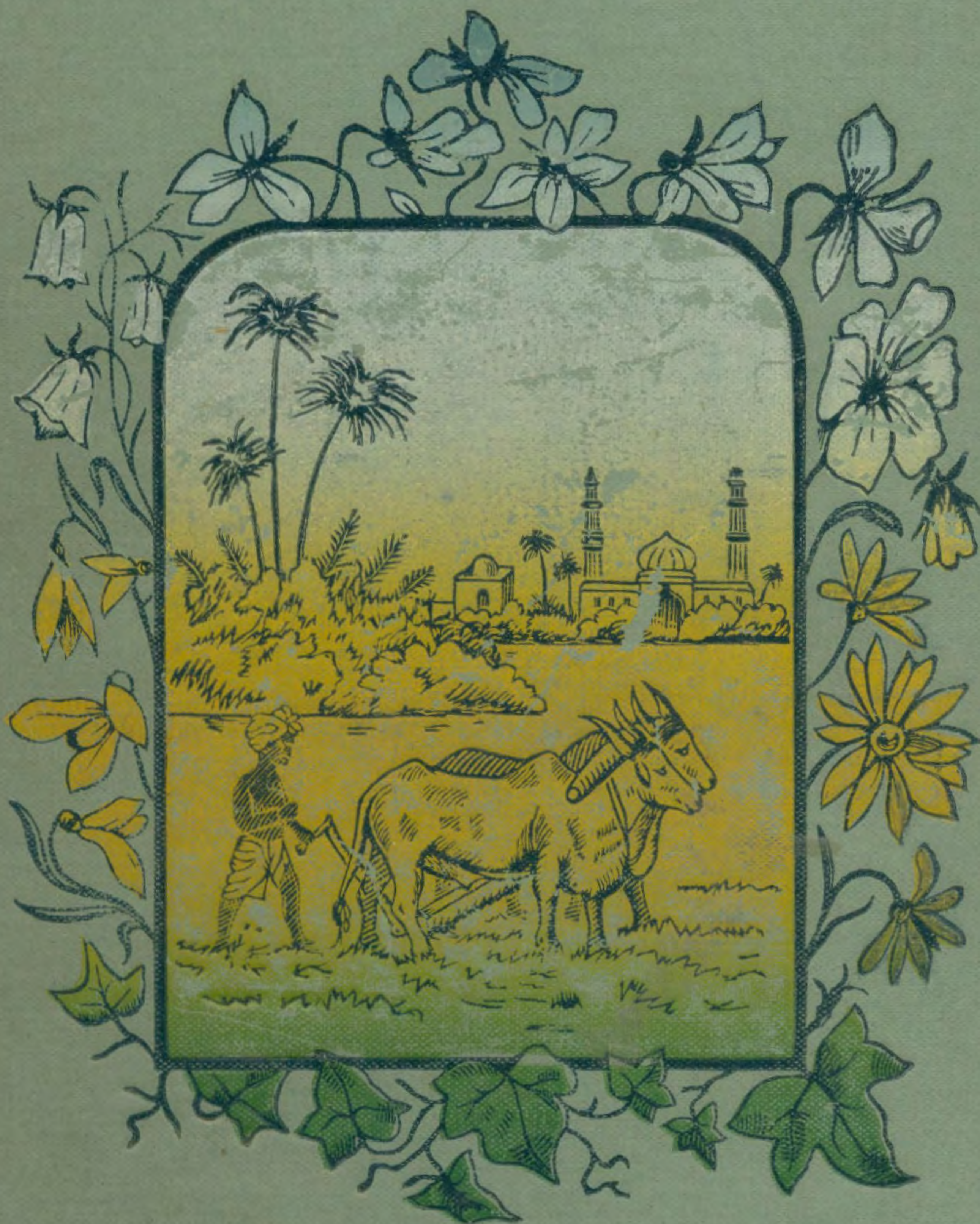


- INDIA'S - SUNNY PLAINS





THREE OF INDIA'S WORKERS.

Saved, and Serving in the Gospel.

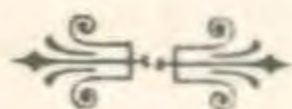
India's Sunny Plains :

GLIMPSES OF THE LAND OF TEMPLES, ITS PEOPLE
AND ITS CITIES, WITH THE STORY OF HOW THE
GOSPEL ENTERED AND TRIUMPHS THERE. WITH

LIFE STORIES OF THE WORKERS.



PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.



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India's Sunny Plains.

INTRODUCTION.

“Y S India far away, and is it bigger than Britain, teacher?” was the question asked by a bright-faced boy, as he dropped his sixpence into a box, set for the purpose of receiving gifts for the perishing thousands of famine-stricken children, in the great Indian Empire across the seas.

Drawing her little scholar close to her side, while a group of eager listeners gathered around that Sunday afternoon at the close of lessons, she drew from her pocket a magazine, in which there was a map of India, with some sad photographs of starving men, women, and children, from which she, for a full half-hour, described the great land of temples, its mighty rivers, its sunny plains, and thickly set villages, with their teeming millions, the hideous idols which they worship, the terrible famines which have come upon them, with a brief account of how the Gospel finds its way, and especially what it is doing for the boys and girls of India. The little group stood eagerly listening, and would scarcely part. Their young and tender hearts were touched by the tale of human woe, and moved with compassion for the dark-skinned boys and girls of the great Indian Empire, who have never heard the Saviour's Name.

It was in answer to a request made by the teacher of

that class, and with a desire to interest both the children and their parents and friends that I arranged to give them on two week nights "A Walk through India," looking at its great cities, peeping in to view its idol temples, glancing at its wonderful rivers, and seeking to form acquaintance with its many peoples, especially its young folks, and most of all, to hear the wonderful story of how the blessed Gospel message was first carried by godly and heroic messengers to its needy millions, and what victories and wonders it has wrought for God, in the great centre and seat of idolatry. A Christian friend who has a beautiful set of photographic lantern slides, taken by himself in India, gave the use of them for the occasion; a fellow-worker threw them on the screen, while I told the story to a densely crowded and deeply interested congregation, of which the following pages is the sum.

May the Lord who used the Word spoken then, be pleased to own it as here sent forth, to impress upon all, both old and young, the *need* of the Gospel of God's grace for their own personal salvation, the blessedness of *proving* the might of its power in delivering from sin and Satan's slavery all who believe it, and the *joy* there is in spreading it abroad unto all mankind, especially among those who sit in the shadow of death, and have never heard its joyful sound. Let all who know it, "tell it out" and "make the message clear and plain," so that none around us may have cause to say, like the dying gipsy boy, who heard for the first time the words of John iii. 16 repeated in his ear, "Nobody ever told me that before."

"Tell it again, tell it again,
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,
Till none can say of the children of men,
Nobody ever has told me before."



Peeps at India.

INDIA. The first mention of the name we find in the book of Esther (chap. i. 1), where we are told Ahasuerus, the Medo-Persian King, “reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, over an hundred twenty and seven provinces”—more than five hundred years before the Bethlehem plains rang with the tidings of the Saviour’s birth. But long before the day of Ahasuerus, wild and savage Tartars, armed with spears, swept into the country from the other side of the Himalayas, which stand like sentinels guarding its northern boundary, and subduing the unarmed natives who inhabited its plains, took possession of their land. Mongols, Mohammedans, Persians, and other hordes of warriors followed, holding and ruling it in turn, until the East India Company was founded, and in 1876, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India. The extent of the country is about 1900 miles from north to south, with an area of 1,770,000 square miles, equal to the whole of Europe, Russia excepted. For purposes of government, the country is divided into various presidencies and provinces, the administration of which is in the hands of a native prince or rajah, subordinate to the British Crown, whose Viceroy confirms their acts to make them valid.

The population is said to be 300 millions, or one-fifth

of the population of the world, males being 30 millions more than females. The name, *Hindustan*, which it originally bore, means "black," and was probably given because its natives are dark-skinned. Its mountains are the highest,



HINDU MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS.

its rivers the largest, in the world. Within its borders are the extremes of Arctic cold and tropical heat. Its fertility in some parts is exuberant; its barrenness in others is extreme. The snow-capped Himalayas are the grandest,

as they are the highest mountains of the world. Up to the snow-line the slopes are rich with forests and plants. Ten thousand feet above sea-level, rhododendrons bloom in beauty, and giant oak trees stand in their majesty. Mount Everest, 29,002 feet high, is clad with everlasting snow.

The three GREAT RIVERS are the Ganges, the Brahmaputra, and the Indus, all fed by the snows of the Himalayas. The Ganges is the great river of India. Broad and deep, studded with great and prosperous cities ; its waters are



INFANTICIDE IN THE GANGES.

navigable for fifteen hundred miles, and its streams (which overflow after the rainy seasons) are the main sources of fertilization to the country. When the river fails to rise and overspread the country, leaving its deposit of mould, crops fail, and famine and pestilence follow.

The Ganges is the sacred river of the Hindus, and connection with it is a principal part of their religion. Its goddess is endowed with powers of good. To wash in its

waters purifies from sin. To die on its banks is an entrance to bliss. Pilgrims flock from all parts to its virtues, and priests sell in bottles its waters for ceremonies in far-off places.

The Indus rises in Tibet, flows for 1650 miles, and is one of the greatest rivers of Asia. It was the boundary of Alexander's conquests. The Brahmaputra—or "Son of Brahma"—although less famous than the Ganges, has its god. Along the banks of these and other rivers there are thousands upon thousands of villages, shaded by noble trees, with mango groves and bamboo thickets around. A recent census shows that 90 per cent. of the population live in villages of less than 2000 inhabitants, whose dwellers, save in a few cases, have never heard the Saviour's Name. Living and dying in gross superstition and idolatry, they pass on to the eternal world, while thousands of Christians in these favoured lands, who know and profess to love the Gospel, which God has sent to save these benighted millions, have done absolutely nothing to send it to them.

There are eleven LANGUAGES, each spoken by over five millions of people, besides a great many dialects. The chief languages are Hindi, Bengali, Telegu, Tamil, Marathi, Karanese. The Bible has been translated into all these, and the Gospel is more or less proclaimed in all tongues. The two ancient languages of India, in which all their sacred books were written—the Sanskrit and the Buddhist—are no longer in use.

The INHABITANTS of the plains are chiefly Hindus and Mohammedans; on the hills the aboriginal inhabitants exist as distinct tribes, dwelling in their thickets and mountain fastnesses, living apart, preserving their ancient customs, which have neither altered nor modified by civilisation. Of these may be mentioned the Santals, Gonds, Bhals, Todas, and Olhonds, all warlike aborigines, for whose souls few care.



The Cities of India.

BOMBAY—the second city of the British Empire, next to London in size—is the threshold of India. It stands on an island, eighteen miles square, forming a delta of several rivers, with a spacious bay, capable of accommodating all the navies of the world. It derives its name from the goddess “Bomba,” to whom it was consecrated. It was ceded to Britain in 1661 as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, after which it soon sprang into a place of commercial importance. It is a city of many attractions. Its background is of azure-tinted mountains, with palm groves thickly studding the lower hills, islands blooming with verdure, tiers of white houses embosomed in foliage. In the busy city are long streets of commercial houses, factories, cotton market, with crowds of gold worshippers and fire worshippers from all parts of the world. Bungalows of Europeans, with their Venetian blinds, surrounded by shrubs, feathery palms, and acacias, with soft lawns and flower beds, all watered by artificial irrigation, look very pretty.

The oldest part of Bombay is the Fort, where cotton presses, Town Hall, mint, and banks are situated. It is to Bombay what “the city” is to London, its commercial centre, busy by day, silent and deserted at night.

By the Gospel preached in Bombay, souls have been won

for Christ, but amid the seething mass of idolatry, atheism, Zoroastrianism, and nominal Christianity—as must now be added—the Gospel has not found its way as in many of the smaller cities, towns, and villages of the Indian Empire.

CALCUTTA, the “City of palaces,” is the capital of British India. It stands on the Hooghly River, thirty miles from the sea, but so deep is the estuary of the river that ships of all nations can enter and lie up close to its quays.

Two hundred years ago a little village stood on the same spot, named Kalcutta, after the goddess Kali, to whose bloodstained shrine on the bank of the Hooghly, tens of thousands still repair. Calcutta is an immense city, with a population of 1,000,000. Broad streets, brilliant shops, fine houses, lines of palaces fronting an immense esplanade, gardens filled with lovely flowers and verdure, flat-roofed houses with broad balconies, bungalows enclosed within hedges, with their verandahs, where the inmates safe alike from sun and rain, breathe freely in the hot seasons. In the native quarter, the streets are dark and dirty, lined by dusty brick houses. The shops or bazaars are all open, on a level with the pavement, and their cross-legged owner sits in the midst of the wares, waiting for customers. If you enter, he will jump up and start off with astonishing energy to recommend his goods. Here all the races of India in their various garbs mingle. Native houses here are small, low, and unhealthy, with little furniture. A mat for a bed, a tripod holding a dish filled with oil for a lamp, a hookah in a corner with a few earthenware vessels, form the furnishings. The principal promenade of the city is the Maidan or Esplanade, where may be seen walking in all their many-coloured vestments and styles, Brahmins, Sikhs, Europeans, Afghans, all moving like the shifting scenes of a panorama, shewing the contrasts and varieties of Indian life.

Yonder, where the magnificent buildings of the Post Office now stand, was the Black Hole of Calcutta, where 146 Europeans were stifled by the infamous Nabob of Bengal in 1756.



BENARES AND THE GANGKS.

MADRAS, and its suburbs, twelve miles in circuit, with its native, Mohammedan, and English quarters, was the headquarters of the East India Company, which ruled this

land for many years, and was no friend to the Gospel of Christ. This old historic city, from which Clive sailed to avenge the deed of the Black Hole of Calcutta, and to conquer Northern India, stands on the eastern sea. Electric tram cars run along its streets of nine miles sea front. It is believed that Madras was visited by Nestorian missionaries in the eighth century, whose work is kept in memory by a strange Cross on St. Thomas Mount, having a dove with extended wings above it, the ancient sign of the Nestorians. No city in India has so many Christian workers at the present time as Madras, and the Gospel is finding its way among all classes there.

BENARES, the sacred city of the Hindus, on the Ganges, said to be as old as Nineveh and Babylon, is to upwards of one hundred and forty millions of India's inhabitants, the gate of Paradise. Its very stones are sacred to the pilgrim, and a journey to Benares is to a Hindu an act so meritorious as to cover a lifetime of sins. To wash in the sacred waters of the Ganges, is to purify the soul from all mortal stain. Benares is the city of temples, and these are crowded by thousands of worshippers, who load its shrines with offerings, rich and poor alike. Fifteen hundred temples stud the banks of the Ganges, which is lined with terraced ghats or landing places, where pilgrims bathe, and devotees come to reflect, each under a grass umbrella, with bared head and bent form. Here and there, a thin column of smoke ascends from a ghat, which tells that the funeral pyre has been lit, and that the body of some pilgrim who came to die by the sacred river, is being consumed before being thrown half-burnt into the Ganges to be consumed by pariah dogs. Up behind, are the fakirs' houses, while some of their dwellers crouch by the riverside reciting prayers or holding out their hands to receive the gifts of those who desire their blessing. Brahmin bulls, consecrated

to Siva, stalk through the crowd, and have their mouths filled with dainties by the people. Lazy priests, squatting half-naked beside their idols, grasp the offerings brought, or flung them by the crowd, while men grave and earnest, walk in procession round a dusty tree which they regard as sacred, sprinkling it with water from the Ganges. Poor Benares, sunk in idolatry, closed to the Gospel, few, how few, have been won for Christ within thy walls! When, O when, will the day dawn, that thy temples, tombs, and minarets shall echo with the sound of Jesus' Name, and the song of redemption by the blood of the Lamb, float across the still waters of thine ancient river, the Ganges, which has witnessed so many sad sights? Lord, hasten it, in Thine own good time and way!

