

along the streets, we heard the people saying, "The words they speak are true." Some interesting cases came time after time to our tent, but on coming away we could only put a copy of the Scriptures into their hands, with the prayer that the Lord would lead them into the light. Some of whom we had good hopes last year did not come near us at all. Many are the stony ground hearers.

Some little distance from Rampura is a village called Diwania, the revenues of which have been given to a religious ascetic, by Holkar, out of which he has to support a temple at Benares. On entering the village we were directed to the house of the Babaji as he is called. On reining up before it we observed a middle-aged man in salmon coloured garments, sitting cross-legged in meditation near the door. In a long open shed opposite, were saddles and trappings for horses and elephants, a guard of Sepoys and numerous servants. I at once addressed myself to the "holy man," but he appeared to be too much absorbed in thought to pay any attention. I continued to demand his notice. He then called for a Mohamedan to act as interpreter, through whom he began to converse with me. But as his interest increased he forgot his dignity and began to speak with me directly. He was disposed to dispute with me, but not making much of it he sent for his father, who turned out to be the real lord of the village. At a little distance I saw an old stout man, also clad in salmon robes, surveying me out of two small sharp eyes. He was the chief Babaji. I invited him to come and hear words of truth. He moved haughtily towards me, his servants bowing before him to the ground. He said he did not want to hear my word, as there was the difference of heaven and earth between his religion and mine. He then prepared to move away, showing great anger. I called after him, "Babaji, it is not the part of a wise man to get angry." He seemed to feel ashamed, and turning sat down near me, and listened patiently to what I had to say.

After some discussion he said, "Your teaching is good, but each one must go his own way and follow his own religion." Doubtless in a worldly point of view his religion is good for him. Though professing to live the life of an ascetic, he suffers no hardship, but on the contrary lives in a large house, is attended by a retinue of servants, and at pleasure rides forth on his elephant in