

ars this temple, which enshrines is taken down. proportions of ts in Shinshu. This temple was as alamy as the destruc the people of seat there, and r—she holds a into gods. This shi-tsuki, "the spend time in apica, who has not admitted to when he was in me, he opposed ted to Sanuki. the festivals of ne Buddhist and month.

the chief deity 87 Mori Seigori, ew-lights, then certain occasion ted them with rently on good the mat outside the curtain assassinated in by the guards, or, not to the ven the muffled as, by some as is for the people, ad thought the country. Folk his grave, and e shrine. It is g-girls bring it prayer to the who lies buried ch they call so old Japan.

at 16c, there e of the land. beside a narrow house of one surrounded by a ilding, perhaps e. Her temples ing, and placed door temples d-shelf, whether rship consists in small quantity verage, a light, rape-seed oil, case of the very less zealous are 5th and 28th of offerings are they have been r prayer for the posterity, and e and saké, after her essence, d, as a proof that e has sensibly

od-shelf, flunk- the second in shi-no-Miya, the province has its therein, as the rial chief gods al line, of a no have been an one becomes e, by virtue of exploits on its interred in its lect him to his he must receive the Emperor, by h the throne is the nation of the Mother of the of the line of and as of equal is the Mikado is of all mortals, y place in the sufficient reason rank, and be-

For example, a er of his rival, n, and usurp remained in his Kami of course, Kyoto, and an fortunes of his wer taken away, ank of a god for emmand of the royed, a temple ed all this time e Minotagawa. f Shinshu, and is called Suwa in the province, temple of this his name. The by the Chinese inating God. He e flourished, or, what led to o, or what led to y. Two festivals a fall, at which worshippers. At observed in a

moderate degree, and I have not found any temple to this god in the town. Some strange things are told and commonly credited, about this god and his worship. For instance it is said that immediately prior to the celebration of the semi-annual festival at the main temple at Suwa, there are presented there by some mysterious, superhuman agency, the heads of 75 horned beasts. Until this number has been presented the festival cannot proceed. It would be interesting to know if these 75 heads are seen and handled by the laity, or if the word of the priests is taken as sufficient testimony, and, in case the heads are really in evidence, whether there is not an unusual amount of fresh beef in the Suwa market at that time. It is said, again, that when the lake freezes over in the winter, it is not safe to attempt to cross it, until the god has indicated where the weak spots in the ice are. He does not exactly bush the ice, as we do in our rivers and harbors in Canada, but marks it in some equally effective fashion. I have been told that a great serpent issues from the temple, and unseen by profane eyes, whether because hidden by the shades of night, or because he has the power to make himself invisible I cannot say, glides here and there across the lake, leaving an unmistakable trail which shows where the path of safety lies. I suspect that this serpent is none other than Myo-jin himself, thus transformed for the occasion. Snakes and dragons play a large part in Japanese religion. In Ikeda, my next station to Omachi, there is a temple to Hachiman, of the imperial line, now widely worshipped in Japan. This god is described, in the title over the entrance to the temple as "The Nine Headed Dragon." At one of the temples in Nagano, capital of this province, there is said to be resident a great serpent which requires for his daily offering five quartas of rice. This he always manages to consume without human observation. Usually the gods are content with the spirit or essence of the offerings and leave the substance to the worshippers, or to the birds, rats and insects. It is told that in the days of the great Buddhist saint Nichiren, 600 or 700 years ago, there dwelt a great serpent in a cave beside the sea in Echigo, the province just north of Shinano. When Nichiren, who had been exiled to the island of Sado, 20 miles out from the coast of Echigo, walked across the sea to the mainland, this serpent came forth to devour him, but by the devout intoning of the holy writings he overcame the serpent, which thenceforth became his humble attendant and servitor. Now the serpent had originally been the daughter of an emperor, and when Nichiren expounded the sacred books to the people, the serpent, reassuming his original form, appeared as a beautiful woman, sitting close by Nichiren, and drinking in the words that fell from his lips. Which when his disciples beheld they were much disturbed in their minds, for the Buddhist priests are sworn to celibacy, and Nichiren in particular had taken very high ground in regard to the softer sex, whom all men who aspired to saintliness were exhorted to leave severely alone. So some said one thing and some another, and the faith of many was shaken. But Nichiren when he became aware of this gossip, one day when all the people were assembled, and the fair woman sitting at his feet as usual, suddenly by his incantation changed her back into the great serpent, before whom all men fled in fear. So the tongue of scandal was silenced, and men worshipped the great saint Nichiren and the serpent more and more. And there is a temple unto the serpent, beside the cave on the shore of Echigo, unto this day.