Other cities can only be named. DELHI, with its rose red walls; AGRA, with its marble towers; CAWNPORE, with its deep well, into which the bodies of many English women and children were thrown after being killed by the cruel Nana Sahib's orders, over which a marble monument now stands of an angel of Pity, with outstretched wings. LUCKNOW, relieved by Sir Colin Campbell and his Highlanders, in 1857, and many other cities with their teeming millions, await the heralds of the Cross, to publish the glad tidings of a Saviour's love.

“Who, who will go, salvation's glory telling,
Looking to Jesus, counting not the cost.”

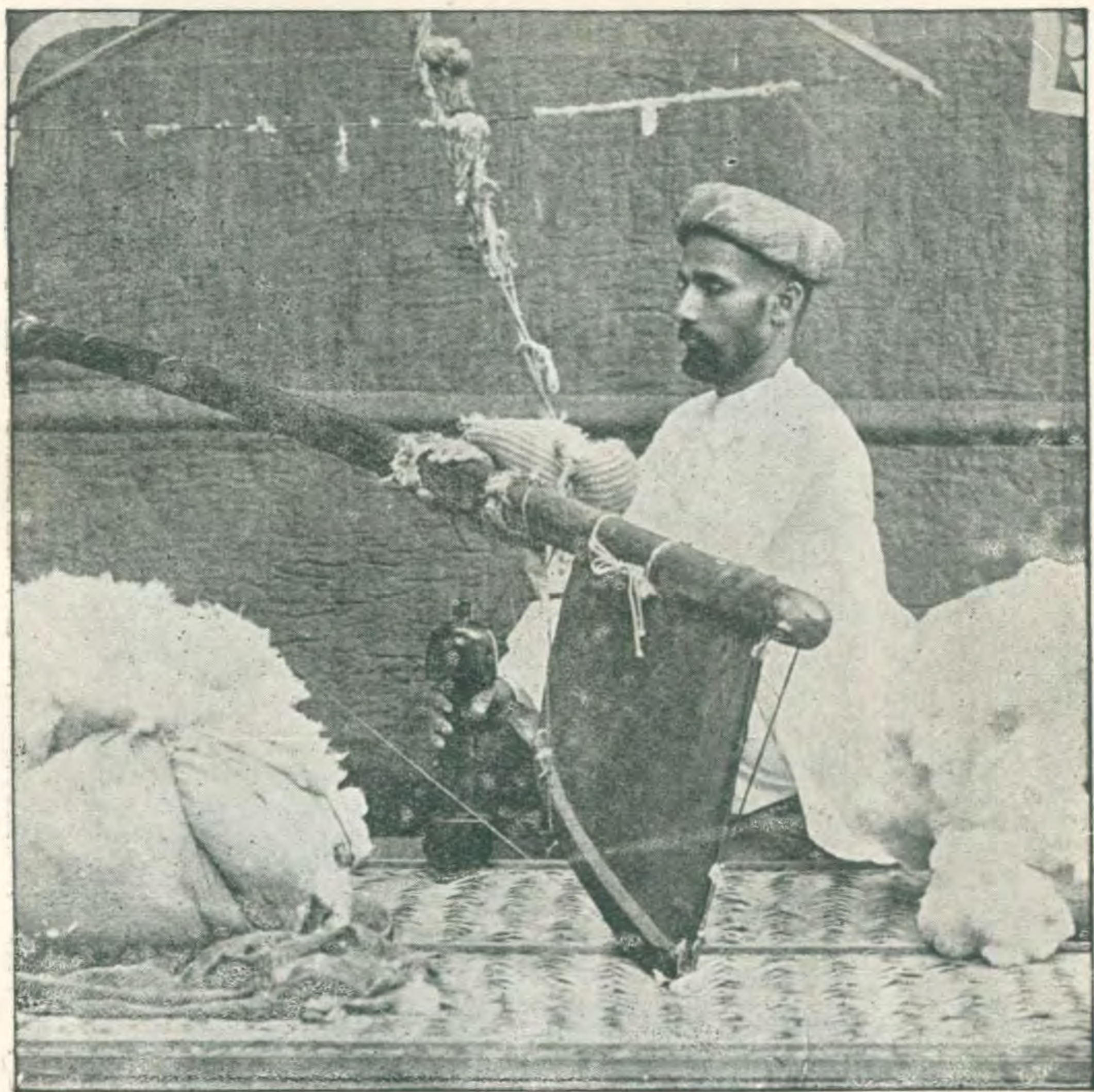


Homes and Habits.

AMONG the poorer classes, the houses are very small and uncomfortable, twelve feet square of one storey, constructed on a raised floor of earth, walls of wattle or moistened earth, roof of reeds or palmyra leaves fixed to rafters of bamboo. A low, narrow, door serves the double purpose of entrance and light-giving. In angles of the walls pits, containing the household stores, are kept, while from the roof hang, suspended by ropes, vessels of sugar and other articles, likely to be a prey to ants and rats. Each has a hand mill, stone mortar, and granite slab for grinding their food. The front of the house is decorated with vertical stripes, a foot wide, of red and white colour. The homes of the poorer people have very little furniture in them. Chairs and tables are unknown. A mat, to sit or recline on the floor, does instead. The natives sit posed on the soles of their feet, as few Europeans could with comfort, yet in this position they find rest.

DRESS.—This is varied. The poor man's single garment consists of an upper and a lower piece, the latter thrown across the shoulders and drawn around the waist, the former tied around the waist and falls over the knees, with a turban of ten yards of cloth around the head. The women's dress consists of six yards of cloth wrapped around the waist, gathered into folds in front, and tucked to secure

it. The other end, when required, may be thrown over the head as a covering. Her toes, ankles, wrists, arms, neck, nose, ears, and hair are loaded with "jewels," according to her station. Dress materials are generally white, sometimes indigo. Neither sex wear stockings, rarely



AN INDIAN COTTON CLEANER.

sandals. Children are not usually allowed any clothing until eight years old, save a necklace, and a string of bells around the waist.

OCCUPATIONS.—Half of the population of India are agriculturists, most of which is done with very antiquarian

implements. Rude stick ploughs make shallow furrows, into which seeds of millet, pulse, cucumber, and such like in alternate rows are cast, which, with careful watering and weeding, produce good crops. Men gain about sixpence a day as labourers. Women, in addition to house employments, assist on farms, help in roadmaking, and building of houses. Poverty is universal, and in times of dearth extreme, many never knowing what it is to have hunger satisfied.

TRADES.—The street barbers ply their trade in the market places and on the streets; also the sweetmeat seller and water seller. The tailor comes to the house for a day or longer, sits on the verandah, and makes the household garments. The pot cleaner takes away and cleans the tin and copper pots and cookery vessels, which would soon become poisonous, and brings them back as bright as new. The cotton cleaner, usually a Mussulman, whose work is to take away the mattresses, empty them, clean their contents, and return them, is a useful man. Coming so much in contact with these men, many opportunities are given of speaking to them of the God of Love and of His Son the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom, alas! in most cases, they are strangers.

The FOOD of the people is chiefly rice, wheat, and vegetables. All the Hindus eat fruits and vegetables. Flesh meat he does not taste except occasionally a little goat's flesh, which has first been offered to an idol—food which God's Word forbids His own people to eat (1 Cor. x. 20-21). No knives, forks, or spoons are used, not even plates, amongst the poorer people; they eat off palm or other available leaves.

SERVANTS of the household are all males, and there is generally one for each department in better class houses.

HOUSEHOLD PESTS are not uncommon in a hot country

like India. Mosquitoes and fleas innumerable, hence the need of the *Drosara Dichotama* or mosquito catcher, a plant which grows profusely in India, and with which the mosquito is so fascinated when it is placed in a room, that they alight



INDIAN WOMAN GRINDING CORN.

on it in swarms, and are caught in its gummy leaves. Lizards, spiders, and scorpions abound in some parts.

ANIMALS are plentiful in India. Foremost we may put the elephant, which figures in processions, drags the cannon,

carries the sportsman. In the thick woods of the Ghats, they are found in large herds, but in cities and about the houses of the rich, they walk decked in gay trappings and quite docile.

SACRED BIRDS.—Of these the peacock, which we are



AN INDIAN RAJAH.

told was imported by Solomon in the fleets of Tarshish sent to Ophir (2 Chron. ix. 21) stands first. It is held in high esteem, and to shoot it is counted a crime. Owls, white cockatoos, and beautifully coloured paraquets are

abundant amongst the trees of the towns, and in the eaves of the houses.

SERPENTS are unpleasantly numerous in all parts of India. They lurk in ravines and on river banks, and frequently enter houses. The cobra, with its forked fang so full of deadly poison, is there, and attacks fowls, cattle, and sometimes men, although it is said the latter only in self-defence. Indian snake charmers make use of the cobra in their performances. These jugglers make them follow their music and imitate a dance. This deadly reptile may well remind us of the devil, of whom it is a figure (2 Cor. x. 3).

TIGERS find food and shelter in the jungles. From these it springs upon anything it sees or smells. Sheep and bullocks suffer most, but after the tiger has become a "man eater," nothing short of human flesh will satisfy him. Leopards, panthers, and cheetahs, more crafty but not so strong as the tiger, abound in some parts.

SACRED ANIMALS, especially the ox and cow, are treated with veneration by the Hindus. Every temple has its sacred bull; the slaughter of this animal is regarded as a crime, which in earlier times was punished by death. The zebu or sacred ox is of small size, with a hunch on its back, and erect horns. The Brahmin bull is worshipped as a god. Pairs of bullocks, under a yoke, do most of the burden bearing, the bullock bandy being the chief means of transit in country places.

FAMILY LIFE, as in most heathen countries, is very unhappy. In India, the house is a shelter and a place to eat, but it is no home. Social intercourse between husband and wife is almost unknown, the wife being the slave of her husband. The Sacred Shasters state that a woman has no god but her husband; when in his presence she must not look on one side or another, but keep her eyes on her

master, ready to receive his commands. The rich have many wives. They live in zenanas as prisoners; most of them live miserable lives and die early. The wives of the poor, who constitute the bulk of Hindu women, are free from zenana life, since poverty prevents the husband from having more than one wife. Child marriage and girl widowhood with their thousand woes, bring misery to



GROUP OF INDIA'S CHILDREN.

millions, and cause a cry of continual sorrow to ascend to heaven from all parts of the great Indian Empire. Nothing save the Gospel of Christ proclaimed, believed, can break the iron chains which for ages have bound the millions of India to sin, and lust and dark idolatry. Nothing but the love of God received, the person of Christ known, the Word

of God read and allowed to operate, can transform the misery of these perishing millions, into holy joy and peace. Something has been done, thank God. Here and there can be found a Christian household full of light, a village in which there are a group of saved and happy souls, shining as lights in the midst of thick darkness, but they are few and far between. May the people of God in all lands, and especially in Great Britain, whose responsibility toward their fellow-subjects is assuredly the greatest, be stirred to send forth and sustain those, whom God, in His sovereign grace may call and fit, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to India's millions.





Religion and Idols.

WHAT which interests us most of all in the millions of India, is their religion. It is an intensely religious country, but the devotion of its people is not towards the God of heaven, who has revealed Himself as a God of love, but to hideous idols, all of which are gods of hatred, whom the people dread although they are only dumb idols, blocks of wood or stone. There are said to be 300 million deities in India—one for each of the population. The religious census gives the following numbers:—Hindus, 210 millions; Mohammedans, 65 millions; Roman Catholics, 2 millions; Protestants, 2 millions; other sects, 20 millions. Hindu religion is a mixture of gross idolatry and asceticism. It is a religion of constant fear of curses of demons, threats of fakirs, and the dread of becoming in the next world a serpent, a viper, or an insect. The theory is, that if man gain merit, raises himself by weary years of good works, he will rise to higher forms of life, and at last escape existence and become annihilated. But, if otherwise, he will, after death, descend to some lower form of life, his soul becoming incarnated in some beast, or bird, or plant, there to be kept imprisoned until again caused to migrate to some other form, as *Karma* determines. Eighty million times he may be born and reborn to misery. If he succeed, then he rises and gains *Nirvana*—non-existence, nothingness. Poor Hindismu! What a delusion of demons!

What a ruin of souls ! And what a contrast to the Gospel of God, which, when believed, brings the sinner to Christ, salvation and satisfaction here, and eternal glory hereafter.

The IDOLS of Hinduism are innumerable. We will mention the chief of these :—

SIVA, the Destroyer, with his necklace of human skulls, his rosary of the same. Serpents writhe in his hair and



IDOLS OF INDIA.

wreathe his neck. There are 30,000,000 symbols of this fierce God scattered throughout India. Saivites wear a mark of white ashes on the forehead, with a necklet of berries.

KALI, wife of Siva, a personification of hatred and cruelty. It is impossible to conceive anything more hideous. Her body and arms are blue, her hands red, her mouth is open,

her tongue all red with blood, hangs far out, her hands are extended to welcome her worshippers. Millions prostrate themselves before this horrible figure.

KRISNHA is another of the idols of Hinduism. In Arissa he is represented by a black stump with a head upon it. The festivals, processions, and wild songs in honour of this deity are associated with every form of vice and pollution.

GUNPUTTE, the god of wisdom, Siva's son, is a doll-like idol with an elephant's head. He is invoked by travellers and scholars, and his name is on all philosophic books !

Idols are in every village. Rude images, serpents, and patches of paint on trees appear everywhere. Temples, some of them of great magnificence, and long pilgrimages are taken to reach them. Festivals are held at certain



WORSHIP OF KALI.

seasons, at which tens of thousands gather, and indescribable scenes of wickedness and revelry are witnessed there. Servants of Christ go to these festivals preaching the Gospel, and by this means reach many, who would never otherwise hear it.

