

# UNDER KING AND EMPEROR







HIS MAJESTY GEORGE V.

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, EMPEROR OF INDIA



# UNDER KING and EMPEROR;

or,

HOW THE GOSPEL REACHED  
SCOTLAND AND THE EMPIRE  
OF INDIA, WITH THE LIFE  
STORIES OF THE PIONEER  
MISSIONARIES WHO CARRIED  
:: :: IT THITHER :: ::



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# In Scotia's Wilds.

## Introduction.



It was the day of the Sunday School trip, and the destination was the romantic and rugged island of Arran. First, the group had to travel by rail to Ardrossan, thence by the pretty steamer, *Juno*, fresh from her early summer painting, to Brodick Pier. Disembarking there, the children were free to wander along the shores of Brodick Bay, to make short excursions up Glen Rosa and Glen Shirag, or to climb the rugged slopes of Dunfeoin.

Some of the older folk found their pleasure in sitting on the sea beach viewing the rugged beauties of the surrounding hills, and in telling weird and strange stories of events in ancient history which were enacted in these very scenes. Across the bay, nestling in the shelter of Goatfell, which stands like a sentinel keeping guard on its western side is Brodick Castle, from which it is said King Robert Bruce sallied forth with his kinsmen to make that eventful journey to the Carrick shore, which led him eventually to the Scottish throne. Yonder, further south, is the little bay from which it is said he sailed, still bearing the appropriate name of King's Cross. And when the darkness of night falls, and the "lights along the shore" begin to flash, Turnberry Lighthouse marks the spot where what he thought was a friendly beacon light, burned that night.



Some of the company who were more interested in events of even earlier times had wandered up among the hills to inspect caves and cromlechs and reputed graves of men who lived a thousand years ago. An object of special attraction was the great Druid stone which stands by the roadside near Invercloy, con-



LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

cerning which many questions were asked by the young folks, giving a favourable opportunity of telling them the story of how our forefathers on these island shores were without the Gospel as we now know it, and had their places of worship to unknown gods on hill sides and in forests, which in these far-off times,



covered the greater part of Scotland and its islands, of which these strange stones are the memorials. Across in Shiskin, on the western side of Arran, there may still be seen a broken circle of these Druid stones, which mark a place of worship.



TELLING THE STORY BY THE FIRESIDE.

All around and within view, the island of Bute, the Cumbraes, the Holy Isle, and up on the loch sides of the north and west, there are many witnesses to the years that are long gone by, when the inhabitants of ancient Scotland were pagans, clad in skins, or painted



in rude colours, roaming the wilds, or living in wattle and mud dwellings on the shore.

In the clean, whitewashed little homesteads dotting the shore, and up the valleys of Arran, many a mother beguiles the long hours of the winter evenings by telling to her children gathered around the fireside, the story of these ancient times, and the many traditions handed down by sire to son all through the intervening generations, of the patron saint of these islands, whose name was Molios, or St Molios, whose cell is still pointed out on the Holy Isle, and many others—some real and others fictitious—whose names are prominent in connection with the Gospel's first entrance and Christianity's earliest progress in the land of the thistle, the bluebell and the heather.

There is very much of what is told that may well be received with the proverbial "pinch of salt," but on the other hand, the silver line of grace may be clearly traced from the pages of the historian and the biographer, through successive centuries, from the time that the heralds of the Cross first set foot on Scotia's shores, and made known the story of redeeming love to the wondering natives who had not heard its joyful sound, down through the ages, to the present hour of God's long-suffering and Gospel grace, which is still sounded forth in clear and certain sound, bringing life, salvation, and peace, to all who welcome it in faith to their hearts.

The following pages, which are especially intended for the perusal of those entering on the path of life, tell the simple story of the Gospel's first entrance and its triumphs among the ancient dwellers IN SCOTIA'S WILDS.



# Part I.

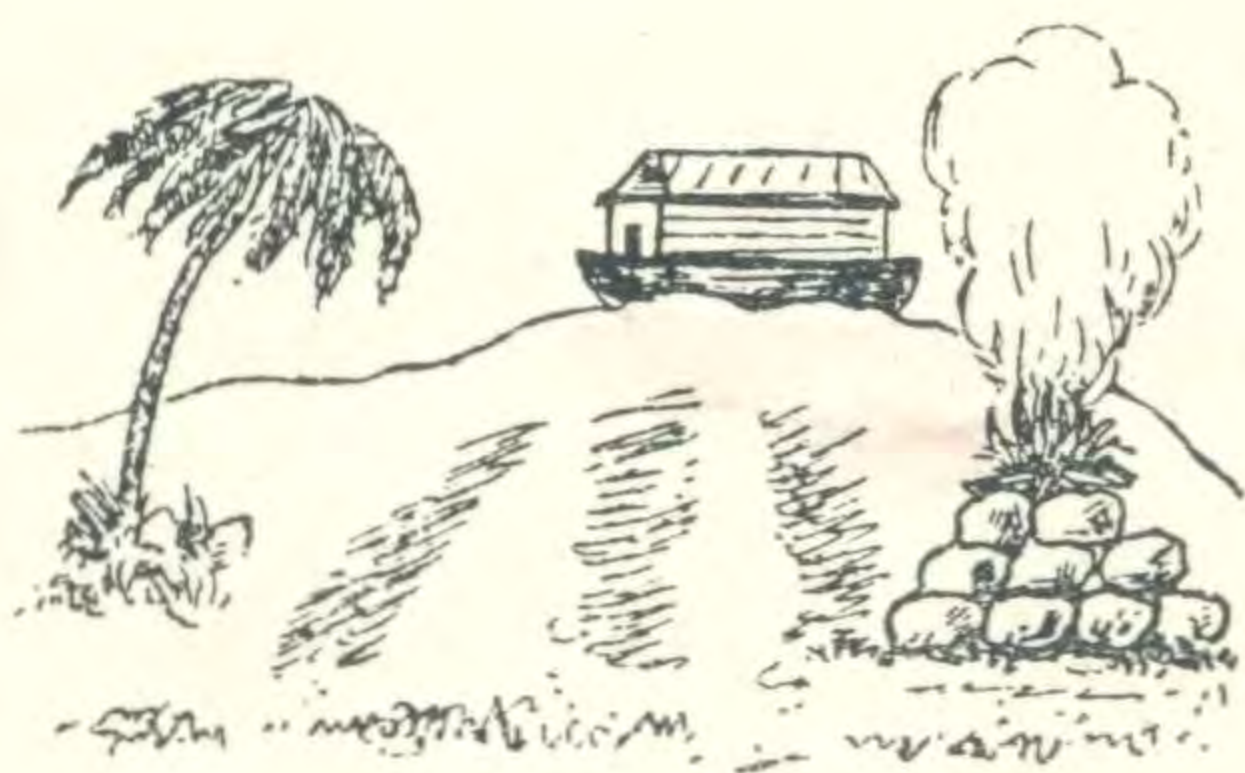
## Scotland in Early Times.



