

CHEAP TRACTS, No. 13.

(Second Edition.)

DEPLORABLE EFFECTS OF
HEATHEN
SUPERSTITION,

AS MANIFESTED BY

The Natives of Hindoostan,

IN

Pilgrimages to their Idols—Burning of Widows,
Treatment of Women,—
Murdering their Female Children, &c.

The dark places of the earth are full of horrid cruelty.



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Heathen Superstition.

BRITAIN, doubtless, holds a high and distinguished place among the nations, as to the CIVIL rights its Inhabitants enjoy; and when we further consider her state as to RELIGION, as being a land on which the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS has long shined, and where its divine effulgence is enjoyed, and in a great degree appreciated—this distinction is still more remarkable. These high privileges, however, from the very circumstance of their undisturbed and abundant enjoyment, we are very apt not to value according to their immense importance; and there is nothing so much calculated to make us feel the importance of these privileges, than making a comparison of our circumstances with the state of those who have not enjoyed the benign influence of Christianity;—where gross darkness covers the people, and whose habitations are the abodes of horrid cruelty;—having no hope, and without God in the world. On such a contrast we cannot fail to be made more sensible of the benefits we enjoy, and more grateful to the Great Disposer of events, for casting our lot in these highly favoured lands.

When, for instance, we turn our attention to the East, and contemplate the degraded state of that portion of the human race who inhabit the country of Hindoostan, where upwards of ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS of our fellow creatures, under the influence of a most debasing and cruel superstition, in a land which has been characterised as full of dead idols, heathen temples, priests innumerable, are practising abominable idolatries; their God a log of wood, or a monkey; no Saviour but the Ganges. Among these idolaters no bibles are found; no sabbaths; no congregation for religious instruction in any form; no house for God. Under the influence of this awful fanaticism they undertake long pilgrimages to their favourite idol, frequently leaving the miserable remains of hundreds to feed the jackalls and vultures. Under this influence, too, natural affection is extinguished, and the son is but too often the instrument in kindling the fuel which is to consume his living mother with the remains of her deceased husband. Instigated by the demon of superstition, mothers have been seen casting their living offspring amongst a number of alligators, and standing to gaze at these monsters quarrelling for their prey, beholding the writhing infant in the jaws of the successful animal, and standing motionless while it was breaking the bones and sucking the blood of the poor innocent. How much, in such an instance, is the affecting language of Scripture outraged; "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on

the infant of her womb?" Yes; while we see the cow butting with her horns, and threatening the person who dares to approach her young, we see WOMAN in India, (at Saugur Island,) throwing her living child in the outstretched jaws of the alligator!* At that awful and affecting moment, too, when body and soul are parting—and when those under the influence of our benevolent religion, are paying every attention which affection can suggest, to soothe the pangs of death, at such a time the Hindoo is hurried to the side of the Ganges, or some other sacred river, where he is laid, in the agonies of death, exposed to the burning sun by day, and to the dews and cold by night; he is laid on the earth, and there immersed up to the middle in the stream, while his relations stand round tormenting him, in these his last moments, with superstitious rites, and increasing a hundredfold the pangs of death.

But if christianity has greatly conduced to raise the moral character of Man—it has in a very great degree retrieved that of woman from the degraded state in which heathenism places her; and in no country is their situation more debased than in Hindostan. The anxiety of the Hindoo to obtain a son, who may present the funeral offerings, upon which he supposes his future happiness to depend, and the expenses attending the support and marriage of girls, makes the birth of a female an unwelcome event;

* See Ward's Farewell Letters.

hence the sex in India come into the world frowned upon by their parents and relations. Indeed in one of the Hindoo tribes, that of the rajpoots, it is customary to *destroy every female when born*, and the parents, it is believed, are the murderers, and now not one female child survives. The boys marry in the tribe next in rank to them.

To the Hindoo female all education is denied by the positive injunction of their Scriptures, and by the general voice of the population. With female domestic employment they have as little to do as with learning, and the Hindoo girl therefore spends the first ten years of her life in perfect idleness, in the house of her father. Supposing her to be married she remains a prisoner and a slave in the house of her husband. They know nothing of the advantages of liberal intercourse with mankind, the females are treated in that, as if they were not rational beings, and are consequently the willing victims of superstition and vice.

