

this compliance, and year by year new families are being added to those who refuse to take part in the idolatry. A friend of mine,—a native gentleman, and a Brahmo-Somaj man, and therefore an opponent of idol-worship,—took me the first night of the festival, which this year happened to be October 12th, to the house of an "orthodox" Babu, where all the old rites are still kept up, in order that I might gain some idea of what the ceremony was like. It is the least abominable heathen worship I have yet witnessed. The idol is in the form of a beautiful female warrior with a spear and helmet, loaded with jewelry, and holding by her left hand a young girl who I was told was her daughter. She is a pleasing contrast to what she is represented as being when she came in another form, viz.: that of Kali, in which she is a hideous monster with great, red, protruding tongue hanging down over the breast. The festival of Kali comes off a few weeks after that of Doorga, and is hideous as the image, and abominable as the deification of lust in the worship of her husband Shiva.

To return to my visit to Doorga.—The Hindoo House is a square building surrounding an inclosure, generally open to the sky, sometimes covered over, and corresponding to the *atrium* of the Latins. The four sides of this centre square or inclosure are of course the four sides of the house. All around it (*i.e.*, the square) the rooms are arranged, and in front of the rooms runs a verandah, or rather two verandahs, one above the other, looking down into the square. As I entered the archway which leads into the square, I saw the young men of the family—a Brahmin family—and their friends walking up and down, chatting together quite gaily, all stripped to the waist and wearing the "poita," or sacred thread, as a sign of orthodoxy, and a garnish to the utter hollowness of scepticism that was within. I recognized some of them as students, and as having been present at my Sunday evening lectures, and they all evidently recognized me. Don't forget that if these young fellows happened to call on me or meet me in any other place, they would indignantly protest against idolatry, declare acquiescence with St. Paul when he wrote that "an idol is nothing," and profess the purest faith in the one God. Yet here they were aiding and abetting, encouraging that which they professed to hate, just because truth was not in them, and their hearts were false as hell. I think I can see the sneer of contempt on the lip of some of the strong young men of Nova Scotia who read about this contemptible weakness and falsity. How they despise the supple Bengali, and how strong they would be! How they would stand out even against the very appearance of countenancing folly so great as the worship of an idol! My brothers, one half of you are guilty of the same. Let the young man who has not courage to check by a word or a frown the idolatry of self, and the idolatry of profanity and vice around him, but who smiles at what he knows to be wrong—let him despise, forsooth, the man who here tolerates what he has been accustomed to see from his childhood, and which to him is no more of a sin than an oath is to one brought up in a Christian land! Where there is emptiness of God there is fulness of the devil; where the worship of Truth, Meekness and Righteousness, is not, there will surely be the idolatry of an evil heart. Unless God and His Christ be in you and served by you, then you are as false to your convictions and to your duty as the idolaters at the core, and as truly idolaters as they are.

I am glad to say that some of these young fellows had the grace to look ashamed of themselves when they saw me. Some of them looked as if they wished they had not been caught at a Peojah. This was not intended to be seen by the Sahib: this was of the inner and domestic life to be lived at a great remove from the outer life of affected Monotheism and Western civilization. Others tried to carry it off bravely—came forward smilingly, called for a chair, cleared a lane through the crowds of poorer devotees who were swarming in, so that I might get a good look at the idol, and treated the whole matter as one of show, evidently trying to give me the impression that they were there