

temple are 20,000 holy men and priests. Now, can you guess where the food goes? Once a year a great festival occurs. The gods are put upon their cars to ride out to their country homes, a mile and a half away. The car of Juggernaut, the "Lord of the World," is the largest. It is an elevated platform, 34 feet square, and supported by sixteen wheels, each six and a half feet in diameter. Formerly, devotees used to fling themselves in the road to be crushed by the heavy car. Six ropes, each 300 feet in length, are attached to the car, and people draw it. The cars are covered with various hideous sculptured figures.

(3) This elephant-headed god is named Ganesha. He is very popular. He is the son of Siva. Siva became angry and cut off his son's head. His wife, Parwati, ordered him to replace the head. He could not find it, so he seized an elephant's head, put it on his son, and his son came back to life. This elephant-idol is worshipped as the god of good luck and of wisdom, perhaps because the elephant is so wise an animal, just as the serpent is worshipped as the symbol of cunning, and the sun as the symbol of power.

(4) And what do you think of Katif? She is one of the most celebrated goddesses of the Hindu worship, and is the especial favorite divinity of the City of Calcutta. There are many different images of her, but her cruelty and murderous instincts are always prominent. She has four arms. In each hand is held a knife, or human head. She wears a skull necklace, and stands on a human body. Such is the figure of the goddess of murder.

(5) Isn't this a strange picture? A huge stone hog at Barmon on the Nabudda River. Lordly Brahmans may be seen crawling prostrate under this image. If one is good, yet stout, the hog will raise itself to let him through. If one is thin and bad, he will squeeze him down until he is glad to draw back. The story is stranger than the picture!

(6) Now, this one surely makes our hearts ache with longing for the poor little children of India. The great image of the sacred bull is garlanded with flowers. Before it on the ground is a little lad. Beside him is the kneeling mother. She is teaching the child to worship. Oh, that he might have a chance to know a better way!

(7) These are Indian pagodas. Shrines, idols, temples are on all the hills, in all the valleys, and in the cities by hundreds and by thousands. Many pagodas are richly decorated with precious metals and precious stones. There are sacred rivers; there are sacred trees; there are sacred animals. Temple courts are often filled with chattering monkeys, the poor, disgusting impudent creatures being fed by devotees. And men are worshipped, too. In Benares, that great sacred city, one missionary tells us, she saw an old man who had attained deity by his self-tortures. His name was Shri Swami Bharkanand Saraswati. He had a little sketch of his life, and a long list of noted and unnoted visitors from England, who had come to see him. He pointed to his own marble image in a shrine on the other side of the garden. The statue was life size and beautifully made of pure white glossy marble. The eyes were painted to look like life. People from far and near come to bow down before this saint's image. Then there are the "fakirs," or holy men, who are so greatly revered. They torture themselves so as to gain merit for the future, or the forgiveness of sins, or, most frequently, the honor and the money of their fellow-men. See, this fakir wears a big iron collar; this one has iron bands forged on arms and ankles. Some repeat the name of their favorite idol during all their waking hours. Others doom themselves to perpetual silence. Here's one standing for life before a slow fire. Some roll over and over from the banks of the Indus to the banks of the sacred Ganges. Filthy, disgusting-looking creatures they are. Their bodies are naked, or nearly so, unwashed, and disfigured with paint and ashes. The hair is left uncut and uncombed, and is woven in a filthy basket-like mat about the head, or hangs in strings about the shoulders. They travel from one place to another, sometimes in bands, but, more often, singly. They carry a dried coconut shell to receive the gifts of the people before whom they pose as devout men, and from whom they beg or demand their living.

Poor deluded followers of false teachings and false gods—in so many strange ways do they seek to fill the emptiness of their souls. Yet they turn away, as they themselves will tell you, with no joy, no peace, no pardon, no comfort.