

The men in the picture are snake charmers, and the snakes are cobras with their hoods distended. They are of course rendered harmless by having the poison fangs removed. The superstitious people however believe that the charmer exercises some power over the snakes.

All snakes, but especially the cobra, are fond of music. One of our ladies, once when playing the organ, turned round, and to her horror, found a snake on the table at her elbow, swaying backwards and forwards to the music.

It is by this means the charmers exercise a power over snakes, and will often call them from their homes to be caught, by means of a small wind instrument. The cobra with neck erect, hood distended, and swaying backwards and forwards, keeping time to the music, is a very interesting sight.

We know the snakes however only as one of India's pests, often a source of great danger. One evening as Mrs. Russell was entering her dressing-room she saw a cobra coiled up near the little chair where our boy had been sitting only a few moments before. Sometimes these snakes have been found by our missionaries in their sitting rooms, crawling on the floor, or coiled up on a chair. Such experiences however are fortunately not frequent; but the abhorrence with which we learn to regard the cobra, makes it the more difficult to understand, or sympathise with, the Hindu in his worship of them. It is such facts as these that should stir us up to a more earnest effort to give them the Gospel, and win them to the worship of the true God.

### A TIMELY COLLECTION.

A crowd of little street arabs was gathered at the door of the Clark Street Mission waiting for their teacher. They were ragged and dirty, and many of them doubtless hungry; all of them familiar with

hardships. There were swarthy, black-eyed girls, with shawls pinned over their heads, and boys with toes peeping out of their ragged shoes. Presently a new arrival appeared, leading by the hand two children, a little more forlorn in appearance than themselves. One had sore eyes, and was apparently half blind.

"See here, fellers," was the introduction of their guide, "these two kids haint got nobody to take care of 'em. They sleep in a box, and they haint had nothing to eat to-day. Can't we do sunthin' fer 'em?"

"Let's take a collection," some one suggested, and there was a general murmur of approval.

A ragged cap was produced and passed around. Grirly hands plunged into the recesses of tattered garments for pennies, and the collector announced the result—"seven cents." A committee, a large one, was appointed to go to the nearest bakery and invest the funds. Some small cakes were bought, which were thrust into the hands of the children, and they bidden to eat. When the teacher arrived, she found the "two orphans" the centre of an admiring group, contentedly munching their cakes, and with much satisfaction the case was turned over into her hands.—*Union Signal*.

### WHEN YOU ARE MEN, BOYS.

You will soon be men, boys,  
Soon will have to take  
The places of your fathers;  
Fill them for their sake;  
And in all that's noble  
Pray be wide awake.

Don't be mean and selfish,  
Stoop not to deceit;  
In all things be manly;  
Life will then be sweet  
And death's coming find you  
With your work complete.—*Sci*