

happens that careless persons get their fingers and hands crushed.

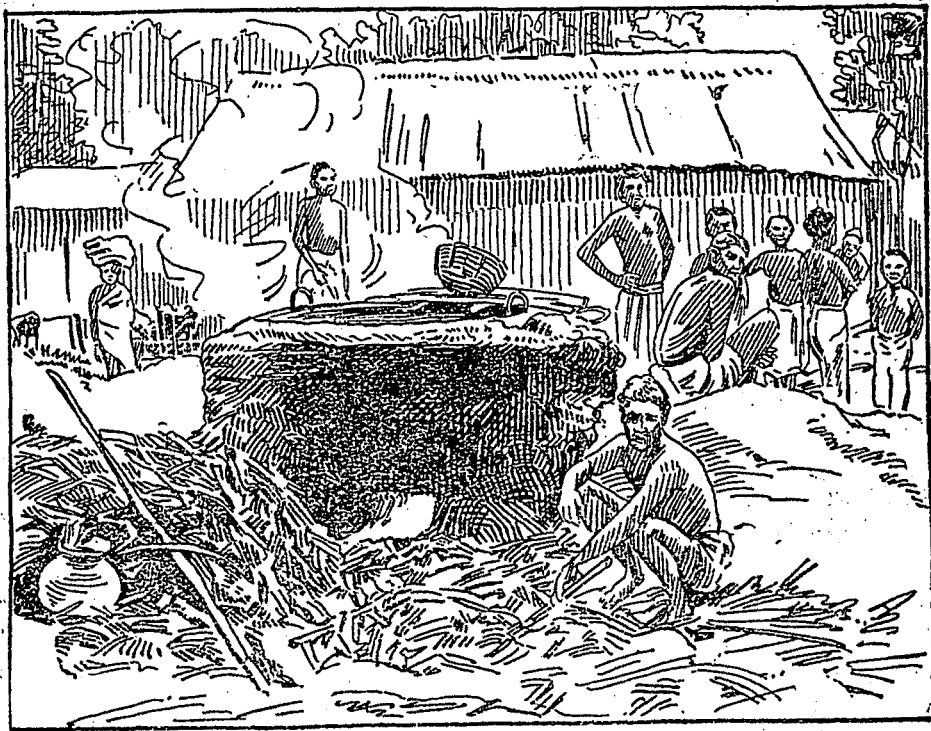
The scientifically-made machines, now in current use throughout the country, have proved a great boon to the cultivators. They have entirely displaced the old wooden presses so long in vogue. The people find that these new implements save them much labor and do the work more efficiently.

Let us now leave talking about the machines and continue our observations on the scene before us.

The crushing is now proceeding briskly, the bullocks trot round at a good pace. Close behind them follows the driver. In his hand is a stout piece of bamboo. Should one of the unfortunate animals slacken its pace, or in any way prove refractory, down comes the bamboo with a thud on its sounding sides. The ill-treatment of this useful animal is often pitiful. It will constantly pain you to see the cruel blows and merciless tail twistings it gets. And yet the cow is deemed to be the sacred animal of India! But we are digressing. The

contains rise to the surface in the shape of scum. This is skimmed off again and again and is preserved for the purpose of sweetening tobacco for smoking. The boiling is continued until the liquid is reduced to about half its original bulk, and it becomes quite thick and sticky. It is then taken out of the cauldron with ladles, and is put into smaller vessels to cool. This is hastened by frequent stirring. When cooled down sufficiently it is put into earthen calabashes, and is taken away to the peasants' house for storage. After it has crystallized it is fit for use. At this stage it resembles dark moist sand, and is very sweet and wholesome. In this form it is commonly used by the country people. They consume great quantities of it, as it is the only means of sweetening they possess.

There will generally be a considerable surplus over after allowing for domestic consumption. This will be carted to the nearest market town, where it will be sold to merchants; these, again, despatch it to the large cities or to the sugar refineries.



SUGAR BOILING.

feeder is kept busily at work putting the canes between the rollers and guiding them through. At the base of the rollers a little stream of the sweet thick juice pours into the well beneath. As this fills it is carried away and poured into the large cauldron on the furnace.

