up on the wall over the range. I do not know whether it liked the foreign incense of beefsteak and coffee or not.

Sometimes Chinese New Year comes on Sunday, and then we walk to Ching Sing Tong to church; and it seems very strange, but very pleasant and Christian-like, to see the shops and stores all shut up. We meet people going to make their calls, and we see a few peanut-stands, and groups of people—sometimes little children—busy gambling near the doors of their houses. New Year's would not be New Year's in China without gambling. Especially dur-

ing the last part of the year every-body has worked as hard as he could to get all the money he could to pay all the debts he could; so now he will be idle, and visit his friends and feast and eat watermelon seeds as long as he is able, to make things even.

Fireworks belong especially to New Year's, too. Last Fourth of July papa ordered a few fireworks for us to let off. The man who made them said, "How happy these foreigners must be! They have one New Year in the winter as we do, and another in the summer."—*Heathen Woman's Friend*.

A HEATHEN FESTIVAL IN CEYLON.

Would you like to go to a heathen festival in Ceylon? You might think it rather a tedious journey to go all the way to Ceylon in reality, but it will not take five minutes to be there in imagination. It is such an easy way to go! Here we are in Ceylon, among thousands of strange sights and sounds that we can not stop to notice just now. There are two little Hindu boys going along to the festival, and perhaps the best thing we can do is to follow them. We don't know what their names are, but we will call them Harripunt and Bo. Bo is quite a little fellow who, like ourselves, has never been to a festival before, but his big brother Harripunt is quite used to such places. They are both dressed all in white. Bo has on a queer little cap with a white cape, and Harripunt wears a large white turban, and their brown faces and black eyes look very brown and very black from the contrast.

Little Bo's eyes are wide open, you may be sure.

"Who is that?" he asks all at once, stopping quite still in the road, and gazing at a dreadful-looking object near him. "Who is it?"

"Don't you know Uncle Chumbro? He is performing his vow," says Harripunt. "Don't you remember when his baby was sick last month, he promised