

were bad along the road, the scene near this temple is infinitely worse. Thousands of people shouting, screaming, beating drums, and blowing discordant trumpets—all mingle together in the most confused and terrible uproar.

Let us pass on near to the front of the pagoda. Here the excitement is intense. Twenty thousand people struggling to get to the pagoda's steps to present their offerings. Here is a man rolling round the temple in the dust. Here is another measuring his length round the temple in the dust. Here is another procession, and I think every boy and girl in England who could understand the horror of it would cry shame, and use every effort to break down the folly of the people. Mark it well, children. I will try to describe it as faithfully as I saw it. Here is a little girl, about seven years of age, a sweet-faced, gentle little thing. If she were not so dirty she would be pretty. She is covered with flowers—a garland on her head, a garland on her neck, and a garland on each wrist. She is being carried on the shoulders of her father, a strong-looking man. Just behind him walks the girl's mother, and following after come her brothers and sisters, with the different members of the family. They move on in procession, headed by noisy drummers, until they come in front of the temple. Here the father puts the child down, and she stands before the temple with her hands clasped over her head in the attitude of prayer. The mother takes a long piece of thin wire which she hands to the father, who at once thrusts it into the fleshy part of the little girl's side and passes it round her back. The child's cries are drowned by the drums and shouts of the people. Then the father thrusts the wire through the other side of his little daughter, and taking the two ends of the wire he draws the little child round the temple three or four times. The whole family follow, dancing and singing, making the most hideous noises, until the little girl is nearly exhausted. These processions are continued by different families with their children until the festival is over. In this way hundreds of little children suffer from the ignorance and darkness of their parents. Is not this a fearful proof of the cruelty of heathenism?

But let us turn away from this temple, not to escape the misery that is all around, because we cannot do that without leaving the place altogether, and that the preacher of God's good news must not do. In every direction we see men slaughtering fowls, or goats, or sheep as

sacrifices. They bring the poor creatures, turn their heads towards the temple, and slay them. Here we meet an intelligent Hindoo who has had a good education, and who despises the superstitions of the people; but, being employed by the Government, he must be present to receive the offerings of the deluded multitude. To our remark, "What a horrible sight this is," he replies, "Yes, but yesterday it was worse. The slaughter of fowls was awful. It is supposed that yesterday twenty thousand fowls were sacrificed, besides sheep and goats." Such sights as these make us feel that heathenism is a great blight upon the land of India, that it is degrading to the worshippers, degrading to the rulers of the country, and displeasing to God.

But now the sun is very hot, and we must retire. We have made arrangements for a short prayer-meeting with the Christians near. Removed a little from the rush of the wretched and mad crowd, there is one of our small Christian churches. Here the native teachers, who have been working hard all the morning, meet for prayer. They drop in quietly, one by one, until the place is half filled with men who have come to seek the blessing of the one true God. Beautifully calm and peaceful it is, and the peace is rendered more intense by the distant roar of the great multitude, who are "mad after their idols." A hymn is sung, a chapter from the Bible is read, telling of the time which is to come when all the heathen shall "cast their idols to the moles and to the bats." Then short addresses are given, and, after a rest, the Hindoo Christians and their missionary are again preaching the love of Christ until the darkness comes on. Then we leave the work done, and the seed sown, to the blessing of God our heavenly Father.

So ends a day at the festival. Tired, but happy, I dropped into the little bullock-wagon that brought me here. My thoughts went back to the time when I, a little boy, learned in our dear old land of the love of Jesus Christ our Saviour and Friend, and my day concluded with the song of gratitude which I know you often sing—

"My God, I thank Thee Thou didst plan
A better lot for me,
And placed me in that happy land
Where I did hear of Thee."

Oh! children, prize your privileges, love your Saviour, and pray for the missionaries.