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PICTURES

OF

HINDOO LIFE;

OR,

INDIA WITHOUT THE GOSPEL, AND
INDIA WITH THE GOSPEL.



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PICTURES
OF
HINDOO LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE HINDOOS—SYSTEM OF CASTES.

THE Hindoos are natives of Hindustan, in Asia. The word *Hindustan* means “the country of the Hindoos.” The land is now more commonly called India, or the East Indies. Its length is 1800 miles, and its breadth nearly 1500; and in extent it is ten times larger than England, Scotland, and Ireland together. The sea washes its shores for more than 3000 miles; and many great rivers, as the Ganges, Indus, Brahmaputra, and Nerbudda, make fruitful the country through which they flow.

Some parts are desert and sandy; but generally India is covered with forests and cultivated land. Among its trees are the teak, ebony, india-rubber, sandal, pine, coconut, and the banyan; and rice, sugar, tea, coffee, cotton, indigo, pepper, and various other plants and herbs, grow in abundance.

Almost every order of the animal creation is met with in India. The elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, camel, tiger, bear, hyena, different kinds of deer, together with birds of beautiful plumage down to the plain house-sparrow, find their homes in the woods, forests, and jungles. Reptiles, also, both harmless and deadly, abound in various parts of the land.

Among the principal cities of India, are Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Benares, Delhi, Allahabad, Lahore, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Poona. In these and other large cities, with a great number of towns and villages nearly one hundred and fifty millions of Hindoos dwell.

For very many ages India has been inhabited by these people, under the rule of moguls

and rajahs, or native princes; but nearly the whole race are now the subjects of Queen Victoria. Of these people we are about to give you some sketches, illustrating their manners, habits, and customs, their idols and heathen worship, and then supply some account of the spread of the gospel among them.

The people of India divide themselves into castes, or distinct races. Their sacred books declare that after their god Brahma had peopled the heavens above and the worlds below, he created the human race, consisting of four castes. From his mouth came the *Brahmin*, or chief class. Those of this class are reckoned the highest and noblest beings on earth, and hold the office of priests. At the same time there flowed from his four mouths the *Vedas*, or sacred books, of which the Brahmins claim to be the only teachers. They were to give to their fellow men only such parts of these books as they thought best.

From Brahma's arm proceeded the military caste. From his breast came the third class,

consisting of farmers and merchants. From his feet there were born the Sudras, or common people. Weavers, carpenters, dyers, labourers, and others, belonging to this order.

Caste is said to be a difference of *kind*. Hence, a man of one caste can never be changed into a man of another caste, any more than a lion can be changed into a mole, or a mole into a lion. Each caste has its laws, the breaking of which is attended with great disgrace and degradation below all the other castes. For instance, if a Brahmin should by eating any forbidden thing, break his caste, he would sink below all the other castes. He would become a *pariah*, or outcast. For beneath the fourth, or lowest caste, there is a class of people belonging to no caste, who are outcasts, and are held in the utmost abhorrence.

The Brahmins, in consequence of their being of the highest caste, and of their having been taught from their infancy to regard all other classes of men with the utmost contempt, are very proud. They make great efforts to

keep themselves pure, in their sense of the word, and have the utmost dread even of being touched by a pariah. For them to eat with any of these pariahs, or to go into their houses, or to drink water which they have drawn, or from vessels which they have handled, is attended with the loss of their caste. A Brahmin who should enter their houses, or permit them to enter his, would be cut off from his caste, and could not be restored without many troublesome ceremonies and great expense. The pariahs are considered to be so low, that if a Brahmin were to touch them, even with the end of a long pole, he would be looked upon as polluted. In some districts they are obliged to make a long circuit when they perceive Brahmins in the way, that their shadow may not fall upon them as they pass.

Should a Sudra happen to look upon the vessels in which the Brahmins cook their food, they would be considered as defiled. The Brahmins can never touch any kind of leather or skin, except the skin of the tiger and ante-

lope. The most disagreeable of all fashions in their eyes is that of boots and gloves. They rarely eat their food from plates; and when they do so, it is only at home. They use the leaf of the plantain or other trees as a substitute. To offer them anything to eat on a metal or earthen plate which others have used would be considered a great affront. When they eat anything dry, they throw it into their mouths, so that the fingers may not approach the lips. They do not drink as we do, by applying the cup to the lips, but they pour the water into their mouths.

The use of animal food they consider to be defiling. Not only will they not eat animal food, but they will eat nothing that has the principle of life in it. On this account, they cannot eat eggs of any kind. Dr. Scudder, a missionary physician, was once breaking an egg in his medicine room, while a Brahmin was present. The latter told the doctor that, under such circumstances, he could not remain with him any longer. In his view the doctor was committing a great sin. To

kill an ox or a cow is considered by them as a crime which can never be atoned for, and to eat their flesh is a defilement which can never be washed away. To kill a cow is, by Hindoo law, punishable with death.

The touch of most animals, particularly that of the dog, defiles a Brahmin. Should a dog touch them, they would be obliged instantly to plunge into water, and wash their clothes, in order to get rid of such a stain. Notwithstanding this, the dog is one of the gods worshipped by the Hindoos.

The Hindoos consider themselves to be unclean if they have assisted at a funeral. When the ceremony is over they immediately plunge into water for the sake of purification. Even the news of the death of a relative a hundred miles off has the same effect. The person who hears such news is considered unclean until he has bathed. In unison with this feeling, a person is no sooner dead, than he is hastened away to be buried or burned : for, until this is done, those in the house can

neither eat, nor drink, nor go on with their occupations.

A Brahmin who is particular in his ceremonies, must be careful what he treads upon. He is obliged to wash his body or bathe, if he happens to tread on a bone, or a broken pot, a bit of rag, or a leaf from which one has been eating. He must also be careful where he sits down. Some devotees always carry their seats with them, that is, a tiger or antelope's skin, which are always held to be pure. Some have only a mat.

When a man has been expelled from his caste for some great offence, those who restore him sometimes slightly burn his tongue with a piece of gold made hot. They likewise apply to different parts of the body red-hot iron stamps, which leave marks that cannot be removed.

There are certain offences which, when committed, cut off all hope that the offender will ever be restored to his caste. For instance, should he eat the flesh of the cow, no presents which he might make, nor any

finer which he might be disposed to pay, would be of any avail for his restoration or purification.

Let us here make a remark. It is, that in Christian countries there is a spirit of pride which much resembles the spirit of caste. Many are to be found who are very proud that they have descended from rich and honourable ancestors, and who look down, almost with disdain, upon those in other situations. This spirit is entirely opposed to the spirit of the gospel. No matter what may be our high thoughts of ourselves, we appear but very low in the sight of Him who created us. We are all sinners, and we should humble ourselves for the pride of our hearts, and become as little children before him. We must have that spirit of which the apostle speaks, when he says: "Let each esteem other better than themselves."—Phil. ii. 3. With a humble spirit let us approach a holy God with the assurance that, truly believing in Jesus Christ, God will, for his sake, forgive all our sins.

CHAPTER II.

THE HINDOOS—THEIR ORNAMENTS.

THE skin of the Hindoos is not always of the same tint. Some are almost of a bronze or mahogany colour; others are quite black. A difference is often to be seen in the same family. One child will be of a reddish hue; another will be entirely dark. Two little sisters were received at a mission station, and became truly pious. One was named Sevappe, or the *red one*; the other was called Kevappe, or the *black one*.

These people very much resemble the English in the cast of their features. Many of them are well-favoured, and even beautiful. More especially is it so with the children of the Brahmins, or those of the highest caste, who are tenderly brought up. But they try

to make themselves appear more attractive by the ornaments which they wear. These ornaments are of very different kinds, and are made of gold, silver, brass, precious stones, and glass.

Every Hindoo is fond of ear-rings. Sometimes four or five are worn in each ear, consisting of solid gold; the lower one being the largest, and the upper one the smallest. Some men wear a gold ornament attached to the middle of the ear, in which a precious stone is inserted. Sometimes they wear very large circular ear-rings, made of the wire of copper, around which gold is twisted so as to cover every part of it. These are frequently ornamented with precious stones. The females, in addition to ear-rings, have an ornament which passes through the rim of the ear, near the head, half of it being seen above the rim, and half of it below it. An ornamental chain is often attached to this, which goes some distance back, when it is lost in the hair. They also wear a jewel in the middle of the rim of the ear, and another on that little for-

ward point which is felt by your finger when you attempt to put it into the ear. Nose jewels also are worn. Sometimes three are worn at the same time. Holes are made through each side of the lower part of the nose, and through the cartilage, or that substance which divides the nostrils, through which they are suspended. The higher and wealthier females wear a profusion of ornaments of gold and pearls round the neck.

A very pretty ornament, about three inches in diameter, having the appearance of gold, is also frequently worn by them on the back part of the head. In addition to this, the little girls sometimes wear one or two similar but smaller ornaments below this, as well as an ornament at the end of the long braid of hair which hangs down over the middle of their backs. Occasionally the whole, or the greater part of this braid is covered with an ornament of the same materials with those just described. They also wear an ornament extending from the crown of the head to the forehead, just in that spot where little girls in our country

part their hair. Attached to this, a circular piece of gold is sometimes seen filled with rubies.

Rings are worn on the toes as well as on the fingers, and bracelets of gold or silver on the wrists. Anklets, similar to bracelets, and tinkling ornaments are worn on the ankles. The poor, who cannot afford to wear gold or silver bracelets, have them made of glass, stained with different colours. Nearly a dozen are often seen on each wrist.

The little boys wear gold or silver bracelets; also gold or silver anklets. In one part of the country, the little opening which is made in the ears of the children is gradually distended until it becomes very large. At first the opening is only large enough to admit a wire. After this has been worn for a short time, a knife is introduced into the ear in the direction of the opening, and an incision made large enough to admit a little cotton. This is succeeded by a roll of oiled cloth, and by a peculiar shrub. When the hole becomes large enough, a heavy ring of lead, about

three inches round, is introduced. This soon increases the size of the opening to such an extent, that a second, and afterwards a third, a fourth, and even a fifth ring are added. By these weights the lower parts of the ear are drawn down sometimes very nearly, or quite to the shoulders. Not unfrequently the little girls, when they run, are obliged to catch hold of these rings to prevent the injury which they would receive by them striking against their necks. In due time these rings are removed, and ornamented rings are substituted.

A different plan is pursued with the little girls belonging to Mohammedan families. They have their ears bored from the top to the bottom. The openings which are at first made are small, and are never enlarged. A ring is inserted in each of these openings. Flowers in great profusion are sometimes added to the jewels.

We cannot conclude our account of the jewels of the little girls, without giving you a description of the appearance of a little

patient of Dr. Scudder's,* at Madras, who came to him loaded with trinkets. It will be given in the words of his daughter, which she wrote in part while the girl was at their house. "On the 17th, a little dancing girl came to see us. She was adorned with many jewels, some of which were very beautiful. The jewel in the top of the ear was a circle, nearly the size of a five shilling piece. It was set with rubies. Nine pearls were suspended from it. In the middle of the ear was a jewel of a diamond shape, set with rubies and pearls. The lowest jewel in the ear was shaped like a bell. It was set with rubies, and from it hung a row of pearls. Close by the ear, suspended from the hair, was a jewel which reached below her ear. It consisted of six bells of gold, one above the other. Around each was a small row of pearls, which reached nearly to the bell below, thus forming a jewel resembling very many drops of

* The contents of the earlier portions of this volume are, to a large extent, taken from "Tales of the Heathen," by Dr. Scudder.

pearls. It is the most beautiful jewel that I ever saw. In the right side of her nose was a white stone, set with gold, in the shape of a star. From it hung a large pearl. There was a hole bored in the partition between the nostrils. This hole had a jewel in it, about an inch in length, in the middle of which was a white stone, with a ruby on each side. It also had a ruby on the top. From the white stone hung another, of a similar colour, attached to it by a piece of gold. In the left side of the nose was a jewel about three inches round. It was somewhat in the shape of a half-moon, and was set with rubies, pearls, and emeralds. This jewel hung below her mouth. On the back of her head was a large, round gold piece. Another large piece hung below this. Her hair was braided in one braid, and hung down her back. At the bottom of this were three large tassels of silk, mounted with gold. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were painted with black. Her neck was covered with jewels of such beauty, and of such a variety, that I cannot describe them.

Around her ankles were large rings, which looked like braided silver. To these were attached very many little bells, which rung as she walked. I believe all dancing girls wear these rings." These were the ornaments of this young girl.