Ye Christian Women! what has the benign influence of the Gospel done for you. It calls upon you, in a special manner, to exert all your sympathies in behalf of your sisterhood in heathen lands. And you have many opportunities of doing them good, by contributing of your substance. Many Societies exist who will be the means of conveying your bounty to those who are labouring in this good work, and who by the blessing of God upon their efforts, have done much in emancipating these victims of Su-

perstition from the thraldom of Satan. Of the fifty languages spoken in India, twenty-five have been acquired by the missionaries. Six hundred Hindoos have renounced their gods; fifty have become missionaries. Schools for children are earnestly solicited from the missionaries; and, moreover, the government of the country is now countenancing and aiding the labour of the missionaries.

HORRORS OF IDOL WORSHIP.

TOUR TO THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT, IN
THE YEAR 1826.

WE know that we are approaching Juggernaut, and yet we are more than fifty miles from it, by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the road. At this place we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps 2000 in number, who have come from various parts of Northern India. Some of them with whom I have conversed, say that they have been two months on their march, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them, who wish to die at Juggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road; and their bodies generally remain unburied. On the plain by the river, near the pilgrims' Caravansera at this place, there are

more than a hundred skulls. The dogs, jackals, and vultures seem to live here on human prey. The vultures exhibit a shocking tameness. The obscene animals will not leave the body sometimes till we come close to them. This Buddruck is a horrid place. Wherever I turn my eyes I meet death in some shape or other. Surely Juggernaut cannot be worse than Buddruck.

Many thousands of pilgrims have accompanied us for some days past. They cover the road before and behind as far as the eye can reach. At nine o'clock this morning, the Temple of Juggernaut appeared in view at a great distance. When the multitude first saw it, they gave a shout, and fell to the ground and worshipped. I have heard nothing to-day but shouts and acclamations by the successive bodies of pilgrims. From the place where I now stand I have a view of a host of people like an army, encamped at the outer gate of Juggernaut, where a guard of soldiers is posted to prevent their entering the town, until they have paid the pilgrim's tax.—I passed a devotee to-day who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Juggernaut by the length of his body, as a penance of merit to please the god.

A disaster has just occurred—As I approached the gate, the pilgrims crowded from all quarters around me, and shouted, as they usually did when I passed them on the road, an expression of welcome and respect. I was a little alarmed at their number, and looked round for my guard.

A guard of soldiers had accompanied me from Cuttack, the last military station ; but they were now a quarter of a mile behind, with my servants and the baggage. The pilgrims cried out that they were entitled to some indulgence, that they were poor, they could not pay the tax ; but I was not aware of their design. At this moment, when I was within a few yards of the gate, an old Sanyassee (or holy man,) who had travelled some days by the side of my horse, came up and said, 'Sir, you are in danger ; the people are to rush through the gate when it is opened for you. I immediately dismounted, and endeavoured to escape to one side ; but it was too late. The mob was now in motion, and with a tumultuous shout pressed violently towards the gate. The guard within, seeing my danger, opened it, and the multitude rushing through, carried me forward in the torrent a considerable space : so that I was literally borne into Juggernaut by the Hindoos themselves. A distressing scene followed. As the number and strength of the mob increased, the narrow way was choked up by the mass of people ; and I apprehended that many of them would have been suffocated, or bruised to death. My horse was yet among them. But suddenly one of the side posts of the gate, which was of wood, gave way and fell to the ground. And perhaps this circumstance alone prevented the loss of lives. Notice of the event was immediately communicated to the superintendant of the people, who repaired to the spot, and sent an additional guard

to the inner gate, lest the people should force that also; for there is an outer and inner gate to the town of Juggernaut; but they are both slightly constructed. Mr Hunter told me that similar accidents sometimes occur, and that many have been crushed to death by the pressure of the mob. He added, that sometimes a body of pilgrims, (consisting chiefly of women and children and old men,) trusting to the physical weight of their mass, will make, what he called, a charge on the armed guards, and overwhelm them; the guards not being willing, in such circumstances, to oppose their bayonets.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPLE.

