

the black eyes did not smile back; perhaps the little feet hurt too much. But when the bandages are taken off for the last time, and she will be able to play, and run about like other children, she will be glad that the doctor lady made them straight, though it did hurt.

She was a dear, fat, dumpy sort of a baby, with black eyes fairly snapping with mischief. When she came avisting, she wore a short print frock which she immediately discarded when she got home again. She would make soft gurgly baby noises, and cuddle down in your arms, pretending she loved you the very best. With a little wriggle she would be up to your shoulder, leaning over to make goo-goo eyes at her mother. "Might her mother go away?" A series of soft gurgles for answer which certainly meant "yes," but when her mother started, the black eyes looked very sober, and the little mouth dropped, and there came a heart-broken wail which said as plain as could be, "Don't you love me any more?" Once astride her mother's hip, the dimples came back, and she laughed and waved her fat little hands in good-bye.

Oh, but you are a sad little rogue, Dimples!

MARY STILLWELL McLAURIN.
Cocanada, India.

NEW YEAR'S IN JAPAN.

By Edna Linsley Gressitt.

I wish you could see Japan now in its festival. They celebrate New Year's for six days. The streets are strung with Japanese lanterns, flags, and banners. At each gate are decorations of pine, bamboo, and paper. The streets are full of children, in their best clothes, the boys flying kites, the girls playing battledore and shuttlecock. It is very beautiful until you realize that it goes on on Sunday too, for these dear children do not know God nor His command to keep His day holy, and that it is the coming of the new year, and not the coming of the Saviour King, which is the great day in the year to them.

You will pray for them, won't you? Do you know what my juniors in Oakland did? They made a "prayer circle," and made a little book for me,

each one writing a verse and signing his or her name. In meeting, when their turns come, they recite verses they have written me and pray for the work here.

I hope you are coming over to Japan some day to tell what Christ has done for you and will do for these boys and girls. I am so happy here; you would be happy too.

THINGS ABOUT INDIA.

India is in the south of Asia, and the people are under the control of the British Government.

There are in India about two hundred and sixty million people.

The people of India have dark skin, but their features are like ours.

The women and young girls wear over the head and shoulders a snow-white covering.

The men and boys wear white robes and caps, or turbans.

The people of India are fond of music, and all sing, but their tunes are very different from ours.

Most of the people of India are idolators and worship idols.

The Hindus are early risers, and the first thing they do is to repeat the name of Rama several times.

The religious teacher of the Hindus is called a "guru," and they are very careful not to offend him.

The children of India are generally respectful to their elders, obedient to their parents, and well behaved in public.

The Hindu eats with his fingers. The right hand is used for this purpose, the left being stretched out as far as it will go, being unclean.

Sometimes wealthy Hindus, in order to lay up for themselves a large store of merit, plant a grove, or build a rest-house for travelers, or dig a well on a public road.

A traveler in India usually carries with him a small brass vessel and a long strong cord with which he can draw water from a public well to quench his thirst.

The monkey is regarded by the Hindus as sacred, yet it is esteemed a misfortune to hear the name of this animal mentioned in the morning, as that means you will be hungry before the day is over.

—The Little Missionary.