Married women wear an ornament peculiar to themselves. It is called the *tahly*. It is a piece of gold, on which is engraven the image of some one of their gods. This is fastened round the neck by a short yellow string, containing one hundred and eight threads of great fineness. Various ceremonies are performed before it is applied, and the gods are called upon to give their blessing. When these ceremonies are finished, the *tahly* is brought on a waiter, ornamented with sweet-smelling flowers, and is tied by the bridegroom to the neck of the bride. This ornament is never taken off unless her husband dies. In such a case she is deprived of it, to wear it no more for ever—deprived of it, after various ceremonies, by her nearest female relative, who cuts the thread by which it is

suspended, and removes it. After this a barber is called, who shaves her head, and she becomes, in the eyes of the people, a *despised* widow—no more to wear any ornament about her neck but a plain one—no more to stain her face with yellow water, nor to wear on her forehead those marks which are considered by the natives as among their chief ornaments.

The marks which the natives consider among their chief ornaments are different among different sects. The followers of Siva rub ashes on their foreheads. These ashes are generally prepared by burning what in the Tamul language is challed *chaarne*. They also apply these ashes in streaks, generally three together, on their breasts, and on their arms. Some besmear their whole bodies with them.

The followers of Vishnoo wear an ornament, which consists of an upright line drawn on the forehead, generally of a red or yellow colour, and a white line on each side of it,

which unite at the bottom with the middle line, and form a trident.

Another ornament consists of a small circle, which is called *pottu*. This is stamped in the middle of the forehead. Sometimes it is red, sometimes yellow or black. Large numbers of women, in some parts of the country, wash their faces with a yellow water, made so by dissolving in it a paste made of a yellow root and common shell-lime. The Brahmins frequently, instead of rubbing ashes, draw a line over the middle of their foreheads, to show that they have bathed and are pure. Sometimes the people ornament themselves with a paste of sandal-wood. They rub themselves from head to foot with it. This has a very pleasant smell.

When the people are loaded with jewels and covered with the marks just described, they think themselves to be highly ornamented. But after all, they are sinful and corrupt in the sight of God. The "Pearl of great price" and "the true riches" they have not. They have not the Gospel; they know not Jesus, the

Saviour of men. Not until they are adorned with the robe of his righteousness will they appear lovely in the sight of the ever-blessed God.



A HINDOO FAMILY.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOLS, DRESS, HOUSES, FOOD, AND SALU-
TATIONS OF THE HINDOOS.

THE native schoolmasters of India are not a class likely to advance to any great extent the interests of their scholars. A village teacher may be often seen enjoying his hookah, or pipe, with a group of half-clothed boys before him, under the shade of a tree, some reading, while others are learning to write. The letters are drawn or indented on clay, prepared for the purpose, on the ground, and the scholar with a style, a pen of metal or wood, moves slowly along, cutting his letters in regular line. In a short time he is able to dispense with his clay, and generally can write sufficiently well on paper. (*See our coloured frontispiece*).

The dress of the Hindoos is very simple. A single piece of cloth, uncut, about three yards in length and one in width, wrapped round the loins, and a shawl thrown over the shoulders, form the usual dress of the people. These garments are often fringed with red silk or gold. The native ladies frequently wrap themselves in cloth or silk.

The houses of the Hindoos are generally very plainly built. In the country they are commonly made of earth and thatched with straw. In the cities they are covered with tiles. The kitchen is placed in the most retired part of the house. In the houses of the Brahmins the kitchen door is always barred, to prevent strangers from looking upon their earthen vessels; for if they should happen to see them, it is believed that their look would pollute them to such a degree that they must be broken to pieces. The hearth is generally placed on the south-west side, which is said to be the side of the "god of fire," because they say that this god actually dwells there.

The domestic customs of this people are very different from ours. The men and women do not eat together. The husband first eats, then the wife. The wife waits upon the husband. After she has cooked the rice, she brings a brass plate, if they are possessors of one, or if not, a piece of a plantain-leaf, and puts it down on the mat before him. She then places the rice upon the leaf, and afterwards pours currie over it. This being done, the husband proceeds to mix up the currie and the rice with his hands, and puts it into his mouth. He never uses a knife and fork, as is customary with us.

Currie is a sauce of a yellow colour, owing to the *munchel*, a yellow root, which they put in it. This and onions, mustard, pepper, etc., make the currie. Some add to these *ghea*, or melted butter, and cocoa-nut milk.

After the husband has eaten, the wife brings water for him to wash his hands. This being done, she supplies him with vettalay, paakku, shell-lime, and tobacco, which he puts into his mouth as his dessert. The vettalay

is a very spicy leaf. Why they use paakku, I do not know. It is a nut, which they cut into small pieces, but it has very little flavour. Sometimes the wife brings her husband a cigar.

In Ceylon, a large island on the south side of India, it is customary for females to smoke. Frequently, after the husband has smoked for a while, he hands the cigar to his wife. She then puts it into her mouth and smokes.

Several years ago, one of the schoolmasters in that island became a Christian. After he had partaken of the Lord's supper, his wife considered him so defiled, that she would not put his cigar in her mouth for a month afterwards. She, however, has since become a Christian.

The plantain-leaf, just noticed, is sometimes six feet long, and in some parts a foot and a half wide. It is an unbroken leaf, with a large stem running through the middle of it. It is one of the handsomest of leaves. Pieces enough can be torn from a single leaf, to take the place of a dozen plates.

When this people eat, they do not use tables and chairs. They sit on mats, and double their legs under them. This is the way in which the natives, as a general thing, sit in the churches. It is not common to have seats or pews for them. Carpenters and other tradesmen also sit down, either on a board, or on the ground, or on their legs, when they work. If a carpenter, for instance, wants to make a little peg, he will take a small piece of board, and place it in an erect position between his feet, the soles of which are turned inward so as to press upon the board. He then takes his chisel in one hand and his mallet in the other, and cuts off a small piece. Afterwards he holds the piece in one hand, and while he shapes it with his chisel with the other, he steadies it by pressing it against his great toe.

The blacksmiths, with the exception of those who use the sledge-hammer, sit as do the carpenters, while they hammer the iron. They have small anvils, which they place in a hole made in a log of wood which is buried in the

ground. Their bellows consist of two leather bags, about a foot wide and a foot and a half long, each having a nozzle at one end; the other end is left open to admit the air. When they wish to blow the fire, they extend these bags to let in the air. They then close them by means of the thumb on one side and the fingers on the other, and press them down towards the nozzle of the bellows, which forces the air through them into the fire.

The natives do not, as a general thing, use bedsteads nor beds. They sleep on mats, which are spread down on the floor. Sometimes they use a cotton bolster for their heads. More generally, their pillows are hard boards, which they put under the mat.

In addition to cooking, the females have to prepare the rice for food, by taking it out of the husk. This they do by beating it in a mortar, about two feet high. The pestle with which they pound it is about five feet long, made of wood, with an iron rim round the lower part of it. Three women can work at these mortars at the same time. But they

must be very skilful in the use of the pestle, so as not to interfere with each others' operations.

The Hindoos have many modes of salutation. In some places they raise their right hand to the heart. In others, they simply stretch it out towards the person who is passing, if they know him, for they never salute persons with whom they are not acquainted.

When they meet their acquaintances, they content themselves by saying a friendly word or two in passing, and then pursue their way. They say to the friends they meet, *salam*, a word which they have borrowed from the Mohammedans, at the same time raising their hand to the forehead. When they address persons of high rank, they give them their *salam* thrice, touching the ground as often with both hands, and then lifting them up to their foreheads.

Another very respectful kind of salutation consists in lowering both hands to the feet of the person to be honoured, or even in falling down and embracing them.

Of all the forms of salutation, the most respectful is the prostration. They throw themselves at their whole length on the ground and stretch out both arms above their heads. This is practised before priests, and in the presence of an assembly when they appear before it to beg pardon for a crime.

Relations, who have long been separated, testify their joy when they meet by chucking each other under the chin, and shedding tears of joy.

If a person meets another of high rank, he must leave the path, if on foot; or alight, if on horseback, and remain standing until he has passed. At the same time he must take off his slippers. He also must take off his slippers when he enters a house. Should he fail to do this, it would be considered a great impropriety.

When the Hindoos visit a person of distinction for the first time, civility requires them to take some present as a mark of respect, or to show that they come with a friendly intention, especially if they wish to ask some favour

in return. When they have not the means of making large presents, they carry with them sugar, a few flowers, a bundle of plantains, a pitcher of milk, and other things of various kinds.

In some of their customs thus noticed, may be seen illustrations of several passages of the Bible; for many of the habits and manners of the people in the East remain in the present day as they were thousands of years ago.

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGES AND FUNERALS AMONG THE
HINDOOS.

SOME of the marriage ceremonies of the Hindoos are very singular. For instance: if the father of a young girl is a rich and liberal Brahmin, he will frequently bear all the expenses of the marriage of his daughter. To present a daughter in marriage and to sell her are mostly about the same thing. Almost every parent refuses to give up his daughter, until the sum of money for which he consented to let her go is paid. Men of distinction generally lay out this money for jewels, which they present to their daughters on their wedding day. Thus, persons to be married have nothing to do in the choice of each other.

The marriage ceremony lasts five days.

The bride and bridegroom are first placed under a *puntel*, a kind of bower, covered with leaves, in front of the house. This is superbly adorned; and an image of one of their gods, who is much feared, is placed under the house. The married women then come forward and perform the ceremony called *arati*, which is as follows:—Upon a plate of copper, they place a lamp made of a paste from rice flour. It is supplied with oil and lighted. They then take hold of the plate with both hands, and raise it as high as the heads of the couple to be married, and describe a number of circles with the plate and lamp. This is to prevent the evil of any jealous looks, which any persons might make. The Hindoos believe that great evils arise from wicked looks. They consider that even the gods themselves are not out of the reach of malicious eyes; and therefore, after they have been carried through the streets, the ceremony of *arati* is always performed, to clear away the evil which they may have suffered from these looks.

After many other ceremonies, the father-in-

law takes the hand of his daughter and puts it into that of his son-in-law. He then pours water over them in honour of the god Vishnoo. This is the most solemn of all the ceremonies, being the token of his resigning his daughter to the authority of the young man. She must be accompanied with three gifts, namely, one or more cows, some property in land, and a *salagrama*, which consists of some little amulet stones in high esteem among the Brahmins.

Fire is then brought in, upon which the bridegroom offers up a sacrifice, which consists of throwing boiled rice with melted butter upon the fire. He then takes his bride by the hand, and they walk three times around it, while the incense is blazing.

There is another ceremony, which, perhaps, ought to be mentioned, as it is considered to be one of much importance. Two baskets of bamboo are placed close together, one for the bride, the other for the bridegroom. They step into them, and two other baskets being brought, filled with ground rice, the husband

takes up one with both hands and pours the contents over the head of the bride. She does the same to him. In the marriage of princes, pearls are sometimes used instead of rice.

While the assembled guests are dining, the bridegroom and the bride also partake, and eat together from the same plate. This is a token of the closest union. But this is the only instance in which they ever eat together.

After all the ceremonies are finished, a procession is made through the streets of the village. It commonly takes place in the night, by torchlight, accompanied with fireworks. The newly married pair are seated in a palanquin, with their faces towards each other, both richly dressed. The bride, in particular, is generally covered with jewels and precious stones.

The procession moves slowly; and their friends and relations come out of their houses as they pass; the women hailing the married couple with the ceremony of *arati*, and the men with presents of silver, fruits, sugar, and

betel. "I once witnessed one of these marriage processions in the streets of Madras at night," says the Rev. Dr. Scudder, "but can give you but little idea of its magnificence. The lamps used on the occasion could not be numbered. The shrubbery, which was drawn on carts or other vehicles, appeared exceedingly beautiful, in consequence of the light reflected from the lamps. Intermingled with this shrubbery, were little girls elegantly dressed, and adorned with flowers on their heads. Many elephants, with their trappings of gold and silver and red, formed a part of the procession. Fire-works were also added, to make the scene more brilliant."