The PARSEES, or Fire-worshippers, number over one hundred thousand, and they are all of the better class. They worship the sun, and in their temples a sacred fire is kept continually burning. As the sun sets, they assemble

on the seashore, their backs toward the city, their faces toward the setting sun, silently praying. They are Zoroastrian in faith, and may be summed up in this, "Your good works with your good thoughts, if they outweigh your bad ones, will take you to heaven." Alas! we know that none will ever reach it by that route, for the Word of God, which is the only infallable guide to heaven, declares, "There is none that doeth good, no not one" (Rom. iii. 12). And in regard to man's thoughts, God has said, "Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil continually" (Gen. vi. 5). In Bombay alone, 27,000 Parsees come down to the shore to pray under the rays of the setting sun, where the warm sea waves wash the sand. Few, very few of these, have been saved by the Gospel's power. They are too proud, too self-righteous to heed or hear it. Unlike the Hindus, the Parsees do not burn their dead. On Malabar Hill, outside Bombay, stand the Towers of Silence. Within these awful towers thousands of the Parsee dead are carried, there to be destroyed by vultures, rows of which, black and loathsome, crowd their summits. The dead are carried by priests inside these towers while the mourners stand outside, and immediately the body is laid on the sloping platform, invisible from without, down swoop the crowd of expectant vultures, and in ten minutes reduce the body to a skeleton, while the mourners chant their prayers around. There it remains, exposed to the sun for several weeks, then the bones are placed in a centre well within the tower to turn to dust. No bright hope of resurrection, no going to be with Christ in Paradise, in virtue of the work of Calvary, lightens the gloom of the Parsee faith. The whole draft of the Parsee religion is "Save yourself."

Among the Hindus, *fakirs* or "holy men" are found at every roadside. They appear at every fair, and in every place of public concourse, hideous and filthy, covered with

ashes, more like beasts than men. Always begging, with pots and bowls around to receive food and offerings. Others containing holy water in which his feet have been washed, is stored to sell at great cost for ceremonial cleans-



A HINDU DEVOTEK.

ings among the people. The fakir is supposed to be the highest form of ascetic, and some go naked, sleep on spikes, hold up their arm until it becomes withered. Others never

lie down, and inflict innumerable tortures on their bodies. Thus they reach the highest merit, and gain the oblivion of *Nirvana*.

Such are some of the idolatries of the great Indian Empire, with its millions of sad inhabitants. When, O when, will the people of God, and especially those who have youth and health and hearts for God, who know the Gospel and love His Word, be stirred up to go forth to these benighted millions with the only real remedy, the only true healer of all their woes, the only power to lift them out of the pit, even the Gospel of Christ ?





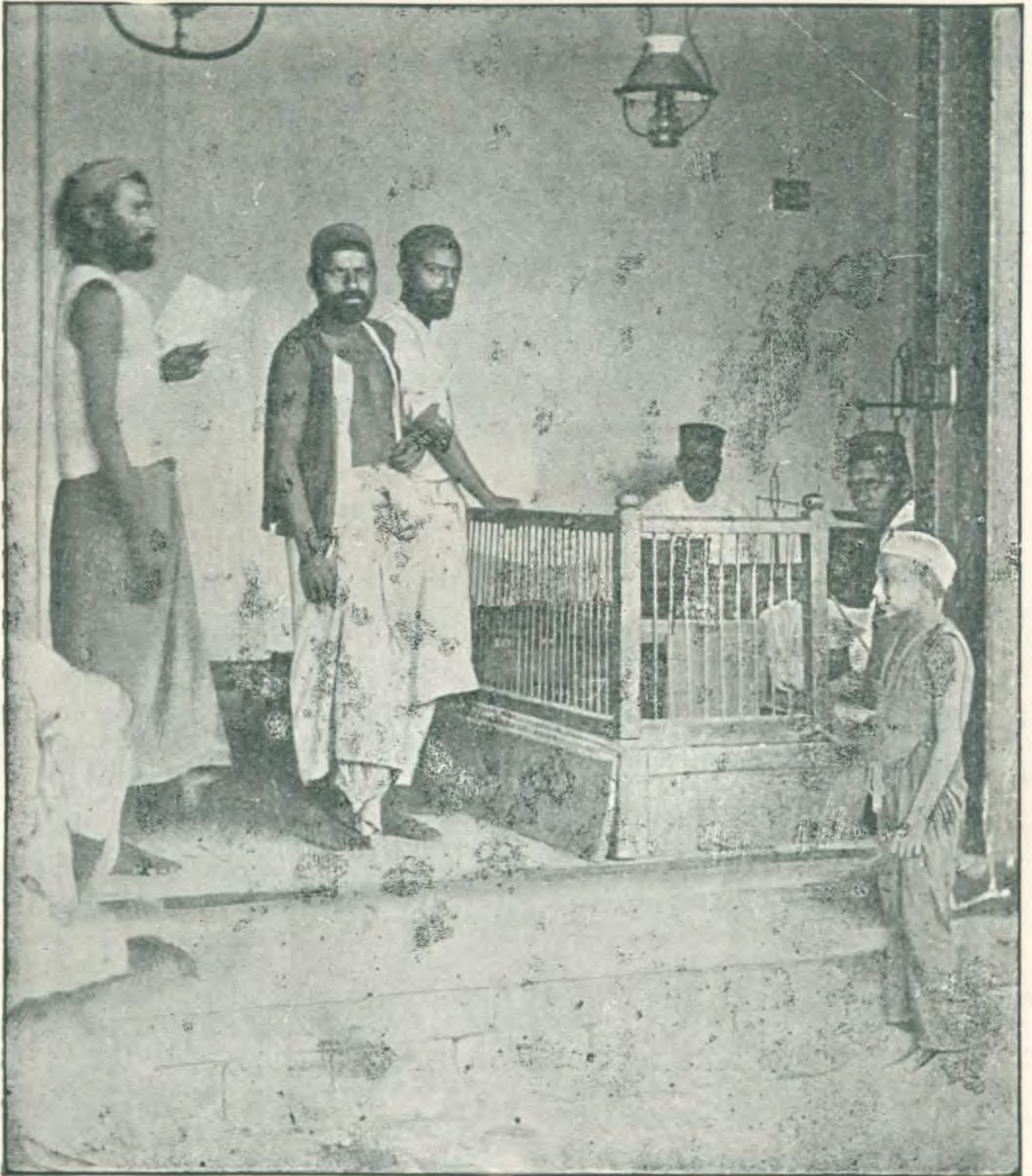
Caste and the Gospel.

THE iron rule of caste has kept the millions of India in hopeless servitude for ages, and is even now the greatest hindrance to civilisation and the entrance of the Gospel. Originally there were four main castes. First, Brahmins, or the priestly caste ; second, Chutras, or soldiers; third, Wysheas, or business men ; fourth, Shudras, who were tradesmen and labourers. Lower down still were Pariahs and Chucklers, the outcasts, who were prohibited from entering cities and towns, and lived in low huts made of mud outside the walls. Brahmins and Sudras are now the two great castes among Hindus, although these are again broken up into many sub-castes. There must be no mingling of these. Brahmins regard themselves as gods, and look down upon all outside their caste as unclean. No Brahmin can intermarry with any save his own caste, or partake of food cooked or served by one of a lower caste ; he would rather starve than eat it. This is why in an Indian house there are servants for each different purpose. No Hindu will cook or wait at table. Cooks and tablemaids are all Mohammedans, who do not object to serve or eat flesh as Hindus all do. Brahmins never mingle with other castes or touch them. To shake hands with a European would render him unclean. When a Brahmin

earl of his coronet, and would rather part with his life than lose it. It is next to impossible to reach a high caste Brahmin with the Gospel ; he will not look at or listen to a Christian, until conviction of sin lays such a firm hold of him that he is willing to lose his caste rather than his soul. When a Brahmin believes the Gospel and confesses Christ, he is cast out and disowned by his people, and in many cases those who have been thus turned to God from idols, have been carried into captivity, poisoned and put to death by their nearest kindred. Little wonder that Heber, who sang of " India's coral strand," and laboured among its millions for many years, has left a record in his diary, " The caste system tends more than anything else the devil has yet invented, to destroy the feelings of general benevolence, and make nine-tenths of mankind the hopeless slaves of the remainder." Some of them are waking up to the evils of the caste system, and one learned Hindu author, who is more enlightened than his fellows, has written, " The sum total of the effects of caste is, that civilization has been brought to a standstill by its mischievous restrictions, and there is no hope of a remedy, till those restrictions are removed."

And " removed " they will be. As surely as " suttee " and " infanticide," the burning of widows on their husband's funeral pile, and the drowning of children in the Ganges have ceased, so must the iron rod of caste, which has ruled India for generations, be broken, and when it is, if the Gospel of Christ is not brought in and spread abroad amongst the people, infidelity will roll in like a flood and carry India's awakened millions on its bosom to eternal ruin. Such is the trend of things amongst the educated classes at the present time. Yet the Gospel wins its triumphs, and even from among Brahmins and Parsees the Lord is bringing in His sheaves. A converted Brahmin youth and a Christian

Parsee both gave a bright and clear testimony to the saving power of the Gospel at a gathering of the Lord's people in England lately, and both told of the Gospel's progress and its victories among their people.



AN INDIAN OPIUM SHOP.

But there are untold hindrances to the spread of God's blessed Gospel and to the preaching of Christ and Him crucified, among India's millions, other than the dark

idolatry of its benighted dwellers. One of the greatest of these is the iniquitous opium traffic, carried on and encouraged under the shadow of British rule. By this means tens of thousands of India's sons are ruined for time and eternity. Here is an opium shop, around which several students are standing, purchasing the fatal drug. They waste their money, lose their strength, and render themselves unfit for their studies. Failing in their examinations they frequently commit suicide, rather than face their angry fathers. The sanction of this vile habit, if not the actual participation in its profits is shared by the Government and people, who profess to seek India's welfare, and who send out Bibles and Missionaries to convert her people from idolatry to Christianity. Need it be wondered that the Gospel, and those who bring it are looked upon with suspicion and distrust by these benighted millions. And what a crowd they are. Three hundred millions! Of these over 207,000,000 are Hindus, over 57,000,000 Mohammedans, and 7,000,000 Buddhists. There are 145 millions of women and girls. Of these 25 millions are said to be widows, 5 millions of them shut up in Zenana's, where they live and die, never having heard the Saviour's Name. It is estimated that if all the boys and girls of India stood in a line shoulder to shoulder, they would form a chain 25,000 miles long, and only about ten children in each mile have ever heard the Gospel. True, there are 1700 missionaries and workers scattered throughout the Indian empire, but what are these among so many? How many of these are true Gospellers, preaching not religion but Christ, not sacraments but the Saviour, may be a question, for not all who seek to convert the heathen to Christianity are themselves born again Christians, possessors of Christ, in the enjoyment of His great salvation, and so living for

Him as to commend Him to others. Of all the evils that oppose and hinder the Gospel's progress, there is none so powerful as a form of godliness without its power, which only seeks to make the heathen into church members instead of seeking to produce in them conviction of sin, and lead them to the Christ of God, the only Saviour. India, in common with other lands, has suffered from this, with the result that many of its enlightened



TEACHING DEAF AND DUMB GIRLS IN INDIA.

and educated people are turning from idolatry to infidelity, being convinced that nominal Christianity can give them no real help or satisfy the cravings of their empty hearts. But the Gospel can, and amid all that exists to hinder its progress it is being proclaimed and received unto salvation, bringing joy and peace to many weary hearts.

May it speed on its way, conquering and to conquer,
among India's millions, bringing them to Immanuel's feet,
to own his saving Name on earth, and praise Him more
in heaven.

“From every kingdom of earth they come,
To raise the anthem high,
Of ‘Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,’
Will you be there and I?”





The Story of William Carey ;

Pioneer Missionary to India's Millions.

IN a two-storied cottage in the village of Pauler's Pury, eleven miles from Northampton, on the edge of Whettlebury Forest, William Carey's early years were spent. He was a sickly child, scarcely ever able to play with other children of his years, the especial care of his grandmother, with whom he seems to have been a favourite. His grandfather was village schoolmaster, and when he died, Carey's father succeeded to his post, and the family home was removed to the schoolhouse. Here Willie Carey had a little room of his own, and although only seven years old, he had already quite a collection of birds and insects, which he kept beside him, watching their growth and changes with the keenest interest. In the garden belonging to the schoolhouse there stood an old elm tree, in the centre of which young Carey often sat for hours poring over his books, hid from his companions, who, when they found him, would not allow him to come down until he would preach to them from his rustic pulpit. But reading books and botanising had to give way to some sort of employment from which the lad could make his living,

so at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker at Hackleton. He still thirsted for knowledge, and spent his evenings in study and reading of every book on which he could lay his hands. As an instance of his perseverance in the quest of learning, under somewhat trying conditions, it may be mentioned that one day he found part of an old commentary in which there were some Greek words, which he determined to find out the meaning of, but had no knowledge of that language. He copied them on a slip of



WILLIAM CAREY IN INDIA, AGED 60.

paper, took them to a village young man who had blasted his college career through dissipation, and was then working as a weaver. Having them translated to him, he was so desirous of learning the language, that he engaged this young man—Tom Jones by name—as his tutor. But though young Carey was thus diligent in study and eager to learn, he was far from God in his mode of living, and thoroughly unconverted. “Lying, swearing, and other vices,” as he afterwards wrote, filled up these early years,

but God had purposes of grace toward the young shoemaker lad, and these were about to be wrought out in his conversion and call to the service of the Lord.

After being a short time at his trade, Carey's master died, and he was engaged to a Mr. Old, at whose house Thomas Scott the commentator, was a frequent visitor. This earnest Christian met and conversed with the young shoemaker more than once, and it is said was favourably impressed with the "sensible-looking lad in his working apron," who listened so attentively to his words, and asked so many intelligent questions at the close. "That youth," said Scott, "will prove no ordinary character."

But Carey yet lacked the one thing needful; he was not yet converted to God, apart from which no amount of cleverness or desire for knowledge, or zeal in a good cause, can fit a young man for the service of God.

It was partly through the earnest preaching of Thomas Scott, and partly through the godly example and efforts of an elder apprentice in the same employment, that Carey, at the age of eighteen, was led to the Saviour.