It would seem from these stories that it is a common belief that the Shinto gods who were all originally members of the royal line, or men of noble rank and deed, are rather fond of assuming, for their second state of existence, the form of a serpent or dragon. But whether Suwa Myo-jin, the patron god of Shinano, is looked upon as now existing as a serpent, and whether the 75 heads of horned beasts offered at his shrine are supposed to afford a dinner to his Snakeship, I cannot surely say.

Though Myo-jin has no temple at Omachi, and no festival is observed there in his honor, he is not forgotten in the household worship, but receives his share of rice, saké, sacred lights, and so forth. In each little temple set for him on the god-shelves of the town he is mysteriously present, and partaking in a spiritual way of the essence of the food and drink that are provided for his entertainment, he accepts the worship and hears the requests of the household.

Sights and Sounds in India, for Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS.—The two coolies stood at the top of the hill, gazing, in open-mouthed amazement, at the runaway bicycle. This is where our letter left them last week. But they did not stay there long. The wheel jolted over the little bridge across the brook. The sight of this purling stream, with its grassy banks and its musical flow, was like the face and voice of an old friend. It was more like our brooks at home than anything else I had seen for months. While climbing the hill on the other side, the coolies came up laughing and puffing. All the way up the hill, their tongues ran streams of backwoods Telugu, while they jabbered about the neat way the knowing machine slipped away from them, before they knew it. When we reached the level road again, the passenger leaped into the saddle, the coolies sprang into position, and we were soon spinning along as if we had been used to running a bicycle in this style all the days of our life. Presently, we gained a commanding spot in the highway, whence we could see sothe of the world. Ahead of us, on the left, there loomed in sight the white walls of some respectable looking building. It is the Police Station and Sub-magistrate's Office, standing guard on the outside of a large village. On our arrival, we turned to the left and rode down the main street, in royal style. Dismounting at the Telegraph Office, I went in and sent a telegram to Marion in her own name. It would take her mind off

the pain that she was suffering, and do her more good than medicine. This is the message which the lightning conveyed along the wires to Bimli: "Chain broken Meridam. Coolies pushing bicycle. Great fun. Hope arrive dinner tonight." Meridam is the name of the village near which the accident occurred. Our regular hour for dinner is half-past seven o'clock in the evening. With this explanation the despatch will be as plain to you as it was to Marion. It was less than an hour after this in Bimlipatam, that a Telugu messenger started out from the Telegraph Office with a reddish brown envelope in his hand. He passed, hurriedly, through the streets of Bimli and turned in at the Mission House gate; for the address on the envelope, in his hand, was, "Miss Marion Morse, Mission House, Bimlipatam." When he hastened up the front steps, his coming was as sweet to her as the flight of the carrier dove. "How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!" Her mother says that she forgot her sufferings from that moment, and spent the rest of the day singing and telling all who came near that Papa was coming home.