The death of a Hindoo is followed by many ceremonies. When it is evident that a Brahmin has only a little time to live, a space is prepared with earth, well spread with cow-dung, over which a cloth, that has never been worn, is spread. The dying man is placed upon this at full length. Another cloth is wrapped around his loins. This being done,

a ceremony called the expiation for his sins is performed. The chief of the funeral brings on one plate some small pieces of silver or copper coin, and on another a nauseous draught, called *punchakaryam*. The dying man is made to recite within himself, if he cannot speak, the proper muntrums, or prayers, by which he is said to be delivered from all his sins. After this, a cow is introduced with her calf. Her horns are decorated with rings of gold or brass, and her neck with garlands of flowers. A pure cloth is laid over her body. Thus decked, she is led up to the sick man who takes hold of her tail. Prayers are now offered up that the cow may conduct him, by a blessed path, to the next world. He then makes a gift of a cow to a Brahmin. This gift is considered indispensable to enable the soul to go over the river of fire, which it is said all must pass after death. As soon as the breath has left his body, all who are present must weep for a reasonable time, and join in lamentations together. After various ceremonies, the body is washed. It is then

clad with its finest clothes and adorned with jewels. It is rubbed with sandal-wood where the body is uncovered, and the accustomed mark is put upon its forehead. Thus dressed, it is placed on a kind of state bed, where it remains until it is carried to the pile.

Having arrived at the place for burning the dead, they dig a trench about six or seven feet in length. This is consecrated by the muntrums. It is slightly sprinkled with water to lay the dust, and a few pieces of money in gold are scattered upon it. Here the pile is erected of dried wood, on which the body is laid out at full length. Over the body a quantity of twigs are laid, which are sprinkled with *punchakaryam*. The chief of the funeral then takes on his shoulders a pitcher of water, and goes around the pile three times, letting the water run through a hole made in it. After this he breaks the pitcher in pieces near the head of the corpse.

At last the torch is brought for setting fire to the pile, and is handed to the chief of the funeral. Before he receives it, however, he

pretends to be full of sorrow. He beats his breast, and makes the air resound with his cries. The assistants also cry, or appear to cry. Fire being applied to the four corners of the pile, the crowd retire, except the four Brahmins who carried the body ; they remain until the whole is consumed.

The funerals of the Sudras, or common people differ in some respects from those of the Brahmins. Deafening sounds of drums, trumpets, and other instruments of music, not in use among the Brahmins, accompany their funerals. To increase the noise, they sometimes shoot off an instrument which somewhat resembles a small cannon.

By the ceremonies which this wretched people perform for their friends just before their death, they expect to procure the pardon of all their sins. Alas, what a delusion ! They know not that "our Saviour Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel," (2 Tim. i. 10 ;) and that those who believe in him are received, after this short life has

closed, to a world of purity, love, and happiness. Oh, that they should be in ignorance! May Christians now living lay this matter to heart, and do what they can, through grace, to rescue those who are yet within the reach of hope from perishing in their sins.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE GODS OF THE HINDOOS—THEIR
SACRED WRITINGS.

THE word heathen is applied to those who worship idols, or who do not know anything about the true God. This is the case with this people. They say that there is one supreme being, whom they call BRAHM; but he is never worshipped. He is said to be generally fast asleep. In the place of Brahm, they worship many gods, whose number is said to be *three hundred and thirty millions*. They are gods of all colours, some black, some white, some blue, some red—gods of all shapes, some being in the form of beasts, some in the shape of men; some partly in the shape of beasts and partly in the shape of men, having four, or ten, or a hundred, or a thousand eyes, heads, and hands.

They are of all sizes, being from a few inches to twenty or thirty feet in height. They are described as riding through the air on elephants, buffaloes, lions, sheep, deer, goats, peacocks, vultures, geese, serpents, and rats. They hold in their hands all kinds of weapons, as thunderbolts, javelins, spears, clubs, bows, arrows, shields, flags, and shells. There are gods of the heavens above and of the earth below; gods of wisdom and of folly; gods of war and of peace; gods of good and of evil; gods of pleasure, and gods of cruelty and wrath, whose thirst must be satiated with torrents of blood. These gods are said to fight and quarrel with one another. They lie, steal, commit murder and other crimes. They pour out their curses when they cannot succeed in their wicked plots, and invent all kinds of lying tales to hide their evil deeds.

There are three principal gods, whose names are Brahma, Vishnoo, and Siva. Brahma, they say, is the creator of the world, Vishnoo the preserver, and Siva the destroyer.

Brahma has no temple erected for his wor-

ship, on account of a great falsehood which he told. Once, as it is said, there was a dispute between him and Vishnoo, as to who is the greatest. While thus disputing, Siva appeared between the two as a fire-post, and told them that he who should find the bottom or the top of the post first, would show that he was the greatest. Vishnoo immediately changed himself into a hog, and began to root up the earth with the hope of finding the bottom of the post. Brahma changed himself into a swan, flew up towards the top of the post, and cried out, "I have found it;" but he had not so done. For this falsehood, it is said, no temple is erected for his worship.

Vishnoo is described as a thief and a liar. The people relate that he was once dwelling in the house of a dairyman, and used constantly to steal butter and curdled milk from the dairyman's wife. She did not know, for a long time, what became of her butter and milk, but at last found out that Vishnoo was the thief. To punish him for his theft, she tied him to a rice mortar.

Siva's conduct was very bad. It is said that on one occasion he was gambling with his wife Parvathi. Vishnoo was appointed to determine who was the best player. After playing for a little season, Parvathi won the game. Siva then beckoned to Vishnoo to declare that he, instead of Parvathi, had won it. This he did. In consequence of this falsehood, he was cursed by Parvathi, and changed into a snake.

Besides these gods, numerous living creatures are objects of worship, as the ape, tiger, elephant, stag, hog, cat, rat, peacock, eagle, cock, hawk, chameleon, tortoise, serpents, and even insects. Of these, some receive more worship than others: the cow and the cobra capello are particularly the objects of religious homage. To injure these gods exposes the offending persons to the heaviest punishments.

“I went into a town,” says a missionary in the East Indies, “at an early hour, and began my labours with a small number of people, which, however, increased to seventy or eighty. My attention was soon called to the fact, that

a great sin had been committed in the village the past night. A man had been guilty of killing a cow; or, in other words, his cow, which he had tied up as usual, had been strangled to death by the rope. For this great sin, as it was said to be, the poor man, in addition to losing his cow, was obliged to perform some painful ceremonies, besides making an offering of money to the Brahmins, against whom they said he had so wickedly offended; for they regard the cow as their mother.

“While inquiring into the case, a man acquainted with the Hindoo shastres or religious books, came up. I asked him what their sacred books said on the subject. He replied, ‘that killing a cow is one of the greatest sins.’ ‘But if there is, as in the present case, no intention of killing, can there be any sin in the act?’ ‘Yes; he tied with his own hand the rope which strangled the cow, so that he is guilty of murder.’ ‘But if he had no intention of killing the cow, how can he be held guilty?’ ‘As to that,’ said the man, ‘I cannot say; all I know, is what the books teach.’

After I had explained and illustrated the nature of crime, especially with regard to this case, the man seemed satisfied that the unfortunate cow-slayer was innocent, though his sacred books and Brahmins said the contrary.

“ This opened the way for the great question, How God regards the conduct of men, and who will be found guilty, and who innocent, in his sight? Then I went on to show the evil of some doctrines of the heathens. After we had got thus far, the disciple of the shastres changed the subject, by saying, ‘ Now let us hear your story ; mine is finished.’ Upon this, I began to unfold the Christian religion, so far as time would allow. With these instructions all seemed pleased, and the interview was, on the whole, a very favourable one.”

The shastres, or sacred books of the Hindoos, are very old, but not so old as it is pretended they are. The most revered are called the Vedas, and are said to have come out of the four mouths of Brahma. Though

the Brahmins affect to have a great knowledge of these books they are in fact mostly very ignorant of them. The more clearly the books are brought to the light, the greater are their inconsistencies, follies, and absurdities seen. We cannot here enter into the nature of their teachings. One specimen will show their character.

The Vedas lay down forms of religious service, or acts of worship, designed to injure or destroy all enemies. When a person wishes to have his enemies destroyed, he goes to a Brahmin and secures his supposed aid. The Brahmin, before he proceeds to his work, clothes himself with a black garment. He also makes four images of the foe, and clothes these with black garments. He then kindles a sacrificial fire, and after the performance of various ceremonies, he takes pieces of some animal which has been consecrated for the purpose, and throws them into this fire. On every occasion when he makes this burnt-offering, he touches the mouth of the image of this enemy, uttering one or other of the

forms of prayer which are written in the sacred books. Of these, the following are a few: "O Agni," god of fire, "thou who art the mouth of all gods, do thou destroy the wisdom of my enemy." "O Agni, fill with distraction the mind of this my enemy." "O Agni, destroy the senses of this my enemy." "O Agni, fasten with a peg the tongue of this my enemy." "O Agni, reduce to ashes this my enemy."

How different is the religion of Jesus from the religion thus taught in the shastres! No precepts in God's book teach us that we may injure or destroy our enemies. On the contrary, they enforce the duty of love to them, and to do them good. The words of Jesus are—"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to

rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.”—(Matt. v. 44, 45.)

Send, then, the Bible to the Hindoos. It is their great want ; by it the Holy Spirit can remove their ignorance, teach them to love one another, and make them “wise unto salvation.”

CHAPTER VI.

HINDOO TEMPLES AND IDOLS.

HINDOO temples are very numerous. One is to be found in almost every village. They are also to be seen in out of the way places, as in woods, on the banks, and in the middle of rivers, and particularly on mountains and steep rocks.

Idols, not in temples, are also to be seen on the high roads, at the entrance into villages, and under lofty trees. Some are finely carved; others consist of merely rough stone. No idol can become an object of worship until a Brahmin has said his muntrums, or prayers, for the purpose of bringing down the god to live, as it is said he does, in the image, and until he has poured oil and liquid butter over it.

In the great temples the idols are clothed with rich garments, and adorned with jewels, which are enriched with precious stones of great value. Sacrifices are constantly made to them, consisting of boiled rice, flowers, fruits, etc., but above all, of lamps, of which many thousands are sometimes seen burning.

The priests of the temples offer up sacrifices twice every day, morning and evening. They begin the ceremony by washing their idol. The water which is used is brought from a river or tank. Every morning a procession, with music, passes along with this water.

Every priest who offers up sacrifices, must have several lighted lamps with a bell, which he holds in his left hand. With his right hand he makes an offering to the idol, adorns it with flowers, and rubs its forehead and various parts of its body with sandal-wood and holy ashes. When he has done, he comes out and distributes among the people a part of the things which have been offered to the

idol. These are considered as holy. If they consist of rice and fruit, they are immediately eaten : if of flowers, the men put them in their turbans, and the girls entwine them in their hair.

Next to the priests, the most important persons about the temples are the dancing girls. These are persons of bad character. They perform their religious duties in the temple, assisting at the public ceremonies with dancing. At the same time they sing corrupt and wicked songs.

An order of persons employed in the temples, are players on musical instruments. Every temple of note has a band of these musicians, who, as well as female dancers, are obliged to attend the temple twice a day. They are also obliged to assist at all the public festivals. Their band generally consists of wind instruments, resembling clarionets and hautboys, to which they add cymbals and drums. They have a bass instrument, produced by blowing into a kind of tube, widened below, and which gives an uninterrupted

sound. Part of the musicians sing hymns in honour of their gods.

The expenses of the temples are borne by the voluntary offerings of the people, consisting of money, jewels, cattle, provisions, and other articles. In order to induce them to make such offerings, the Brahmins use all kinds of deception. Sometimes they will put iron chains on the hands and feet of their idols. They exhibit them in this sad condition, declaring that they have been brought into it by creditors, from whom their gods had to borrow money, in times of trouble, to supply their wants. They declare that their creditors refuse to set the gods at liberty, until the money with the interest is paid. The people, seeing the sad condition into which they have been brought, come forward and pay off the debt. The chains are then taken off, and the god is set at liberty.

Another way in which the Brahmins sometimes deceive the people, is as follows. They say that the god is afflicted with some dreadful disease, brought on by distress of mind,

because the people do not worship him as much as they should. In such cases, the idol is sometimes placed at the door of the temple, where they rub his forehead with various kinds of medicine. They also set before him various sorts of drugs, pretending in this way to do all they can to cure him. But as all their efforts prove to be vain, and the disease becomes worse, the Brahmins send out persons to tell the sad news. The people, believing the report, hasten to bring in their gifts and offerings. Then it is said that the god, on beholding such proofs of their attachment to him, is cured of his disease, and returns to his throne within the temple.

The Brahmins use another kind of deception, in order to procure offerings for the temples. They declare that their gods are angry with certain individuals who have offended them, and that they have sent some evil spirit or devil to take possession of their bodies and torment them. Accordingly, persons appear wandering about in different parts of the country, showing by their

dreadful convulsions, their writhings and twistings, every symptom of being possessed with the devil. The people who see them are filled with dismay, fall down before them, and offer gifts and sacrifices, for fear of being injured by them. Whatever they ask is granted. The people give them to eat and drink abundantly, and when they leave a place, accompany them with instruments of music, till they arrive at some other place, where the same tricks are practised.

