



ROADSIDE SCENES IN INDIA.

HINDOO FESTIVALS.

Devotees of all kinds may be seen all over India. Some are almost naked and covered with ashes. Others are dressed in a yellow robe, unwashed and unkempt, with a begging-pot consisting of a dried gourd, in the hand. Others, again, go about singing songs in the street to the accompaniment of music played on a one-stringed instrument like a guitar, in order to excite the charity of the bystanders. Men may be seen with iron spikes driven through their cheeks, or carrying an iron cage round their necks in fulfilment of some vow.

Messengers are sent out all over the country by the managers of all the large temples, to give notice of these festivals and the time of their occurrence. That at Conjeveram takes place in the month of May, and lasts ten days. It is attended by immense crowds of people from all parts. Besides the festivals connected with certain temples, there are certain feasts which occur once a year, and which are observed by all the people all over the country.

Pilgrimages to sacred shrines are largely undertaken, and hundreds of Hindoos are continually wandering over the country on pilgrimage. In various parts of South India groups of pilgrims may frequently be seen in the streets crying out "Govinda!" "Govinda!" "Rama!" "Rama!" The women, both old and young, have their heads shaved quite bald, their hair having been presented to a shrine.

Pilgrims from the north may also be seen, each carrying two baskets united by a bamboo and borne on the shoulders. Each basket contains numerous small phials filled with holy water from the Ganges, or some other sacred stream, and closely sealed. When all his wanderings have ceased, these are either distributed by the pilgrim among those who have contributed towards his expenses, or else poured out as an offering on the occasion of the consecration of a temple or image.

The proper way of performing a pilgrimage is to walk the whole distance barefooted; but this has fallen into neglect in many cases in the present day, and the easier and more comfortable method of travelling by rail is adopted. Occasionally, however, a pilgrim may be seen measuring the distance with his length.

On arriving at the sacred shrine, pilgrims are "feced" of nearly all they have with them by the lazy and impudent Brahmins, whose requests they dare not refuse. This is one of the chief reasons of the extreme poverty of the lower classes in India.

The question is often asked, "What are the feelings in the minds of Hindoos when they worship their deities?" Without doubt the chief feeling is one of fear. They are afraid some misfortune will happen to them if they neglect their worship.

With what a different spirit does our Heavenly Father bid us approach him! The father himself loveth us, and is ready to send us everything for our good. How thankful we should be that we have the knowledge of the Gospel, and how anxious we should be to insist on sending it to those that have it not!—*Friendly Greetings.*

A BIBLE FOR A PISTOL.

A TRUE STORY.

"See, mother, see what I have brought you!" exclaimed a young Brazilian, holding up to view a well-bound, gilt-edged book. "Antonio Marques told me that the priest ordered him to burn it, but he did not like to destroy so good a book, and was afraid to displease the priest by keeping it, so I offered to trade my double-barrelled pistol for it. I thought you might like to have the book, for they say it is all about religion, and you are so religious. It might be of use when you go to repeat your prayers for people who are dying."

The mother took the book from her son's hands, and slowly reading the title, "*A Santa Biblia*," said: "Ah! this is good; this is the 'Rule of Life,' I am glad to have it." Then beginning at the first of Genesis, she glanced over several chapters until she reached the tenth. "Yes, you are right, my son, here is just the kind of prayer I want. Here is a long list of names, and as they are all in the Bible, they must all be of saints, and some of them will surely help the poor creatures."

The youth frequently found his mother with the book before her when he came in from his work, and had he taken the trouble to look over her shoulder he would have found her always reading the tenth chapter of Genesis.

The woman, who had the fame of knowing by heart a great many prayers, was often sent for to go even long distances to repeat them for the hope and comfort of the dying, and she was faithfully trying to master the long names so as to say them off glibly to serve as a prayer.

One day, as they sat taking their noon-day coffee, a messenger came from a neighboring plantation, begging her to go at once to see a young girl who was very ill. With book in hand she set out, and arriving at the house, a sad, though to her not unusual, sight met her eyes. A girl of about fifteen lay upon the bed, her beautiful black eyes looking strangely bright in contrast with the pale features. The parents and sisters, instead of caring for her, were wringing their hands and wildly crying out, "She is dying! She is dying!" The sick girl feebly stretched out a wasted hand, gasping: "They say that I am dying; teach me quickly how to die; tell me what must I do!" The old woman gently took her hand, and in a soothing voice said: "Don't be nervous, dear; if you will repeat after me the Pater Noster, the Ave Maria, the prayer to St. Joseph and the rest, then a new prayer that I have learned from this good book, you need not be afraid."

A sight never to be forgotten by one who knows that there is but the one "name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved," was this death-bed scene. The old woman, in clear tones, rapidly repeated among other things, "Shem, Ham, Japheth, Gomer, Magog, Madai, Javin," and so on through the long list. The dying girl vainly tried to follow her as her voice grew fainter and fainter, for she was, with all her failing strength, clinging to this false hope, as she passed out into eternity.

Some years later the young man who

had gotten the Bible in such a curious way married and left the old house to live at the wife's homestead. One evening, as the old father sat in his usual place reading, the husband said: "Anninha, what is that book your father is always reading?"

"That," she replied, "is the Bible. He often tells me about what he reads, and it is very interesting. I wish I could read it for myself, but it is a French book, and I can only read Portuguese."

"If it is called the 'Holy Bible,'" said he, "then my mother has it in Portuguese, for I gave it to her long ago. I never read it myself, but she used to learn things out of it for prayers. They never sounded very interesting to me."

"Could you get it for me, Jose?" she asked.

"Yes, I will go over and ask mother for it to-morrow," promised he.