HUNDREDS of years before the Saviour's birth was proclaimed on the plains of Bethlehem, tribes of tall, yellow-haired, fierce-looking men, clad in skins of wild animals, inhabited the wilds of Caledonia. Ancient history informs us that Phœnician ships from Tyre and Sidon, steering by the stars, had ventured through the unknown seas far beyond the "Pillars of Hercules," and there discovered islands swathed in humid air, studded with wooded hills and verdant meadows, roamed over by numerous wild animals. Aristotle says there was known to be in the midst of the ocean "two very large islands," the names of which he gives as "*Albion* and *Jerene*." In the northern part of these mid-ocean islands, there were great mountains rising to the height of 10,000 feet. Some were volcanic. In the island of Mull there was a great volcano, and another in Skye, and along a line on the western coast, many smaller active burning mountains pouring forth their streams of lava upon the forests that lay beneath, carrying destruction in their course. So far as can be known, no foot of man had trod these shores, no voice had broken their solitude since the day of man's creation. At what time did the first immigrants arrive, and from whence did they come? There is nothing in the way of written history to inform us of



this. We cannot tell the year or the century in which the first draft of wanderers from far across the seas, cast their eyes on its rockbound shores, and moored their tiny craft on its strand. The earliest and most authentic of all history is found in Genesis, chapter xi., where we learn that after the earth and its inhabitants had been destroyed by the deluge, the ark rested on one of the mountains of Ararat, and from it Noah and his sons went forth to repopulate the purged earth. His three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth are the fountain heads of the world's present population. The



THE ARK ON ARARAT.

Scripture record reads, "Of them was the whole earth overspread" (Gen. ix. 19). The sons of Ham, crossing the isthmus of Suez, planted themselves in Africa. The sons of Shem turned toward Arabia and India, spreading themselves across the great plains and river banks of the Indus and the Ganges. From this branch of the family—in which Noah the progenitor lived to a great age—Abram was called forth to be the head of an elect race, to which God had already appointed a home and a heritage in Palestine (Deut. xxxii. 8). Japheth's sons crossed the mountain wall which divided



the north and the south, pouring their hardy descendants across Europe, and it is of them that we read "by, these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands" (Gen. x. 5). By slow marches, over uncultivated wastes, across storm-tossed seas, generation after generation of these wanderers from the far east, wended their way, until they reached the shores of Albion. There they settled and remained. But for centuries, nothing is known save what tradition and legend has supplied concerning them.



