

Now suppose H. should say to R. L. and L. L. to-night, 'We've been working ten years without a bit of vacation, let us stop for just half an hour; we can work harder when we begin again,' and suppose R. L. and L. L. should agree to it, do you know what would happen?"

"Yes" said Ralph looking very sober, "but, does God say that we ought to give systematically?"

"When He was teaching the Jews how to live aright, He told them to do it. Turn to *Duet. 14: 22.*"

"It reads 'Thou shalt surely till all the increase of thy seed that the field bringeth forth year by year,' said Ralph.

"Tithes means, give a tenth, and surely we could give no less, for the Jews did not have half the comforts then that we have now," said Miss Graves, rising to leave.

(To be continued.)

### BARNABAS.

Barnabas is the son of Abel, a preacher on the Tunisian field. He is one of the brightest young men in the mission. His teachers were so pleased with his moral



BARNABAS A NATIVE STUDENT.

and religious character, as well as with his mental powers, that they decided to give him a higher education than the Samulcotta Seminary provides. For the last two years he has been studying in the Ongole College. He is being supported by a country mission Sabbath school.

When his education is finished, and he is in a position

to command a salary, he is expected to pay back the money that is being spent on him, so that some other boy may be educated. We trust that the Lord may so use this young man that the readers of the *Baptist* may hear of his work in the future.—MARTHA ROGERS.

### INDIAN IDOLS.

*Dear Boys and Girls,*—The happy Christmas time is over and you have all heard the sweet old story of our Saviour's birth: How "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." If we have accepted Him as our Saviour our hearts are filled with joy. Then, because we live in a land that worships ONE God, you have churches, Sunday-schools, happy homes, and many other things. Try to think of them all and you will feel thankful that you were born in a Christian land. More especially will you be glad when you hear about the strange beliefs of the heathen countries, and the many idols they worship in India.

The first things little girls and boys are taught in India are silly tales about their gods and goddesses. They are taught that the gods hate them, and that most of them are very wicked. They may hate the gods too, but they must be very polite to them, worship them and give them presents, or else the gods will make their lives miserable.

You will be surprised to hear that there are 330,000,000 gods; and you will say "They cannot worship that number." That is true; but each family takes their choice among them and have an idol made to represent it. This little image is set up in the house and worshipped morning and night. They offer to it, rice, sweets, fruit and other good things, and a priest comes, says prayers to it, too, and claims the offerings.

The gods are represented by horrible images coarsely painted or carved in wood or stone. There are sometimes figures of men with the heads of elephants or some other animal. It is said "That almost anything can be made into an idol by putting a patch of red paint on it." There are, however, shops where idols are made and sold. If you went into one you would find in one corner a heap of arms, in another a pile of legs, and in another place the bodies. You would hear the noise of hammering as the different parts are being fastened together. Then the priest prays or washes it in Ganges water, and this is what is called "Putting the god in it." It is then ready to be worshipped. In some parts of India the idols are treated as if alive. They are washed, fanned, feasted, and when sick are nursed.

It would take too long to tell about them all, so we will only talk about a few. The three principal ones are Brahma, the creator, Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the destroyer.

Brahma is pictured with four heads, probably as lord of the four regions of the earth. His wife, Saraswati, is the goddess of learning. She is pictured as sitting in a water-lily, playing on a lute. She is worshipped in all the schools by both teachers and pupils. They often worship ink and paper because these make books, and books come from Saraswati.