

But the idea of writing to the boys about these fireworks in Cocanada was suggested to me by the celebration of a Hindoo feast on the 25th Oct. That night gave us quite an illumination and as incessant a cracking of fire-crackers of various kinds as the 24th May or the 1st July produces in Canada. A great many of the houses were illuminated with little lamps set on bamboo-sticks stretched between the pillars of the low verandahs. Some had a kind of trellis-work formed for the occasion and a little lamp placed in each square. Of course this illumination was poor compared with such as Toronto boys may have seen, but still it was very good for Cocanada.

But I must proceed to say something about the fire-works, and the first thing I would say is that almost all the fireworks used here are made here. You know some people talk about these Telugus as though they were uncivilized barbarians, but that is a mistake. They are more like the Chinese or Japanese, and can make almost anything, as furniture and cloths and tools. So they can make fire-works also. I have spoken of rockets already. In this town they do not make rockets that burst and send stars. The kind they have here shoot up into the air with a great rush, and then explode with a loud report, but after the explosion you see nothing at all. Besides rockets they have large wheels, made like the pin-wheels at home, only very much larger. Then there are flower-pots, made of earthenware with a hole in the centre which is filled at the bottom with earth, and with powder in the upper part. Besides these there are some things that look like Roman candles, but contains a mixture that burns like calcium or magnesium, and hence these things are called blue lights. There are others that look like these, but give a red light instead of a blue one.

There is another kind of firework here that reminds me of what we used to call "serpents" at home. It is about as long as one's little finger, and when set off jumps about, and sometimes ends by shooting up into the air fifteen or twenty feet. Now I come to the crackers and to a firework that resembles the fire-cracker in form, but when set off goes whizzing round and round for a good while instead of exploding. This and the fire-crackers are made of palm-leaf and are in the form of a triangle I think. At any rate they are not at all like the Chinese firecrackers in Canada. The palm leaf is like that you see at home in large fans, only it is used green. A kind of case is made by winding a narrow strip of this leaf, round and round many times, and then another strip is wound round in another direction, and so a very strong case is formed. A small quill of a hen sticks out of one corner, and that is where you light the fire-cracker, as there is some powder in the quill. There are two sizes of these crackers, but both of them make a noise that would astonish you, as the small one makes a report like that of a gun, while the large one is as good as a small cannon, so that you would prefer to hear it at a distance. They have the Chinese fire-crackers here as well as their own, but I think they never set them off singly; either a pack or half a pack must go at a time, making the rattling noise, so much admired by young men of ten or twelve years everywhere.

Now for the prices of these things; Chinese crackers sell about two cents a package; the small native ones at fifty or sixty cents a hundred, and the large ones at about two dollars a hundred. Flower-pots cost about two cents each; blue and red lights are sold by weight at about ten cents a pound, and sky-rockets at from two to three rupees a hundred.

I think the boys of Cocanada were enjoying themselves on the night of their fireworks celebration just as well as boys in Canada enjoy such events. I saw even the smallest children that were not babes, setting off firecrackers or holding blue lights. I suppose that boy-nature is pretty much the same all the world over. But now I must speak of one tremendous difference between the boys of India and those of Canada to be found even in fireworks celebrations. This feast was in honor of some great hero of old, looked upon as a god. He is supposed to see the fireworks and to be pleased by them. How different is it with those who celebrate the 24th May in honor of a good Christian Queen, or the 1st July in commemoration of the union of the various provinces, which together constitute the Dominion of Canada. On such happy days we ask God to bless our Queen and our country, while these poor people hold their feasts to enjoy gods of their own making.

Boys! I tell you these things about the boys of Cocanada not simply to amuse you, but to make you realize how much you have to thank God for, and to awaken among you an interest in the poor heathen boys of India. Show that you are thankful to God by giving Him your heart, and then pray for these boys, and give your cents and dimes and quarters to send them the Gospel.

Yours Sincerely

JOHN CRAIG.

THE YOUNG CADET:

or Not Ashamed to Pray.

By the Rev. R. Newton, D.D.

We may be useful by our example, and we should improve every opportunity of doing good. I was reading, lately, of a little boy who "gathered up the fragments" about him in this way, and was the means of great usefulness on shipboard. The little fellow was only about eleven or twelve years old. He was the son of a clergyman. His father had got a situation for him, on board one of those ships where boys are put in order to be trained and educated for officers in the navy. This little boy's father and mother, being good Christians, had taught him carefully to pray to God every morning and evening; and had told him to be sure and do this, wherever he might go.

When the little fellow went on board the great ship, he found himself surrounded by a large company of other boys. Some of them were older, and some younger than himself. They were cadets and midshipmen, who were to be his companions, and who were very fond of fun and play, as boys generally are. He got along with them very well till the time came to go to bed in the evening. A bell was rung as a signal for the boys to go to their berths, as the beds are called on ship-board. The boys were laughing and

talking, and playing tricks of various kinds, while getting undressed.

George, as our little friend was named, looked round to see if none of them knelt down to pray before going to bed, but not one of them did so. He remembered what he had been taught at home; he thought how God had taken care of him all the day, how only He could preserve him through the night, and he felt that he could not go to bed without prayer. Then the temptation occurred to him—"But can't I pray as heartily when lying in my bed, as if I should kneel down to pray? and then the boys won't laugh at me."

But then the thought occurred, that it would please his mother better, if he should kneel down to pray; and a better thought still came into his mind, that it would please God. This decided him. He knelt down to pray. Immediately all the thoughtless boys around him began to laugh at him. One called him a Methodist; another said he was the parson. One threw a book at him; another threw a pillow at him. But the little fellow still knelt on till he had finished his prayer.

The next night he was interrupted in the same way; and so it continued night after night. And yet the brave little fellow would kneel down, and offer his prayers to God. He never complained of the conduct of the boys. But some one else about the ship found out how the boys were behaving in their cabin at night, and went and told the captain.

Now, it happened that the captain was a good, pious man, and he resolved to put a stop to the bad conduct of the boys. The next day he had all the boys called up before him on the deck of the ship. Then he called George up to him, and said:—

"Well, my little fellow, have you any complaint to make of the conduct of these boys?"

"No, sir," said George.

"Now, boys," said the Captain, "George will tell no tales, and make no complaints; but I have heard how you have been teasing and persecuting him at night, because he has the courage to kneel down and pray to that God who takes care of him. I have only this to say: if you do dare to do this again, I'll have you tied up on deck, and try how you like the taste of a rope's end on your back. Now go to your duties."

All the boys felt guilty. They would hardly speak to George during the rest of the day. But when evening came again, George knelt down as usual to pray. There was no laughing or talking. They were all as still as mice. George had not been kneeling long before he felt something at his side coming close up to him. He looked round to see what it was, and found one of the little boys who was nestling close up to him, that he too might say his prayers in peace and quietness. Presently another came, and then another, till at last quite a number were found kneeling round him. These boys had all been taught to pray at home; but, when they were surrounded by rude, mocking boys, they had not courage enough to do what was right, by acknowledging their dependence on God, before their companions. But the influence of George's example, when he quietly and bravely took his stand, determined to do right himself, whatever others