

worshiping throngs, and, above all, the scenes along the river's edge, all proclaim superstition, impurity, vileness—a people given over to uncleanness and all abominations.

We spent the most of our time in a boat going up and down the two miles of river front. The numerous ghâts are long flights of wide stone steps reaching down below the water's edge. All day long, and most of the night, these great steps are literally covered with throngs of people, all eager to wash away their sins by a plunge into Mother Ganges. As one after another comes down into the river, they lift their folded or outstretched hands, and, looking toward the far horizon, they breathe a prayer to the god of the waters. Some throw handfuls of water over their heads as they repeat their *mantras*, or prayers. The thought comes to us that this worship and these throngs have been repeated for hundreds, even thousands of years.

“Oh! those generations old,
Over whom no church-bell tolled!
Sightless, lifting up blind eyes
To the silence of the skies!
For the innumerable dead
Is my soul disquieted.”

One of the ghâts is called the burning-ghât. Sitting in the boat we watched three or four bodies prepared for Hindu cremation. Whatever the rite of cremation may be elsewhere, here it partakes only of the repulsive. The bodies are brought on bamboo stretchers and are placed just inside the edge of the stream while the pyre is being made ready. This is