

In the country places the flowers which fall in great profusion from the trees are a never ending source of amusement to the children. The little girls adorn their own hair, and the hair of anyone else who will allow them, with the fragrant blossoms. The girls put them in the coil of hair at the back of their heads, and the boys stick them funnily over each ear. Then they make long strings of the flowers and wear them around their necks and over their heads.

Kite-flying is a very common sport in India. In March, which is at the beginning of the hot season, when the south wind commences to blow, great numbers of kites make their appearance over the houses. With every kite there is usually a boy, holding a stick on which is wound the long piece of twine to which the kite is attached. The boys of India are very skilful at this play. The market-places are well supplied with kites at this season; but many boys know how to make their own.

Some of the games which the children play in India are similar to those that are favorites here in this country. Jackstone is one that is very common there. They also play peggy and tug, much as the children do here. The children of India are fond of candy and all sweet things. Their candies are very different from ours, and we must learn to like them. There are many varieties in the candy shops, for the boys and girls to choose from. I have sometimes seen something similar to our common molasses candy. Many of the Indian sweetmeats are fried in ghee, which is melted butter. The children who read the *Helper* would not care very much for some of them, I think, but they would be sure to like the *gillupies*, which are very nice when fresh.

In the country parched rice is commonly given to children to help fill up their stomachs. Here you see again how like they are to our own children—always ready for something to eat. Parched rice is somewhat like pop-corn, and so is very suitable for a between-meal or luncheon. Instead of a dish the little boy or girl of India carries his parched rice in the corner of the piece of cloth that he wears, and that is very convenient for all concerned.

The poor little Indian child, whose parents cannot afford to make or buy candy, is quite content to suck a fresh stick of the sweet sugar-cane which grows in many localities. All the children like sour things as well as sweet ones. In the season for mangoes all the children, even the babies, eat the green mangoes, which are very hard and quite as sour as a cucumber pickle. I suppose they taste as the green apples used to us.

I have very pleasant memories of the Christian children at Midnapore and Bhiempore, singing their Christian songs, sometimes clapping their hands and beating time to the music with their feet. I remember one bright little girl who used to go home from Sunday-school and beat off the time to her song in imitation of Miss Coombs, who led the singing there. "This is the way the missobabs does," she said.

The people of India, the Hindus, observe a great many holidays; and the children, especially the boys, have a share in that sort of merriment. Among the Christians, Christmas is almost the only holiday. "The Great Day" it is called in India. The Christmas tree and the custom of giving have been introduced, to the great pleasure of the children. Though strange it may seem, their Christmas tree is a live one in the yard by the chapel; and the exercises are held under the tree in the morning. There the gifts are distributed and the

sweet story is told of the birth of the Saviour of the world, and of His great gift to men.

On my return from India I attended a Christmas service for the children in a Christian church. How I was disappointed when the whole evening was spent in talking and singing about an old heathen mythical character, St. Nicholas! Nothing at all about the Babe of Bethlehem, the Saviour of the world, on His own birthday. The pastor's wife and all the rest seemed to think it was all very fine. It seemed to me that there is indeed enough of heathenism at home. What an opportunity lost!—*The Missionary Helper*.

A MARVELLOUS BIT OF HISTORY.

Once upon a time two ministers were seated side by side engaged in perusing together the pages of two very common-place looking letters, and engaged in animated conversation about the matters treated of by the writers. Apparently no special significance attached to such an ordinary event. But the results which have followed show conclusively that events are not to be estimated always by the attention they attract at the time of their occurrence.

One of the ministers was the famous Dr. Ryland, the friend of Wm. Carey. The other was Dr. Bogue, a Presbyterian pastor. The letters were from Carey and Thomas, missionaries in India. Dr. Ryland had brought them to read to his friend Dr. Bogue. The latter's heart was kindled into an intense flame of missionary zeal. He at once began an agitation which resulted in the organization of the historic London Missionary Society in 1795. At its recent centenary celebration this Society's reports showed that in the hundred years of its history it has raised and expended twenty-five millions of dollars on the foreign field. It has on its staff to-day, 196 male and 65 female missionaries. It has on its roll 1,476 native ordained pastors and 12,000 other native helpers. The churches of the Society in heathen lands have a membership of 94,192, with about a half-million native adherents. Khama, the celebrated Christian chief of an African tribe, was present at the celebration and bore strong testimony to the strong results of the Society's work, and thanked the missionaries for all they had done for his people. The Society took steps to send out 100 new missionaries in the near future. Besides the above the Society has established ten hospitals and treated nearly 100,000 patients.

Just think of it! This mighty stream of blessing has been flowing over the earth one hundred years, as the result of two letters! When you announce a missionary fact, or put in circulation a missionary journal or tract, you may be smiting the rock, from which under God, an Amazon of spiritual blessing may flow over the earth.—*The Mission Journal*.

A HINT FOR SOMEBODY.—The *Woman's Missionary Advocate* (Nashville) says: "Some Methodist young people of Washington, D. C. held a service with a unique programme. One of the officers spoke on the topic, 'Look up,' another on 'Lift up,' another, 'Read up,' another, 'Brush up.' The secretary's talk was on 'Write up,' the treasurer's, 'Pay up,' the junior superintendent's, 'Grow up,' while the president concluded the exercises with a brief address entitled 'Summed up.'"