

Would we make our lives good and beautiful? Then let us lift up our hearts to God ere we do the smallest act and take as our motto, "Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus"

The damp steamy days have given place to those of sur-
passing brightness and clearness. As we stroll homeward from a certain village we become enraptured with the glories of the setting sun—a gorgeous spectacle! Surely the colouring of the heavenly city could not be more lovely! Groups of boys chanting their low songs and bearing huge branches of aegle and mango, date and mangrove hastily pass us. We accost one party thus:—"What are those leaves for?" "Oh for Ganapati's feast tomorrow. We put these across the doorway so that when we bring Ganapati out he may be pleased." In reply to our questions,—

"HOW DO YOU WORSHIP GANAPATI?"

they volubly say, "Tomorrow we will rise at 5 with great joy, bathe in the river put on our best clothes and jewellery then with drums, trumpets and torches we will go to the idol-maker's house. Having paid him so much he will put a Ganapati in the palanquin, then we will march gaily home. Having bathed again we will worship just as the Brahmin priest says, that is by throwing flowers, powder and fruit and by offering to the god milk and sugar, rice and ghee, molasses and peas, and saying "Oh Ganapati, we give all these to you. Eat them well with joy and protect us our cattle and our children!" Do you not rejoice, my dear Mission Band workers, that you have been taught to serve the Lord of heaven and earth who is not served by men's hands as though he needeth anything seeing that He giveth to all life and breath and all things.

It is the last day of the feast, The ten days of special worship are completed. Why this snouting and rejoicing, this blowing of trumpets and beating of drums, this waving of lights and clanging of cymbals? See! the streets are filled to overflowing and all are moving in one direction. Palanquins and palanquins—who are riding thus in state. As you get a peep you say,

"WHAT AN UGLY DOLL!"

See that long trunk curling down and touching its stiff, silly, spangled costume. Did you call this a doll? Oh no! this is India's favorite god and now they are taking it to the river and if you ask why they will say, "You see Ganapati is