I have seen Juggernaut. The scene at Budruck is but the vestibule to Juggernaut. No record of ancient or modern history can give, I think, an adequate idea of this valley of death; it may be truly compared with the valley of Hinnom. The idol called Juggernaut, has been considered as the Moloch of the present age; and he is justly so named, for the sacrifices offered up to him by self-devotement, are not less criminal, perhaps not less numerous, than those recorded of the Moloch of Canaan. Two other idols accompany Juggernaut, namely, BOLORAM and SHUBUDRA, his brother and sister; for there are THREE Deities worshipped here. They receive equal adoration, and sit on thrones of nearly equal height.

This morning I viewed the Temple; a stupendous fabric, and truly commensurate with the

extensive sway of 'the horrid king.' As other temples are usually adorned with figures emblematical of their religion, so Juggernaut has representations (numerous and varied) of that vice, which constitutes the essence of his worship. The walls and gates are covered with indecent emblems, in massive and durable sculpture.—I have also visited the sand plains by the sea, in some places whitened with the bones of the pilgrims; and another place a little way out of the town, called by the English, the Golgotha, where the dead bodies are usually cast forth; and where dogs and vultures are ever seen.

The grand Hindoo festival of the Rutt Jattrā, takes place on the 18th inst. when the idol is to be brought forth to the people. I resided during my stay at the house of the Company's collector of the tax on pilgrims, and superintendant of the people, formerly a student in the College of Fort-William; by whom I am hospitably entertained, and also by Captain Patten, and Lieut. Woodcock, commanding the military force. I was surprised to see how little they seemed to be moved by the scenes of Juggernaut. They said they were now so accustomed to them, they thought little of them. They had almost forgot their first impressions. Their houses are on the sea shore, about a mile from the temple. They cannot live nearer, on account of the offensive effluvia of the town. For, independently of the enormity of the superstition, there are circumstances which render Juggernaut noisome in an extreme degree. The senses are

assailed by the squalid and ghastly appearance of the famished pilgrims ; many of whom die in the streets of want or of disease ; while the devotees, with clotted hair and painted flesh, are seen practising their various amusements, and modes of self torture. Persons of both sexes, with little regard to concealment, sit down on the sands close to the town, in public view ; and the sacred bulls walk about among them and eat the ordure.

The vicinity of Juggernaut to the sea probably prevents the contagion, which otherwise would be produced by the putrefaction of the place. There is scarcely any verdure to refresh the sight near Juggernaut ; the temple and town being nearly encompassed by hills of sand, which have been cast up in the lapse of ages by the surge of the ocean. All is barren and desolate to the eye ; and in the ear there is the never intermitting sound of the roaring sea.

I have returned home from witnessing a scene which I shall never forget. At twelve o'clock of this day, being the great day of the feast, the Moloch of Hindoostan was brought out of his temple amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed upon his throne, a shout was raised by the multitude, such as I had never heard before. It continued equable for a few minutes, and then gradually died away. After a short interval of silence, a murmur was heard at a distance : all eyes were turned towards the place, and, behold a grove advancing. A body of

men having green branches, or palms, in their hands; approaching with great celerity. The people opened a way for them; and when they had come up to the throne, they fell down before him that sat thereon, and worshipped. And the multitude again set forth a voice 'like the sound of a great thunder.'—But the voices I now heard, were not those of melody or of joyful acclamation; for there is no harmony in the praise of Moloch's worshippers. The number, indeed, brought to my mind the countless multitude of the Revelations; but their voices gave no tuneful Hossanna or Hallelujah; but rather a yell of approbation, united with a kind of hissing applause.—I was at a loss to account for this latter noise, until I was directed to notice the women; who emitted a sound like that of whistling, with the lips circular, and the tongue vibrating: as if a serpent would speak by their organs, uttering human sounds.

The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply, as they turned slowly under the ponderous Machine. Attached to it were six cables, of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Thousands of men, women, and children pulled by each cable, crowded so closely that some could only use one hand. Infants are made to exert their strength in this office: for it is accounted a merit of righteousness to move the god. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol surrounding his

throne. I was told that there were about 120 persons on the car altogether. The idol is a block of wood having a frightful visage painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody colour. His arms are of gold and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols are of a white and yellow colour.—Five elephants preceded the three towers, and having bells hanging to their caparisons, which sounded musically as they moved.

