

A STRANGE WAY TO TRAVEL.

Two miles from the city of Lucknow is an ancient village of Aligunj, once the home of many the scene of a great annual Hindu festival. In the centre of the village, surrounded by tumble-down buildings fast falling into ruins, stands a wretched, filthy, little shrine dedicated to Hanuman, the monkey-god.

To this shrine at the time of the festival held some time in May, thousands travel greater or less distances, some as much as fifty or even one hundred miles, measuring their length upon the

round all the way. Taking a small stone in his hand the pilgrim stands in the attitude of prayer, with hands folded on his breast, and mutters words of prayer and praise.

Then, lying full length on the ground, he places the stone as far forward as he can. Standing up by the stone, the pilgrim goes through the same action, length by length, making slow progress to this village shrine. His mother, wife, or daughter, walks by the roadside, carrying water for the thirsty devotees to drink, and at night, when he stops for rest, cooks his evening meal.—The Gleaner.



A Canal in China.

A CULTIVATED HEART.

Two girls were talking one day. They were young and eager and ambitious, and their talk was of people who had "succeeded." Finally, one exclaimed, enthusiastically:

"Oh, is there anything in the world finer than

a cultivated brain?"

Her friend was silent a moment; then she answered, slowly:

"Yes, one thing—a cultivated heart!"

It was an echo of the old word:

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."—Forward.