At every large temple there is at least yearly one grand procession. The idol is brought out from its enclosure, and placed in a great car or chariot, prepared for this express purpose. This stands upon four solid wheels of great strength. The car is sometimes forty or fifty feet high.

On the day of the procession, it is adorned with painted cloth, garlands of flowers, green shrubs, and precious articles. The idol is placed in the centre, loaded with jewels, to attract the attention of the people. Having fastened ropes to this enormous car, eight hun-

dred or a thousand people catch hold of the ropes and slowly drag it along, accompanied with the awful roaring of their voices. At certain periods they stop; when the immense crowds, collected from all parts of the country, set up one universal shout, or rather yell. This, with the sound of their instruments and numerous drums, produces much uproar and confusion. Sometimes the weighty car comes to a stand from the dampness of the ground, or from the narrowness of the streets, when the tumult and noise are redoubled.

On some occasions, when the cars are drawn people throw themselves under the wheels, and are crushed to death. This occurs at the drawing of the car of Juggernaut. Many dreadful accidents and loss of life also take place at the drawing of these cars.

In times of sickness, in particular, they resort to their idol temples. On one occasion a woman afflicted with a cancer was brought to Dr. Scudder. He says, "Before she was brought to me, her brother went to the temple of the goddess Meenaache, to ascertain what

was her will respecting his bringing her to me, or taking her to a native doctor. In order to ascertain it, he had recourse to the following expedient. He prepared several bundles of red and white flowers; the red to represent the red or Tamil man, the white to represent the white man. These flowers were carefully enclosed in leaves, so as to prevent their colour being seen, and then laid down on the ground, at the entrance of the temple. After this, he called a little child to him, and then proceeded to entreat Meenaache that, if it were her will that he should bring the sick woman to me, she would direct the child to take up one of the parcels containing the white flowers. It so happened that the child took up one of these parcels. Of course, he brought her to me. Had it taken up a parcel containing the red flowers, she would have been taken to a native doctor. May we not hope that, not Meenaache, but the Lord directed him to bring her to me, that she might hear—not of the false goddess, but of the True Physician of the soul? Of him she has now fully heard.”

CHAPTER VII.

FESTIVALS OF THE HINDOOS—WORSHIP OF
THE SERPENT.

THE Hindoos have many festivals. These are all occasions of joy and gladness. On such days business is mostly suspended. Friends unite in parties, and give entertainments, according to their means. Pastimes and amusements, some of them very innocent in themselves, are resorted to as a source of pleasure.

There are eighteen principal festivals yearly, and no month passes without one or more of them. One of the most important of these ceremonies is held in the month of September, and appears to be chiefly in honour of Parvati, the wife of Siva. At this time every labourer and every artisan offers sacrifices

and prayers to his tools. The labourer brings his plough, hoe, and other farming utensils. He piles them together, and offers a sacrifice to them, consisting of flowers, fruits, rice, and other articles. After this, he prostrates himself before them at full length, and then returns them to their places. The mason offers the same adoration and sacrifice to his trowel, rule, and other instruments. The carpenter adores his hatchet, adze, and plane. The barber collects his razors together, and worships them with similar rites. The writing-master sacrifices to the iron pen or style, with which he writes upon the palmleaf; the tailor to his needles; the weaver to his loom; and the butcher to his cleaver.

The women, on this day, collect into a heap their baskets, rice-mill, rice-pounder, and other household utensils, and, after having offered sacrifices to them, fall down and worship them. The tools are considered as so many gods, to whom they present their prayers that they will continue to furnish them still with the means of getting a livelihood.

This feast is concluded by making an idol to represent Parvati. It is made of the paste of grain, and being placed under a sort of canopy, is carried through the streets with great pomp, and receives the worship of the people.

Another festival is observed in October. At this time, each person, for himself, makes offerings of boiled rice and other food, to such of their relations as have died, that they may have a good supply of food on that day. They afterwards offer sacrifices of burning lamps, of fruit and of flowers, and also new articles of dress, that their ancestors may be freshly clothed. At this festival, soldiers offer sacrifices to their weapons, in order to obtain success in war. On such occasions, a ram is offered in sacrifice to their armour.

In November, a festival is observed, which is called the feast of lamps. At this season, the Hindoos light lamps, and place them around the doors of their houses. The festival, they say, was established to commemorate the deliverance of the earth from a giant, who

had been a great scourge to the people. He was slain by Vishnoo, after a dreadful battle. In many places, on this day, a sacrifice is offered to the dunghill, which is afterwards to enrich the ground. In the villages, each one has his own heap, to which he makes his offering of burning lamps, fruit, flowers, etc.

The most celebrated of all the festivals is that which is held in the end of December. It is called the feast of Pongul, and is a season of rejoicing for two reasons: the first is, because the month of December, every day of which is thought to be unlucky, is about to end; and the other is, because it is to be followed by a month, every day of which is said to be fortunate. For the purpose of preventing the evil effects of this month, the women every morning scour a place about two feet square before the door of the house, upon which they draw white lines, with flour. Upon these they place several little balls of cow-dung, sticking in each a flower. Each day these little balls, with their flowers, are pre-

served, and on the last day of the month they are thrown into tanks or waste-places.

The first day of this festival is called the *Pongul of rejoicing*. Near relatives are invited to a feast, which passes off with mirth and gladness.

The second day is called the *Pongul of the Sun*, and is set apart to worship that luminary. Married women, after bathing themselves, proceed to boil rice with milk, in the open air. When the milk begins to simmer, they make a loud cry, "Pongul, O Pongul." The vessel is then taken from the fire, and set before an idol. Part of this rice is offered to the image, and, after standing there for some time, it is given to the cows. The remainder is given to the people. This is the great day for visiting among friends. The salutation begins by the question, "Has the milk boiled?" To which the answer is, "It has boiled." From this, the festival takes the name of Pongul, which signifies "to boil."

The third day is called the *Pongul of cows*. In a great vessel, filled with water, they put

saffron and other things. These being well mixed, they go around the cows and oxen belonging to the house several times, sprinkling them with water. After this, the men prostrate themselves before them four times. The cows are then dressed, their horns being painted with various colours. Garlands of flowers are also put round their necks, and over their backs. To these are added strings of cocoa nuts and other kinds of fruit, which, however, are soon shaken off when they are in motion, and are picked up by children and others, who greedily eat what they gather as something sacred. After being driven through the streets, they are suffered, during the day, to feed wherever they please, without a keeper. We have, however, told you enough. Are you ready to exclaim, Is it possible that a people can be guilty of such utter folly? But you, our young readers, would be guilty of just such folly, if you had not the Bible. Should not the gratitude, then, which you owe to your heavenly Father, for your distinguished mercies, constrain you to do all

that you can to send this blessed book to this dark land?

Of all the dangerous creatures found in India, there are none that cause so many deaths as serpents. The people are very much exposed to their bite, especially at night, when they are walking in the country. They tread upon them, and, as the people do not generally wear shoes, the snakes strike their fangs into those parts of the feet which are nearest to the place where the pressure is made upon their bodies. Sometimes the bite is followed by almost instant death.

The cobra capello is one of the most common snakes, and one of the most poisonous. It is much dreaded, and is very commonly met with. In order to induce the people to worship this dangerous enemy, the Hindoos have filled their books with tales concerning it. Figures of it are often to be seen in the temples, and on other buildings. They seek out their holes, which are generally to be found in the hillocks of earth which are

thrown up by the white ants; and when they find one, they go from time to time and offer milk, plantains, and other good things to it.

A festival is held for the purpose of worshipping this serpent. Temples in many places are erected to it, of which there is one of great celebrity in Mysore. When the festival occurs at this temple, great crowds of people come together to offer sacrifices to this creeping god. Many serpents besides the cobra capello live within it, in holes made especially for them. All of these are kept and well fed by the Brahmins with milk, butter, and plantains. By such means they become very numerous, and may be seen swarming from every crevice in the temple. To injure or to kill one would be considered a great crime.

Many of the natives call the cobra capello *nulla paampu*, that is, "good snake." They are afraid to call it a bad snake, lest it should injure them. The following is the prayer which is offered before the image of this snake: "O divine Cobra, preserve and sustain us. O Sheoh, partake of these offerings, and be

gracious unto us." Thus have they, like the heathen of old time, "changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things."—
(Rom. i. 23.)



HOW THE HINDOOS DIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

WORSHIP OF THE RIVER GANGES.

THE river Ganges is so called after the goddess Gunga. Hindoos say that the goddess Gunga came down from heaven, and divided herself into one hundred streams, which are the mouths of the river Ganges. All classes and castes worship her. The sight, the name, or the touch of the river Ganges is said to take away all sin. To die on the edge of the river, or to die partly buried in the stream, drinking its waters, while their bodies are besmeared with mud, is supposed to render them very holy. On this account, when it is expected that a person will die, he is hurried down to the river, whether willing or unwilling.

Were you standing on the banks of the

Ganges, you might, perhaps, in one place see two or three young men carrying a sick female to the river. If you should ask what they are going to do with her, perhaps they would reply, We are going to give her up to Gunga, to purify her soul, that she may go to heaven ; for she is our mother. In another place you might see a father and mother sprinkling a beloved child with muddy water, endeavouring to soothe his dying agonies by saying, "It is blessed to die by Gunga, my son ; to die by Gunga is blessed, my son." In another place you might see a man descending from a boat with empty waterpans tied around his neck, which pans, when filled, will drag down the poor creature to the bottom, to be seen no more. In another place you might behold a person seated in the water, accompanied by a priest, who pours down the throat of the dying man mud and water, and cries out, "O mother Gunga, receive his soul." The dying man may entreat his priest to desist, but his entreaties are drowned. He persists in pouring the mud and water down his throat, until

he is gradually stifled, suffocated, in the name of religion.

After a person is taken down to the river, if he should recover, it is looked upon by his friends as a great misfortune. He becomes an outcast. Even his own children will not eat with him, or offer him the least attention. If they should happen to touch him, they must wash their bodies, to cleanse them from the pollution which has been contracted. About fifty miles north of Calcutta are two villages inhabited entirely by these poor creatures, who have become outcasts in consequence of their recovery after having been taken down to the Ganges.

At the mouth of the river Hoogly, which is one of the branches of the Ganges, is the island Saugor. It is the island where, formerly, hundreds of mothers were in the habit of throwing their children to the sharks, and where these mothers were wont to weep and cry if the sharks did not devour their children before their eyes. Think what a dread-

ful religion that must be, which makes mothers so hard-hearted.

We are glad to tell you that the English have put a stop to the sacrifice of children at that place; but mothers continue to destroy their children elsewhere, and will continue to destroy them until they are led to receive the truth of the gospel, which will soften their hearts and sanctify their affections.

That the gospel does prevent such things, the following circumstance will show:—Several years ago, a missionary lady went to India. As she was walking out one morning, on the banks of the Ganges, she saw a heathen mother weeping. She went up to her, sat down by her side, put her hand into hers, and asked what was the matter with her. “I have just been making a basket of flags,” said she, “and putting my infant in it—pushing it off into the river, and drowning it. And my gods are very much pleased with me, because I have done it.” After this missionary lady had heard all she had to say, she told her that her gods were no gods; that the only

true God delights not in such sacrifices, but turns in horror from them; and that if she would be happy here and hereafter, she must forsake her sins, and pray to Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners like herself. This conversation was the means of the conversion of that mother, and she never again destroyed any of her infants.

Such is the power of the blessed gospel. And what the gospel has done once, it can do again. If Christians will send it to them, with the blessing of God the time will soon come when heathen mothers will no more destroy their children.

See that heathen mother stand
 Where the sacred currents flow,
 With her own maternal hand,
 'Mid the waves her infant throw.

Hark, I hear the piteous scream :
 Frightful monsters seize their prey,
 Or the dark and bloody stream
 Bears the struggling child away.

Fainter now, and fainter still,
 Breaks the cry upon the ear ;

But the mother's heart is steel,
She unmoved that cry can hear.

Send, oh send the Bible there ;
Let its precepts reach the heart :
She may then her children spare,
Act the mother's tender part.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GODDESS DURGA—THE GODDESS KALEE.

FROM what was said in the last chapter about the goddess Gunga, you see that the Hindoos worship goddesses as well as as gods. There is another goddess much worshipped, the wife of the god Siva. They say that she has appeared in a thousand forms, with a thousand different names. Of all these thousand forms, Durga and Kalee are the most regarded by the people.