After sending off this telegram, we called two new coolies. When they had refreshed themselves at the family board, (or rather on the family floor), they came forth with their loins tightly girt, and said that they were ready. Before leaving the village, I went to call upon a Telugu preacher, named Jackayya. He came out of his house with a broad and happy smile upon his face, and seemed delighted to meet a Christian brother, amid the wild forest of heathen, in which he dwelt. He is one of the native helpers on the Vizianagram field. I bade him Good Morning, but he said he was coming with us across the river. It is now nearly dry. Where the flood roll in the rainy season, there is, now, only deep sand instead of deep water. Yet a stream is still running, here and there, in branches like so many fingers, spread out upon the broad river bed. Here is a place with only two brooklets to cross, and two leaps land us safe on the southern side. We are followed by a crowd of idle Telugus, who seems to have nothing to do but to hear or see some new thing. The bicycle is led to the top of the hill. Beneath overhanging trees, the level road stretches away to the south, inviting us onward. "Salaam! Salaam!" "Good bye all!" "All abroad!" The car starts, and the passenger takes his seat. "Push! Push!" The new coolies, having been previously drilled, fall into line, one at each end of the stick, and we are off for Vizianagram. The motor on my right is an old man. We have not gone far, before he begins to puff like a locomotive. Poor old man! How cruel to let him come at all! Indeed, I objected to his coming, before we left the village. But he declared that he was as supple and tough as a boy. Here is a group of coolies coming towards us. We will get one of them to take his place. "No! No!" pleads the old man. "Let me come with you!" By his entreaties, this chance to get a substitute is allowed to slip by, until it is too late. He soon begins to puff worse than ever. Now the rider has the benefit of two sorrows: First sympathy for the tired old man; secondly, sympathy for himself, because the team has slowed down to a walk. When we reached the next village, I called a man in his place without consulting his wishes. The fresh coolie girded himself, for the race, by tying his suit of clothes tighter about him, and we left the old man, sitting on the grass, on the side of the road, glad enough to stay there and get his breath. With this valuable reinforcement, we were soon spinning along at a brisker rate. When we came to the foot of a hill, I decided to get off and walk. "Stand back! I am going to get off! Stand back!" This was the order; but they, evidently, thought I must mean just the opposite; for surely, if they should let go, the whole team would upset. Then the rider should be killed and the coolies hanged. Therefore, the brave man on the left darted forward, like an arrow, and caught the handle bar in both hands, as if it had been the horn of a Spanish bull. In spite of his assistance, however, I succeeded in getting my feet on terra firma, without any serious accident. Our hero was then informed in as plain Telugu and as calm tones as I could command, that there was a division of labor on board this ship: that he and his colleague were the engine and the engineers, and that I was the passengers, the captain, the helmsman, and all the rest of the crew. If he undertook to rescue me again, we should all be wrecked in a heap, in the bottom of the ditch. He declared that he understood this solemn warning, and promised to obey next time, to the letter.

It seems that the old coolies had failed to warn these men that this machine sometimes took a freak to run away. Therefore, they pushed along towards the top of a steep down-grade, all unaware of the fact that the wheel was about to play them a trick. When we began the descent, they were jogging along half asleep. At first, by imperceptible increments, the silent steed began to steal away from them; then as the grade suddenly became steeper, it bolted clear out of their reach, and before they could believe their eyes, it was shooting down the hill, like a runaway gazelle. They threw up their hands, uttered a suppressed war-whoop, and started in pursuit.

One thing has been left out of this epistle, thus far. Nevertheless, it was, by no means, the least of the sweet providences that blessed my pathway from Bobbili to Bimli. When the sun arose and shone upon my broken chain, I had the unwelcome prospect before me of a long slow journey through the storm of his unmerciful beams. But we had not gone far before God rolled bank after bank of thick clouds between me and my fiery foe. A cooling breeze sprang up and freshened all my path, so that I knew not whither it went nor whence it came, but from the mercy of heaven. Not another ray smote upon my sun-helmet, until the bare feet of the coolies were pattering along the hard, smooth road of the military cantonment, within five minutes trot of the Mission House gate, at Vizianagram. God may have had many reasons for making it cloudy that day; and I believe He made it cloudy for me as much as for anything else. I saw in this providence, a token of His love; and felt its power. He crowned the whole day with His loving-kindness and tender mercies.

