

giving her the holy bath. He dipped her up and down, mumbling incantations all the while. She placed the edge of his robe on her head at intervals, and the sad sight suggested temple-practices such as Pundita Ramabai tells us go on in this great city of Hinduism and elsewhere in India.

While we were still in the boat, an old ascetic died. We heard that he was to be immediately lowered into the river instead of being burned. This is a privilege of this class of men if they so desire. They tied large earthen pots to his arms and feet; then, rowing out into the stream a little way, while they blew an unearthly blast on a conch-shell, the disciples of the old devotee, laughing and chatting with apparent unconcern, tumbled the skeleton-like form overboard, and, turning the *chatties* so that they filled with water, the remains were soon out of sight beneath the flood.

In a garden near the monkey-temple we saw an old man—Shri Swami Bharkaranand Sarasvati by name—who is supposed by reason of his austerities to have attained to the state of deity. As we entered the garden in the chill of the early January morning we perceived the thin old man, on an upper veranda, in a state of nudity. He hastily donned a half yard of clothing—his robe of state, as it were, for he only puts it on for the reception of visitors—and came down the rose-bordered walk to meet us. To our surprise he took our hands in a friendly grasp. Then he presented us with a little book containing a short sketch of his life and the names of a long list of noted and unnoted foreign visitors who have come to see him.