

ones, because she loves her Saviour more than father, mother, or kindred? Someone says, "I cannot go, but I can help another, and I can give up something to help a little heathen child to learn her liberty in Christ Jesus."

I fear that there are many in our Bands who do not know the names of our most noted mission stations, nor even the word Telugu, who are our missionaries in India, or in South America, or where our Home Mission churches are.

If you have not a map of our Telugu field, and cannot induce one of your numbers to draw and paint one for you, then buy one from a special fund collected for the purpose. Every Band can have a map showing pictures of our mission homes, and groups of workers and pupils, for these may be cut from magazines and pasted on Bristol-board ready to hang on the wall of your school-room. Below you will find a copy of a programme prepared and successfully carried through by the young leaders of the Westmount Mission Band, but for most Bands, I would suggest that more time be given to our own fields, especially our Home Missions. A day could be well spent with the life and work of Madame Scott, our Grande-Ligne city missionary. Madame Feller's life and its wonderful results, Mr. Mc-Faul's life and work in the Ottawa Valley, and our Home Missionary work. I have been asked for books with suitable music, etc., for Bands. The Bureau of Literature, Miss F. Dakin, 380 Victoria Ave., Westmount, can supply with all that is required, for a small sum. To you, faithful Band workers, who are leading in Christ's army, take courage, be prayerful, patient, painstaking, and remember that "Our Lord designs and we must weave, and in the weaving our hands touch His."

PROGRAMME.

November—Mite-box exercises and distribution. December—Christmas in India. January—Child-life in India. February—Child-life in China. March—Questions and Answers—Africa. April—Child-life in the Pacific Islands. May—Child-life in Japan. June—Review.

PAULINE RAMSAY,
Supt. Bands,
East. Ontario and Quebec.

QUEER WASHERS.

My boys and girls know what a washing-day in Canada is like too well to need any description.

One of our missionaries in India has just sent me a post-card for my album called, "The Industrious Dhoby." It shows the queer way clothes are washed in Madras. Just in the edge of the ocean or bay are a number of large flat stones. Beside each one stands a Hindu fully dressed for the occasion in turban and loin-cloth. He has gone around collecting soiled clothing from white people, until he has as large a bundle on his back as he can carry. This burden is placed on the sand beside his stone, and the articles taken out one by one, white dress, shirts and various other articles. Holding one up high in the air, he splashes it into the water, then dashes it on the stone. No pearline or even a bar of soap is necessary for his washing. Buttons fly off or get broken on the stone, seams burst, holes appear in every thin place, yet this queer washer keeps on dashing the fine garments against the stone washing-board. Then he wrings them out, puts them out on the sand to dry, or fastens them with thorns or spikes to his drying-line. After they are ironed in a way better not seen or described, they are returned in neat-looking piles at so many rupees a hundred.

You rejoice in the fresh supply of clean clothes, for in such a hot land, one must change their clothing often. Alas, things are not always what they seem! A man may jump out of his cool bath, grasping a towel to find it torn from top to bottom, only the fringe and edges as they were before being dashed on the stone. Buttons may be gone from the most inconvenient places; and one officer tells us that a long tear in his trousers had been so carefully gummed together, that it was not noticed by him until the heat of the day melted the gum. "Just wait until the dhoby comes for my clothes next week!" thought the angry officer. Nothing is easier for the natives of India than to find excuses for their misdeeds. This man said he had been called away to attend a wedding, and his brother had done the washing for him that day. It should never happen again. Sometimes the stone does not do its cleansing according to your ideas, and the garments