Durga is represented with ten hands, in which she holds an iron club, a trident, a battle-axe, spears, thunderbolts, and other things. Thus armed, she is ever ready to fight with her enemies.

Were you to be present in the city of Cal-

cutta in the month of September, you might everywhere see the people busy in preparing for the yearly festival of this goddess. Images representing her you would find in great numbers for sale. In the houses of the rich, images are to be found made of gold, silver, brass, copper, crystal, stone, or mixed metal, which are daily worshipped. They are called permanent images. Besides these, multitudes of what are called temporary images are made—made merely for the occasion, and then destroyed. They may be made of hay, sticks, clay, wood, or other such things. Their size varies from a few inches to twenty feet in height. If any persons are too poor to buy one of these images, they can make them for themselves. When the festival is near at hand, people are seen in every direction taking the images to their houses. After they are thus supplied, the festival commences. It lasts fifteen days. The greater part of this time is spent in preparing for the three great days of worship. Early on the morning of the first of the three great days, the Brah-

mins proceed to consecrate the images or to give them, as they suppose, life and understanding. Until they are consecrated, they are not thought to be of any value. They are looked upon as senseless. A wealthy family can always receive the services of one or more Brahmins, and a few of the poor may unite and secure the services of one of them. At length the appointed hour arrives. The Brahmin, with the leaves of a sacred tree, comes near the image. With the two forefingers of his right hand he touches the breast, the two cheeks, the eyes, and the forehead of the image, at each touch saying the prayer, "Let the spirit of Durga descend and take possession of this image."

After the image is consecrated, the worship begins. The devotee comes near the image, and falls down before it. He then twists himself into a great variety of shapes. Sometimes he sits on the floor, sometimes he stands, sometimes he looks in one direction, sometimes in another. Then he sprinkles the idol with holy water, rinses its mouth, washes its

feet, wipes it with a dry cloth, throws flowers over it, puts jewels on it, and offers perfumes to it.

The worship of the idol is succeeded by a season of carousing, joy, and festivity. On this occasion large offerings are made to the idols. A rich native has been known to offer eighty thousand pounds' weight of sweet-meats, eighty thousand pounds of sugar, a thousand suits of cloth garments, a thousand suits of silk, a thousand offerings of rice, plantains, and other fruits.

After the worship and offerings have been continued for three days, the festival closes. As the morning of the first day was devoted to the consecration of the images, the morning of the fourth is spent in unconsecrating them. This work is done by the Brahmins. They profess, by various ceremonies, to send back the goddess to her heaven, concluding with a farewell address, in which they tell her that they expect her to accept of all their services, and return and pay them a visit again in the coming year. Then all unite in bidding her a

sorrowful adieu, and many seem affected even to the shedding of tears.

Soon afterwards the images are carried forth into the streets, placed on stages or platforms, and raised on men's shoulders. As the procession moves onward through the streets accompanied with music and songs, amid clouds of dust, you might see them waving long hairy brushes to wipe off the dust, and to keep off the flies and mosquitoes, which might trouble the senseless images. When all the ceremonies connected with the occasion are finished, those who carry them suddenly fall upon them, break them to pieces, and then throw them with violence into the river Ganges. After this the people return to their homes.

The goddess Kalee is said to be the wife of Siva. Like her husband she has the power of destruction. From the images made of her it would appear that she is of a black or dark blue colour, and has four arms. In one hand she holds a sword, and in another a human head. Her hair is dishevelled, reaching down

to her feet. Her countenance is most ferocious. Her tongue comes out of her mouth, and hangs over her chin. She has three eyes, which are red and fiery. Her lips and eyebrows are streaked with blood. She has two dead bodies for ear-rings, and around her loins is a girdle made of bleeding hands, which she has cut off from the bodies of her enemies. A necklace of skulls, which she took from the bodies of the giants and others killed by her, complete her ornaments.

Of all the Hindoo divinities, this goddess is supposed to be the most cruel and revengeful. Different acts are performed to appease her. If, for example, a devotee should burn his body, and apply a burning lamp to it, it would be very pleasing to her. If he should draw some of his blood, and give it to her; or if he should cut off a piece of his flesh, and offer it as a burnt offering, she would be still more pleased.

It is said that she will be gratified for three months, if the people offer her the blood of a crocodile: for a thousand years, if they offer

her the blood of one man ; and a hundred thousand years, if they offer her the blood of three.

This goddess is the patroness of thieves. To her they pay their devotions, to obtain help to carry on their wicked designs. Gangs meet together, and, after having offered sacrifices, and worshipped their weapons, and having drunk some intoxicating liquor, and rubbed their bodies with oil, they go forth to rob. They have a prayer, which they offer when they worship their weapons. It is as follows : “ O instrument formed by the goddess, Kalee commands thee to cut a passage into the house, to cut through stones, bones, bricks, wood, the earth, and mountains, and cause the dust thereof to be carried away by the wind.”

Scattered throughout India, there is a lawless set of men whose profession is to get their food by murder. They are called Thugs. A gang of these robbers varies from a dozen to sixty or seventy persons. These divide into small parties. Those they murder are tra-

vellers, whom they happen to meet on the road. Sometimes two or three of a gang will take up their station in a place where the traveller stops, and while he sleeps they rouse him from his sleep, and cast a noose over his head and kill him. One casts the noose over his head, and immediately tightens it with all his strength; the other strikes him on the joint of his knees as he rises, which causes him to fall forwards. After he has fallen, they kick him on the temples till he dies, which is usually in a minute. They never commit a murder until they have taken every precaution not to be found out. They will follow a traveller for weeks, if necessary, before they destroy him. After they have murdered him, they gash the body all over and bury it. They think it to be a very good act to give a part of the plunder, which they get when they murder a person, to their goddess. If they fail to put him to death according to their rules, they suppose that they have made her angry, and they make offerings to her, that she may be reconciled.

Women are sometimes admitted to the society of these plunderers, and, on some occasions, are allowed to apply the noose. They select a girl, and place her in a convenient spot, where, by a false story of distress, she may decoy some unsuspecting traveller, and be the means of his destruction. Should he be on horseback, she will request him to take her up behind him, as she is weary; after which, when an opportunity offers, she throws the noose over his head, leaps from the horse, drags him to the ground and strangles him.

An instance will be here given. It happened that a horseman of Coorg, in the Madras presidency, was passing by a spot where one of these girls was stationed. She told him a piteous story of having been robbed and badly treated, and begged him to assist her. Feeling sorry for her, he offered to take her behind him on his horse, and thus assist her a few miles on her journey. She expressed much gratitude for his kindness, and mounted. Soon afterwards she suddenly passed a noose over his head, and, drawing it

with all her might, endeavoured to pull him from his saddle. At this moment a number of Thugs started from the neighbouring thicket and surrounded him. The murderess then slipped from the horse; but the Coorg striking his heels into the horse's sides, it threw out its hind legs with great violence, and struck to the ground the girl, who quickly let go the cord. He then drew his sword, and, cutting his way through the robbers, effected his escape. He wounded two of them severely. These men were shortly afterwards taken, and through their means, twelve others fell into the hands of the officers of the king of Coorg, including the girl who attempted the murder. They were all put to death.

Surely, "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

CHAPTER X.

SELF-TORTURES OF THE HINDOOS.

THE heathen devise various means by which they vainly hope to obtain the favour of their gods. It is customary for the people to build very high cars or chariots, and cover them with very beautiful cloths. They also tie the cocoa nut blossom and plantain-tree within them, and attach great ropes to them. When they are ready to drag these cars, or chariots, they bring their gods of gold or of brass from the temples, and place them on them. Then one, two, three, six, nine hundred, and even a thousand persons, when the cars are very large, catch hold of these ropes and drag them around the temple. While they are doing this, many of the heathen, to fulfil vows

which they made when in sickness, and at other times of distress, throw themselves on the ground, and roll over from side to side, and frequently much injure themselves.

Others swing on hooks, which are passed through some part of their backs. Sometimes they swing for half an hour; at other times an hour. The longer they can bear the torture of the swinging, the more acceptable they suppose it will be to their goddess. It sometimes happens that the hooks lose their hold, in which case the poor creature is dashed to the ground. When this occurs, the people look on him with the greatest abhorrence.

Dr. Seudder attended one of these hook-swingings, not far from the city of Madura. He says: "Between six and seven o'clock in the morning, the man who was to be swung made his appearance for a few moments, and then disappeared. The hooks by which he was to be swung, as well as the iron rods with which a number of devotees were to pierce their sides, were carried through the streets, and held up that they might be seen by the

people. Soon afterwards the man again appeared with the hooks in his back, and went up to the end of the beam to which he was to be fastened. This was lowered. Notwithstanding the dense multitudes of people, I made my way to the same spot, determined to be satisfied whether or not there was any deception in the application of the hooks. But there was none. They pass through the skin, on the sides of the backbone. To these hooks were attached yellow ropes, by which he was fastened to one end of the beam. This being done, the men, five or six in number, who had hold of the ropes fastened to the end of the beam, and which was then, of course, high in the air, drew him up until the beam lay horizontally. Then, after making him perform one circular motion around the car, they elevated him. When thus elevated, it was thought that he was forty feet from the ground. All being ready, the people seized the ropes of the car, and began to draw it. Mr. Chandler and myself accompanied it through the streets, until it came to the place

from which it set out. The distance of ground passed over was at least half a mile, and the time in which the journey was accomplished was more than an hour.

“The man who was swung was adorned with flowers and other ornaments. He had a tinselled turban on his head. His body was rubbed over with a yellow paste, made, most probably, from the sandal-wood. Round his ankles were rings, hung with little bells, which he made to tinkle, as he was swinging, by striking his legs together. He wore a dark or black pair of pantaloons, which came a little below the knees, and which had a border of gold round them. He held a handkerchief in one hand, and a knife somewhat resembling a dagger in the other. These he kept in constant motion, by moving his arms. On one occasion, a bunch of plantains was tied to one of the long ropes which hung down by the side of the swinger. These he drew up, and afterwards scattered over the people on a house opposite to him.

“After following the car for a quarter of a

mile or more, we went before it, and there witnessed another appalling sight. There were five or six men, who had the rods of iron which I just mentioned passed through the skin of their sides. They were dancing along, and, as they danced, they made these rods go backward and forward through the skin.

“After the car had reached the place from which it set out, the end of the beam from which the man was swinging was then lowered, and he was untied. Again I looked very carefully at the hooks in the back. The people say that no blood is shed by their introduction, and consider this to be a miracle. The falsity of this assertion was shown by the blood which I saw on the side of one of the wounds.

“I have been long in this country, and consequently have become so familiarized with heathenism, that my feelings, though deeply wounded at this sight, were not so keenly affected as were those of my new associate, Mr. Chandler. He has been on heathen ground but a short time. When they tied

the man to the beam he was unnerved, and well-nigh overcome; and he told me, that during all the time he was following the car, he felt as if he were shedding tears."

On the evening of the day on which the swinging takes place, another act of great cruelty is practised. Devotees throw themselves from the top of a high wall, or a scaffold of twenty or thirty feet in height, upon a bed of iron spikes, or on bags of straw with knives in them. Many are often mangled and torn. Others are quickly killed.

At night, many of the devotees sit down in the open air, and pierce the skin of their foreheads, by inserting a small rod of iron. To this is suspended a lamp, which is kept burning till daylight.

Sometimes bundles of thorns are collected before the temple, among which the devotees roll themselves without any covering. These thorns are then set on fire, when they briskly dance over the flames.

Other devotees swing before a slow fire; some stand between two fires; while some

have their breast, arms, and other parts stuck entirely full of pins, about the thickness of small nails, or packing needles.

Another very cruel torture is practised. Some of the devotees make a vow. With one hand they cover their under lip with wet earth or mud. On this, with the other hand, they place some small grains, usually of mustard-seed. They then stretch themselves flat on their backs, exposed to the dews of night, and the blazing and scorching sun by day. Their vow is, that from this position they will not stir, that they will not move nor turn, nor eat nor drink, till the seeds planted on their lips begin to sprout. This usually takes place on the third or fourth day. After this they arise, and then think that they are very holy.

Some devotees hold up one or both arms, until the muscles become rigid, and their limbs become shrivelled into stumps.

Some stretch themselves on beds of iron spikes. Others wear great square irons on their necks, each nearly two feet in length and two feet in breadth. These they put on

for the purpose of fulfilling some vow which they have made.