Turn we now to watch the boiling, which is the next important stage in sugarmaking. It is important that the juice should be set to boil soon after it is extracted from the cane, or it would ferment and spoil; and the process of boiling not only prevents fermentation, but it cleanses the liquid and reduces its bulk by more than half.

You see what an immense cauldron is used for the purpose. It is fixed into position with mud walls all round. These have become as hard as stone by the action of the sun and fire. On the one side there is a large hole for feeding the furnace. The fuel used consists of the dry leaves of the sugar-cane itself. Thus it supplies not only the juice, but also the fuel for its own boiling. It keeps one man constantly occupied attending to the furnace. He has to regulate the supply of fuel, or the precious contents of the cauldron would boil over and be wasted. Clouds of smoke and steam rise into the air. If you ask how the process of boiling purifies the seething liquid, the answer is easy: Soon after the juice commences to boil, the impurities it

At the latter places it is transferred into the beautiful white crystals so familiar to Europeans. In this form its consumption is confined chiefly to the European population of India and adjoining countries.

She Hath Eternal Life.

I thought to find some healing clime
For her I loved; she found that shore,
That city, whose inhabitants
Are sick and sorrowful no more.

I asked for human love for her;
The Loving knew how best to still
The infinite yearning of a heart
Which but infinity could fill.

Such sweet communion had been ours,
I prayed that it might never end;
My prayer is more than answered; now
I have an angel for my friend.

I wished for perfect peace, to soothe
The troubled anguish of her breast;
And, numbered with the loved and called,
She entered on untroubled rest.

Life was so fair a thing to her,
I wept and pleaded for its stay;
My wish was granted me, for, lo!
She hath eternal life to-day.

—'British Weekly.'

A Letter From India.

The following letter from Miss H. E. Dunhill, 12 South Parade, Bangalore, India, will interest all those who so kindly sent their papers to India at her request. Miss Dunhill is the national organizer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in India. Her letter is dated April 11, 1904, and she writes the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger' as follows:—

Dear Editor,—Through your courtesy in inserting a letter from Mrs. M. E. Cole, of Westmount, Quebec, a lady who is indeed 'a succourer of many,' a great many of your young readers have sent back numbers of your helpful paper to my address, for distribution among any who understand English. Being called to travel among India's three hundred millions, as National Organizer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Lord gives opportunity to teach of 'Christ crucified' and of temperance; the drink habit grows alarmingly in this country, and is a barrier in the way of Christianity. The papers sent me are of real use, and I desire to convey my thanks, through your columns, to all who are coming up 'to the help of the Lord against the mighty' by sending us the printed page. Kind letters accompanying the packets I have answered, but in case these replies have not reached their destination, or there are others whose names are unknown to me, I trust all donors will kindly read my gratitude between these lines. The Lord reward all who help India!

We should also like it to be known that the postmaster at Bombay writes to say some wrappers came off and he would like names and addresses written on the outside paper as well. He has occasionally found the postage insufficient.

I write in the train, and distribute 'Messengers' as I journey from the north to the south. A lady took some to give away on a steamer. A poor native woman watched the filling of a railway wall-pocket with literature, and said, 'Do you do this for God?' Pray for us.

Yours gratefully,
H. E. DUNHILL.

Recorded Words.

Dr. Cuyler makes a practical application of the incident that when Bishop Latimer was arraigned on trial for heresy he heard the scratch of a pen behind the tapestry. In a moment he bethought himself that every word he spoke was taken down, and he says he was very careful what words he uttered. Behind the veil that hides eternity is a record book in which our every syllable is taken down. Even the most trivial are not forgotten, for the Lord Jesus tells us 'that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.' He continues:

'If our words have an eternity of existence, if good words have so potent an influence to save, if idle or profane or poisonous speech works such perennial mischief, how needful is the perpetual utterance of the prayer, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips!"'—'Everybody's Magazine.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE SECOND EPISTLE TO THE THESSALONIANS.

May 19, Sun.—We pray always for you.

May 20, Mon.—God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth.

May 21, Tues.—Therefore, brethren, stand fast.

May 22, Wed.—The Lord is faithful, who shall establish you, and keep you from evil.

May 23, Thur.—This we commanded you, that if any would not work neither should he eat.

May 24, Fri.—Be not weary in well doing.

May 25, Sat.—Now the Lord of peace himself give you peace always by all means.