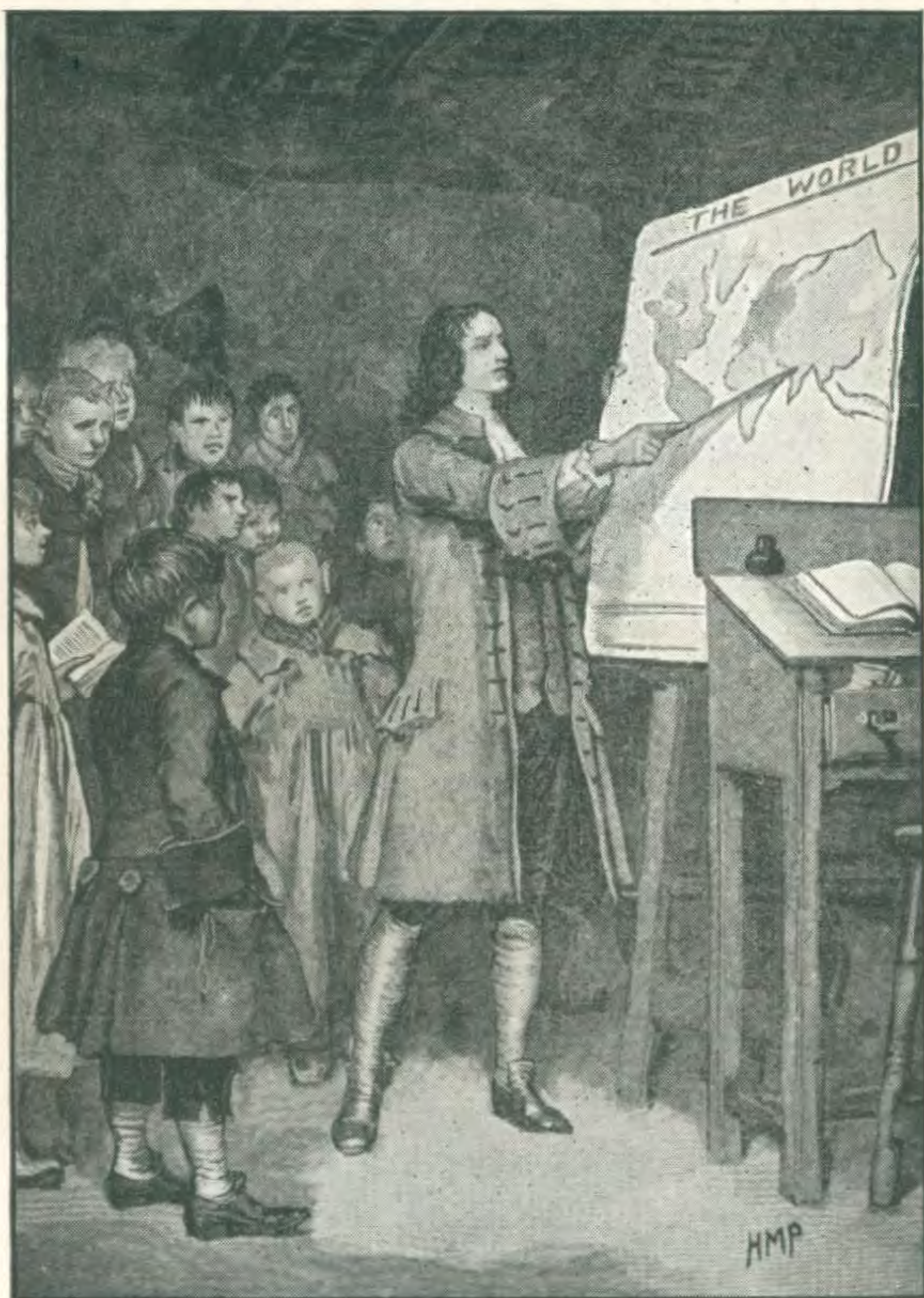


Conversion and Call to Service.

NORTHAMPTON shoemakers, as a class, are famous for their discussions on religious subjects, and in the workshop where Carey was employed, they were frequent. The elder apprentice lad was a "dissenter," and as such was despised by Carey, who was a very pronounced "Churchman," full of self-righteousness, yet in his life dishonest and deceitful. The effect of these conversations in the workshop was, to impress on young Carey the fact that he had God to meet and eternity to spend, and the truth was, by the power of the Spirit, used to arouse him to a sense of his ruin and his danger. He seems to have been brought to an end of himself and to acceptance of Christ as his Saviour in February, 1779, at Olney, where he heard a plain and faithful presentation of the Gospel.

On October 5th, 1793, a cluster of Christians were seen standing on the banks of the Nen, near Northampton. In their midst was Dr. Rylands, an earnest preacher, and beside him "a journeyman shoemaker," who had asked to be baptised, in confession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. This was William Carey, and his testimony to the saving power of Christ was expressed that day in the simple words, "I have never experienced agonies of remorse, but I found myself a sinner, and I was enabled to trust in Jesus for salvation." This satisfied Rylands that Carey had been

truly born of God, and as a child in the heavenly family, and a disciple of the Lord, he baptised him in the river Nen that day. How little either of them knew, what God, who



WILLIAM CAREY AS A SCHOOLMASTER.

chooseth the weak things to confound the mighty, had in store for that young shoemaker, who was a chosen vessel to carry the Gospel to India's millions who had scarcely

heard its sound, and by whose means a door was to be opened which, in the mercy of God, stands open still, never more so than it is to-day. But there were many stages leading on to that event, in which Carey's faith and patience were to be tried. No servant whom God has designed for difficult work in high places of the field, can escape the training and discipline of "the school of God." He must take his "degree" there first.

On the death of his master, he succeeded to the business, married his late employer's sister, and tramped the country selling boots, keeping up his studies all the time, and doing pastoral work in a small company of Christians in Moulton. For a time he acted as a schoolmaster, and while instructing his boys in the geography of the world, he had for the first time a desire implanted in his heart to go forth with the Gospel to the needy millions of heathendom, for whose salvation little was being done.

While at Moulton, he formed the acquaintance of a few earnest Christian men, to whom he made known his desire to take the glad tidings to the heathen, and from whom he received spiritual help and encouragement. But the "powers" who were at the helm of affairs in the religious world of these days, gave little countenance to such ideas. On one occasion when Carey was present at a gathering of ministers of the Gospel in Northampton, he suggested, as a topic for consideration at one of their meetings—"The duty of Christians to attempt to spread the Gospel among heathen nations," to which the president rather sternly replied—"Young man! when God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do so without your aid or mine." Such was the apathy, or fatalism with which men's minds were imbued at that time generally, in regard to the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad. But when God speaks to a man, and he is willing to hear and obey His Word, strength

is imparted, and a way made clear for him to give effect to what the will of the Lord is.

It was in the May of the following year, that Carey gave in Northampton the remarkable address in which he adopted



INDIA'S MILLIONS YET UNREACHED.

as his motto the memorable, and now well-known words, "Expect great things *from* God, attempt great things *for* God." The effect of this message, which was no doubt

delivered in the power of the Spirit of God, was so remarkable on those who heard it, that then and there, a small company of earnest Christian men determined by God's grace to make a forward move to carry the Gospel to the heathen. Four months later, four godly men met in a widow's low-roofed cottage in Kettering, and formed themselves into a small "Society," whose object was the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen. These ten or twelve men—none of whom had an income of £100 a year—subscribed amongst themselves the first sum which was specially devoted to the evangelisation of the heathen, and when others heard of it, they were stirred up to give of their means to the same worthy object.

God graciously used the efforts of these earnest men to stir up further interest in the evangelisation of the heathen, while others did their utmost to throw cold water on it, and ridicule it as a "dream of enthusiasts."

The question was raised at one of the meetings of this little company, who would be the first to go forth as a Gospel ambassador to the heathen far across the seas. "There is a deep gold mine in India," said the aged Andrew Fuller, "as deep it seems to me as the centre of the earth. Who will venture down to obtain the gold for Christ."

"I will go," said Carey. "Weak as I am, I will go in His strength. But," added the noble soldier of the Cross, "if I go down, you Fuller, Ryland, and Sutcliffe, YOU WILL HOLD THE ROPES."

That saying has long been a watchword of missionary enterprise, and well expresses the part which those who tarry at home may perform, in the fellowship of the Gospel, for those, who, taking their lives in their hands, have gone down into the deep dark mine of heathendom, where idolatrous customs, cruel barbarities, benighted heathen priests, bloodthirsty cannibals, fevers, famines, and pestil-

ence to which all others are strangers, unite to hinder, to crush, and to kill the servants of Christ, who invade Satan's empire with the Gospel message. How much they need, and how fully they should receive the prayers, the sympathies, and the practical fellowship of God's people who stay at home, but who, if they rightly understand their privileges and responsibilities, are, as a chimney-sweeper boy said, to one, as he was hastening to a missionary meeting, "partners in the concern."





The Gospel's First Entrance to India.

WE will leave Carey and his associates in their endeavours to carry the glad tidings to India's millions, and take a glance back at some of the efforts made to reach that land.

Early in the seventeenth century, Denmark purchased from the Rajah of Tanjore, a tract of land on which stood the city of Tranquebar and some fifteen towns, all densely populated. Dr. Lüthens, a godly chaplain in the service of the Danish king, made a fervent appeal that missionaries should be sent out to these new colonies, with the Gospel. Two earnest young men, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plutschan, students of the University of Halle, under the famous Dr. Francke, offered themselves, and were accepted for the work, and set out for India on November 29th, 1705. Friendless and unwelcome, the two young Gospellers landed on the shores of India, at Tranquebar, and were refused an entrance by the Governor. The natives stared at them in wonder, and as the shades of night fell, they found themselves standing on the street without a shelter or a lodging, until a young man came up and offered them a night's lodging in his father's house.

This was rather a trying start for the two young Gospelers, no doubt it was permitted to test the reality of their faith, and to "harden them off" for deeper and more prolonged trials of their confidence in God. They found a



PARSEE CHILDREN.

single room upon the wall of the town, and set themselves to learn the Tamil language, which, in less than two years, Ziegenbalg was able to speak. Then he began to preach in the highways, market places, and even in the idol temples,

sometimes discussing with the pandits and learned natives who gathered around. Boys and girls came to a school which they opened, and learned to sing simple Gospel hymns which they had translated into the Tamil language. Evangelistic work in the surrounding towns was begun, while in Tranquebar a building was opened for the preaching of the Word, and shortly filled with a crowd of eager listeners, some of whom the Word reached. Nine Malabar converts were baptised on confession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. But the enemy was not far off. A storm was secretly gathering, and ready to burst. It came while Ziegenbalg was preaching at a heathen festival, near Madras. Weary, after the long day's work, the Lord's servant lay down in a covered place to rest, and there fell asleep. A Brahmin, who saw him, determined to gain merit and do his god service by putting him to death, and seizing a dagger, started off to the place where the missionary lay. A little boy, from a native school, overheard the plot, and running to the spot where Ziegenbalg lay, awoke him just in time to escape the Brahmin's dagger. But another plot was forming. The Governor was no friend of the Gospel, and determined to get rid of the missionaries. Sending a detachment of soldiers with loaded muskets, they arrested Ziegenbalg and shut him up in a stifling cell, where for four months he remained a prisoner. Then, afraid of the people, many of whom were in sympathy with the missionaries, the Governor released Ziegenbalg, and he returned to his loved labour, which he was enabled, with other helpers, to continue till 1719, when, with his wife seated at his bedside singing his favourite hymn, "Jesus my Saviour," he passed to be with the Lord whom he loved at the early age of thirty-six.

Christian Frederick Schwartz, a young student at Halle, came in contact with a veteran missionary home from

India, superintending the printing of the Tamil Bible, which Ziegenbalg and he had translated. Converted in his early years, young Schwartz had a heart for the heathen, and hearing day by day from the enthusiastic old worker of what God was doing in India, he was moved to offer himself to the Lord for His service there, and set sail for Tranquehar in 1750. He laboured in Tanjore and Trichivopoly. An invasion by Hyder Ali, prince of Mysore, in 1780, laid waste the country round Madras, destroying the irrigation, so that neither sowing nor reaping was known for three years. Thousands died of starvation.



PREACHING AT A FESTIVAL IN INDIA.

Schwartz was entrusted by the Rajah with means to feed the perishing, and for months he visited, preached, and laboured among the distressed and dying natives. God blessed his labours, many were saved, and a light was kindled and continued to shine in and around Madras for years after. Meanwhile other labourers were prepared and sent forth. On February 13th, 1798, Schwartz, "the

good Padre," as the natives called him, with his converts around him singing "Only to Thee, Lord Jesus," passed away. Five years after his death William Carey set foot on Indian soil.





Begins Work in India.

A SOLEMN farewell service was held in Leicester on March 20th, 1791, Andrew Fuller, the veteran evangelist, giving the parting address from the words, "Peace be unto you ; as my Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." He ended by saying to the outgoing missionaries : " In the strength of this peace, go my brethren to the work of Christ. Go, my brethren. Crowns of glory await you. You far over the sea and we in England, will each do the work of God in the preaching of the Gospel." The party sailed in the *Oxford* for Calcutta, but on the way down the Channel, a letter was sent to the captain, informing him that the East India Company, who then governed the country, would not allow missionaries to land in India. So they were landed off Ryde, and stood watching the vessel sail with tears in their eyes, wondering whether after all they would ever enter India with the Gospel. Thus their faith was tried.

On June 13th, 1793, the party of eight Gospellers for India sailed again from England's shores on a Danish vessel named the *Kron Princess Maria*, and five months later they arrived in Calcutta. During the voyage, they had diligently studied the languages, Bengali, Sanscrit, and Persian, all of which they would require in speaking to the

natives. Bengali was spoken by a hundred million Hindus at the time they entered India, without a single book in



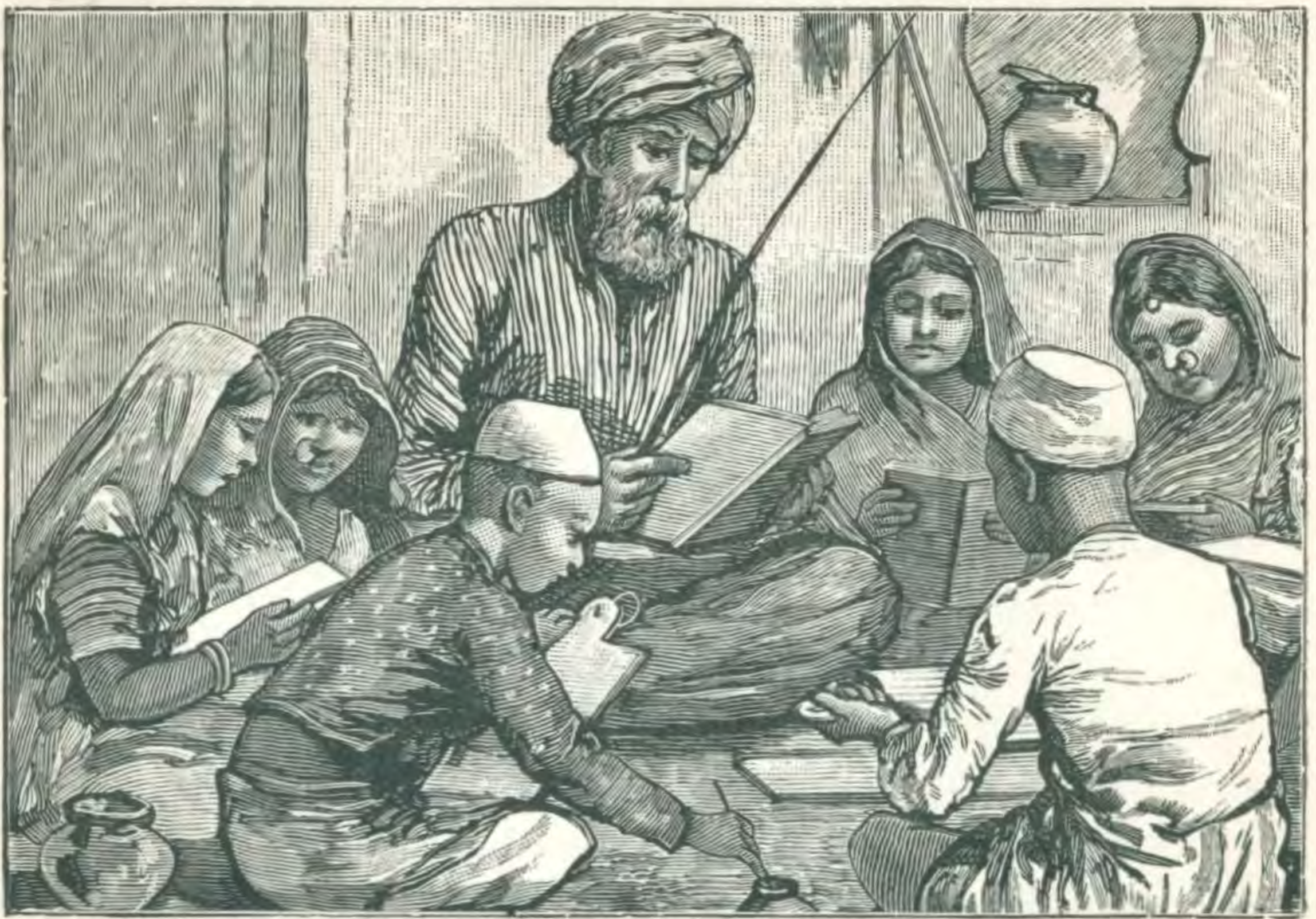
CAR OF THE IDOL JUGGERNAUT.

that language being in print. Those who used it were idolators, worshipping a log of wood or a monkey, with no

intelligence or ability to learn. Women were oppressed, sold as slaves, and treated as dogs. Widows were burned on suttee. Lepers were buried alive. Infants and aged people were smothered in the mud of the Ganges. The East India Company, who ruled India, were opposed to missionaries disturbing the heathen customs of the people, and did their utmost to hinder the Gospel's entrance.

