

his mother-in-law, who seems to be the ruling spirit in the home. So we tackled her. She was very obstinate at first, pretended she had no faith whatever in God, and said she wanted the leaves there. She is a woman who has been taught a long time, but whose proud spirit knows not what it is to surrender to or obey the Divine love. We stayed there a long time, talking, pleading, arguing. At last, after a long struggle, she gave in, only on condition that I would pray for her welfare and the safety of her household. After doing so, and being joined therein by the woman from the other house, those leaves also came off. At one more house the emblems of heathenism were taken away. They were never put on again. Cholera did not attack this village, and has left the field.

One morning I visited a village when they were celebrating a feast to Goutanamma. After spending the morning there, I was just about to leave, when I heard some one say they were going to escort Goutanamma out of the village that day, and I stopped and asked, "Where is she now?" They took me to the house where she was, and showed me the pyramid of wood about two feet high, daubed with saffron and red powder, and ornamented with flowers. This was Goutanamma. I looked at her well, then turned away, and was going when a woman said, "Are you going to leave without a present to the goddess?" I asked what she wanted. They said a few coppers would do. I said I did not know what she could do with a few coppers. I preferred to use them myself to buy candies or nuts to give to the children, who would eat them with appreciation, and remember me for it. I asked them if the goddess had enough sense for that, and when they agreed that she had not, that led to a good talk on the subject. The end of this goddess is tragic in the extreme. At the end of the feast, they all, with great shouting, carry her out to some waste place, and leave her there to the mercy of the elements! Truly the imaginings of the heathen are vain. The ceremonies and performances of these feasts always seem like the veriest child's play to us, and our hearts are filled with a great wonder that man, God's noblest creation, can have fallen to such depths as to worship the frailest, most grotesque works of his own hands, the most unworthy imaginings of his enslaved, darkened mind. When we read them what the Bible says about idols and idol-worship, they agree that it is all vanity and even a dishonour to the true God, but the old bonds and customs are too much for them. Thank God for those who are coming out of this bondage every year into the liberty of the Gospel!

We are enjoying beautiful, cool, bright days now—cruel, alas, in their beauty, for there has been no rain and again the grim shadow of famine is resting over this stricken land. Our district, being well irrigated, is not

in great distress, except that prices are going up beyond the reach of the poor people, who find it hard enough to keep soul and body together in the best of times. Famine, plague; either one or both all the time, and worse than either, more fatal and harder to cure is the sin which is killing India, slowly but surely. "Whatever thou doest—do quickly."

KATIE S. McLAURIN.

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NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

TALBOT ST., LONDON.—In response to printed invitations, about 350 members and friends of the Church assembled in the Sunday School Hall to participate in and enjoy the programme in connection with the annual Thank-offering service of the Women's Mission Circles. Mrs. Bentley, President of our F. M. Circle, occupied the chair, and after the opening exercises and extending to those present a warm welcome on behalf of the Circles, introduced a bright and instructive programme of music, etc., also a stirring address by our Pastor, Dr. Sowerby. Mrs. Dr. Ovens, Superintendent of the Mission Band, spoke very happily in the interest of the little folk, and during her address, presented, on behalf of Master Frank Wilson, one of the boys, a Life membership certificate of the Foreign Mission Society to his mother, Mrs. Robt. G. Wilson. The offering