I went on in the procession, close by the tower of Moloch; which, as it was drawn with difficulty, grated on its many wheels harsh thunder. After a few minutes it stopped; and now the worship of the god began.—A high-priest mounted on the car in front of the idol, and pronounced his obscene stanzas in the ears of the people; who responded at intervals in the strain. ‘These songs,’ said he, ‘are the delight of the god. His car can only move when he is pleased with the song.—The car moved on a little way, and then stopped. A boy about twelve years was then brought forth to attempt something yet more lascivious, if peradventure the god would move. The child perfected the praise of his idol with such ardent expression and gesture, that the god was pleased, and the multitude emitting a sensual yell of delight, urged the car along—After a few minutes it stopped again. An aged minister of the idol then stood up, and with a long rod in his hand, which he moved with indecent action, completed the variety of this disgusting exhibition.—I felt a conscious-

ness of doing wrong in witnessing it. I was also somewhat appalled at the magnitude and horror of the spectacle; I felt like a guilty person, on whom all eyes were fixed, and I was about to withdraw. But a scene of a different kind was now to be presented. The characteristics of Moloch's worship are obscenity and blood. We have seen the former. Now comes the blood.'

After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to smile when the libation of blood is made. The people threw cowries, or small money, on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time, and was then carried to the Golgotha, where I have just been viewing his remains. How much I wished that the Proprietors of India Stock could have attended the wheels of Juggernaut, and seen this peculiar source of their revenue.

The horrid solemnities still continue. Yesterday a woman devoted herself to the idol. She laid herself down on the road in an oblique direction, so that the wheel did not kill her instantaneously, as is generally the case; but she died in a few hours. This morning as I passed

the place of skulls, nothing remained of her but her bones.

And this, thought I, is the worship of the Brahmins of Hindoestan, and their worship in the sublimest degree! What then shall we think of their private manners, and their moral principles! - For it is equally true of India as of Europe;—If you would know the state of the people, look at the state of the Temple.

As to the number of worshippers assembled here at this time, no accurate calculation can be made. The natives themselves, when speaking of the numbers at particular festivals, usually say that a lack of people (10,000) would not be missed. I asked a Brahmin how many he supposed were present at the most numerous festivals he had ever witnessed. 'How can I tell,' said he 'how many grains there are in a handful of sand?'

The languages spoken there are various, as there are Hindoos from every country in India: but the two chief languages in use by those who are resident, are the Orissa and the Telinga. The border of the Telinga Country is only a few miles distant from the Tower of Juggernaut.

I felt my mind relieved and happy when I had passed beyond the confines of Juggernaut. I certainly was not prepared for the scene. But no one can know what it is who has not seen it. —From an eminence, on the pleasant banks of the Chilka Lake (where no human bones are seen,) I had a view of the lofty tower of Juggernaut far remote; and while I viewed it, its abomina-

tions came to mind. It was on the morning of the Sabbath. Ruminating long on the wide and extended empire of Moloch in the heathen world, I cherished in my thoughts the design of some 'Christian Institution,' which, being fostered by Britain, my Christian country, might gradually undermine this baleful idolatry, and put out the memory of it for ever.

SUTTEE, OR WIDOW-BURNING.

I was last September an eye-witness to the Gentoo woman burning with her husband; and as I stood by all the time, and took notes of all that passed, you may depend upon the following narration to be strictly true; I mean the ceremonies that were used by these people, who had always got their bread by their labour, and indeed were so very poor, that their son was obliged to go from house to house to beg fire-wood to burn them with: the richer people are more curious, and have their piles made of a sweet scented wood called Sandal, and much larger than the people I am speaking of can possibly afford.

As soon as her husband was given over by the doctor; she sent for a Brahmin and declared her intentions to burn herself, son and daughter (which was the whole of her family) together, which some neighbours endeavoured as much as possible to dissuade her from, but all to no pur-

posc, and from that time refused eating any thing, except a few plantains and betel-nuts. She sent for all her friends, who staid with her all night, and with whom she was very merry. In the morning the man died, and his son came to me to ask leave to burn his father and mother in the Bazaar (or market place), as it belongs to the plantation, and is close to my house. I told him, very well ; but that I should take care no force was used to make her burn against her will. He told me he was so far from forcing, that he had offered her two rupees a month for life ; but yet could not help saying it would reflect an honour on his family for his mother to burn. The man was scarce cold before he and his wife were carried upon men's shoulders, she sitting by him ; and having provided herself with some couries (small shells which go current for money here), she distributed them amongst the populacé, together with rice fried in butter and sugar, very plentifully, as she passed from her house to the place of burning, where, when she arrived, they had not begun to make the pile ; so she was set down, together with her dead husband, and gave several orders to the people in making the pile, and was so far from being in the least afraid, that she rejoiced much. I went up to her, and asked her if it was her own free will and consent ? She told me it was, and that she was much obliged to me for giving her liberty to burn in that place, and desired I would not offer to oppose it, as she would certainly make way with herself was she prevented.