Mr. Sanford was at home. After a wash and a chat and a few minutes breathing spell, he took me out with him to his table, and we sat down to an eleven o'clock breakfast. Such was the urgency of my errand, that I had to be like the beggars, eat and run. The new coolies were ready, and the old ones paid off, with a little extra, sent to the old man, whom we left puffing on the side of the road. A hearty grip of the hand and a hasty "Good bye," and we leave Mr. Sanford standing under the veranda to see us off. I can see him standing there now. There he is, with his suit of white drill; for white is the best color to wear in the sun. He is dressed in white, from head to foot. His face also is white, from the effects of this Indian climate, which steals the blood and bloom from the cheek of the youngest of us. His head and beard also are whiter than they used to be; for he is no longer a young man, though it may seem but yesterday to him, that he was like you and me. The eyebrow too is gray; but the eye is light with that peace, which tells that eternal youth is in his heart.

All aboard for Bimli! It is only sixteen miles more. My first attempt at mounting, however, is not very successful. One of the coolies seeing me about to spring into the saddle, leaped to the front, grabbed the monster by the horns, and nearly sent me headlong, into the arms of mother earth. We might call this man's name Uzzah. Poor Uzzah! He thought he knew better than God! God had said that no man should touch the ark or any holy thing, lest he die. I suppose God understood why He did not want Uzzah to steady His ark, as well as I understood why I did not want the coolie to steady my velocipede. It does not require much humility for me to believe that God is as far above me, as I am above the coolie; and yet there are people in the world, today, who seem to think that if God differs from them, He must be wrong! Uzzah's conceit cost him his life. He dropped dead on the spot! Are there not some others who, at least, do not feel their ignorance keenly enough to make them eager to read what God has written to save them from their ignorance? I Chron. 13: 9, 10; Num. 4: 15 Remember Uzzah! As soon as you begin to think you know better than God, you are a dead man! When God differs from you, "Let God be true, and every man a liar," including yourself. While I have been preaching this sermon, the coolies have pushed me half way to Bimli. A sudden clap of thunder was the first warning we had of a rain storm coming up behind us. Or which direction it came from, I know not. I only know that before we could gain the shelter of some thick mango trees, it was pouring down in earnest. Soon, even the dense foliage of this friendly roof began to leak. I remember the plan of the man, who said that when one tree got wet through, he would run to another. But all the trees are leaking here. Driven forth from this shelter, we run the gauntlet of the streaming clouds, and take refuge under the low, leafy eaves of a neighboring mud hut. Here we have close fellowship with a half dozen other storm-stayed victims, one of whom gives me his big bundle of cotton for a seat. He is a weaver, and has bought this yarn at the bazaar in Bimlipatam or Vizianagram. The woman of the house thrusts her unkempt head out of the door, and scolds her nine-year old son for not getting things in out of the rain. Soon, the fury of the shower is overpast, and saying "Salaam" to our hosts for their hospitality, and to the weaver for the use of his bundle, we go on our way, rejoicing. The thunder rolls over our heads as if the clouds were a mighty battle field, and we could hear the rumbling of the mammoth chariot wheels. It soon began to rain a little again, and we finished our trip to Bimli, in a gentle shower.

When we reached the front gate of the parsonage, I crept up quietly to a side door, so that my arrival might be announced to Marion before she saw me. Her cot had been moved out under the punkah in the front room. When her eyes met mine, her pale thin features lighted up with so much joy, that I would have been paid for coming, if I had walked all the wayhome in the rain. I knelt down at the side of her cot, and she flung her wasted arms around my neck, and would not let me go until I promised to come back as quickly as possible with dry garments. Every day since that, she has been getting better, and stronger. Today, she is running about the house, playing with the Telugu children and building houses and Hindu temples, with her kindergarten blocks. This is the second time, during the last three months, that she has been very ill; and it has been God's sweet will to make her well again. Surely, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth," so great has been his mercy towards us.

Yours truly,

Bimlipatam, India, Sept. 3.

L. D. MORSE