But we will not continue this subject. You perceive what a wretched religion that must be which encourages its followers to perform such acts. And how vain are all these acts—how utterly destitute are they of any merit! The Christian religion encourages no such things. It tells us to perform no pilgrimages to holy places, to inflict no self-tortures. But it has its requirements, and these are very simple, and may easily be performed, through the assisting grace of the Holy Spirit, by all who are willing to do their duty. These requirements are, faith in Christ, repentance, forsaking sin, and devotedness to the service of God. Have you, reader, attended to these? If not, you are in a much worse condition than these poor heathen of whom you have been reading. They are not as guilty before God as you are. They know not their Master's will. That servant who knows his Lord's will, and prepares not himself, neither does according to his will, shall

be beaten with many stripes. But he that knows not, and does commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. Remember, unto whom much is given, of them much will be required.

CHAPTER XI.

SUTTEES—CRUELTIES OF THE KHONDS.

THE inhuman practice of burning a widow with the dead body of her husband, formerly was common among the Hindoos. But under the British Government it has now nearly or wholly ceased, though it is still found among some tribes under the rule of native princes.

The following account, by an eye-witness, will show the nature of this wretched and cruel ceremony:—A merchant having died, his wife, who was about thirty years old, determined to burn herself with his corpse. The news of what she was going to do, quickly spread in every direction, and large numbers of people collected to witness the burning. After she was adorned with jewels, and dressed in her best clothing, and after her

body was tinged with the yellow infusion of sandal-wood and saffron, bearers arrived to take away the corpse, with the wretched woman. The body of the man was placed on a car, ornamented with costly stuffs and flowers. There he was seated like a living man, elegantly decorated with all his jewels, and clothed in rich attire.

The corpse being carried first, the wife followed in a rich palanquin. As she went along, the surrounding multitudes of people stretched out their hands towards her to show how much they admired her conduct. The women in particular went up to her to wish her joy, apparently desiring to receive her blessing, or at least that she would pronounce over them some pleasing word. She tried to satisfy them all, saying to one that she would long continue to enjoy her worldly happiness, and to another, that she would be the mother of many beautiful children. Another was informed that she would soon arrive at great honour in the world. These, and similar expressions, she made to all who came near her,

and they departed with the full belief that they would enjoy all the blessings of which she had spoken. She also distributed among them some betel-leaves, which they gladly received as relics, or as something of blessed influence.

During the whole procession, which was very long, her countenance was serene and even cheerful, until they came to the pile upon which she was to die. Then she suddenly became pensive. She no longer attended to what was passing around her. Her looks were wildly fixed upon the pile. Her face grew pale. She trembled with fear, and seemed ready to faint away.

The Brahmins, who took the lead in this ceremony, with her relations, seeing her sad condition, ran to her, and endeavoured to restore her spirits; but she seemed not to know what they said, and answered not a word. They then made her quit the palanquin, and her nearest relatives took her to a pond of water which was near the pile, where they washed her. They next attended her to the pile, on

which the corpse of her husband had already been laid. It was surrounded with Brahmins, each with a lighted torch in one hand, and a bowl of melted butter in the other, all ready, as soon as the poor victim was placed on the pile, to envelope her in fire.

The relatives, armed with muskets, sabres, and other weapons, stood closely around in a double line, for the purpose, it was said, of making her afraid, if she might wish to draw back, or of frightening anybody who might pity her, and endeavour to rescue her.

At length the time for firing the pile being proclaimed, the young widow was stripped of her jewels and led on towards the pile. She was then commanded to walk three times round it, two of her nearest relations supporting her by the arms. The first round she accomplished with tottering steps; but in the second her strength forsook her, and she fainted away in the arms of those who were holding her. They were obliged to drag her between them for the third round. Then, senseless, she was thrown upon the corpse of

her husband. At that instant the multitude made the air to ring with their shouts of gladness, while the Brahmins poured the butter on the dry wood, and applied the torches. Instantly the whole pile was in a blaze.

As soon as the flames began to rage, the poor woman, now in the midst of them, was called upon by name from all sides ; but, as insensible as the corpse on which she lay, she made no answer. She passed into eternity, suffocated at once, probably, by the flames.

There have been many other shocking cases of suttees, where widowed mothers have pleaded with their own sons to save them from so painful a death, but have pleaded in vain. But we pass them by. It is hoped that the practice will never be revived in British India.

At a place called Goomsoor, not far from the great temple of Juggernaut, there is a race of people called Khonds, who offer up human sacrifices in a very horrid manner. Their victims are generally bought or stolen

from the low country, and sold to them for this purpose.

The accounts of these sacrifices are too painful to dwell on; and they are here only referred to that we may be led to pity the poor deluded Hindoos, pray for them, and as far as we can, deliver them from their dreadful bondage. British officers and others have rescued many victims who were on the point of being slain. Captain Campbell saved at one time no less than one hundred and three children of different ages, who were set apart to be sacrificed.

Of the children thus rescued, many have been sent by the British Government to the schools which have been established by the missionaries. Connected with a station where an esteemed missionary resided, a station about ten miles distant from the first range of mountains inhabited by the Khonds, there are two schools, one for the boys and the other for the girls who have been delivered from this wretched people. A few years ago, a number of these rescued victims arrived at

the gate of the mission-house, on their way to the sea-coast. The children of the schools went out to see them. Belonging to the female school, there was a little girl who thought that she recognized her brother among the strangers. In a few minutes she was seen coming forward, leading him by the hand, and was heard exclaiming with joy, "I have found my brother." The missionary said to her, "How do you know that he is your brother? Perhaps you are mistaken." "Oh, no," said she, "I am not mistaken. I thought when I saw him at the gate, that he looked just like a little brother I had when I was taken from my home, only he was smaller. So I said to myself, 'If he is my brother, he will know his own name.' So I called out Pod, Pod, and he lifted up his head and came running to my arms." And this sister wept over her little brother, and kissed him, and at last, catching him up, she bore him away to her school-room.

The Rev. Mr. Sutton relates the case of two brothers who met under similar circum-

stances. They had both been sold at different times to the Khonds, for sacrifices, by their cruel and unnatural uncle.

Among the victims formerly rescued from the Khonds, there was a very awkward lad who was called David. Great pains were taken to instruct him; but he was so stupid that all efforts appeared to be useless. At last he was devoted to the work of sweeping the premises of the mission-house. "At this time," says Mr. Sutton, "our school was very full, and many of the young natives had been converted. All at once, a ray of intelligence seemed to break upon the mind of poor David. He appeared suddenly to be possessed of new faculties. All were astonished at his understanding and his answers. He now applied himself so diligently, and profited so much by the instruction afforded, that he was subsequently received into our church. Soon afterwards, he was taken into the printing-office, and, as he made rapid advances in his new business, he was made a compositor. While thus engaged, and amazing us all by his sud-

den proficiency, there appeared on his skin numerous white spots—the first indications of leprosy, a very common and also a very fatal disease in India.

We immediately sent him to the hospital, and every care was taken of him ; but each of the white spots became a putrid ulcer, and his limbs were much eaten away. Nothing could arrest the progress of his malady, or save his life ; and as there was danger that he might communicate his disease to others by coming in contact with them, the doctor directed that he should be kept by himself. A tent was provided for him, from which he would creep at service-time to the door of our preaching-room, and join in the service. A more interested listener I never beheld. One day I went with my wife to pay him a visit. He was stretched on his mat. His Testament was close to his side. His hymn-book was in his hand, and we saw that his attention had been riveted on the following verses :

“ Of all that decks the field or bower,
Thou art the fairest, sweetest flower ;

Then, blessed Jesus, let not me
In thy kind heart forgotten be.

Day after day youth's joys decay,
Death waits to seize the trembling prey ;
Then, blessed Jesus, let not me
In thy kind heart forgotten be.'

When we left his tent, my wife said to me, with great emotion, 'There lies an heir of glory ; for though, like Lazarus, he is full of sores, like Lazarus also he is rich in assured hope.'

"Soon after this, the spirit of this afflicted but happy youth took its flight, as we have every reason to believe, to the bosom of his Saviour—rescued by the English from the hands of the cruel Khonds, and rescued from eternal ruin through his having been sold to them for the purpose of being sacrificed. How wonderful are the ways of Providence !"

CHAPTER XII.

TRICKS OF HINDOO PRIESTS—SUPERSTITIONS
OF THE PEOPLE.

THE tricks of the priests are numerous, are often very ingenious, and are at all times very wicked. A late head catechist of one of the missionaries was, before his conversion, the priest of a temple. A man, from whom about one thousand rupees' worth of jewels and similar things had been stolen, came to this priest, and promised to reward him well if he would detect the thief and secure to him the restoration of his property. The priest promised to comply with his wishes; and in order to effect his purpose, he had drums beaten through the village, and proclaimed that at a certain time he would hold a meeting and de-

tect the thief. At the appointed time, a large concourse of people assembled, the priest, appearing in the midst of them with a cocoa-nut bound around with saffron-coloured cords. He then told them that if, after putting down the cocoa-nut, it should move of its own accord towards him, they might know that he would be able certainly to detect the thief; and added, that after it had thus moved, it would pursue the offender, and follow him until it would break his head. He then performed certain ceremonies calculated to awaken superstitious feelings in the minds of the people, and laid the cocoa-nut down at a little distance from him. To the great amazement of all present, it began to move towards the priest, and continued to move until it reached his feet. This being done, he told the people that they might conclude from what they had seen, that the cocoa-nut would follow the thief until it would break his head. He consented, however, to give him a little grace—to spare his life until the next day: adding his advice, that the thief, whoever he might

be, had better come to him privately, and tell him where the property was. In the dead of the night a tap was heard at the door of the priest; the thief presented himself, and delivered up the property. The priest received a present from the owner of the property, and rewarded the thief for his promptness. After this man was converted, he was asked how he contrived to make the cocoa-nut move towards him. "Why, sir," he answered, "if you will carefully divide a cocoa-nut, scoop out the kernel from one-half of it, enclose a strong lively rat, put the parts of the cocoa-nut together, and bind the whole with saffron-cords, to prevent the crack being seen, and then place it on a declivity previously prepared, it is clear that if you place yourself at the foot of this declivity, the rat will twirl the cocoa-nut, and cause it to descend until it reaches your feet."

The people of India are very superstitious. It is said that no act, however good it may be, if performed on Sunday, will succeed. Some will not eat at all on Sunday, until they have

seen a certain bird—the bird on which the god Vishnoo rides. If a man has his hair cut on Tuesday, he will become poor. Even to worship the gods on Wednesday is bad. If a person takes medicine on Thursday, his sickness will be increased. Should he lend anything on Friday, he will lose his property. If he should buy a new cloth on Saturday, take it home, and keep it there, death may be the consequence. Should he die on this day, some other member of the family will die on the following week.

If the foundation of a house is laid in June, the destruction of that house will follow. Should a family enter a new house in March, some member of the family will die. If a marriage is celebrated in September, the husband and wife will fight with each other.

Should a thunderbolt fall on a house, or a vulture alight on it, some evil will befall the people living in it. If a crow should strike any person on the head with its wings, some of his relations will die. Should a cat or a snake cross his path, it would be an indica-

tion of evil. In the latter case, one of his relations will die. If, when returning home, a person should meet him bearing a light, a quarrel will be the result.

After a person has left his house, should he meet a single Brahmin, or a woman who has had her head shaved, or a dumb or a blind man, or a washerman or a barber, the object for which he left would not succeed. Or, when going out, should he hit his head against the top of the door-frame, or should any one ask him where he was going, or should he happen to sneeze, he would consider these things as hindrances to his going, and re-enter the house.

Should a son or a daughter be born on the new moon in April, they will become thieves. If a person is born under the planet Saturn, he will be slandered, his riches will be dissipated, and his wife, son, and friends will be destroyed. He will also be at variance with others, and endure many sufferings. Should he be born under the planet Mars, he will be full of anxious thoughts, be impris-

oned, and oppressed with fear from robbers, fire, etc. He also will lose his lands, trees, and good name.

If a person dreams that a monkey has bitten him, he will die in six months; or if he dreams that bedbugs, in large numbers, are creeping over his body to bite him, he will die in eight days. Should he dream that a dog has bitten him, he will die in three years; or should he dream that a dead person has appeared to him and spoken to him, he will die immediately.

If a man has a little head, he will become rich. If he has a large head, he will be poor. If his forehead is wide, he will live a hundred years. If he has a small neck, he will be a murderer. If the second toe is long, he will be a bad man. If a woman has curly hair, she will not prosper. If her nose is long, she will have a good disposition. If her ear is wide, she will tell falsehoods. If she has a mole on her nose, she will be subject to anger; if on her lips, she will be learned; if on the eye-brows, she will be cunning.

