

One of the most vulgar features of the whole festival is the squirting of colored water by means of syringes. No one is spared, men and women, high and low, have their clothes covered with this juice, which doubtless has some filthy significance, and whose stains are evident for many days afterwards.

This festival is said to be religious, though there is no particular temple ceremony, and sanction for it is obtained from the British government in the name of religion. Its character, however, is anything but religious. Except for the sport it gives the boys, and that with a large admixture of evil, it seems to have no redeeming features.

Another ill effect is in unfitting the minds of men, as all such affairs, whether at home or abroad, necessarily must, for the reception of the Gospel. During Holl, and for days before and after, the work of preaching is practically stopped. There is no desire to hear the Truth in the presence of so much that is evil. Even our school-boys become restless and unruly and the teachers are all glad when it is over, though, alas, the boys do not return with the same mind to their work as though they had been having a time of real innocent pleasure.

Many influential Hindus are setting their faces against Holl, but the force which seems destined to wield most power in driving it out is the Gospel. Where the Gospel has free course and abounds the Holl with all its associate evils will gradually disappear.

Norman H. Russell.

#### BRAVE INDIAN.

Bishop Whipple tells this story of Indian courage.

One day an Indian came to our missionary and said, "I know this religion is true. The men who have walked in this new trail are better and happier. But I have always been a warrior and my hands are full of blood. Could I be a Christian?"

The missionary repeated the story of God's love. To test the man, he said, "May I cut your hair?"

The Indian wears his scalp-lock for his enemy. When it is cut it is a sign that he will never go on the war-path again. The man said, "Yes, you may cut it, I shall throw my old life away."

It was cut. He started for home, and met some wild Indians who shouted with laughter, and with taunts said, "Yesterday you were a warrior, to-day you are a squaw."

It stung the man to madness, and he rushed to his home and threw himself on the floor and burst into tears. His wife was a Christian, and came and put her arms about his neck and said, "Yesterday there was not a man in the world who dare call you a coward. Can't you be as brave for him who died for you as you were to kill the Sioux?"

He sprang to his feet and said, "I can, and I will."

I have known many brave, fearless servants of Christ, but I never knew one braver than this chief.—Bishop Whipple.

#### FOR MITE-BOX OPENING.

Little hands can gather treasure,  
Though it may be very small;  
Better far to give a little  
Than to bring no gift at all.  
God has kept the little places  
For the little things to fill,  
Little servants, there He puts them,  
All can do His holy will.

What are dimes without the pennies?  
What are dollars without dimes?  
If a thing itself is little,  
Multiply it many times.  
In these boxes hear them jingle,  
Willing hands their mites have stored,  
Listen to the pleasant music  
As the pennies are outpoured.

How would any bit of money  
Ever find its own way in?  
With some thought and self-denial  
Every offering must begin.  
Planning, praying, loving, working—  
All of this must go before  
Ere the little treasure boxes  
Can be filled with precious store

'Tis not for ourselves we do it,  
But for Christ, our Lord and King;  
'Tis to speed the heavenly tidings  
That our gifts we gladly bring.  
For the heathen, in their darkness,  
We have brought our offerings small,  
God himself can multiply it,  
He will take and use it all.

Chorus: — (Optional.)

Listen to the pleasant music  
Which the dropping pennies make,  
Willing hearts and hands now bring  
them  
Offering all "for Jesus' sake."