When the wife got the Bible, she carried it to her father, who was much pleased to find this favorite book in his native tongue, and opening it at the New Testament, he began to read aloud. The young couple listened, and soon grew so interested that they begged him to go on, till they kept him reading late into the night. Deeply touched by the "old, old story of Jesus and his love," they began to read for themselves. Soon they learned that pardon and peace had already been purchased for them, and that what God required of them was not penances and a bondage to fear through life, and masses and the agonies of purgatory after death, but childlike faith and loving obedience—that godliness which gives promise of the life that now is and that which is to come.

The son's first wish was to have his mother learn the good news, so he carried back the Bible, saying: "Why, mother, you never got the best out of this book! You only looked for something to die by, and it is full of good words to live by, as well. Let me read you some."

"No, my son," responded she, "I got what I wanted out of the book, and that is enough for me. I do not care to look for more."

"But, mother," pleaded he, "you would be so much happier if you knew the true way to live and to die."

"Hush, Jose," said the mother indignantly. "Do you dare to hint that I who have taught so many how to die, do not know how myself? Let me alone, and do not trouble me any more about the book."

The man went back to his wife troubled and disappointed. The more they studied the book, however, the better they understood that it was God's spirit who had opened their eyes, and to him they must look to perform the same miracle upon their mother, that blind one leading the blind, and for this they are still daily watching and praying.—*Children's Work for Children.*

A SURE WAY TO A HAPPY SUMMER.

BY EMMA J. GRAY.

"Mamie, do you want to have a good time this vacation?"

"Of course I do. What a question, Sarah."

"Well, the happiest summer I ever had in my whole life was last year; and since we are going to the same place, I hope you'll help me to have as happy a one this time."

"Help you? Indeed I will. I'm in for all the fun that's going."

"But this isn't exactly fun, Mamie. You may think it work."

"Now, Sarah Hutchinson, I do hope you are not going to start any of your religious notions. You know I love you dearly, and please do not spoil everything by just being a crank."

"I do not wish to be a crank, but I don't believe in letting down our colors, even in the Adirondacks. The Fourth Commandment ought to be observed just as positively there as here in the city of churches."

"Well, Sarah, you can say what you like, Sunday seems about the same as Monday as soon as you are away from the city. There are always religious people around a great deal older than you and I; why should such chits as we are become dictators? There are good Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, for instance, as pious people as you can find, perfect models of righteousness when at home, who last summer, when in the hotel with me, used to drive

out and go boating on Sunday, exactly like anybody else, though I did hear Mr. Morrison answer a gentleman one day, who wanted him to go fishing, 'I must draw a line somewhere, and I draw it at trout-fishing.' But I have not yet asked what you wanted me to do; you said you wanted me to help you."

"So I do, Mamie dear. You can sing, and I can't, and I want to have Sunday-school every Sunday up in the mountains; just the same as we do at home. The lessons in Luke are so interesting, and, if we girls only go about it in the right way, I am sure some kind ladies and gentlemen will act as teachers, and a superintendent can easily be found. And as for the children, why, there were seventy in the house where we were last summer. And think of seventy children going all summer without Sunday-school."

"Did they?"

"No; because I started one."

"Sarah, you don't mean it! You started a Sunday-school in that fashionable hotel!"

"Yes, why not? There was neither church nor Sunday-school within miles, and the last words my pastor said to me, as we bade each other good-by, were 'Don't forget to let your light shine.' His words kept ringing in my ears. I was tempted for a while with the very excuses you have offered, but conscience said, 'Never mind other people; do your own duty.' And so I spoke to a few of the people, and, with scarcely any trouble, I started the school. It was held on the lawn before the hotel at four o'clock every Sunday afternoon. We began with twenty-five scholars, four teachers, and a superintendent, who also acted as leader of the singing. From week to week the school increased, and at the end of four Sundays we had all the seventy children of the household, besides twenty-three from the neighboring farms, and nearly as many grown-ups as children. The people became so interested, every service had some new feature. More than that, out of the Sunday-school there grew a prayer-meeting, and the result was that several took a stand on the Lord's side. And ever since then in the country school-house a Sabbath service has been held. No wonder, Mamie, last summer was a happy one to me. The memory of those grove meetings has gladdened my whole winter. Now you can sing and play and help in so many ways, and let us have Sunday-school and church too this summer if we can. You'll see we will have just as much fun during the week, and ever so much more real happiness, because we shall be doing right."

"Well, I am a very poor helper, Sarah, but I will try. I know you are right."—*American Messenger.*

MARION'S CHOICE.

Marion was about six years old when she had her first ride on a tricycle,—a borrowed one. A great desire filled her to have one for her "very truly own." She begged so hard that it was promised for a Christmas gift.

The kindergarten school began in the autumn, and her playmates were going. She said, "Mamma, I want to go to the kindergarten, too."

Her parents had but little money, though they were really rich in love and kindness. The mother said, "Marion, you may choose between the tricycle and the kindergarten; we cannot afford both. The tricycle has a bright plush seat; you can get on yourself and ride up and down the pavement and down to see Auntie Brown. The exercise will make your arms and legs strong; the fresh air will make your cheeks rosy and your eyes bright."

"What will the kindergarten do for me, mamma?"

"It will put knowledge into your head; you will learn about colors and shapes. It will teach you to draw and weave, and make dishes out of clay. You will sing and march and hear nice stories, and be learning something every day. Then without the tricycle you can run and play all the afternoon just as you always have done."

Marion was silent a moment. She had set her heart on having the tricycle. Then she said, "I'll give it up, mamma. It's better for me to have knowledge."

So now she goes to the kindergarten, the very happiest little girl in that New England village.