# Homes and Habits of the Cymri.

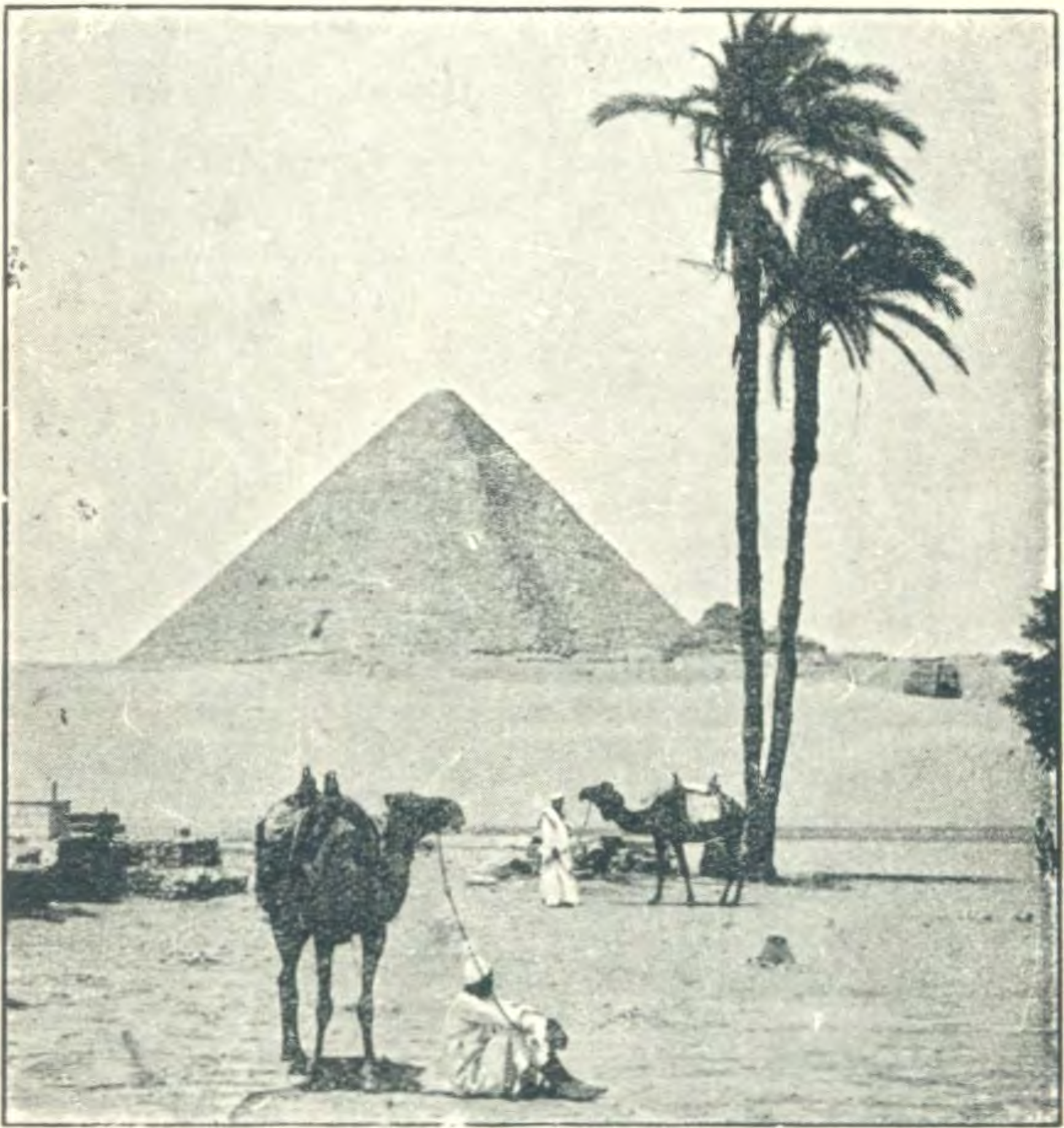


THE name claimed by these aboriginal dwellers in Caledonia was *Cymri*, and their language *Cymraeg*—which means “the language of the first race.” Beyond this, nothing is known of it. They had no knowledge of letters, and there is therefore no written records. But these first dwellers were not to be left in their isolation for ever. When Solomon reigned in Jerusalem, ships sailed from the port of Tyre to Britain’s shores. As these vessels from the Syrian coast passed to and fro, it became known that they brought from the far-off and yet unknown land, a white and lustrous metal which had begun to be used as a substitute for silver, and that it was to be found in abundance in these northern isles. Then other seafaring nations followed in the track of the merchants of Tyre, and in course of time a regular trade sprang up between the merchants of Asia Minor and Arabia, and the tin mines of Scilly and “Cape Galerium,” which is Cornwall.

What the homes, habits, occupations, and religion of the ancient inhabitants of Britain were in these prehistoric times, we are only able to gather from some of its relics which remain in the weems, the cairns, the barrows and stones which are still to be found on the moors, and by the lochs of Caledonia. On the shores of Loch Etive, in Argyllshire, covered with peat moss, lie remains of log huts, that once formed the dwellings of the aboriginal inhabitants. They may



have been erected on the shores of the loch by some of the sons of Gomer in as early a day as the Pyramids on the banks of the Nile were built by the sons of Ham. Simple in style and material was the architecture of these Cymric houses. A row of wooden piles formed the wall; the roof was straw; a fire



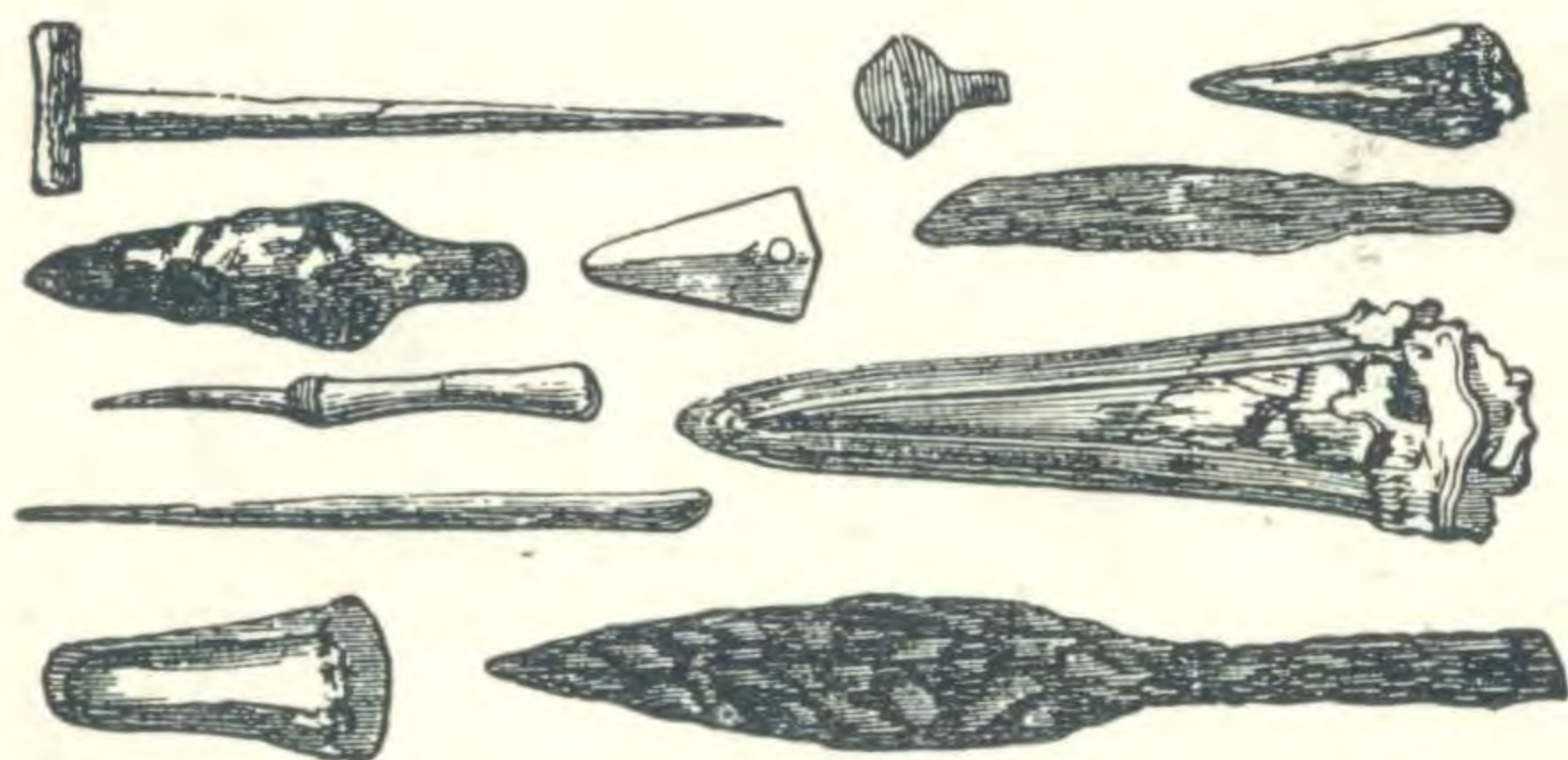
THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

burned on the floor, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. When the snows of winter came, they crept into dug-out chambers called *weems*, mostly built of stone. Some of these found in Aberdeenshire and remote districts of the Highlands, contain the quernes in which they ground the corn, the slabs or



hearths on which the fires were lit, and the horns and bones of animals upon which they fed.