We might continue to fill a number of pages with things of the same description ; but only one instance more will be given. On a certain night in the month of November, the people will not look at the moon. The reason assigned for this is as follows. Once, when the elephant-faced god Pulliar was dancing before the gods, the moon laughed at him, and told him that he had a large stomach, and ear like a winnowing-fan. This so enraged him, that he cursed her. This curse was inflicted on the night above mentioned.

How does the wretchedness of a people show itself where the Bible is unknown ! If this blessed book did no more than remove the temporal miseries of men, how invaluable would it be ! Of how much more value, then, is it, in reference to the removal of their spiritual miseries !

CHAPTER XIII.

SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE
HINDOOS.

FOR more than one hundred years Protestant missionaries have laboured in India. The results have been very blessed. A land once covered with moral darkness, has now in it many a bright spot. Thousands of the heathen have forsaken their idols, and have become believers in Jesus. In their hearts the same faith, love, peace, and hope are felt; and in their lives the same zeal, devotedness, and consistency are seen, as are manifested by believers in our own land. When the Holy Spirit converts the heathen they are brought to trust in the same God, to love the same Saviour, and to show the same Christian graces and tempers, and to enjoy the same hope in

death, as do those who were born into a more privileged condition. It may be said of them as of others, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Matt. vii. 16.

There are nearly seven hundred Protestant clergymen and ministers labouring in India at the present time. Their work is chiefly missionary. Besides these, there are thousands of native catechists, schoolmasters, and other assistants, raised up from among the converts; and native Christian churches and schoolhouses now stand on spots once wholly given up to idolatry.

From the wide missionary field of India we will glean a few facts, to show the nature and the results of the good work.

THE CONVERTED SEPOY.

A native named Taj-Khan, had grown old as a sepoy. Sepoy is the name given to one who engages as a soldier in the English service. One day he went to hear a missionary preach, at a place not far from where he lived.

What he then heard, made him wish to know more about the Christian religion. Some tracts were given him; and by the reading of these, together with the preaching, he was led to feel himself a lost sinner, and that he needed just such a Saviour as Christ. At his baptism, he received the name of Nathanael.

The new convert was mocked and opposed by his fellow soldiers. They declared that he was a disgrace to the army, because he had changed his religion; but he bore all with meekness and patience, and sought to "overcome evil with good." His holy and gentle behaviour at last turned his opposers into admirers and friends.

His first concern was for the conversion of his wife. He longed to bring her to the knowledge of the Saviour. As she sat spinning, he placed himself by her side, and read the Scriptures, or a tract to her, and then asked her to walk with him to hear the missionary. Through God's blessing on his efforts, he had the joy of seeing his wife a disciple of Christ.

Next, he wished to go among his family and former neighbours. He got leave of absence from the army for this purpose, and, taking with him a supply of Scriptures and tracts, he went to his native village, where he made known to his friends and former neighbours that he was a Christian, and called on them to renounce their false ways, and to believe in Jesus, that they might find pardon of their sins.

Not many days after his arrival, he was taken ill. He now gave away his books even more freely, and addressed his brothers. To one brother, who could read well, he gave his copy of the New Testament, begging of him to prize it, for it was the book of God. Thus, while engaged in doing good in his native village, among those he knew, the converted sepoy was called to his rest.

THE DYING SCRIPTURE READER.

Vanketswammy was a native convert, employed by the missionaries to read the Bible

to the Hindoos, but who at his baptism received the names of Thomas Kilpin. He married a young woman, called Lucy, from a Christian mission school. They lived very happily together; they had one little boy, in whom they took great delight.

Thomas used to go on considerable journeys to assist the missionaries in their work of Bible distribution. When on one of these tours he caught cold. It was hoped that he would soon get better; but he became increasingly worse, and in a few months he was laid on his dying bed. His only concern now was that he must leave his wife and child. As Lucy sat by his side, he looked at her with much tenderness, and said, "Do not cry, Lucy; I am going to heaven. I am quite happy. God, our God, will take care of you and the child: only keep close to him. Our missionary and his wife will be father and mother to you; but, oh! take care to bring up our boy for Jesus. It is Jesus who now makes me happy. If I had never heard of him, nor loved him, I could not die in peace. O Lucy,

never let our child worship idols ; bring him up for Jesus." And thus, after speaking some other words of comfort and instruction he fell asleep in Jesus.

THE ONE LEAF.

A caravan was crossing to the north of India, and numbered in its company a devoted missionary. As it passed along, a poor old Hindoo was overcome by the heat and toil of the journey, and sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and, kneeling down at his side, when the rest had passed along, whispered into his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself to reply, and with a great effort said, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin ;" and then expired. The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer, and in the calm and peaceful appearance of the man, felt assured that he had died in Christ. "How, or where," he thought, "could this man, seemingly a heathen, have

got this hope?" And as he thus thought, he saw a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the dead body, which he succeeded in getting out. What were his surprise and delight when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the first Epistle of John, in which these words occur! On that page the man had found the gospel of his salvation.

In India, where the number of missionaries is so few, compared with the millions of heathens to be enlightened, religious tracts are found of the greatest importance. Where there is no living teacher, the *printed page* may to some extent supply his place. The instances of conversion by this means are very numerous. Here is a delightful case in point.

BLESSED RESULTS FROM A SINGLE TRACT.

"The tract entitled 'The Heavenly Way,'" says Dr. Scudder, of Madras, "was given to

a young man at one of the public markets. He read it; was convinced of the folly of idolatry; came to me for the purpose of obtaining a more full knowledge of Christianity; received instruction; and became, as I hope, a true follower of the Redeemer. But this is not all the good which this tract has been the means of doing. Through it the little brother of this young man became connected with one of my schools, and also attended church. After he had attended preaching for some time, he begged me to admit him to a profession of his faith. As he was quite young, not eleven years old, I hesitated to receive him. In this, perhaps, I did wrong. He never openly joined the church on earth. He, however, soon went to join the church in heaven. He was attacked with cholera, and died. In India, when children are very ill, the father or mother take up a cocoa-nut, or a few plantains, and run to the temple, and say, 'Swammie (the name given to the idol), if you will cure my little boy or little girl, I will give you this cocoa-nut, or these plan-

tains.' The mother of this little boy saw that he was in great danger, and she told him that she wished to go and make offerings to one of her idols, in order that he might get well. But he requested her not to go. 'I do not worship idols,' said he; 'I worship Christ, my Saviour. If he is pleased to spare me a little longer in the world, it will be well; if not, I shall go to him.' The last words which he uttered were, 'I am going to Christ the Lord,' and then he died. Through the instrumentality of the same tract, also, the young woman, who afterwards married the brother (the original receiver of the tract), was converted; and, to crown all, the hoary-headed father, after having bowed his knees for half a century before idols, was, through its means, brought to yield his heart to the Saviour."

THE HINDOO AND THE TRACTS.

Futika was a native of Bengal, and by trade a weaver. He had been a strict idolater. One

day a Christian tract was given to him. He read it, and it led him to see that his old heathenish ways were wrong and sinful, and that, if he could get more little books, they might teach him the right way to heaven. He sought and obtained others, and was so pleased with them, that he went among his friends to tell them about the good news. He then left his home and travelled to Serampore, to find out the missionaries who gave the tracts away. It was a long journey, but he arrived safely at the place. He went up and down the streets, inquiring for the good people who gave away tracts. Among other places he called at the house of a great man, thinking he might be able to tell him; but the door-keeper seized him by the neck and drove him from the yard. His grief was heavy, that he could not find the servants of Yisoo Chreest, (Jesus Christ,) and at last he was obliged to go back to his village, having spent all his money. Still, his mind was not at rest; the tracts had shown him the folly of bowing down to idols, and he longed to know more of the

true way of salvation. After some months had passed away, he left his home again, along with two friends, whose minds had also been impressed by the tracts. They walked to Serampore, and asked for the place where the new shastres (or books) were printed. Some of the Hindoos abused them for wishing to change their religion; others mocked them; and many threatened to do them harm; but no one would direct them to the place they wished to go to.

At length they came near the door of the mission-house, and a Brahmin, hearing them inquire for the Christian teachers, began to dispute with them. This caused a clamour, which was heard by a native assistant as he passed along: he went to them, took them by the hand, and led them into the house.

Futika was full of joy, and he and his friends remained in the place five days. The tracts Futika carried home with him were his delight. His mother, sister, and friends now began to show their rage; and the head man of the village collected a mob and went to his

house. All the men, women, and children of the village now ran to the spot. Some hissed and mocked; others threw dust on him, and rubbed his eyes and stopped his ears with mud. "If you will worship the gods," they said, "we will let you go." But Futika refused to return to idolatry.

The crowd took away his Testament and tore it up; then, rushing into his house, they seized his much-loved tracts and destroyed them also. This was a sad loss to Futika; still, he remained firm and patient under their insults. Finding they could not terrify him, they next dragged him to the idol temple and tied him to a pillar; and here he remained until the evening, when he was set at liberty.

After this, Futika left his village and went to live at Serampore, where he was engaged in the service of the mission. Among his Christian friends he remained, till among them he died in the faith.

Many years have passed since Futika was brought to the knowledge of Jesus Christ,

through the reading of tracts ; since then, millions of these publications have been given away to poor idolaters in different parts of India, and many have been the instances of the spiritual good done by them.

HINDOO AFFECTION.

The gratitude and affection of the native converts to their Christian teachers are often most touchingly displayed, as the following little story will show :—

In the autumn of the year 1854, the health of Mr. Hume, a missionary in Bombay, became so feeble that he was obliged to leave the station at which he had laboured for about fifteen years. He was so weak that he was carried on board the ship and laid in a bed. He and his family were much beloved by the people whom they had taught, many of whom had been brought from the worship of idols to the blessings of a Christian life.

The day when they left their station was a day of sorrow to many hearts. The peo-

ple followed them through the streets, and with tears and cries showed their grief. The ship was anchored for the night at some distance from the shore; and, so eager were these people to stay as long as possible with their beloved teachers, that many went off in little boats, and a crowd collected on the deck of the ship. They stopped till night was coming on, when they were told that they must return to their homes.

One woman begged so earnestly to stay and assist in undressing the children, and making ready for the night, that she was allowed to do so. After the children had retired, and Mrs. Hume was sitting alone in the cabin, this poor woman came and sat down beside her on the floor. She then kissed her feet, and wept. Looking up into her face with a sad earnestness she said, "Madam Sahib (a term of great respect), once there was a great tree, a beautiful tree; and God was pleased to raise its head higher than any of the trees. It had many great branches, many little branches, and many,

many blossoms. All the people round about gathered under the shade of this tree. The fowls of the air and the little birds built their nests, and laid their eggs, and hatched their young among these branches ; and here they sang, and were so happy, oh ! so happy." Here she stopped and wept. Lifting her head, however, she soon continued : " But it pleased the Lord to send a great storm, and to lay this tree low, and its branches were cast on the ground, and all the people were scattered ; and the birds hovered around, making a mournful cry, not knowing where to find a resting-place for the soles of their feet ; and the eggs were broken, and all was distress." Here she again stopped and wept. Then, with the most tender expression, she took hold of Mrs. Hume's arm, and pointing towards the inner cabin, where Mr. Hume was lying, she said, " Madam Sahib, THERE LIES THAT TREE." The pious missionary died soon afterwards.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GOOD WORK AMONG THE CHILDREN
OF THE HINDOOS.

THE schools formed in India by the missionaries have wrought great changes. About fifty years ago, it was thought a very strange thing indeed for girls to be taught at all. Mrs. Wilson was one of the first to collect the female children of the natives of this country, and to give them instruction. An account has been given by a lady, who went to see her school some years ago, and which is still of so much interest as to claim insertion here.

“ I went with Mrs. Wilson, at nine o'clock this morning, to the native girls' school, and found thirteen met together. I spoke to the children in their own language, and asked if they would attend regularly to be taught by

that lady. They said they would most gladly. Many of their female friends stood without the lattice-work, looking in. The children then repeated their alphabet, and after they had gone over a few of the letters several times, we moved to come away ; but the children, particularly Monachee and Ponehee, pointed out their mothers, and Ponehee her grandmother, and begged I would speak to them." The lady then gave the history of what passed in her conversation with their parents, in which she told them that Mrs. Wilson was not seeking the riches of this world, but wished to promote their best interests ; and they said, with one voice, " What a pearl of a woman is this !"

About a week afterwards, the same lady went again, and she wrote : " Yesterday being a great day among the natives, the children had not got into good order ; those who were present welcomed us with joy, and set to work with their alphabets. I had taken my granddaughter Anna, who is between five and six years of age, with us, at the sight of whom all

the children appeared delighted. When I told them she could read our Scriptures, they were surprised.