She sat there talking with her friends and neighbours, till the pile was ready, which was above an hour, and then went a little distance off, where the deceased was also carried, and were both washed with Ganges water, and had clean clothes put on them. The son of the deceased then put a painted paper crown, or cape, on his father's head, of the same kind as is usual for them to wear at their marriages; and a Bramin woman brought four lamps burning, and put one of them into the woman's hand, and placed the other three round her upon the ground: all the time she held the lamp in her hand, the Bramin woman was repeating some prayer to her; which when finished, she put a garland of flowers round her head, and then gave the son of the deceased, who was standing close by a ring made of grass, which she put upon one of his fingers, and an earthen plate full of boiled rice and plantains mixed up together, which he immediately offered to his deceased father, putting it three times to his mouth, and then in the same manner to his mother, who did not taste it. The deceased was supported all this time, and set upon his breech close by his wife, who never spoke after this, but made three salems to her husband, by putting her hands upon the soles of his feet, and then upon her own head. The deceased was then carried away and put upon the pile, and his wife immediately followed, with a pot under her arm, containing 21 couries, 21 pieces of saffron, 21 pous for betel-nut, and the leaf made ready for chewing: one little piece of iron,

and one piece of sandalwood. When she got to the pile, she looked a little at her husband, who was lying upon it, and then walked seven times round it; when she stopped at his feet, and made the same obeisance to him as before. She then mounted the pile without help, and laid herself down, close by her husband's side, putting the pot she carried with her close to her head; which as soon as done, she clasped her husband in her arms; and the son, who was standing ready with a wisp of staw, lighted in his hand, put the blaze of it three times to his father and mother's mouth, and then set the pile on fire all around, whilst the populace threw reeds and lighted wood upon them; and they were both burnt to ashes in less than an hour. I believe she soon died, for she never moved, though there was no weight upon her but what she might easily had overset, had she had any inclination.

HINDOO INFANTICIDE;

Or, Murder of Female Children.

THE humanity and intrepid spirit of Marquis WELLESLY (Dr BUCHANAN observes,) abolished a yet more criminal practice, which was considered by the Hindoos as a religious rite, and

consecrated by custom ; I mean the SACRIFICE of CHILDREN. His Lordship had been informed that it had been a custom of the Hindoos to sacrifice children in consequence of vows, by drowning them, or exposing them to sharks and crocodiles ; and that twenty-three persons had perished at Saugur in one month (January 1801) many of whom were sacrificed in this manner. He immediately instituted an enquiry into the principles of this ancient atrocity ; he heard patiently what Natives and Europeans had to say in defence of the custom, and then passed a law, “ declaring the practice to be murder punishable by death.”—The law entitled “ A regulation for preventing the Sacrifice of Children at Saugur and other places ; passed the Governor-General in Council on the 20th of August, 1802.”—The purpose of this regulation was completely effected. Not a murmur was heard on the subject ; nor has any attempt come to our knowledge since. It is impossible to calculate the number of human lives that have been saved, during the last eight years, by this human law of the Marquis.

The following relation, in the words of the same author, will shew what human nature can believe and perpetrate, when destitute of the light from Heaven.

Among the Hindoo tribes called the JAREJAH, in the provinces of CUTCH and GUZERAT in the west of India, it is a custom to destroy female

infants. The mother herself is commonly the executioner of her own offspring. Women of rank may have their slaves and attendants who perform this office, but the far greater number execute it with their own hands.