Such were the people and such the conditions when William Carey and his companions landed in this great land, with its population of three hundred millions. If ever men needed God and His help they did. Faith, wherever it exists, must be tried; it is proved to be like gold in the fires, and so it was with the little party. Life in Calcutta was expensive and unhealthy, so, after a short stay there, they removed up the Hooghly river, first to a jungle, where a few bamboo huts lined the river bank, and finally to Mudnabatty, where Carey joined a merchant in the indigo trade, hoping to earn his livelihood and help in mission work as well. But the indigo manufacture did not succeed, and Carey's health gave way, one of his children died, and his wife lost her reason. Such trials would have cast down or driven home any man who had not the full consciousness that he was sent by God to tread the path in which his faith was being so sorely tried, but Carey, doubtless sustained by the prayers of those who were "holding the ropes" at home, went on, preaching and teaching among the Hindus. A few Christian Europeans and Eurasians were gathered together, but as yet no Hindu had been turned to God from idols. Carey, having acquired the language, began to translate the Word of God into the languages of the native races, which laid the firm foundation upon which all Gospel effort has since been carried on in the great Indian Empire, giving the Scriptures in their own tongue to the common people.

His method was, while diligent in translation of the Bible, to gather the Hindu youths into classes and teach them reading, arithmetic, geography, and something of the Bible. But as yet it had not been printed, and therefore could not be generally used. That was to be the next great work of William Carey. The year 1800 had just opened, when two fresh helpers were sent to India, to co-operate with Carey in the work of printing and circulating the Word



CLASS OF INDIAN BOYS.

of God. The East India Company still opposed the entrance of missionaries to their territory, so the newcomers had to land at Serampore, fifteen miles up the Hooghly River, above Calcutta. This place belonged to Denmark, which, therefore, had the honour of giving a foothold to the ambassadors of the Cross, which their own countrymen had refused them. The names of the two helpers were

Marshman and Ward—names which will ever hold an honoured place in the story of India's opening to the Gospel.

Ward belonged to Derby, was a printer to trade, and had met Carey when he gave a missionary address in that town, previous to his going to India seven years before. In speaking a kind word to the young printer lad, who had only a short time before been converted, and who, in his early love was "warm" on the missionary cause, and wondered "if a printer would be of any use among the heathen," Carey said, "By and by we shall want you." Now, there he stood on Indian soil, in the house at Serampore, while in the next room a printing press was fitted up ready to his hand, to undertake the work of printing the first Bengali Bible.

Marshman had been a schoolmaster in Bristol. Born in Westbury Leigh, Wilts, his father a weaver, he had few opportunities of learning, but being of an inquiring nature he borrowed books from everybody who would lend, and at the age of fifteen, went to London to serve in a bookseller's shop. Here he had hard and unpleasant work, carrying parcels of books through the streets, in wet and wintry nights, often soaked and cold, with nothing to cheer or relieve the monotony of life. One day, wretched and depressed, carrying a parcel, he sat down upon it near Westminster Abbey. Suddenly the lad remembered that within that ancient Abbey there were buried men of all ages, heroes of war and peace, who had begun life as far down as he was then, but through dint of perseverance had struggled on, until they reached the place of honour which their country had owned, by allowing them to be buried there. Picking up his heavy parcel, the lad tramped cheerily on, a new impulse filling him from that hour.

Some years later, he was brought to the Lord, became a teacher, and while studying in Bristol College, read Carey's

first missionary pamphlet, and was there now to become his helper. That day, in Serampore, these three men, al



IN AN INDIAN ZENANA.

of one heart and of one soul in the work to which they had given themselves, but with little of this world's goods

wherewith to carry on the work which lay before them, agreed, that all that they had and might receive, should be put into a common purse and used for the Lord; that their time, their gifts, their strength, and all that they possessed should be sanctified to God, and this simple, Scriptural resolution was put in writing and read over three times a year, so that all associated with them should know and own it, and the spirit of this noble resolve was all along the line the rule at Serampore. Some of the great ones of earth sneered at "consecrated cobblers" come to "convert India," and every obstacle that could be raised was thrust in their way, yet in spite of all, they were helped of God, and went onward in what has proved itself to be one of the greatest and far-reaching efforts that ever had been put forth, in giving the Word of God to a people who had not even heard its name, and in laying the deep rock-bed of a work which goes on and will go on, until the Lord has gathered out His own from the deep, dark mine of India, to which Carey "went down," while others held the ropes,

"All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own."





First-Fruits and Progress of the Gospel.

IN March 18th, in the year 1800, the first printed sheet of the Bengali Bible was drawn from the printing press at Serampore. It was the first chapters of Matthew's Gospel. The type had been set up by Ward and Carey's son Felix. The following year, the whole New Testament was issued and laid with reverence and thanksgiving on the communion table, where the little company of believers met to shew forth the Lord's death. That same year Felix Carey was converted, and baptised at the age of fifteen, and on the first Lord's Day of 1802, Krishna Pal, the first Brahmin convert, was baptised as a Christian, on confession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

This was a great event for the little colony. Little wonder that Carey in an ecstasy of joy said to Ward as they welcomed the first Indian convert to their hearts as a brother, and to their fellowship as a witness for Christ, "The chain of caste is broken for ever. At last the fruit of our labour has come."

This man had for a long time been convicted of sin, but could find nothing in Brahminism to give him peace. Having hurt his arms while bathing, he came to the Mission

Station for treatment, and while there, was told of the Saviour. This at once interested him, and he came again and again, desiring to have the Scriptures read to him, and the way of God's salvation made plain.

In a letter written to Carey, he said, "I understand that the Lord Jesus Christ gave His life for the salvation of sinners, and I believe it. So does my friend Gokool." To test his sincerity, he was invited to join with the missionaries at luncheon, which if he did, would destroy his caste, for to eat with a European is regarded by a Hindu as a forfeiture



A NATIVE PREACHER.

of all his heritage. But Krishna Pal had fully counted the cost, and heartily joined them at the simple Christian meal, then was baptised by Carey in the waters of the Hooghly. The hymn,

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?"

was sung at the river side, as the wondering natives looked on. This first Hindu convert was of the writer class, and being a man of some means, he built a simple meeting place in which the Christians met. Others followed, and before

many years, several more of higher caste, proud Brahmins and bigoted Mohammedans, were brought to Christ, and being taught the way of the Lord, several of the younger men became earnest preachers of the Gospel.

In 1801, Lord Wellesley, the Governor-General of India, built a college at Fort William, for the training of young men in Government service, to be set over the natives as judges, magistrates, and governors. Wm. Carey, was the only linguist able for the post, which was offered him and



SCHOOLGIRLS IN INDIA.

which he accepted, hoping thus to reach the class which up till then he had been hindered from getting near to, and also to preach the Gospel in the city of Calcutta. God wonderfully owned his work in this new sphere. As Professor of Sanscrit and Bengali, he had hundreds of the high caste youths under his care three days a week, while the rest of his time was spent in preaching Christ in Calcutta and helping in the work at Serampore. A Sunday

School was opened of which Krishna Pal, the first convert, was teacher. The God who had sustained Carey in the midst of his hardships and persecutions, gave grace to keep him humble in the day of his advancement. When he appeared at the head of his students in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, and a distinguished assembly of all the leading citizens in the great marble hall of Calcutta, he was the same humble spirit, and hastened when all was over to the company of the few despised believers who met for Christian worship and fellowship in a deserted idol temple on the river bank at Bullubpoor, the same in which Henry Martyn had lived and prayed when on a visit to Serampore, which caused it to receive the name of "Henry Martyn's Pagoda." Carey being by nature and study a botanist, he planted a large Botanic Garden, where rare and curious plants were grown, which after many years of cultivation he made good use of, and was rewarded by the Brown University in the United States conferring upon him the honorary degree of *Doctor Carey*.





Trials and Triumphs.

NO servant of Christ, however honoured in his work, or blessed by his Master, will long escape the shafts of the enemy, who not only hates the worker, but seeks to despise if not corrupt the work in which his faith has triumphed. And it was not from the heathen world that this persecution came. Sidney Smith, a witty clergyman, prided himself on having by his unsparing hits, rooted out a nest of "consecrated cobblers," but as events have proved, the work done by the "cobblers" has remained, and their memory is fragrant among all who love the Lord after a century has passed away. While the enemy raged, the work spread. The Gospel was carried to Cawnpore, Delhi, and other places, whose names were made famous by the Mutiny of 1857: while distant cities such as Agra, Benares, and Allahabad heard the story of the Cross.

Other trials came. An earthquake in 1811 shook the houses, causing the natives to run out in alarm, calling on the names of their gods. A still sadder calamity overtook the mission colony. At sunset, when the large new printing office was closing, Ward and a few of the servants being on the premises, a fire broke out, and soon enveloped the whole building, destroying the priceless store of manuscripts, a large number of printed Bibles, and the entire printing plant. Carey heard of the fire the following

morning, and with tears in his eyes was soon standing on the ruins of the building which had been the scene of his arduous labours, where, in one short hour, as he said, "the labours of years was consumed." But while crushed, he was not hopeless. He set to work at once to recast new type, prepare new manuscripts, and continue the work, while Christians in Great Britain and America, hearing of the conflagration, quickly raised £10,000 for the recon-



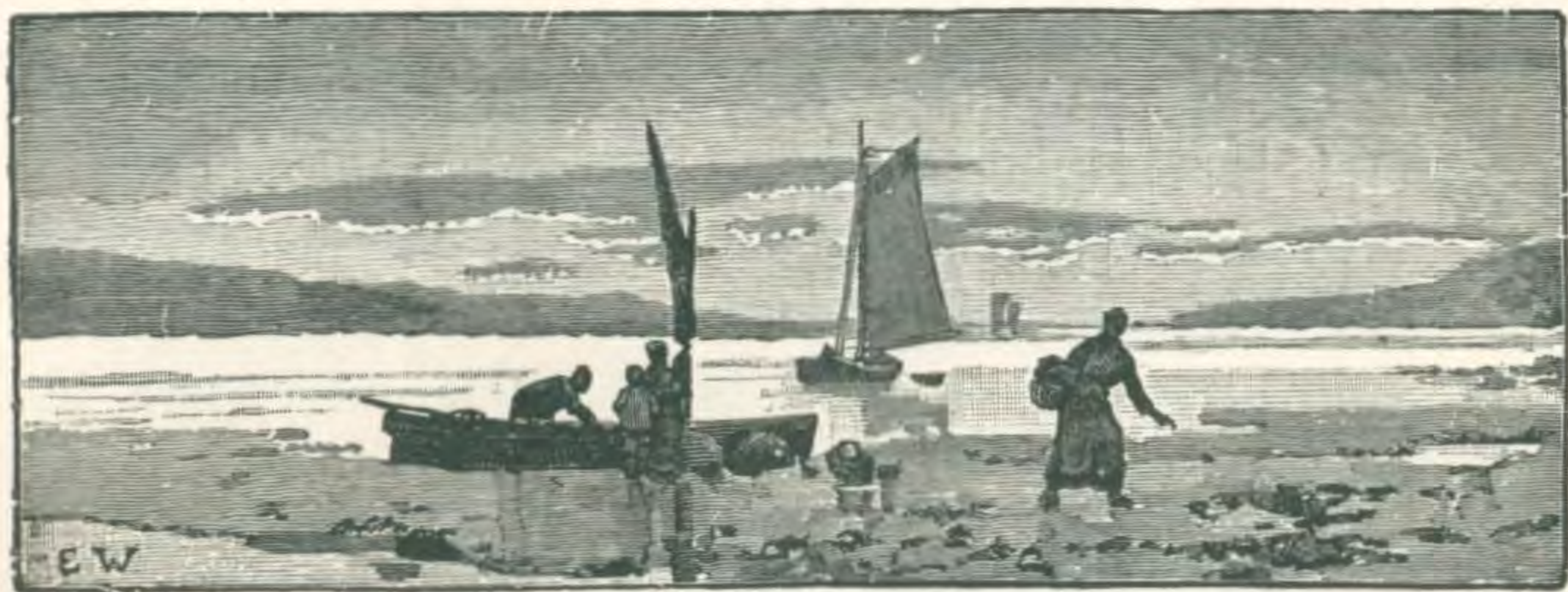
A FAMILY GROUP WITH THE BIBLE.

struction of the premises, and as Carey's biographer's says, instead of the fire being a hindrance it was the cause of a new and more improved edition of the Bengali Scriptures being produced and issued. The *Punjabi* Bible was soon issued and welcomed by the brave Sikhs, than whom as Carey said, no race in India was more ready to receive the Word of God.

In 1830, a crushing blow came upon the colony. All their

funds which had been entrusted to leading firms were lost, which caused the two aged workers to dissolve in tears, and threatened to lay them in their graves. But, here again, God came in, and sums were sent from friends in Britain to carry on the work. In 1832, the last Revised Edition of the whole Bible in Bengali was completed, Carey, now advanced in years, feeling his work was done, lifted the book and holding it up to the native converts, said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," and this was his last as it was his greatest work. The long day of his service was drawing to a close, and the rest was nigh at hand.





A Glorious Sunset.

VISITS of friends and new workers coming out to the now opened field, cheered the aged worker in his latest days.

Alexander Duff, who was destined to follow up the work Carey had begun, then a young man of twenty-four, called on him one day and was astonished to find in a small study, in plain and simple style, clad in a white jacket, a feeble old man, who outstretched his thin yellow hands and blessed him. While he had been the means of raising buildings and spreading the Scriptures, Carey himself remained a poor man, happily so by his own choice. Mr. Mack, who went out to follow up his work, and had caught his spirit, wrote, "Though poor as church mice, we are a very happy family." Happy it is, when the servants of Christ are content so to be, and thus remain true representatives of their Master.