“ They again pointed out their mothers, looking in. I went up to them. After a while, Monachee’s mother asked, ‘ What will be the use of learning to our female children ?’ I said, ‘ It will enable them to be more useful in their families and increase their knowledge, and it is to be hoped that it will tend also to gain respect in families and increase their affection.’ ‘ True,’ said one of them, ‘ our husbands look on us as little better than brutes. And what benefit will you derive from this work ?’ I replied, ‘ The only return that we wish is to promote your best interests and happiness.’ ‘ Then,’ said the woman, ‘ I suppose this is a holy work in your sight, and well-pleasing to God.’ I said in return, ‘ God is always well-pleased that we should love and do good to our fellow creatures :’ for they are not yet able to understand our motives. That is, they know nothing of the love of Christ, which constrains Christians to spend

their lives in his service. They thought only of doing right in order to gain some advantage by it.

“The ladies afterwards visited some of the families in their own homes. ‘In the last house,’ says the writer, ‘we had no chair to sit on ; and Ponehee’s mother said : ‘ You know we do not use such things, and think ourselves well off if we have a mat to sit upon,’ but they found a little stool for Anna, with whom they were greatly delighted. We did not attempt to go further than the entrance of their houses, for they would probably have had to wash all the floor over again if we had entered. Though the huts, or cottages, consisted only of mud walls and floors, with thatched roofs, yet all was clean and neat ; and the style is the same whether in a palace or a cottage. Within a matted enclosure the poor have several little huts ; the outer is used for cooking and eating, (on account of the heat, probably,) and in the inner ones they sleep.

The missionaries in India have found it best, as living there is very cheap, to take the scho-

lars altogether under their care—to board and clothe them, where they are orphans, or if their parents are willing to part with them; and by this means they learn more than they could do as day-scholars, and are kept out of the way of heathen society. But this plan requires a great deal of care and trouble on the part of their teachers, though they are often repaid by the improvement of their youthful pupils. One of the most useful of their schools, or seminaries, was that at Palamedtah, and many interesting anecdotes are related of it. Once, after the holidays, the lads in that school were encouraged to invite any little girls in their families to come with them; and, on their return, about twenty came, who were mostly their own sisters or cousins. So a girl's school was opened for them, under the care of Mrs. Schmidt, a missionary's wife. The situation is thus described:—"The house is built, as most of the houses here are, of raw bricks. It contains a hall, six rooms, and four small verandahs, or open spaces, with two chambers. On the east side is the kitchen,

with three rooms, and six smaller for poultry and stores. On the west there are stables, a pigeon-house, a bathing room with a small tank near it, and two huts. The house and principal outhouses are tiled: the rest are covered with large leaves. There is a fruit and vegetable garden, with a number of cocoa-nut, mango, and other trees, and vines."

One of the little girls in this place was very attentive and serious, and was never known to be guilty of any fault. When she was at home for the holidays, she took some girls, smaller than herself, round her upon the sand, and repeated to them a part of her Catechism which relates to the sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ. Another child, who died very happily, was fond, in her last illness, of listening to the history of the death of Christ. She said, "The Lord Jesus has suffered and died for me, therefore he will not reject me." Once, a number of the girls were seen talking together; and, when asked what they were speaking of, one of the eldest said, that it was about going home for the holidays; and that

she had told them to behave well at home, not to join in the evil ways of the village girls, but to speak and do that which would be pleasing to the Lord.

This school was opened about five years after Mrs. Wilson had arrived in India, and many others had sprung up, one by one, in other places. Mrs. Wilson had also seen a great improvement in the children about her. In one of her letters she said, "When I first came, they appeared to have no idea of anything but money and dress; now, however, they often remind me that they have no work-bag, needle-case, or scissors. Many young ladies could give a mite in this way, by their own industry, who have not money to bestow. Children's little cheap books, Watts's 'First Catechism,' and 'Hymns for Children,' wooden pencil cases, common dolls, and ladies' work of any kind, would be acceptable." This call was attended to, and collections of this kind are now often made for this purpose in England.

The idea of learning to sew was not much

liked at first ; but, after a while, they were ready to complain, "What ! no work for us to-day?" One teacher wrote: "We had taken some articles of clothing, which the ladies in Calcutta were preparing to send to the distressed settlers at the Cape. When the scholars heard for whom this work was intended, and how much the poor people had suffered, they were greatly concerned, and asked, 'Why do they not come here? They would get plenty to eat.' I said, 'Would you not be very glad to assist them?' They replied, 'Yes; but we are so poor that we have nothing to give.' I said, 'Some ladies in England work for the poor.' They said, 'Oh, we can work for them;' and six girls finished what was given without receiving any pay, as they were used to do."

About the same time, one girl of eleven years old taught her two elder sisters at home to read; and another of the same age taught her little sister to repeat the Catechism. By degrees, the higher classes of natives also became willing that their children should be

taught. The girls also learned the folly of praying to idols, and in many cases both parents and children were converted to God.

Since that happy day when Mrs. Wilson gathered for the first time a few Hindoo girls around her, the good work has gone on, and thousands of girls are now under a course of instruction. They learn out of the same books as English children, only put into the native tongue. They read the "Dairyman's Daughter," the "Young Cottager," and the "Pilgrim's Progress," which have been put into their language for their use; and, above all, they have been taught to read the best of books—the Bible. That holy book has led many of them to the Saviour, for pardon through his precious blood; and some have died rejoicing in him as their only hope.

HINDOO BOYS' SCHOOL.

The missionaries, after they had been for some time at their work among the Hindoos, found the need of native helpers; but how to

obtain them was the difficulty. They talked on the subject, and prayed; when they thought, if they could take charge of some of the poor orphan children and teach them, they might, through the blessing of God, grow up to be useful to their country in various ways.

It happened about the same time that there had been a great famine in this part of India. Many parents had died from want, leaving their little children without any to care for them among their own people. Other parents sold their children for a few pence, to get rid of the burden, and to provide themselves with a little supply of food.

When the orphans were first brought to the missionaries, they were poor, sickly, dirty children, and their habits and sins were very bad. They had no regard for truth—no feeling of honesty. Often they ran away, stealing anything they could carry off belonging to the missionaries, and it seemed almost impossible to teach them to read or work.

The missionaries, however, went on in faith and prayer, and after a time they had the

pleasure of seeing many of their scholars clean, industrious, orderly, moral, and even pious. They were taught different trades; some were very clever at weaving carpets, and others became good tailors.

Let us now peep into a mission school for boys; and a worthy missionary shall be our guide. We will go through that narrow passage, says he, which will bring us into a room where some Hindoo lads are learning to be blacksmiths. Here are eight of them, with their master, engaged in making bolts, locks, and screws, almost as readily as English workmen would do. One boy, who blows the bellows, is blind; but he has so good a memory, that he can repeat by heart almost the whole of the Gospel of St. Matthew. Before he was put to this trade, he went with the other boys into the school, and learned what he heard them read.

Now let us turn to the left, and visit the boys' rooms. But, first, call in on the south side; there is the most interesting room in the whole house. It is where they make carpets.

They are now weaving one, about sixteen feet square, with red flowers on a white ground. You know that the thread is wound on two large round pieces of wood, which are turned one over the other, and so the cloth is woven. And there is a pattern, which shows how many threads they must take or leave, according to the lines in the pattern, such as little girls at home have for work in Berlin wool. The work is easier than it might seem to be, and is not troublesome, even for small boys.

Close to this room is another, where two boys prepare types for the printing press. We are now on the left side of the house, and here are thirty-five boys employed in setting the letters for printing. They print books and other things, and have now 5000 Psalters and a prayer book in Hindostani, in progress. When these are ready, they will prepare another edition of the New Testament, and of the translation of Dr. Barth's "Bible Stories." But perhaps you will ask why these orphan boys are taught so many different trades. There are three reasons for this.

One is, that they may be used to labour, and avoid idleness, which is the beginning of all mischief; another is, that by their work they may do something for the support of this institution; and, in the third place, to provide for their own wants hereafter. All these trades are necessary. At home, an orphan may be apprenticed to a Christian master, to learn his trade. This cannot be done here; for no heathen master will take a Christian apprentice. And if such would take our boys, the good seed that is sown in their hearts might very soon be choked. So we must teach our boys and girls how to get their own living.

Having left the printers, we must go into the school-room for a little while. Here it is, in this hall we have just entered. You sit down by a class of ten boys, who are learning English. This is to prepare them to become, by the blessing of God, native teachers, and helpers to the missionaries. There is one tall boy who has but one eye, having lost the other in a most painful way: it became in-

flamed by a burning application from a heathen physician. The poor boy then suffered severely ; but we may hope that the eyes of his understanding are opened, for he reads his Bible and says he loves the Saviour. We call him Elisha. These boys are taught English, geography, Scripture, and general history, arithmetic, and much that will be useful to them hereafter. In this class, and in all the rest, religious instruction is the chief concern, and most of these boys are very well informed as to the word of God. There was once a pundit, or native teacher, set over them as a master, but his place is now filled by the older school-boys. These boys understand English, and are skilled in teaching.

The other boys are taught Hindostani, as are those who work in the different trades, and meet in the evening for instruction ; so that they learn and labour by turns. But we cannot leave the school without noticing one droll little fellow, who has not been here long. He is almost as broad as he is high, but has a nice, open-looking face. Some days ago, he

went into the printing-room with a large Bible under his arm. Some one asked him, "Which is the greatest, you or your book?" He said, "The book; for it is the word of God." But he could not read it then; though his greatest delight was to get a number of boys round him, and talk to them. He has much improved in this school, and so have many other boys.

Now we pass out through the south gate, between two rows of small houses, forming a village. Some of them belong to youths who have been pupils in the school. Their houses are small, about fourteen feet wide and nine deep, with verandahs round them. How much cleaner and better they are than the dirty huts of the natives! Here is a school for very little children, taught by an affectionate, and, we trust, a truly pious orphan girl. She understands English and German, and she desires to use all her talents to promote the glory of God.

Every Sunday there is public worship in the church twice, and another service for the

children. On Wednesday morning there is a prayer-meeting, and in the evening a missionary meeting. Every morning and evening there is family worship with the orphans. When the whole congregation assemble, the church is nearly filled. Remember these poor children in your prayers; and recollect that though they have Christian friends to teach and to care for them, they have not all the advantages that you enjoy.

THE PEARL.

The blessed effects of Christian instruction among the young was seen in a Hindoo youth. Though much opposed by his parents and friends, he openly made known his love to Jesus. His parents told him that they did not send him to the school to become a Christian, but only to learn useful knowledge. He then wrote them a letter, in which he said—

“Dear Parents—Six years ago you sent me down to the sea-shore to gather oysters. Other parents also sent their sons. After

gathering them for a long time, and thinking them only oysters, my eyes were opened, and made me see that these oysters contained pearls. I said to myself, ' My parents did not send me here to seek for pearls, and perhaps they will be displeased if I take them ; but what shall I do ? I see they are of great value ; and shall I cast them away because they did not send me for them ? or because they will be angry if I take them ? ' "

The people in the east use many figures when they speak and write. The young man meant, by this illustration or figure, to show his parents, that though they did not send him to school to obtain religion, yet, when he saw its value, he could not do otherwise than embrace it.

We see how the converted heathen youth regard that religion with which we are trying to make them acquainted. Though once so dark and ignorant, when Christ and his blessed truths are made known to them, many of them see their great value, and believe in them with all their hearts. How beautiful the thought

of the young man ! A *pearl* he had found, and so precious it was, that he would gather it for his own, though father and mother and friends should upbraid him for it. A father's smile, a mother's love, were as dear to him as they are to us ; but dearer to him was that Saviour whom he found when he expected it not.

Many other interesting facts could be recorded, both of old and young converts ; but we must close our little book. We have first seen this people in their heathen state, in all their gross ignorance and wickedness ; and then, in contrast, we have beheld some of the cheering first-fruits of the gospel among them. May our young readers ponder these things ; and, as they think of their Christian privileges, may they without delay seek peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ, lest these words should be fulfilled in their melancholy experience : “ Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of

heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness." Matthew viii. 12, 13.

But may we not hope that, having first given themselves to Jesus, and, prompted by sincere love to him, and compassion for the souls of the people of India, they will seek to give them the same gospel which is their own best inheritance? Oh, help to send them missionaries, Bibles, and Christian books and tracts. Pray that the labours of the servants of God may be crowned with success; and *labour*, if grace calls you to the work, to make known the blessed truth, that "GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVER-LASTING LIFE." John iii. 16.

THE END.