They had brought with them the implements of the shepherd and the hunter. With bow and arrow tipped with flint, and spears pointed with bone, they roamed the hills and moors seeking their food, while others fed their flocks and cultivated their fields. In stone coffins, skeletons of warriors laid to rest three thousand years ago, with battle-axe of stone by their side, tell the age in which its owner lived, for bronze



SPEAR-HEADS.

and iron were yet unknown. All their instruments were made of stone. In yonder "barrow" on the hillside lies the polished mirror often used by the chieftain's wife are lying by the side of the cist, with trinkets of amber and gold, telling the later age in which she lived and the rank she held. Here once stood a cluster of log and wattle huts so long ago that the moss covers them to a depth of over eight feet. Some pavements are found strewn with ashes, the remains of fires that burned three thousand years ago! Picture to yourself the rows of our ancient forefathers



sitting around these old-time "hearths," clad in deer-skins or painted in gay colours, while the patriarch of the clan or tribe, rehearses in their ears the traditions



ANCIENT BRITON AND CORACLE.

of earlier times in the distant land of his forefathers. Truths recorded by the pen of inspiration and preserved to us in the Holy Scriptures, were handed down by sire to son in prehistoric times, and no doubt became



gradually veiled in legends and disfigured by fables. There is every reason to believe that the aboriginal inhabitants of Caledonia had the knowledge of the true God, and that they originally acknowledged Him as the Object of their worship. One remarkable fact in this connection is, that no idol has ever been unearthed in Caledonia's soil. Our forefathers were not idolators, as were the Greeks and Romans of that time. The museums of Egypt, of Assyria, and of India, are stocked with gods and goddesses of ancient time, but none are found on the soil of Albion. True, they had their traditions and their many legends.

The war-horse and hound of the chieftain were laid by his side, because he expected to need them in another world, pursuing the chase within the gates of Valhalla. For apart from the Word of God and the revelation of His grace in salvation for sinners, no bright prospect of glory to come, such as Abraham and the patriarchs had (Heb. xi. 13-16) to cheer them in their earthly pilgrimage, ever entered the thoughts of man, pagan or civilised apart from the Gospel.



# The Days of the Druids.



THE ancient religion of Scotland was Druidism. Here and there, through the country, stand circles of tall, upright stones, with broad, massive slabs resting on supports. These were the first temples in which our forefathers worshipped. On lone moors, in the solitude of dense forests and on solitary hillsides, they stand, bearing witness to the Druid religion of two thousand years ago. It came from the far east, and was borne by some of the later groups of emigrants to these northern isles. It raised its cromlechs and rough-hewn columns all over the country. The stones of Stennis in the island of Pomona, Orkney, are the most perfect of the Druid circles that now remain. It has a diameter of 36 feet, the highest of the stones being 14 feet high. Other circles are to be seen in the islands of Lewis and Arran, while solitary stones, evidently connected with the worship of the Druids, are to be found in many parts of the country. Who were the Druids, and what was their religion? Of the many accounts given of these remarkable people that of Julius Cæsar is the most complete. He says, "They preside over religion, take charge of all sacrifices, teach and train the young, and decide in all controversies."

Druidism was a branch of sun worship, a corruption of the primitive and pure worship of the patriarchs. It derives its name from the Greek *Drus*—an oak. The



oak was their sacred tree, and figured largely in their worship. The Druids were a large and powerful body, and were divided into three classes—the *Priests* who were instructors of youth and conducted all religious functions; the *Prophets* who explained phenomena and pretended to foretell events; and the *Bards* who



A DRUID PRIEST.

sang the praise of heroes, and celebrated in verse the victories of the battlefield. The Arch-Druid was clad in robes of white, wearing a breastplate around his neck with tiara of gold upon his head, and ring of divination on his hand. Priests in long dresses of varied colours waited upon him, each carrying a rod and wearing



chains of gold. They were judges and settled all disputes. The Druid's egg was an object of great wonder, and was regarded with awe among them. It was formed of the scum of serpents, and when forced into the air was caught by one who became for the time



A DRUID HUMAN SACRIFICE.

its possessor. It was then used as a charm. Many strange rites were practised in their festivals, and human sacrifices were sometimes offered on the altar in the grove. A bullock crowned with flowers was



led to the altar, sins confessed over it, its blood was poured out and its body burnt with fire, while songs were chanted by the bards, and the multitudes danced around. Mothers shed no tears as they yielded their sons to the Druid's knife, for Moloch had turned their hearts to stone. The God of love, the way of life, the grace that saves were as yet unknown in Caledonia.



# Traditions and Rites of the Druids.



THE *Mistletoe*—the child of the sacred oak—was gathered on the sixth day of the moon in the presence of the whole population. The festivals were held in “high places,” usually in the depth of some forest. The high priest, in flowing robes of white, was followed by others, leading on a bullock or sheep to the altar, crowned with flowers, the bards singing their weird dirges. When the stone circle is reached, the priest lays his hand on the victim’s head, confessing his own and the people’s sins. Then it is laid on the altar, the knife is raised, the blood is poured forth, and the fire consumes the sacrifice. It was a heathen rite, borrowed it may be long ages before from the ancient patriarchal faith, and corrupted. It was man left to himself, seeking after God, feeling the need of expiation, but unable of himself to find a true sacrifice. Sometimes a human sacrifice was offered, its power and value for expiation being thought to be greater. This went on year after year, until, as Lucan tells us, the oaks of the forest were red with blood. It was held as the sacred symbol of a coming Deliverer, who would cure all human ills and bring blessing to the earth. It was not from the Sacred Word that the Druid priest learned his cult, but from pagan mythology, which is from beneath. Beyond a vague hope of some “golden morning” of which the



## 18 TRADITIONS AND RITES OF THE DRUIDS

bards and poets sang, he knew nothing of the Coming Deliverer—Jesus Christ. His religion was one of



DRUID WORSHIP IN THE GROVE.

terror, like all of its kind. There is no grace, no mercy in Paganism.

