

were so magnanimous that they would allow men to put themselves to death, without either interfering themselves, or protecting others if they interfered. (Hear, hear.) If, as sometimes happened, the poor creatures, by the violence of the motion, or by the ropes breaking, should be dashed away, in that case they fell victims to their superstition—they were dead men. (Hear, hear.) It might be supposed, that there would be a shout of commiseration over the sufferer; but no, idolatry was as cruel as the grave: there would be but one shout, and that would be a shout of detestation at the man, as a monster in human form; and why?—because the doctrine of transmigration was prevalent to this hour, and they would say that that man must have been guilty of some enormous crime in a former birth. [Hear, hear.] The evening of another day was devoted to hundreds and to thousands casting themselves down from elevated places, it might be from a platform, a high wall, or a second story window of a house, upon sharp instruments, by which they were most cruelly mangled. [Hear, hear.] Indeed, if he were to go into any thing like a detail of these abominations, the meeting must become wearied, because imagination itself was exhausted in devising the means of torture, [hear, hear,] that were practised among them. He would refer to one, and he believed that if he were to propose it as a problem, not one of the assembled thousands who heard his voice would be able even to guess at the mode of torture resorted to. It consisted in this. A number of devotees entered into a vow that they would lay down on their backs upon the earth, exposed to the blazing sun by day, and the chilling dews by night. They would have in one hand a little of the earth, and in the other a few seeds. With the one hand, they would place the earth under the lower lip, and with the other plant the seeds in it; and the vow was, that they would lie there, without moving, or speaking, or receiving any nourishment whatever, until the seeds should sprout and germinate, and then they would return to their homes. [Hear, hear.] This was but one specimen of every day's practice in Calcutta. But, to return to the great festival that he had adverted to, he would inform the meeting that there was a huge temple at Calcutta, which is the most celebrated temple in all India. It is situated upon a large plain, one side of which was washed by the River Ganges, along another side were British officers, and upon another, large houses were ranged, and in front of the temple was a large broad street leading to the favoured divinity. Early on the morning of the festival day, hundreds of thousands of persons were to be seen. Among them were groups of devotees, consisting of ten, twelve, or fourteen persons—three or four of each group being most fantastically dressed, and in many respects presenting somewhat of the appearance of Merry-Andrews at English country fairs. Some were uttering exclamations, others making all sorts of gestures; some carrying cords, others rods, others bamboo canes, and occasionally a serpent, from which the fang had been extracted: some carrying spears, some pitch, some charcoal, some tinkling cymbals; and many crowned with all manner of ostrich's feathers waving upon their heads, very much resembling a procession of hearsees in this country. The line of persons was to be seen as far as the eye could reach. On one occasion, he went with other spectators into the western side of the temple, and the first thing he observed was one or two of the spectators knocking their heads against the porticos of the temples. The temples in India were not like the temples here, consecrated to the worship of the living God. No they were receptacles for dumb idols, and deluded and deluding priests. All the worship there was performed outside; inside, and almost in the dark, were placed the idols; and there was an endless form of lifeless ceremony and bleeding woe.

As the villagers and spectators passed by the idol, they threw down whatever money they possessed; others were picking it up and putting it out of the way; until, on the other side there was actually to be seen a large heap of money—gold, silver, and copper. It was then that he felt most acutely. When he looked back and contrasted the scanty, shrivelled, liberality of those who, in his native country, called themselves by the name of Christ, with the pile of money which he saw thrown down there, [hear, hear,] he could not help exclaiming, "What, and was it so?" [Cheers.] Was it so, that the fear of a monstrous idol could extort from men that which the blood of a bleeding, dying Saviour failed to do? (Much cheering.) Was there more in a stone than in the redeeming love of Christ? If there was not, what conclusion could he come to but this,—that there was a number among us who had only a name to live, but who, in reality, were dead. [Hear, hear.] But he had almost forgotten himself; having only returned the other day from cold, calculating Scotland, he had nearly forgotten that he was at that moment in the midst of a Wesleyan Society, [cheers] which had lately out-Wesleyed even Wesleyan liberality. [Cheers.] Returning to the temple, his pain was not the less when he beheld the monster-block that was worshipped. Their own sacred books had described it, and what was the description? She was represented with a most ferocious countenance, with wild dishevelled hair, hanging down behind to the feet; with a protruding tongue; with thick hanging lips, which, with other parts of the face were streaked with blood; with three eyes, one staring in the forehead; and a crimson current down the breast. Then she was represented with ear-rings in her ears—and what were they?—the representations of human bodies. [Hear, hear.] She was represented as wearing a necklace, and it was of human skulls. She was represented as having a giraffe, and it was of human hands,—all said to have been those of thousands slain in her battles. [Hear, hear.] On passing to the other side of the temple, he found a number of men with sharp instruments in their hands. Upon the devotees passing those men, one would hold out his arm, which would be perforated, and a rope passed through it; another would put out his tongue, which would be perforated, and then a rope or a rod would be passed through it, or a serpent with its fang extracted. When one group had had those operations performed upon them, another would be ready to undergo the same, and so another and another. [Hear, hear.] A number of groups having thus passed, then commenced their act of worship, in the bleeding and death-struggles of beasts; because, alas! even in 1839, to the discredit of British Christians, they still believe in India that by the blood of beasts sins could be propitiated. [Hear, hear.] They commenced by the destruction of animals. They went round with flaming torches, throwing a quantity of them into vessels filled with pitch, which caused immense quantities of smoke, with sulphuric smells, to fill the air. Simultaneously with this, they struck up their music, and immediately those who had the cords and rods through their perforated bodies, had them pulled backwards and forwards, and then arose another and another shout—"Victory to Kallee!"—"Victory to the great Kallee!" (Hear, hear.) Such were the shouts raised on the occasion; and though finding himself at a distance of 15,000 miles from his native land, yet he could not help feeling his soul flit back with lightning speed to the place of his nativity, and recalling to his recollection that happy land and the happy observance of the Sabbath there. (Hear, hear.) He could not but remember the solemn stillness of a Sabbath morning throughout Scotland, and he would now say in Old England, the sweets of which he tasted only yesterday, for he had spent that day in a