

Pulliar to measure his length at the next festival if he would make the baby well?"

Just as he says this, his uncle lies down in the sand again, stretches his hands up over his head as far as he can reach, makes a mark in the sand, then gets up, puts his feet on the mark and lies down again, and so he goes on toward the temple. Of course his clothes are very much soiled, his face and neck are covered with sand and dirt, there are places on his neck and arms where a sharp stone had cut him, and the blood is coming out. Altogether, he is very uncomfortable-looking person. No wonder Bo did not know him.

But he is not the only one who is doing strange things. Over there is a woman rolling over and over on the ground; here is a man walking on his knees; and all around are people making themselves as uncomfortable as they possibly can, to appease, as they think, the wrath of their gods.

As the boys come near the temple, they see a great crowd of people, some of them in little huts, which they have to live in for a few days. Some are in tents, and some are out in the open air, and all around are people cooking meat and rice to be offered to their idol in the temple.

Now the crowd grows thicker and thicker, men and boys, and a very few women and girls; some are walking and some are riding in bandies and bullock-carts. There are bands of music, and men carrying wooden frames covered with flowers and peacock feathers. Everybody is excited, and there is a great deal of shouting, and blowing of horns, and beating of drums, till poor little Bo is quite bewildered and tired, and it is all Harripunt can do to keep him from crying. He is very warm and very hungry, but Harripunt hurries him on to the temple, where he has his own offering to present to the idol.

This is quite a long ceremony, but it is over at last, and Harripunt comes out very much streaked with sacred ashes on

his forehead and neck and arms, with a little round daub of sandal-wood on his forehead and a flower tucked behind his ear under his turban.

Just as they come out, there is a great commotion about the idol.

"What is the matter?" asks Bo, trembling all over. "Is he very angry with some one? Was your offering all right, do you think?"

"He is going to ride, that's all," says Harripunt.

"Who is going to ride?"

"Pulliar. Here he comes. Come out of the way." And Harripunt pulls Bo back against a hedge while the procession goes by. First comes a great crowd of people, then the music—at least, Harri- and Bo call it music, those horrible horns and drums and cymbals; men are shouting and dancing about, making the most frantic gestures, as if some dreadful thing was going to happen. Then comes a huge wooden rat on wheels; on top of that a large car, and inside it a rather small brass idol. This was what all the noise and confusion was about.

Bo clings tightly to Harripunt's hand, and he looks very much relieved when the hooting, excited, noisy crowd gets by.

And now there is another strange sound right behind the hedge where he is standing. He has never heard anything like like it before, but he likes it.

"What is that?" he asks, once more. This seems to be his constant question to day, there are so many strange sights and sounds all about.

"That?" says Harripunt: that's the Jesus people singing."

"The Jesus people! Who are they?"

"Oh, they are some white people like the English. They are always talking about their God and his Son."

"I want to go and hear them sing. I like it," says Bo.

"No, no, you must not go," says Harripunt. They say our religion is bad, and that our gods are not real gods. Your father would not let you go to hear them."

"There are some priests going."