The cutting of the mistletoe was performed in the



presence of all the people of the district who were called together for this, the chief of their sacred festivals. A white-robed priest climbed the oak, and with a golden sickle cut the clinging off-shoot with its bunches of evergreen leaves and clusters of yellow flowers, from the parent trunk. There it was held in the Arch-Druid's hand, lest it should touch anything, and thereby be defiled, until two milk-white bullocks were offered in sacrifice on the altar. Then the sacred mistletoe was with great ceremony and care, dropped into a sheet, where it was kept as the healer of disease, and is believed by some to have been handed down from sire to son as a corruption of Isaiah's prophecy of "the Branch" and "the Rod" from Jesse's stem, who was to bring peace and blessing to the weary earth. But towards this, the Druid's altar with its victims, contributed nothing. A sacrifice of "nobler Name" and "richer blood" was needed to satisfy the righteous claims of an offended God, to make atonement for man's sin, and to open up a channel, through which the pent-up love and grace of God could flow to ruined and guilty sinners, bringing them to God, and into the enjoyment of that great salvation which the once offered sacrifice of the Son of God has procured, which is now proclaimed in the Gospel, and which every believing sinner here possesses and enjoys. Of this great and glorious message the dark-minded Caledonians had as yet heard nothing. The name of Jesus Christ had not so far as is known, been heard upon these shores, but the darkness in which for ages they had been enshrouded was soon to pass away, and a light to be kindled in these isles, which in the eternal purpose of God was to shed abroad its beams



among the nations. These traces of the conscious sense of guilt and the need of propitiation were as the far-off echoes of that coming joyful day.

We will close this brief description of the Druids and their worship by referring to a rite which we can now look back upon as the fitting foreshadow of how "the light of the glorious gospel" has since been



ON THE WAY TO THE STONE OF FIRE.

carried into every nook and corner of the land where once the Druid altars stood.

On the last night of October—Hallow Eve—all fires, lamps and lights were to be extinguished. Not a lamp was allowed to burn, or a fire to be kindled throughout the land that night. From every village and hamlet in the dusk of evening, silent groups sallied forth across meadow and field, towards the *Altein* or Stone of



Fire. They each carried in their hand an unlighted torch. A group of Druid priests stood around the pillar, and one offered prayer to Baal to show his acceptance of their sacrifice, and send forth fresh fire to rekindle their hearths.

Suddenly a light is seen to shoot up from the *altein*, which the priests had placed there, but which they pretended had come down from heaven. Around this flame they shouted and sang. Then all pressed forward, and holding out their torches kindled them at the flame, and then returned to their homes, the long lines of twinkling lights spreading across the countryside. Soon from every window, a cheerful ray shines forth, and the whole region is lit up anew with the light which, as they have it, "comes from heaven." The fire and the light thus kindled were kept alive all the year until the night of the 30th October again came round, when all lights and fires were again extinguished and all repaired to the *altein*, or "Stone of Fire," to witness the same ceremony. Every town and clachan had its own *altein*. Some of these still remain as silent witnesses of the dark ages, when men in their blindness thus sought after God. One of these is found in the neighbourhood of Old Aberdeen, about a mile west of the cathedral, and is named the "Hilton Stone." It is about 10 feet high, of solid granite. There it stands, carrying us back to a time when the light and love of the Gospel of Christ was unheard and unknown. Now that the joyful sound has reached our ears of a "better sacrifice," and of its acceptance by God in heaven, in virtue of which sin has been put away, and salvation by grace is proclaimed to all mankind, surely we ought with no less zeal than our forefathers,



assemble to hear its message, and receiving it as “ the power of God ” (Rom. i. 16), unto our own salvation, carry forth the lighted Gospel torch and let others share its joyful light who yet sit in the shadow of death.

“ Shall we whose souls are lighted  
By wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny ?

“ Salvation, O salvation,  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till men of every nation  
Have heard the Saviour's Name.”



# How the Gospel Entered Scotland.



IN the year A.D. 80, Julius Agricola led his Roman legions across the Tweed. By the power of the sword he took possession of the southern part of Scotland, building a chain of forts across the country, reaching from the Forth to the Clyde, to guard the territory he had added to the Roman Empire, wrested by great onslaughts, and at much cost of life and limb, from the barbarians, who in large numbers inhabited the north, in rocky fastnesses and wooded plains. Fierce battles were fought, ending in a great conflict at the foot of the Grampians, in which the Caledonians were overpowered by superior numbers and driven into their strongholds, the heather being purpled with the blood of the slain. A hundred and twenty years later, the Roman Emperor Severus led in person an army of over fifty thousand to conquer the Caledonians. He devastated the middle part of Scotland and conquered the Picts, but after reaching the shores of the Moray Firth, and finding the country further north inaccessible, he returned south, dying at York, in A.D. 211, from which time the Roman dominion steadily declined, until two hundred years later, the last of the invaders quitted the shores of Caledonia, never more to return. Ruins of their forts and parts of the great Roman wall are still to be seen, while many of their roads are yet in use after fifteen centuries. But another power was in the meantime finding its way stealthily,



yet surely, among the pagans of Caledonia, which was destined to work greater changes than the arms of the Romans. While the Roman eagle was being planted on these shores, great events had taken place in another part of the dominions of Cæsar. In one of the provinces over which he ruled (Luke ii. 1-10), Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinners, had been born, and after living for over thirty years in that land,

