

sacred stream once before they die. With what eagerness they press into the waters ! They worship—bowing their heads and clasp- ing their hands—and then daubing themselves with the mud.

They each dip up a loti (water vessel) of the muddy water, which they carry back with them on their weary march homeward.

This they use for sprinkling the sick, and purifying the vessels and the house.

There is one festival during the year in which the children take a prominent part. You will see them carrying their offering of flowers to the river in the evening, and a little earthen saucer containing a saucer dipped in oil. This they light, and send the saucer afloat out on the river. The little girl whose tiny lamp rides out on the bosom of the river and passes out of sight without being capsized, is to have a good husband and be blessed with good fortune in this life, as well as to be happy forever hereafter. The one whose little light-boat sinks or meets with disaster, as many of them do, is to go unloved here and cursed by fate through all eternity. I am sure our young people at home would be interested to see the excitement of the children on the bank, as their little lamps, like so many stars, float out on the current of the stream. Would to God these dear children knew Him who is the light of this dark world !

We have about three hundred children in our schools here, and many of them will never worship idols, for they have already learned to know and love Jesus. But we long for the thousands that throng our streets on every side.

God bless the children in our blessed home-land and help them save the children in dark India.—Children's.

HUNGRY FOR A HANDSHAKE.

He was sitting in a park. He looked down- hearted, and despondent. His clothes were dusty, but not ragged. There was a look of despair on his boyish face, almost a look of desperation. Some one noticing his despond- ent look, sat down by him, saying, "I judge you are a stranger in the city; I want to shake hands with you."

Only a word, you see, but a bright look came into the young man's face, and he eagerly held out his hand. "Oh," he said, "I am so hungry for a handshake. I left my home about a week ago with the prayers and best wishes of my friends. Times were hard, and it seemed necessary for me to go into

the world to make a living for myself. I sup- posed there was lots of work for me in the city, but I don't think there is anything, and I am discouraged." He bit his lip hard as he said this, and his mouth quivered. "I will try again," he went on to say, "since some one cares enough for me to shake hands with me."

That hand shake was the beginning of his success. Downhearted and discouraged before, feeling that there was no one who cared for him in a great city, his heart was made glad by that simple thing, a hand shake, and he took courage and soon found employment.

There are people on every side of us, per- haps not in these exact circumstances, but who are discouraged and depressed, who need a hand shake, a friendly word, a kindly in- terest. As servants of that Christ who went about doing good, shall we give it?—Union Gospel News.

A HIGHER SOVEREIGN.

Some years ago the Grand Duke Constant- ine of Russia was making a tour of the He- brides Islands, North of Scotland, and one Sabbath morning the royal yacht rode into the harbor of Iona. Soon the prince and his suite were out sight-seeing, and reaching the church after service desired the keeper to un- lock the gates and permit them to enter the churchyard to view the tombs. But the old caretaker refused to use his keys that day. It would be a desecration of the Sabbath to let men go sight-seeing through the churchyard on the holy day.

Then Captain Robinson, the English officer who was serving as escort to the royal party, began to plead. Surely the good man was not aware who the illustrious stranger was whom he was refusing, and would it be wise to have him carry away the idea that Scot- tish clansmen were so disrespectful and rude?

"Rude, mon !" exclaimed Donald the Scot, "judge ye wither it be best tae be rude tae God or mon? Wha yon royal is I didna ken, tho' fra whut the folks be saying I gather he may be the Emperor o' Rorshia. Be he who he may, ye may as weel know that I wadna gie up the keys this day tae ma ain queen hersel. Mark ye, mon, there is a poower that is far aboon all earthly poowers. This day is the Lord's, and his poower I am boond tae obey. I mean nae disrespect tae yon royal, but nae mon gits these keys the day, save tae cover the deid."

And the Grand Duke was obliged to turn away from the little churchyard without en- tering its gates.—Selected.