As Carey's end drew near, many visited him to receive his blessing, and to hear him speak of the Lord whom he loved. Dr. Duff was one of the visitors at his bedside. Speaking of his long life work, the dying man asked his visitor to pray. Dr. Duff prayed, and was about to leave, when the venerable missionary called him back. The

dying man, calmly addressing his younger brother in Christ, said—"You have been speaking about Dr. Carey. When I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey, but speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour." Then he gave instructions that nothing but a plain stone should be placed upon his grave, with no mention of his work or his learning, but simply his name, and underneath it the lines—

"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

Early on the morning of June 9th, 1834, the wearied



A VILLAGE PREACHING IN INDIA.

pilgrim, the earnest worker, the well-tried soldier of the Cross fell asleep, and was translated from the sphere of his toils, to the calm and rest of the Lord's presence.

The door thus opened for the Gospel has been entered by many godly and earnest workers, and much progress has been made in spite of the opposition of Satan and the iron bondage of caste, which is the greatest of all hindrances to the Gospel in India. Scattered across nearly all parts

of India, especially among its thousands upon thousands of villages, are earnest servants of Christ, spreading the Gospel and teaching those who believe it. Companies of Christians, taking the Word of God alone as their guide, and standard of faith, are to be found throughout many of the provinces, while from amongst them native evangelists go forth holding up Christ crucified at fairs, festivals, and other public gatherings of the people. Opium dens which, alas ! are numerous, and have the favour and support of the British Government, because of the revenues they bring, are found in all the cities of India and are ruining thousands of its young men. Less has been done in the great cities than in the villages, although there the Lord has His witnesses. When the people of God in the home lands are awake to their privileges and responsibilities toward the millions of heathendom, in sending them the Gospel ; when young men and maidens, converted in early years and brought up in the nurture of the Lord, are taught that it is their duty, having proved their fitness by a godly testimony at home, to go forth as Christ's ambassadors to the heathen—then the millions of India who have never heard His saving Name, shall know its joyful sound and prove its saving power.

The day of India's opening up to the Gospel and its delivering power had only dawned, when Carey and his devoted fellow-workers passed off the scene, but the door then opened has not been closed and never will. Other labourers have followed up the work begun. The Word of God, translated by Carey into twenty-four of India's languages, has since then been given in their own tongue to millions more. Since the days of the Mutiny of 1857, in which it is estimated 1500 British subjects were murdered, including over thirty missionaries, India, under the British crown and as part of the British empire, has

been gradually opening to the Gospel. Famine and plagues have been used in shewing many the utter inability of idols and their priests to help or deliver in time of need. Christian missionaries, and their helpers at home were the means of rescuing and feeding thousands, who were afterwards brought under the Gospel's joyful sound, and are manifesting its fruits in their lives. But there is yet much land to be possessed, and millions of India's sons and daughters have yet to hear the Saviour's Name.

“ God speed the day when those of every nation,
 ‘Glory to God’ triumphantly shall sing;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
 Shout ‘Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!’ ”





The Story of Pandita Ramabai.

THE FRIEND OF INDIA'S WIDOWS, AND ORPHANS.

MANY years ago there lived in Poona, a Brahmin student named Anata Shasti. His young wife taught the sacred learning of the Brahmins to her family, and the father was regarded as a very holy as well as a learned man. Pilgrims and students flocked to his rude home in the forest, to hear his wisdom, and be taught by him. A little daughter, Ramabai by name, was taught the Sanskrit language in which the Hindu sacred books is written, and as a child was remarkable for her love of reading and her knowledge. She was able to read and speak the Marathi, Karenese, Bengali, and Hindustan languages as a girl, and was regarded by all who knew her as remarkably clever. The famine which devastated Southern India in the years 1876-77, but which began three years before, caused them to leave their forest home and go on pilgrimage. They parted with all their goods, sold all their jewels, in the hope of propitiating the gods, and being raised to their former fortune. But things became worse and worse. The story of what followed

will best be told by Ramabai herself. In her book entitled "Famine Recollections," she says :—

"My recollections carry me back to the hard times some twenty-two years ago. The last great famine of Madras Presidency reached its climax in the years 1876-77, but it began at least three years before that time. I was in my teens then, and so thoroughly ignorant of the outside world, that I cannot remember observing other people's



INDIAN FATHER, MOTHER, AND CHILD.

condition, yet saw enough of distress in our own and a few other families to realise the hard-heartedness of unchanged human nature.

High caste and respectable poor families who are not accustomed to hard labour and pauperism, suffered then, as they do now, more than the poorer classes. My own people, among many others, fell victims to the terrible famine. We had known better days. My father was a

landholder, and an honoured Pandit, and had acquired wealth by his learning. But by and by, when he became old and infirm and blind in the last days of his earthly life, he lost all the property in one way or another. My brother, sister and myself, had no secular education to enable us to earn our livelihood by better work than manual labour. We had all the sacred learning necessary to lead

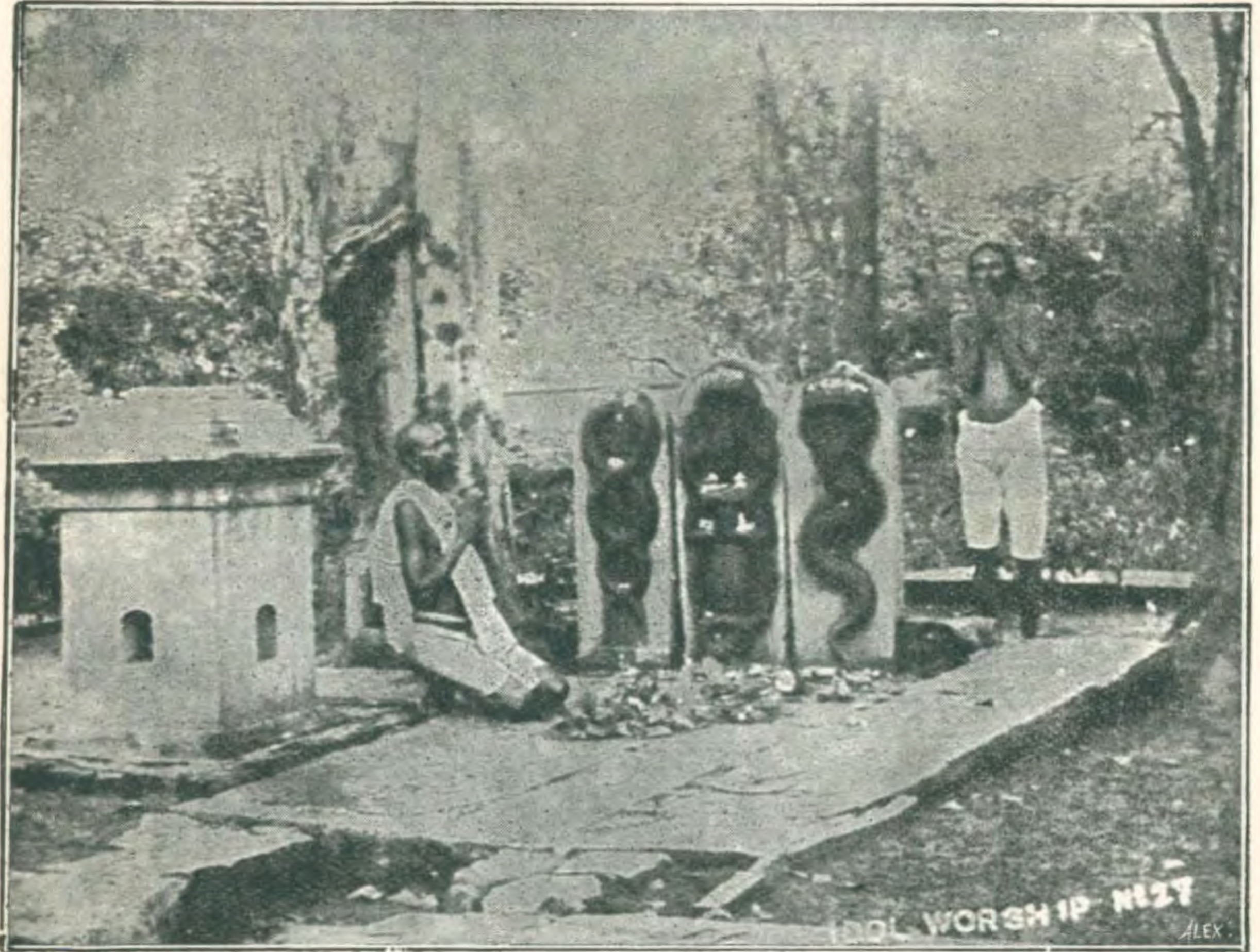


PANDITA RAMABAI.

an honest religious life, but the pride of caste and superior learning and vanity of life prevented our stooping down to acquire some industry, whereby we might have saved the precious lives of our parents.

“In short, we had no common sense, and foolishly spent all the money we had in hand giving alms to Brahmins to

please the gods, who, we thought, would send a shower of gold mohurs upon us and make us rich and happy. We went to several sacred places and temples, to worship different gods and to bathe in sacred rivers and tanks to free ourselves from sin and curse, which brought poverty on us. We prostrated ourselves before the stone and metal



WORSHIPPING IDOL.

images of the gods, and prayed to them day and night ; the burden of our prayer being that the gods would be please pleased to give us wealth, learning, and renown. My dear brother, a stalwart young fellow of twenty-one, spoilt his health and wasted his fine well-built body by fasting months and months. But nothing came of all this futile

effort to please the gods—the stone images remained as hard as ever, and never answered our prayers. Oh that we had found out then that ‘Every man is brutish in his knowledge, every founder is confounded by the graven image; for his molten image is falsehood.’ ‘The idols have spoken vanity, and the diviners have seen a lie, and have told false dreams; they comfort in vain.’

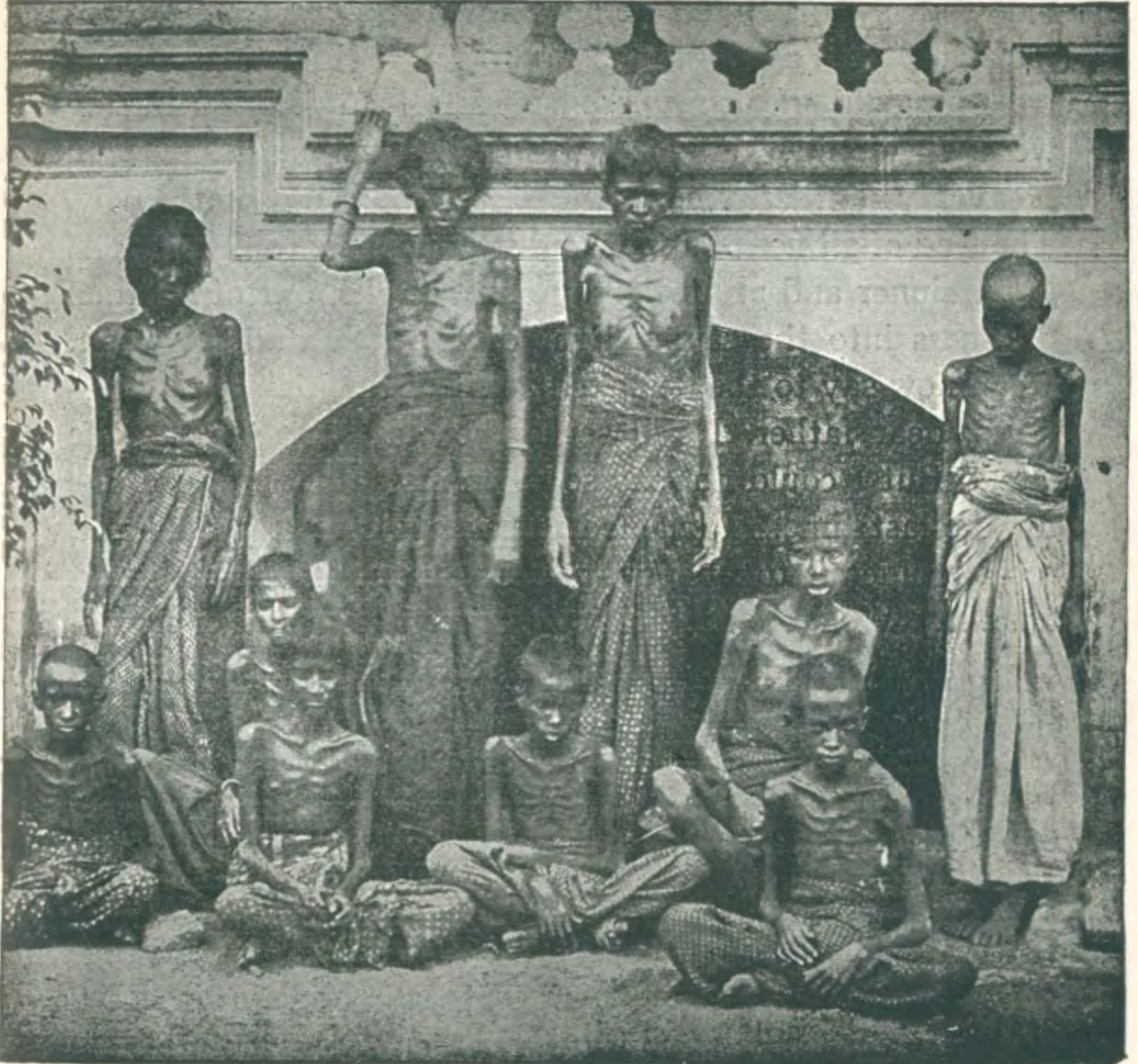
“We knew the *Vedanta*, and knew also that we worshipped not the images, but some gods whom they represented—still all our learning and superior knowledge was of no avail. We bowed to the idols as thousands of learned Brahmins do. We expected them to speak to us in wonderful oracles. We went to the astrologers with money and other presents, to know from them the minds of the gods concerning us. In this way we spent our precious time, strength, and wealth in vain. When no money was left in hand, we began to sell the valuable things belonging to us—jewelries, costly garments, silver ware; and even the cooking vessels of brass and copper were sold at the last, and the money spent in giving alms to Brahmins till nothing but a few silver and copper coins were left in our possession. We bought coarse rice with them, and ate very sparingly, but it did not last long. At last the day came when we had finished eating the last grain of rice—and nothing but death by starvation remained for our portion. Oh the sorrow, the helplessness, and the disgrace of the situation!”



Famine Struggles and Death.

“WE assembled together to consider what we should do next, and after a long discussion, came to the conclusion that it was better to go into the forest and die there, than bear the disgrace of poverty among our own people. And that very night we left the house in which we were staying at Tirpathy—a sacred town situated on the top of Venkatghiri—and entered into the great forest, determined to die there. Eleven days and nights—in which we subsisted on water and leaves and a handful of wild dates—were spent in great bodily and mental pain. At last our dear father could hold out no longer, the tortures of hunger were too much for his poor, old, weak body. He determined to drown himself in a sacred tank near by, thus to end all his earthly suffering. It was suggested that the rest of us should either drown themselves, or break the family and go their several ways. But drowning ourselves seemed most practicable. To drown one's self in some sacred river or tank is *not* considered suicide by Hindus, so we felt free to put an end to our lives in that way. Father wanted to drown himself first, so he took leave of all the members of the family one by one. I was his youngest child, and my turn came last. I shall never forget his last

injunctions to me. His blind eyes could not see my face, but he held me tight in his arms, and stroking my head and cheeks, he told me in a few words broken with emotion, to remember how he loved me, and how he taught me to do



TIMES OF FAMINE IN INDIA.

right and never depart from the way of righteousness. His last loving command to me was to lead an honourable life if I lived at all, and serve God all my life. He did not

know the only true God, but served the—to him—unknown God with all his heart and strength ; and he was very desirous that his children should serve him to the last. ‘ Remember, my child ’—he said—‘ you are my youngest, my most beloved child. I have given you into the hand of our God ; you are His, and to Him alone you must belong and serve Him all your life.’