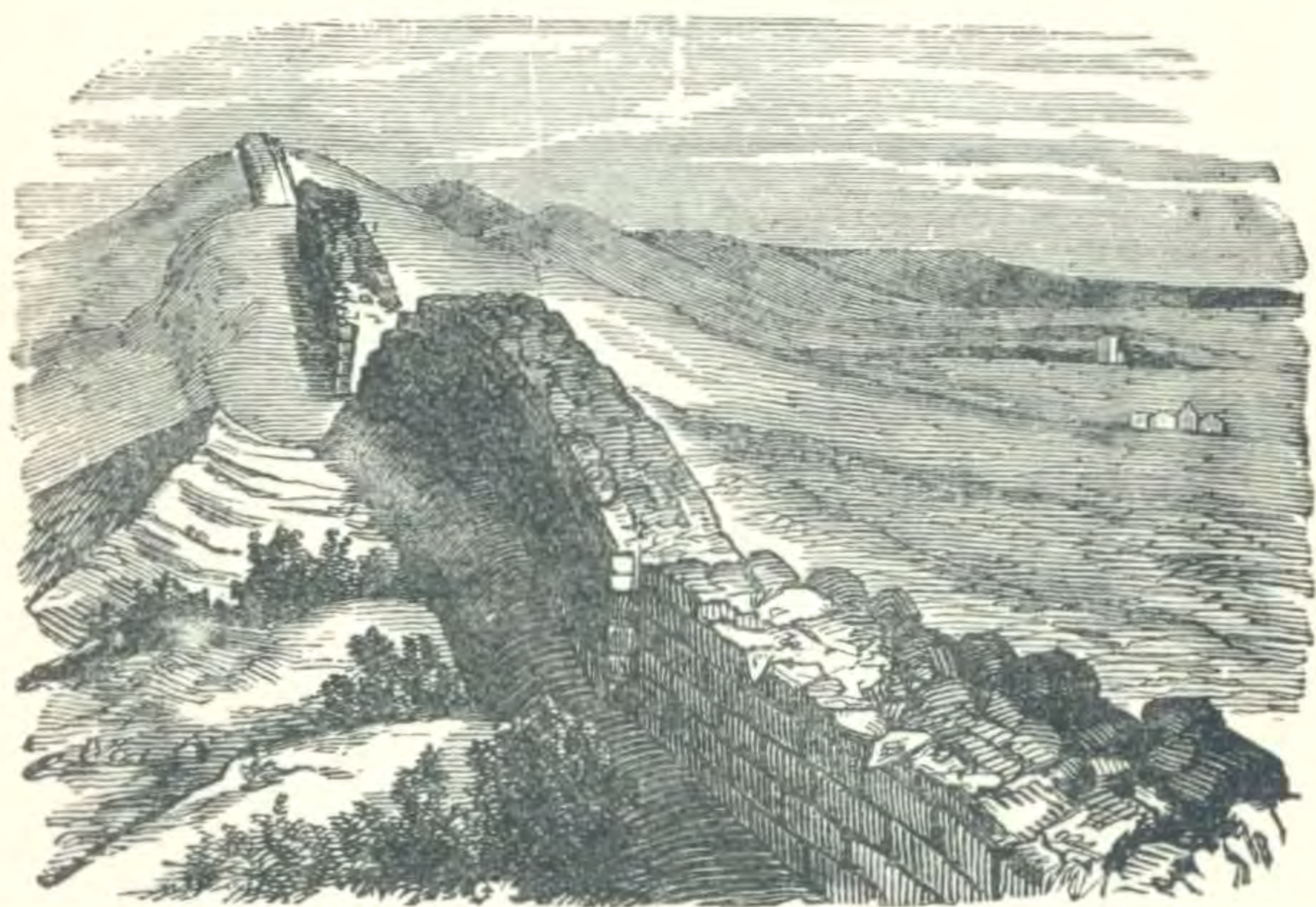


ANCIENT DRUID STONES AT STONEHENGE

He had died on a cross outside Jerusalem, accused of making Himself a king, and speaking against Cæsar (John xix. 8-12). Risen from the dead and ascended to God's right hand, He had told His disciples to "preach the Gospel to every creature." Within thirty years of that commission being given, the Gospel had gone out to "all the world," and His first ambassadors had crossed the Ægean Sea, and preached



Christ crucified in the two chief cities of Europe—Athens and Rome. It is uncertain whether any of the Lord's apostles preached the Gospel in Britain. Tradition has it, that Paul made a journey to these shores after his declared intention to visit Spain (Rom. xv. 24). But of this there is no certainty. What we do know is more important, namely, that at a very early period, shortly before the close of the first century, the glad tidings of God's salvation had been



ROMAN WALL.

made known in Caledonia, and many had believed it. This is attested by several historians. Gildas, the oldest of these, tells that in the days of Nero, the persecutor of the early Christians, there were many such in Britain. Driven by persecution from their own land, they sought refuge "in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth" (Heb. xi. 38), some fleeing beyond the Roman wall, which extended across Scotland, to find a place of safety among the Picts in the far north.



There, amid Druid altars and groves, they told the wondrous story of the Cross to astonished groups of skin-clad warriors, who sat at the feet of the messenger of peace, drinking in his words, until the heart was won, and he himself "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God" (1 Thess. i, 9). In Paul's Epistles there are greetings sent to some in Cæsar's household, or "the Prætorian Guard," many of whom had heard the Gospel from the apostle's lips



THE SECOND ROMAN INVASION OF SCOTLAND.

(Phil. i. 13). Some of these may have been officers in the Roman legions, and while conquering Caledonia for their imperial master, they told the conquered people of the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners. The barbarian hears it and his heart is won. The Druid altar is left for ever, and he becomes a lowly disciple of Christ. There is in Paul's last letter to Timothy, written shortly before his death in a Roman prison, a touching greeting, which may have had an important



part in the evangelising of the ancient Caledonians. Among the salutations sent from lovers of the Lord, the names of *Pudens* and *Claudia* (2 Tim. iv. 21) appear. Pudens was the son of a Roman senator, and Claudia his wife, the daughter of a British king. This is borne out by the historians Martial and Tacitus, who both refer to these names. And as late as 1723, a marble slab was unearthed at Chichester, in England, in which this is amply confirmed. We may, therefore, accept it as fairly sure, that these two names on the page of the Sacred Word were Britons, who had been turned to the Lord in their native land and afterwards were found in Rome, true friends of the aged apostle and prisoner of Jesus Christ. Blessed be God! that Gospel is still the same mighty, saving message, equally suited to the barbarian in his wattle and mud hut, and to the senator in his palace. It avails for you, reader, and will to-day bring you into a joyful possession of God's salvation, if you only believe it and receive it into your heart now.