A Rajpoot, for some unassigned reasons spared his female child, which grew up in the father's house to the age in which the girls in India are married. The sight of a girl, however, in the house of a Rajpoot was so novel, and so contrary to the customs of the tribe, that no parent sought her in marriage for his son. The father, suffering under the frowns of his own tribe, and trembling for the chastity of his daughter and the honour of his family, was driven into a state of phrenzy, and in this state, taking his daughter aside, he actually put an end to her existence.

Lieut. Colonel ALEXANDER WALKER had first the honour of appearing before this people as the advocate of humanity. He addressed them in his official character, and, as ambassador from the British nation, he entreated them to suffer their daughters to live. It seems they had means of appreciating the private character of this officer, and they respected his virtues; but in regard to this moral negotiation, they peremptorily refused even to listen to it.

What more, it would be said, can be done with prudence? Enthusiasm alone would die-

tate further solieitude about the matter. But Col. WALKER did not desist from his benevolent purpose, because he met with some obstacles : for he wished to overcome them. He sought opportunities of informing the understanding of the people on the nature of the crime. By discussing the subject frequently in the public Cutcherry (the Court of Justice) and exposing the enormity of the practice, as contrary to the precepts of religion, and the dictates of nature, every Caste came to express an abhorrence of Infanticide ; and the obstinate prejudices of the Jarejahs began to be shaken. And what was the result ? Within twelve months of the date of the foregoing letters, Jarejah JEHAGEE himself and JEHAGEE'S Mother, and FATTEH MAHOMED, formally abjured the practice of infanticide, and were soon followed by the Jarejah fathers, who brought their infant daughters to Col. WALKER'S tent, and exhibited them with pride and fondness. Their mothers and nurses also attended on this interesting occasion. True to the feelings which are found in other countries to prevail so forcibly, the emotions of nature exhibited were extremely moving. The mothers placed the infants in the hands of Col. WALKER, calling on him to protect what he alone had taught them to preserve. These infants they emphatically called HIS children.

OF THE DIFFERENT CASTE OF HINDOOS.

THE laws for preserving the different orders for ever distinct, enjoins, that higher orders shall not have the least communion with the tribe or tribes below them, in marriage, in eating, or in any degree of familiar friendship, on pain of degradation, and loss of all earthly connections.

The penalty connected with the loss of caste is the loss of the whole world. The offender is not only rejected by father, mother, brother, or sister, and all that are dear to him, but by all his countrymen. He in vain looks through this inhospitable world; not a hut will open its door to him, and henceforth he can no more see the face of father, mother, brother, or sister, or even of his wife or children. He must tear from his heart every tender tie and recollection, and must hide his head amongst the most degraded outcasts, without the least hope of ever again seeing the faces of those who gave him birth. His own father and mother will run away at his presence, as from one infected by some deadly distemper. Many an individual involved in these circumstances, by his own trespasses, or those of his wife, or some near relative, has abandoned the world, and become a religious mendicant, or has fled to Benares as a place of refuge—or has put an end to his existence. Others have offered a thousand, two thousand, ten thousand, a lack of rupees, to be restored to caste, without success. Here then is a prison, far stronger than any which the civil tyrannies of the world have ever erected; a prison which immures many millions of innocent beings.

DEPOSITION OF A FAMILY IDOL.

The following anecdote is related by the Missionaries at Kidderpore.

On the 21st of July, we visited Ramnalkhoke, and were happy to find that Geredhor, a person of the village, who is a regular attender on the means of grace, had destroyed his idol.

About a week prior to our visit to the village, this man's aunt was taken ill, and he prayed to his domestic idol to heal her, making a vow that he would offer a buffalo in sacrifice should his aunt recover. The prayers and the vow were both unavailable; for the woman died. A few days after, his first cousin was seized with affliction: he again applied to his domestic oracle for relief, but help was sought in vain—death carried off this relative likewise. The man, enraged at the stupid idol, who had refused to hear his cries in such a season of calamity, declared that Panchanund, the family god, was destitute of power. He therefore forthwith took it down from its seat, bound it up with the corpse, and proceeded to the place of burning, where he was about to commit it to the flames. A Brahmin however, being present at the spot, entreated him to desist from committing such an outrage upon the idol. The man listened to this remonstrance, and, upon the Brahmin's request, gave him the image. It was soon consecrated afresh; and it now occupies a place among the Brahmin's domestic idols. Geredhor continues to hold idolatry in contempt, and is, we hope, not far from the kingdom of heaven.