

## THE HINDU GODDESS KALI.

Kali is the wife of Shiva; her whole delight is said to be in blood. Those who wish to please her offer up the blood of bulls, but those who wish to please her most offer up their own blood. In one of her temples near Calcutta there is a great feast in her honor once a year. Early in the morning crowds assemble there with the noise of trumpets and kettledrums. There are certain wild, fierce-looking men, adorned with flowers, and they go to the temple, where a blacksmith awaits them. One puts out his tongue, and the blacksmith cuts it; another chooses rather to have an iron bar thrust through his tongue to please Kali. Some thrust iron bars and burning coals into their sides. The boldest mount a wooden scaffold, and throw themselves down upon iron spikes beneath, stuck in bags of sand. But there was another more painful way of pleasing Kali, which is called the swing. Those who determined to go through this allowed the blacksmith to drive hooks into the flesh of their backs, and hanging by these hooks they swung in the air. Their faces were daubed with yellow paint to hide their pain, to deaden which they also took something, pretending that their goddess made them feel nothing. Round their legs they tied strings of little bells, and though the drums were beating, their cries of pain could sometimes be heard. Sometimes rich men paid poor ones to swing in their place.

And why all these cruel tortures? To please Kali, and make people wonder and admire: for the multitude around shout with joy as they see these horrible sights.

Little girls enjoy these sights. A missionary, who taught heathen children near Calcutta, missed one of her scholars one day. Next day the child was in her place as usual; her teacher asked her where she had been. "My mother took me to see the great goddess Kali." "Did Kali speak?" "No." "Do you think she heard you?" The little girl hesitated. At last she said: "No, I fear not. Other stone things cannot generally hear."

"Did she look at you lovingly, as if she were pleased with your offering?" The child laughed and said: "Mem Sahib, you never have seen Kali, or you would not ask such a question. She is a great frightful black stone woman, with a necklace of human skulls round her, and she has a red tongue, and she is dancing on the dead body of a man who was her husband." The child could say nothing more in favor of Kali; but instead of owning she was wrong, she replied: "But it did me good to see the idol; it does everybody good; mother says it does, and I am sure I felt it." Poor little girl! brought up to worship the horrid Kali, instead of "gentle Jesus, meek and mild."—*Indian Female Evangelist.*

---

 WORSHIPING THE MOTHER OF SNAKES.

A heathen mother said to her child: "You have done wrong; Monosa, the Mother of Snakes, is very angry with you. Come to her temple and pray to her, that she may not send dreadful punishment upon you."

To the temple they went—a dark, gloomy place, covered with garlands.

When they got there the little boy took a pot of leaves and flowers and put it on his head, and with some other boys that were there danced around a large live snake kept in a basket near the idol.

There was music, and the boys shouted and sang aloud; then the snake lifted itself from the basket and moved its head backwards and forwards.

The boys, thinking that the god must be pleased with their offerings, began to dance faster and faster, and to sing louder and louder, till they grew dizzy and fell down to the ground.—*The Little Missionary.*

---

Only a poor little penny,  
It was all I had to give;  
But as pennies make the guineas,  
It may help some cause to live.