

of stones set up on the Wai Ghat, at a place where a sudden rush of waters had driven a pony carriage and its occupants over the precipice ; (11) rivers ; (12) the palanquin of the Marathi poet Tukaram in a field near Saswad : (13) the tomb of an old Anglo-Indian who had hanged himself in his garden on the banks of the Muta-Mula near Poona ; (14) departed heroes, such as Khaudoba at Jejuri and Pal ; (15) a newly erected mile-stone near Ahmednuggar ; (16) a telegraph-post on the Jalna road ; (17) a walking-stick, which had a handle somewhat like a snake's head, in a stand with several others for sale at a shop-door in Mahabaleshwar ; (18) a locomotive engine ; and (19) a fat boy who was waiting for the train at a Bombay station, and who placidly ate candy while his worshippers, who believed him to be an incarnation of God, knelt around him. And I venture to say that if to these be added some hundreds of deities, whose names never appear in books which profess to describe the Hindu religion, these commonplace divinities are worshipped *in every-day religious life* by tens of thousands, while the deities of Hindu pantheon are worshipped by hundreds only.

But there is another side. When exploring the jungle paths among the steep Ghats at Mahabaleshwar, I found myself one day, after some difficult descent, on a great ledge where a small village stood in a jungle clearing. On the slope of the cliff there was a great black boulder, some fifteen feet high, embedded in the clay. The boulder had a curious cleft in it. At its base there was an altar or shelf of dressed stone, with bells, lamps, cocoanut shells, and other utensils of worship. In front, a paved court, which was surrounded with a wall of stone and lime. While we were in this enclosure the villagers, headed by an old patriarch with rich dark-brown skin and gray hair, came about us. The old man had a roll of dirty white cloth on his head, and a still dirtier wisp of cloth about his waist, a brown cotton plaid hung on one shoulder. The people, we were told, were low-caste Shangars, who buried their dead and ate flesh when they could get it. We had a talk together. The boulder was the village goddess ; the villagers prayed to it : they prayed for rain, for a good harvest, for recovery in sickness, that small pox and cholera might keep away from them, and occasionally that a tiger might visit the neighborhood ; a tiger was a clean-feeding animal ; when it killed a buck it only ate part of the animal, and the villagers got the rest, so they prayed for a visit from a tiger. "But do you really mean to say that the great black stone can hear your prayers and answer them ?" "Saheb," said the old man, drawing himself up, "there is but one Spirit of God, as there is but one spirit of man—one spirit of man, and it is in you, Saheb, and in the least of your servants, in me, Saheb ; so there is but one Spirit of God, Saheb, and He is in our goddess here, and in Khandoba at Jejuri and in Vitoba at Pandharpur." Further questioning showed that this subtle pantheism, thus suddenly evoked from a man utterly uneducated and in social standing outside the pale of Hinduism, was a mere habit of