

## KALI.

Kali, wife of Siva, "an abominable personification of hatred and cruelty."

It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more hideous than the images of this goddess. Her body and four arms are dark blue, the hands red, to intimate her delight in blood. . . . The mouth is open wide, and the tongue, all red with blood is hanging out. . . . The hands on the left side are extended in welcome to her worshippers. Those on the right hold a weapon of war and the head of a giant.

"At her best," writes Bishop Thoburn, "Kali is a wretched idol, and no one who comprehends even faintly the blighting effect upon the heart and mind which the adoration of such an object must cause can think with indifference of the manner in which millions prostrate themselves before this revolting object."

Siva and Kali are worshipped by myriads. Krishna is another of Hinduism's ideals.

## KRISHNA.

"The most popular god of India," over the narrative of those shameless and abandoned life "the Pundits allegorise and the common people gloat," is represented by more frequent images than those of any other god. One of the best known is the shapeless, hideous idol in Orissa—nothing but a black stump with a head on it. The difference between it and other images of Krishna is accounted for by the saying that "his limbs dropped off on account of his wickedness."

When I was remonstrating with some Hindus (writes Dr. Robson) on their worshipping a being guilty of such acts as Krishna, they replied very warmly, "Why, these were but his sports. You English have your sports. You have the railway, and the steamboat, and the telegraph, and no one blames you. Why should you blame Krishna for sporting in his way?"

Naturally "his way" is followed by his devotees. "Starting from the worship of a sensual god, they have sunk to his level. . . . The nemesis of their origin seems to have followed them all." Consecrating body and soul to the god, supposed to be incarnate in his priests, "the worshippers throng into the temples. . . . and in more esoteric worship emulate the example of their prototype, Krishna. . . . But 'it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them'—in worship."

We turn away from the dilapidated, picturesque old temple—home of what thought, of what iniquity!—thinking with amazement that the Church of Jesus Christ still allows this Hindu system to outrage with its secret cult and open festivals the great names of Religion and Humanity. As Carey said a century ago, of those who might be witnesses for Christ, "in face of facts like these, staying at home is becoming sinful in many cases, and will become so more and more."

Sadly we wend our way out of the "sacred" precincts, among broken old stone, fragments of Marotti, Gunputti, and the sacred bull lying about on the ground. In spite of being castaways they are venerated, and the people protest a little when I venture to examine them. Children crowd around us—a sudden swarm of gay mites gathered in half a minute, and chased away by a vigorous old wife. We leave the Hindu "holy" rooms garnished with their small what-nots, with little brass things stuck on them, and gods in gay attire, to visit one last temple—that of the Jains. It is handsomer than any Hindu shrine we have seen to-day. The central building is composed of fine wood-carving, one hundred years old—quite a beautiful structure. Whatever idol lives here they will not let us see. The priest, a quiet thoughtful man, seems to have never heard of Christianity.

"Do you know nothing about Jesus?" I ask him and the others with him—three tall, grave men.—"We have not heard of Him."

"Have you never seen the Bible?"—"No."

"But you must have heard the missionary speaking in the bazaar?"—"No."

Solemn, impenetrable faces! Unknown, unreachd hearts beating beneath this calm exterior! I try to tell them something through the guide by interpretation, but he hurries me away.

"They do not like us here," he explains. "They do not like me—a Brahmin. I cannot tell them Christianity?"

## Work Abroad.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Dear Miss Buchan.

You will rejoice with me that at last, after years of inconvenience and most unsuitable quarters, we have secured a bit of land (leased for three years) and have put up a shed (a very simple affair of bamboo and palm leaves, with only woven bamboo walls), for the Weaver Street Sunday School. The school grew and grew and because of its size people objected to having it on their verandahs, and we were driven from one verandah to another, and from one dooryard to another, and were even notified that we were a nuisance. Then we tried to keep school under a tree in the street. More than once we almost succeeded in securing land for a shed, but at the last minute some orthodox Hindu would be sure to make a fuss and spoil the bargain. You can imagine our joy and thankfulness over this bit of land, and the completion of the shed. It was a very happy time for both teachers and scholars the day we held our first service in the shed.

We hope to do better work now that we have fewer interruptions and have better opportunities of really getting the children in hand. Pray for this school, especially.

Very lovingly yours,

F. M. STOVELL.

AKIDU, INDIA, Oct. 10th.

Mr. Reesie writes:

There is, of course, a great deal of ignorance and superstition here, and the moral condition of the people is very bad. But people more benighted than these have been saved through the Gospel, and I am confident that it will triumph here. A few days ago I was talking with a Colonel who seemed surprised to learn that Protestants believed in God at all, and his ignorance is but an example of that which prevails among the people. From all they have read and heard of Protestants, they think them to be a very dangerous class of people, and are