“ He could speak no more. My father’s prayers for me were, no doubt, heard by the Almighty, the all-merciful Heavenly Father whom the old Hindu did not know. The God of all flesh did not find it impossible to bring me, a great sinner and an unworthy child of His, out of heathen darkness into the saving light of His love and salvation. I can now say to the departed spirit of the loving parent—‘ Yes, dear father, I will serve the only true God to the last.’ But I could not say so when my father spoke to me for the last time. I listened to him, but was too ignorant, too bewildered to understand him or make an intelligent answer. We were after this dismissed from father’s presence ; he wanted an hour for meditation and preparation before death.

“ While we were placed in such a bewildering situation, the merciful God, who so often prevents His sinful children from rushing headlong into the deep pit of sin, came to our rescue. He kept us from the dreadful act of being witnesses to the suicide of our own loved father. God put a noble thought into the heart of my brother, who said he could not bear to see the sad sight. He would give up all caste pride and go to work to support our old parents, and as father was unable to walk, he said he would carry him down the mountain into the nearest village, and then go to work. He made his intentions known to father, and begged him not to drown himself in the sacred tank. So the question was settled for that time. Our hearts were gladdened, and

we prepared to start from the forest. And yet we wished very much that a tiger, a great snake, or some other wild animal would put an end to our lives. We were too weak to move, and too proud to beg or work to earn a livelihood. But the resolution was made, and we dragged ourselves to the jungle as best we could.

“ It took us nearly two days to come out of the forest into a village at the foot of the mountain. Father suffered intensely throughout this time. Weakness caused by starvation and the hardships of the life in the wilderness, hastened his death. We reached the village with great difficulty, and took shelter in a temple, but the Brahmin priests of the temple would not let us stay there. They had no pity for the weak and helpless. So we were obliged again to move from the temple, and go out of the village into the ruins of an old temple where no one but the wild animals dwelt in the night. There we stayed for four days. A young Brahmin, seeing the helplessness of our situation, gave us some food.

“ The same day on which we reached that village, my father was attacked by fever from which he did not recover. On the first day at the beginning of his last illness, he asked for a little sugar and water. We gave him water, but could not give sugar. He could not eat the coarse food, and shortly after he became unconscious, and died on the morning of the third day.

“ The same kind young Brahmin who had given us some food, came to our help at this time. He could not do much. He was not sure whether we were Brahmins or not, and as none of his co-villagers would come to carry the dead, he could not, for fear of being put out of caste, come to help my brother to carry the remains of my father. But he had the kindness to let some men dig a grave at his own expense, and follow the funeral party as far as the river. Father

had entered the order of a Sannyasin before his death. So his body was to be buried in the ground according to the commands of the Shastras. As there was no one else to carry the dead, my brother tied the body in his dhoti like a bundle, and carried it alone over two miles to its last resting place. We sadly followed to the river bank,



ORPHAN GIRL PREPARING RICE.

and helped him a little. So we buried our father outside that village, away from all human habitation, and returned with heavy hearts to the ruins of the old temple where we had taken our abode. That same evening our mother was attacked by fever, and said she would not live much longer. But we had to leave the place; there was no work to be

found and no food to be had. We walked with our sick mother for a while, and then some kind-hearted people gave us a little food and money to pay our fare as far as Raichur. There we stayed for some weeks, being quite unable to move from that town owing to the illness of our mother. Our life at Raichur was a continuous story of hopelessness and starvation. Brother was too weak to work, and we could not make up our minds to go to beg. Now and then kind people gave us some food. Mother suffered intensely from fever and hunger. We too suffered from hunger and weakness, but the sufferings of our mother were more than we could bear to see. Yet we had to keep still through sheer helplessness. Now and then when delirious, mother would ask for different kinds of food. She could eat but little, yet we were unable to give her the little she wanted.

“Once she suffered so much from hunger, that she could bear it no longer, and sent me into a neighbour’s house to beg a little piece of coarse bajree cake. I went there very reluctantly. The lady spoke kindly to me, but I could on no account open my mouth to beg that piece of bajree bread. With superhuman effort and a firm resolution to keep my feelings from that lady, I kept the tears back, but they poured out of my nose instead of my eyes, in spite of me, and the expression of my face told its own story. The kind Brahmin lady, guessing what was in my mind, asked me if I would like to have some food, so I said, ‘Yes, I want only a little piece of bajree bread.’ She gave me what I wanted, and I felt very grateful, but could not say a word to express my gratitude. I ran to my mother in great haste and gave it to her. But she could not eat, she was too weak. The fever was on her, she became unconscious and died in a few days after that. Her funeral was as sad as that of my father, with the exception that two Brahmins came to help my brother and me to carry

her body to the burying ground, about three miles from the town.

“ I need not lengthen this account with our subsequent experiences. My elder sister also died of starvation, after suffering from illness and hunger. During those few months before our sister died, we three travelled on foot from place to place in search of food and work, but we could not get much of either. My brother and myself continued our sad pilgrimage to the northern boundary of India and back to the east as far as Calcutta. Brother got work here and there, but most of the time we lived a wanderer's life. Very often we had to go without food for days. Even when my brother had work to do, he got so little wages, only four rupees a month, and sometimes much less than that, that we were obliged to live on a handful of grain soaked in water, and a little salt. We had no blankets or thick garments to cover ourselves, and when travelling we had to walk barefoot, without umbrellas, and to rest in the night, either under the trees on the roadside or the arches of bridges, or lie down on the ground in the open air. Once on the banks of the Jhelum, a river in the Punjab, we were obliged to rest at night in the open air, and tried to keep off the intense cold by digging two grave-like pits, and putting ourselves into them and covering our bodies—except our heads—with dry sand of the river bank. Sometimes the demands of hunger were so great, that we would satisfy our empty stomachs by eating a handful of wild berries, and swallowing the hard stones together with their coarse skins.

“ Four long years we suffered from scarcity. We did not mind it much as we were young and strong ; we could stand it much better than our poor old parents and weak sister. The Heavenly Father very mercifully removed our parents from this earth ; and that none of their children,

whom they loved so much, died or were separated from them in their lifetime, gave us some satisfaction, but the memory of the last days of their life, full of sorrow, almost breaks my heart."





Ramabai Ceases to be a Hindu.

WHILE wandering through the country with her brother during these terrible years of famine, feeding on wild berries and sleeping on the banks of rivers, Ramabai's faith in the Hindu religion began to be shaken. She had worshipped stocks and stones for twenty years, and read the sacred books of Hinduism. They had been taught that in the Himalayas there was a lake, in which were floating mountains in which seven sages or Mahatmas dwelt. When pilgrims came to its shore, the sages in the mountains floated toward them and received their worship. Ramabai and her brother found themselves in the vicinity of this lake, and determined to visit its shore. To their great delight they reached it, and saw the seven mountains, before which they prostrated themselves, but received no sign. The priests warned them against going to the water, saying it was swarming with crocodiles ; but her brother, early in the morning, when none of the priests were on watch, swam out to the mountains and found them to be masses of mud, planted with trees, floating on rafts. Behind each a little boat was concealed. When a pilgrim desiring to be accounted sinless, put a sufficiently large coin into the priest's hand, a sign was given, and the

priest in the boat gave the raft a push toward the shore, which sent the Hindu away happy in the delusion that the sages had regarded him as sinless by receiving his homage.

They moved from place to place, and on account of their



A HINDU DEVOTEE.

(His right hand has been in the same position for years.)

learning received much attention from the high caste Brahmins, to whose houses they now had free access.

In Calcutta, Ramabai had bestowed upon her the title of Sarasrate by a solemn conclave of Pandits, owing to her learning. She is the only woman in India who has per-

mission to call herself by the title of "Pandita." They travelled through Bengal lecturing on the emancipation of India's women, a work to which Ramabai had given herself, and everywhere they were welcomed by the Hindus, who were delighted to hear the sacred Sanskrit from a woman's lips. She spoke to large audiences on the banks of the Ganges, its waters studded with boats of the type used for two thousand years. In Calcutta her brother died, and she was married to an M.A. of Calcutta University, who was a learned man, and had, like herself, rejected Hinduism. But as yet neither of them knew anything of Jesus Christ. They spent nineteen months in their home in Assam, I had a little daughter born to them, and then cholera snatched the husband away, leaving Ramabai with her child Manorama alone in the world, no longer a Hindu, yet not a Christian.





Conversion and Call to Service.

RAMABAI arrived in England with her infant daughter and settled in Wantage, where she studied the language for a year. Here also, through reading the Bible and other books, she became intellectually convinced of the truth of Christianity, confessed herself a Christian, and was baptised. But she had not been convicted of sin, or really converted to God. She had yet to learn that she was a sinner, and Jesus Christ the only Saviour. Referring to the period of her nominal profession of Christianity, Ramabai says—"When I turned my attention to searching for the truth in the Hindu and Christian religions, and comparing them with each other, I found Christianity to be the better of the two and accepted it." But with all this she had no personal knowledge of Christ, no experience of being born again. She goes on to say—"Some years ago, I was brought to the conviction that mine was only an intellectual belief—a belief in which there was no life. I looked for salvation in the future after death, and consequently my soul had not passed from death unto life. God shewed me how dangerous my position was, and what a wretched lost sinner I was, and how necessary it was for me to obtain salvation in the present, and not in some future time."

It was a great mercy that this dear woman who, in the goodness of God, had been delivered from the bondage and darkness of the Hindu religion, was not permitted to rest in a mere nominal profession of the Christian name. No doubt this is all the "conversion" that many, who have



RAMABAI AND TWO HELPERS.

turned from idols possess, but it is not enough. It leaves the sinner "white-washed" but not washed white, without Christ, and without life, as unfit for God's kingdom and service here and hereafter as ever. Picking up a book one

day, Ramabai read the story of one who had been a member and a minister of the Church of England for many years, and was still unsaved, unregenerate. This increased her interest and caused her much searching of heart. She was convinced that she yet lacked the one great essential of true Christianity, that is life. She had not been born again. Now she knew it, owned it, and was ready and desirous of obtaining it in God's way. It is when the sinner reaches this condition that grace meets him, and the Gospel becomes the power of God unto his salvation. Thus Ramabai found it. Casting herself wholly on the Lord Jesus Christ, as a sinner, apart from merit or works of her own, she took Him at His word, and her burden rolled away. Speaking of this great transition, she says—"I became very happy after that. There was not a shadow of doubt as to my having obtained salvation through Jesus Christ."

By ministry of the Word through various servants of Christ, and especially by means of the study of the Scriptures, under the teaching of the Spirit, Ramabai was led on in the knowledge of God and in obedience to His will. She was baptised as a believer by the late W. J. Hosking, and took a decided stand as a disciple of the Lord Jesus, desiring to serve Him in any way that He might direct.

Before the light of the Gospel entered her heart, her sympathies were greatly toward the widows and women of her people, for whose temporal and spiritual wants few seemed to care. Having returned to India she began a school for high caste girls, calling it the "Sharada Sadan" (Abode of wisdom) in Bombay, but the following year removed it to Poona, which is healthier and in every way more suitable for such work. In a few years she had over forty young girl widows in her home, some only seven years of age, few older, having their heads shaved and wearing their sarees drawn close around their faces, to

hide the disfigurement made according to cruel custom upon all Hindu widows. But in order to make this more intelligible, we will devote our next chapter to some account of India's widows and orphans.





India's Widows and Orphans.

RAMABAI says, there are ten million outcast widows in India, for whom no one cares. This immense number is the result of the custom of child marriage, which has, for centuries, been the curse of India.

The Indian woman, as a bride, goes inside her husband's house, and scarcely ever is seen, in some cases is never seen outside of it, till her body is carried out for burial. The Zenanas, or women's part of an Indian house of the upper castes, are not gay buildings such as we sometimes see in pictures. Behind the gorgeously-furnished house of the husband, there is a plain mud building, with small windows, like a prison. This is the Zenana or abode of the wives and children. Dark and cheerless, with no furniture, save a few cooking utensils. Into this drear abode the Indian bride, wearing her jewels, is thrust, and there she remains. Into these Zenanas no male missionary is ever allowed, but there is an open door in certain of them for Christian females, who carry the Gospel message to the sad and lonely wives and mothers who dwell in these prison houses. Most of them are very ignorant, unable to read, and spend their lives in utter indifference to everything.

There are some exceptions, but as a rule, misery reigns in these places. Women in India are downtrodden and treated very much as slaves.

When a baby girl is born to a Hindu father, he considers it is a curse from the gods. When counting the members of his family, girls are left out. When boys are six or seven years old they are separated from their sisters, and will not even play with them. The education of girls has been sadly neglected, ninety out of every hundred being entirely ignorant. Of late years something has been done to educate them. Schools have been opened, which at first were only



GIRL WIDOWS OF INDIA.

patronised by low caste children, but now the high caste girls are being sent, and the lethargy of ages is breaking up.

Girls in India are married at a very early age, in some cases at five and six years. The children themselves have no choice in the matter, it is all arranged by the father, sometimes while they are babes. A girl of five or six years, may be betrothed to a boy of her own age, or to a man of fifty, age makes no difference—the younger they are married the better, say the priests, for greater is the merit and richer the reward for the parents in heaven. If the husband dies while the child wife is young, she is proclaimed

a widow and forbidden to marry again. The law has been so far relaxed now as to make it legal for the widow to marry, but as the Hindu religion is not in favour of this, few do it. On the death of her husband, the child wife is stripped of her ornaments—in which they so much delight—her hair is shaved off, her coloured garments stripped from her, and as she is blamed for causing the death of her husband. She is cursed. She is only allowed to eat once a day, and many days no food or water till sunset. She takes no part in any kind of pleasure, and for the rest of her life is doomed to lone misery. It is estimated that there are over sixty thousand child widows under ten years, and some millions under twenty. One of these child widows has written, “Criminals confined in the jails for life are happier than we, for they know something of the world, but we have not for one day seen the world. To us it is nothing but a name. We see only the four walls of the house. We have been born in this prison, we die here.” And few of the inmates of these dark abodes have ever heard the Saviour’s Name. Thank God, there are some trying to reach them, to tell them the story of a Saviour’s love, but it is estimated that each of these workers has a congregation of over 200,000 to reach, if they would overtake India’s widows with the Gospel.





Days of Salvation at "Mukti."