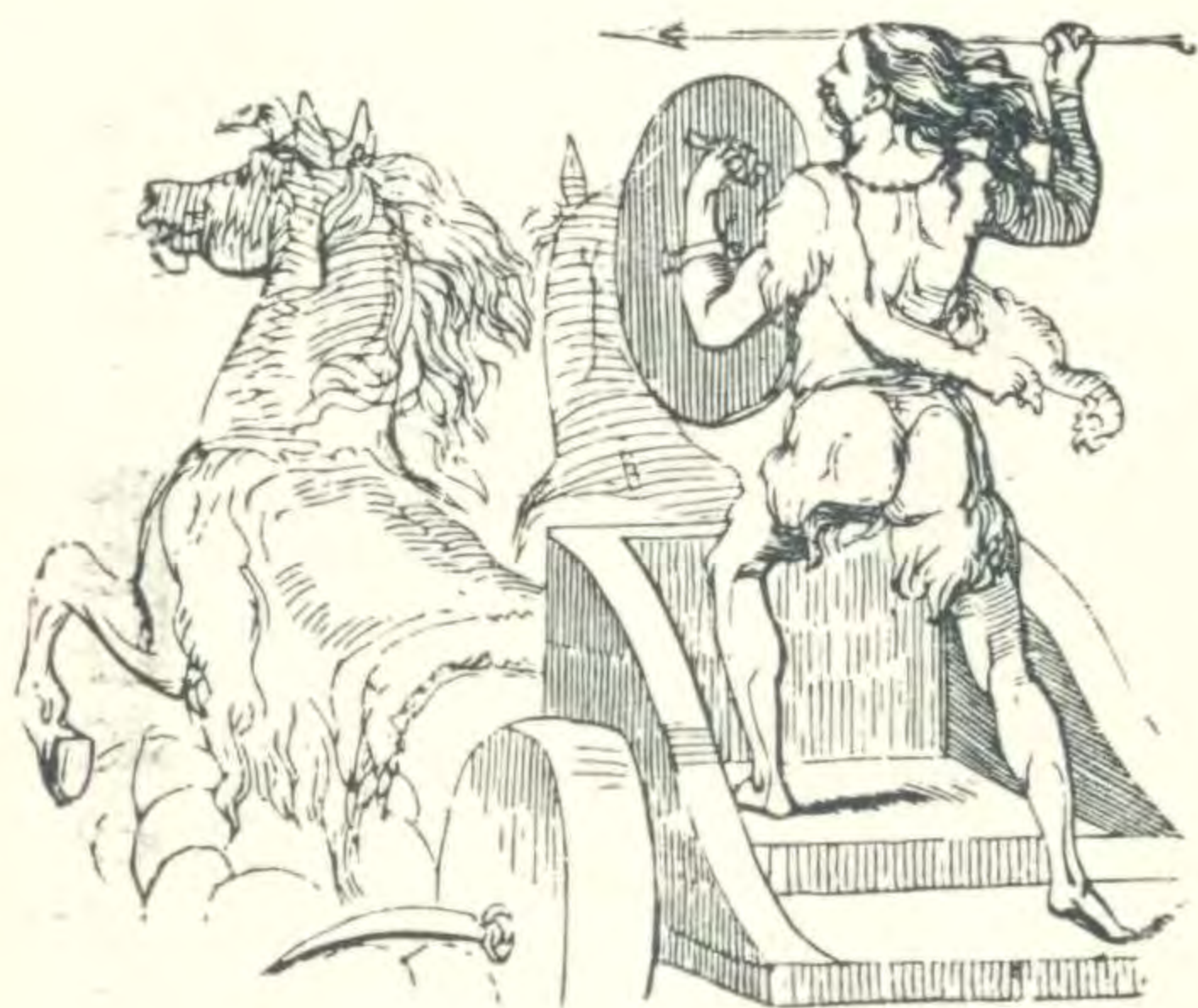
# How the Gospel was Spread.



REAT events in the east were destined to have direct results on the far-off land of Caledonia. Jerusalem, because of her rejection of the Son of God, had been compassed by the Roman armies as the Saviour had foretold, and after a siege of unparalleled horror, had fallen. The temple had been burned with fire and all its boasted beauty laid in the dust. John, an exile in Patmos, had finished "The Revelation," and with it completed the Book of God. Churches had been planted in most of the chief cities of the extending Roman Empire, and the great roads that had been made during the invasion of Scotland were being used for other purposes than war. One great highway, starting from London, which the Romans had named Augusta in honour of the emperor, ran through the whole of England, and entered Scotland, running on through Jedburgh and skirting the Eildon Hills, traversed the Pentlands, and held on its course to Camelon on the great Roman wall. Another, entering by Carlisle, ran along by Langton to the western extremity of St. Antonine's wall, near Old Kilpatrick. Even north of the Forth and the Tay, where the invaders had occasion to go, there were highways for their chariots and armies, up as far as the Grampians. Along these highways merchants from the east came with their wares, selling and bartering them with the Caledonians, and among these were many who knew



the Gospel and told it to others. Traders from Ephesus, Corinth, Antioch, and other cities in which the Gospel had wrought its triumphs, seeking new channels for their commerce, crossed the Alps to Gaul, and thence to London—which after the Romans withdrew had restored its former name—a city well known even then for its commerce ; while others were springing up all along the great Roman roads as far as Inverness. There were among these traders many earnest Christians



ROMAN CHARIOT AND DRIVER.

who privately rather than publicly communicated the message of life and salvation as they went along ; while among the Roman sentinels, who held the forts and wall of Antonine, were some who loved the Saviour, of whom they had heard in their own land, and would speak of Him to the natives as they had opportunity. Gildas, the first of British historians, tells us that while Nero was throwing the Christians to the lions and burning them as torches to illuminate his gardens



in Rome, the Gospel was slowly but surely finding its way in Caledonia, the land of Roman conquest.

Tertullian, who lived at this time, writes (A.D. 196) that "those parts of Britain which Cæsar could not conquer have been subdued to Christ"; and Origen (A.D. 212) says of his time, "The land of Britain has received the religion of Christ."

A century later (A.D. 302), when the great persecution of Dioclesian broke out, many had to flee from their homes into lands afar, and some came to the isles of the north preaching the Word. This tenth and fiercest persecution, which threatened to blot Christianity out from the earth, reached Caledonia, and caused some who had openly confessed Christ to flee beyond the wall of Antonine, and seek a place of refuge among the Picts, to whom they preached the Gospel and helped those who were already the Lord's.

