

straight up. He must have held it in that position for years, for it was evidently quite stiff, and the finger nails had grown to the length of two or three inches. He seemed to spend much of his time standing on one leg and repeating the sacred name. I tried to get into conversation with him, but his answers were few and curt.

Some of the Sadhus were in groups talking, others smoking, and large numbers doing nothing (which latter is a favorite occupation with many of the people out here).

There was some women Sadhus; their appearance impressed one less favourably even than that of the men.

Monday was the *great* day, the special feature being the processions of Sadhus across the bridge of boats, along the sands, to the Tirbeni to bathe. Never shall I forget the sight. Far as the eye could reach, from the high ridge on which I stood, right and left and down to the river, was a surging mass of people. It was estimated that a million people were present on that last great day, and I can readily believe it.

How can we speak of the disgusting procession of these fakirs? At the head of the procession about six elephants, then a brass band, then marching two by two and hand in hand, great number of these Sadhus, perfectly naked, their bodies and faces smeared with ashes, their voices raised in discordant shouts—they looked more like demons than men; after them were some palanquins, next more Sadhus, who had more or less clothing on, and in the rear the female fakirs, in the distinctive coloured dress (salmon).

No one could witness such a gathering and talk about Hinduism being dead. Its hold upon the great masses of the people is as indisputable as it is past comprehension. One felt on the one hand its awful strength, on the other its inherent weakness. Surely a system which can find a crowning point in such shameless profanation of the name of religion cannot but be working out its own destruction, and the light of God's truth in Christ must dissipate this dreadful darkness.

Preaching and the distributing of Christian literature were carried on to some extent; but what with the vastness of the multitudes and the eager interest of the people in the objects for which they had come such long distances, there was a feeling of helplessness. I felt I wanted to get back to my village work, where we can meet the people in their homes, and bring to bear upon them the steady influence of Christian sympathy and Christian teaching day by day.

It was difficult to get away from the people. On Tuesday I had a fifty-eight-mile run home. For the first twenty-five or thirty miles the road was simply crowded with returning pilgrims, and I did not get free from them for over fifty miles, when I turned down the bye-road to Kachhwa. Even to-day, as I returned from Benares (seventy miles from Allahabad), I met ceaseless streams of people, many probably homeward bound, many intent on visiting Kashiji, or Benares, the queen of the places of pilgrimages.

When will these weary seekers accept the gracious invitation: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?"—EDWIN GREAVES, in the *Chronicle* of the L. M. S., Kachhwa, February 8th, 1894.

The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.—*Rev. Dr. John Hall.*

"GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.

The armies of Jesus are marching
Over mountains, through valleys and pangs,
Where tropical sun rays are parching,
Where the Frost King triumphantly reigns,
And onward still onward advancing,
New victories winning each day,
Each soldier, to heaven upgancing,
With courage goes into the fray.
O, Captain of our salvation,
Make us to be clothed with thy might,
That each at his post in his station
Undaunted may stand for the right.

The armies of Jesus are bearing
To the nations his conquering sign,
His foes by their conquest preparing
To accept of his offers benign!
How earnest they are in proclaiming
His message of pardon to all,
The object for which they are aiming
The world in his realm to enthral,
O King, in thy service enduring,
With weapons of faith in our hands
And loyal no promise alluring
Shall rival thy sovereign commands.

GLUTTONY.

An active Christian worker once asked for an autograph of an evangelist in his Bible, and a text. The evangelist wrote his name and appended to it, Phil. iii. 19. The man took the Bible, turned to the passage cited, and stated as he read the text.

"Did you know what that text was which wrote in my Bible?" said he, to the evangelist when he met him again. He thought an instance and inquired, "What was it?"—"Whose God their belly;" was the reply. The evangelist was surprised. It was not the passage he intended to cite.

"Let me change it," said he.

"No," said the worker, "let it stand. Appetite is my besetting sin;" and he took that passage as intended for him and as a warning, and a monition.

There are many persons who might profitably read such a passage and pray to God for victory over their desires and appetites as they enable them while striving for the mastery to temperate in all things. There are probably more passages in the Bible which forbid gluttony than there are that prohibit drunkenness. Ten persons die of over-eating where one dies of starvation, most dyspeptics are old gluttons who have burned out their stomachs with unhealthy condiments, salt, pepper, spices, sauces and like, or else have gorged themselves with food which they could not digest, and which has rotted and turned to poison in the stomach. Many a suffering stomach would be cured by supplying it with pure water, and putting nothing into it which would not be fit to lay as a poultice on a raw sore.—*The Christian Safeguard.*

"Sorrow is not an accident occurring now and then. It is the woof which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the Divine sacredness of sorrow, and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain, has yet to learn what life is."