ON a piece of ground close to the railway station of Khedgan, on the Marathi Railway, forty miles from Poona, stands the Sharada Sadan, amid a grove of orange, lime, and mangrove trees. Around it are a hundred acres of cleared jungle wood, planted with various crops. Many girl widows come to her refuge. The Lord has done great things for her in connection with it, raising up Christian friends in all parts of the world to support it, and by means of the godly influence that prevails within its walls, the clear and definite Gospel teaching which is constantly given to the pupils, quite a number of these girl widows have been truly converted to God, and are in turn becoming rescuers of others. What a testimony to the power of the Gospel and the faithfulness of God, is that home of refuge and of light, standing in the midst of heathendom, for the daughters of India.

In 1897, a gracious revival visited the Sharada Sadan, and many of the girls were brought to the Lord. On an early morning in November of the same year, seventeen bullock carts, crowded with seven and eight women in each, started for the Bheema River, five and a half miles distant from the Home. Songs filled the air as they drove

along the road; songs of sinners newly saved, praising the Lord for His mighty love, "mighty to save." It was a sight to make saints and angels rejoice. A tent was pitched on the bank of the river. One stood on the shore and called



RESCUED GIRLS IN RAMABAI'S HOME.

out the name of each, as she stepped out from the tent, and was led down to the water, there, as a believer in the Lord Jesus, to be "buried with Him in baptism," as the

Word has commanded (Matt. xxviii. 19). One hundred and eight girls and one boy were baptised that day, and many others have been saved to thus follow the Lord since.

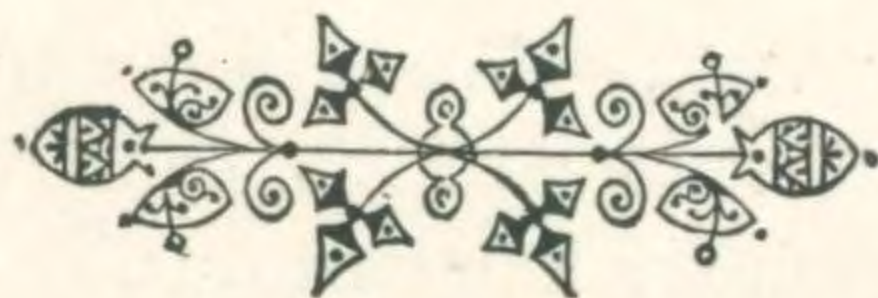
Another house was built and named *Mukti*, which means "Salvation," in 1897, and amid many trials of faith, considerable opposition from official quarters, and the



CHRISTIAN GIRLS SERVING AS BIBLE WOMEN.

necessary tests which all who serve the Lord Christ must endure. She has gone on serving and teaching Jesus Christ. Many of her first rescued girls are now her best helpers, some as Bible-women, going out to the villages with the Gospel, others being active on the farm, in the dairy, at the loom, and in various branches of the work

in connection with the institution. May the light thus kindled in the midst of dense surrounding darkness, continue to shine, and the light of God's Gospel break forth on every side among India's millions, from the *Mukti* lamp, over which Ramabai and her helpers watch incessantly and prayerfully on the fields of Poona.





The Gospel's Progress in India.

DURING the past half-century, the Gospel has found its way into many parts of the great Indian Empire, and never has there been so many earnest, active Gospellers giving their time and strength to the spread of the glad tidings as at the present time.

Space would fail to give even a brief mention of those workers and their work. We will content ourselves in giving a few well ascertained facts, concerning some of the workers, either personally known to us, or whose work has been before us for many years. men and women constrained by the love of Christ, who at the call of God left their homes and kindred, going forth in the Lord's Name alone, unconnected with any society or human organisation, working on simple, Scriptural lines, guided by the Spirit, proclaiming the Gospel in its simplicity and purity, and teaching those who have believed it, "all things" whatsoever the Lord has commended (Matt. xxviii. 19), counting upon Himself to supply all their needs, as He did those of His servants in early times, apart from the world's contributions, or the control of its religious leaders.

Anthony Norris Groves, who had laboured as a missionary

in Persia, and passed through the terrible plague in Bagdad, went to India in 1833, and began work in Bombay, on the simple lines laid down in God's Word for His servants to follow for all time, his aim being to "prepare the way of the unfettered Gospel in India" (Memoir p. 230), which some who were there before him did not altogether relish, but the noble pioneer testified the truth, and manifested it in his own simplicity of life. A visit to Mr. Kholoff, an aged saint of seventy-two, but only ten years converted, a



A GROUP OF FAMINE ORPHANS.

pupil of the devoted Schwartz, and now his successor at Trichinopoly, followed by a visit to the aged Dr. Carey, who was nearing the end of his long pilgrimage, at Serampore, greatly cheered Mr. Groves and formed links between him and the workers who had been honoured to plant the standard of the Cross and preach Christ in all simplicity in India. Dr. Alexander Duff, who had shortly before opened a school for boys, welcomed him. He visited many villages

preaching Christ, and spent a long time in Chittoor, Bengalora, and Madras, where God blessed his work.

Two native helpers, Acquilla and Aroolappen, both converted under his ministry, were much used of God in Travancore and Tinnevely, in preaching the Gospel, both relinquishing all means of support, and, looking to the Lord alone, as their spiritual father had by precept and example taught them God's way. In 1860, a wonderful work of grace began in Tinnevely, chiefly through Aroolappen's preaching, his own sons and three daughters being amongst the first converts.

In 1836, two earnest Christian men, named Bowden and Beer, accompanied Mr. Groves to India, and began work in Narsapur in the Godaveri Delta. Another helper was raised up in Mr. Heelis, a ship's officer, who gave himself wholly to the work. From the little nucleus thus begun in the Lord's Name, and having no organisation other than that set forth in the Scriptures, a wonderful work of grace has spread itself forth in all that great district, little companies of believers being found throughout the Madras Presidency, notably at Dowlaishweram, Chittapetta, and Amalapuram. In Southern India, there is a growing work in Malvalli, Coimbatore, and Kollegal, where the Gospel is continuously proclaimed by British and native evangelists, and a good work carried on among the children, many of whom have been brought to Christ and are witnessing in their lives for Him. During the recent famine times, thousands of destitute and orphan children were brought to the missionaries to be fed and cared for, and up to the present time, and in the Lord's mercy, many of these are brought under the Gospel's saving power and truly converted. In the Santal Country, at Mihijam, Karmatar, Banka, in S. Mahrathi, at Belgaum, in the Caranese District, at Malvalli, Kollegal, and elsewhere, Orphanages

have been opened, and there the light of the Gospel shines, radiating into the darkness of heathendom around. Many of the lads have been converted, and are diligently spreading the Gospel. Some grown up to manhood, are married to native Christian wives, and giving good testimony to the grace of God in humble godly home life, which more than



TWO INDIAN LADIES, WORKERS AMONG THE ORPHANS.

all else, appeals to the villagers amongst whom they dwell, and commends the Gospel in heathen lands. Native evangelists go forth distributing the Scriptures and preaching the Word, while little companies of believers gather for worship and Christian fellowship in Scriptural

simplicity, seeking to edify one another as believers in Christ, and give united testimony to the Name of Him whom God hath exalted to be Lord and Christ. But there are more than two hundred millions in India who have never heard the Gospel of the grace of God, or the saving Name of Him who came to seek and to save the lost. May the hearts of Christians everywhere be stirred up by the cry that comes from the great Indian Empire just waking from the sleep of centuries, and crying "Send the Light." May young men and maidens saved in life's glad morn, be constrained by the love of Christ to give themselves to His honourable service, willing and ready should He send them, to spend and be spent amid India's millions, spreading the light of His glorious Gospel, and may those who tarry at home be more and more active partners with those who fill high places of the field in lands afar, by loving prayerful sympathy, and practical support in the great work of men's salvation, on account of which God gave up His only Son, and Jesus Christ laid down His life on Calvary.

Send the light, Oh, send it quickly
Far across the heaving main;
Speed the news of free salvation
Through the dear Redeemer's Name.

Send the light, Oh, send it quickly
To the isles beyond the sea;
Let them hear the wondrous story—
Love is boundless, grace is free.

Send the light, where souls are dying
In their darkness, gloom, and night;
Haste, Oh, haste! the days are fleeting,
And the hours—how swift their flight.

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HELPS.

SPECIMEN OF TYPE.

The sun goes ten

2 KINGS, 20.

degrees backward.

34 For I will defend this city, to save it, for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake.

35 ¶ And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the LORD went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.

36 So Sennacherib king of Assyria

7 And Isaiah said, Take a lump of figs. And they took and laid it on the boil, and he recovered.

8 ¶ And Hezekiah said unto Isaiah, What shall be the sign that the LORD will heal me, and that I shall go up into the house of the LORD the third day?

9 And Isaiah said, This sign shalt thou have of the LORD, that the LORD will do the thing that he hath spoken: shall the shadow go

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Word

SPECIMEN OF TYPE.

Samuel anointeth David.

I. SAMUEL, 17.

Saul sendeth for David.

for I have provided me a king among his sons.

2 And Samuel said, How can I go? if Saul hear *it*, he will kill me. And the Lord said, Take an heifer with thee, and say, I am come to sacrifice to the LORD.

3 And call Jesse to the sacrifice, and I will shew thee what thou shalt do: and thou shalt anoint unto me *him* whom I name unto thee.

4 And Samuel did that which the LORD spake, and came to Beth-lehem. And the elders of the town trembled at his coming, and said, Comest thou peaceably?

5 And he said, Peaceably: I am come

17 And Saul said unto his servants, Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring *him* to me.

18 Then answered one of the servants, and said, Behold, I have seen a son of Jesse the Beth-lehemite, *that is* cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person, and the LORD *is* with him.

19 ¶ Wherefore Saul sent messengers unto Jesse, and said, Send me David thy son, which *is* with the sheep.

20 And Jesse took an ass *laden* with bread, and a bottle of wine, and a kid, and sent *them* by David hisson unto Saul.

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SPECIMEN OF TYPE.

Parable of the mustard seed.

MARK. 5

The legion of devils cast out.

not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and *their* sins should be forgiven them.

13 And he said unto them, Know ye not this parable? and how then will ye know all parables?

14 ¶ The sower soweth the word.

15 And these are they by the way-side, where the word is sown; but, when they have heard, *the* Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts.

16 And these are they likewise which are sown on stony ground; who, when they have heard the word, immediately receive it with gladness;

A. D. 31.

CHAP. 4.

h Mat. 13. 19.

1 Pet. 1. 24.

25.

i 2 Cor. 2. 11.

2 Cor. 4. 4.

1 Pet. 5. 8.

j Job 27. 10.

k Ps. 52. 7.

Pro. 23. 5.

Ecc. 5. 13.

Lu. 18. 24.

1 Tim. 6. 9.

17.

36 And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships.

37 And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full.

38 And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?

39 And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

40 And he said unto them, Why are ye so

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SPECIMEN OF TYPE.

The Shunammite's

2 KING8, 5.

son restored.

when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither.

11 And it fell on a day, that he came thither, and he turned into the chamber, and lay there.

12 And he said to Gehazi his servant, Call this Shunammite. And when he had called her, she stood before him.

13 And he said unto him, Say now unto her, Behold, thou hast been careful for us with all this care: what is to be done for thee? wouldest thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host? And she answered, I dwell among mine own people.

14 And he said, What then is to be

answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child.

30 And the mother of the child said, As the LORD liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And he arose, and followed her.

31 And Gehazi passed on before them, and laid the staff upon the face of the child: but there was neither voice nor bearing: wherefore he went again to meet him, and told him, saying, The child is not awaked.

32 And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed.

33 He went in therefore, and shut the

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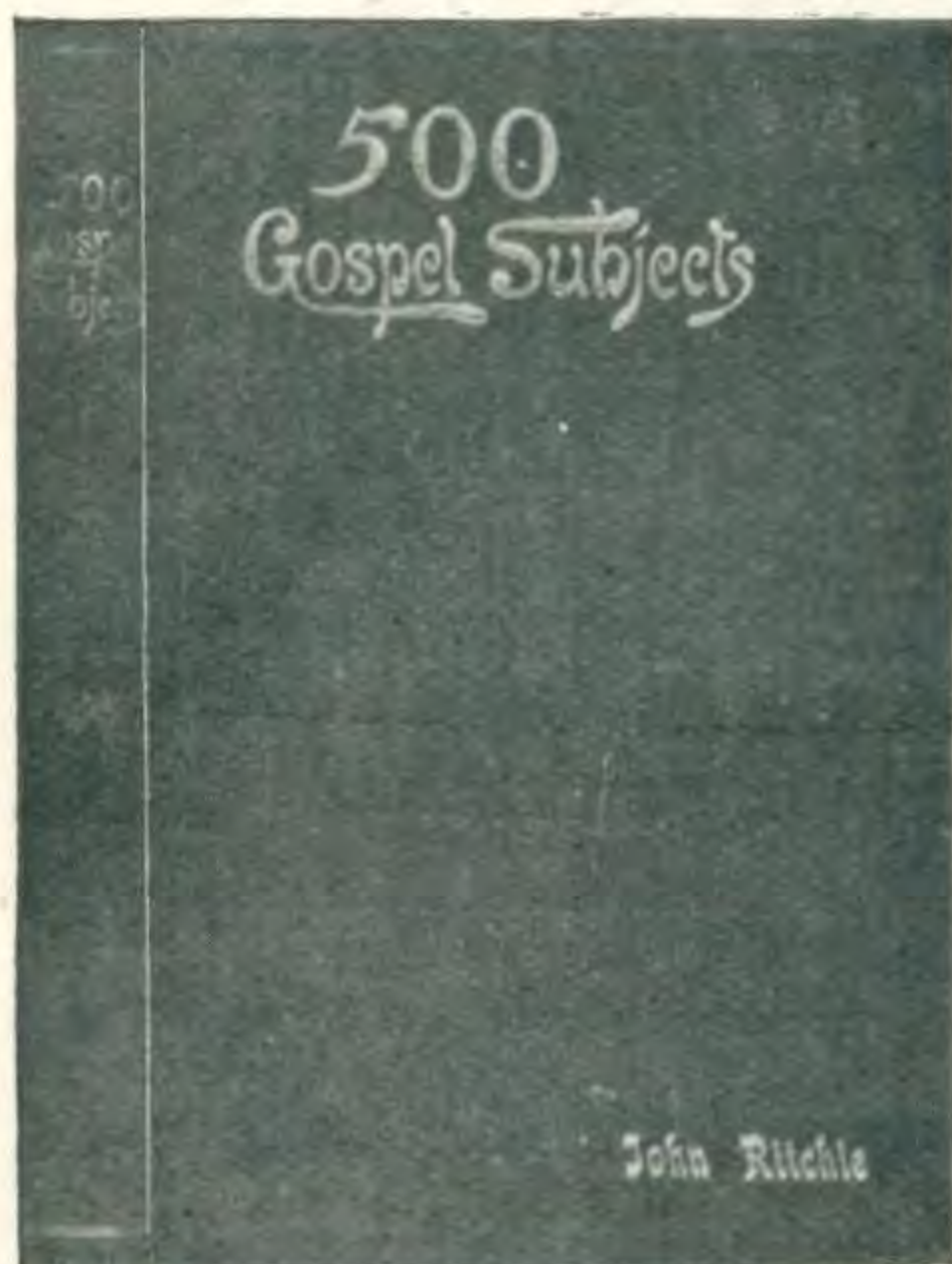
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