Tacticus, the Roman historian, tells that some of the nobles were among these converts to Christianity. Pomponia, a noble lady who had accompanied her husband Plutius to Rome, was there accused of having received a "foreign superstition"—which is the name he most frequently gives Christianity—and punished. Thus the Gospel, with a rapidity and power which has never since been equalled, spread through all the earth. Persecution could not stay its course. The sufferings of Christians thrown to the lions in the great Colosseum in Rome, in the presence of thousands; the tortures of women of noble birth to cause them to deny their faith and sacrifice to the gods, without effect; and the imprisonment in prisons and dungeons of the servants and disciples of the Lord, only excited the wonder, and claimed the admiration of thousands who



were thus caused to inquire what the doctrine which produced such martyrs was, and thereby many were led to the same Saviour. Then it was that the great adversary turned to another weapon, which proved more efficacious in his hand. This was to withdraw the people of God from the path of obedience to the



TWO NOBLE YOUNG MARTYRS

Word of the Lord, and to unite them with the world. This he succeeded in doing effectually, in the days of Constantine, the Roman emperor, who professed himself a disciple of Christ, and embodied in himself the two offices of high priest of the heathen and head of the Church. Then persecution ceased, and the imprisoned servants of Christ were elevated to places of



royal favour, many of them being received in the emperor's palace as his friends and courtiers. But, alas, for the spread of the Gospel ! The evangelisation of the world virtually ceased, and the message which had been the channel of life and salvation to tens of thousands, soon became leavened with heathen rites and meaningless ceremonies, which took from it its ancient power and made the Cross of Christ of none effect. Slowly, but surely, the Gospel disappeared, the Word of God was withheld from the people, and darkness, almost as dense as in ages before the Cross, settled down upon the world, and especially on the isles of the north, where once the light had shone so brightly.



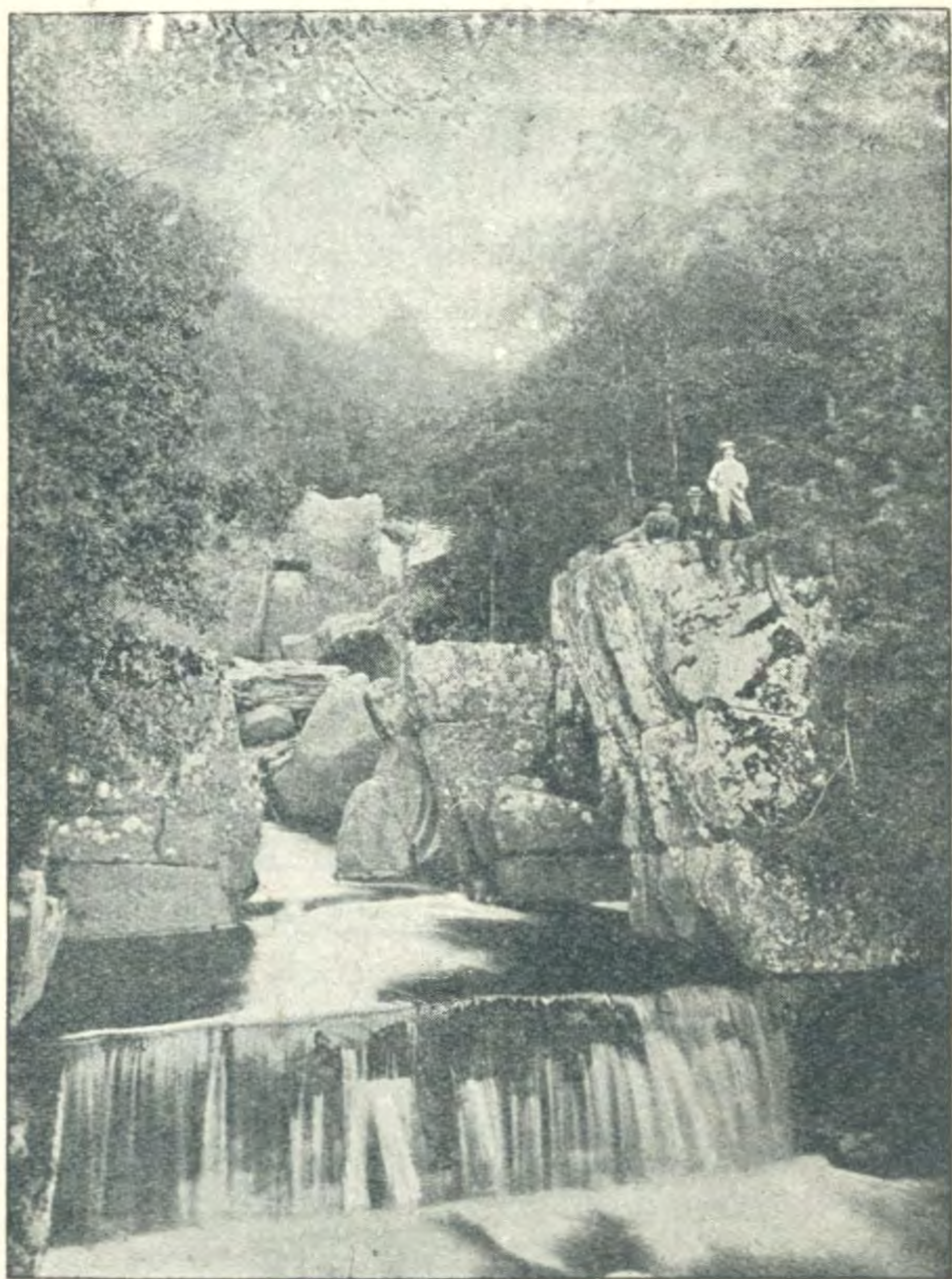
# The Story of Ninian, Scotland's First Evangelist



THE first Scottish evangelist among his own countrymen, was NINIAN. He is said to have been the son of a chieftain, whose lands lay in the Roman province of Valentia, which extended from the river Clyde in the north, to the Solway in the south. He was born in Galloway, about the middle of the fourth century, and had a very careful upbringing. In his boyhood, he was taken from his native land, with its mud huts and dry stone houses, tenanted by half-civilised Britons, to several foreign countries, in order to get a better education than was possible in Scotland at that time. On his return to his native land, he was deeply saddened to find the low condition of the inhabitants. The Romans were gradually withdrawing their armies and retiring southward. The fierce Picts of the north, no longer held in check by the Roman legions, were raiding the quiet valleys of Galloway, burning their villages and carrying the defenceless people into captivity. The shores of the Solway were virtually deserted, and Ninian had to search for the people he had left in comparative ease in their villages, hiding among the hills, or living in rude mud huts by the side of inland lochs, and on the banks of sheltered streams. The progress of the Gospel, which had been so marked



during the second and third centuries in that region, and by means of which many had been turned to the Lord, had declined, and a new generation had arisen



THE WILDS OF GALLOWAY.

who were returning to the Druid altars and again worshipping under the shades of the grove.

Ninian's parents were professedly Christians, and



he had doubtless heard from them of Jesus Christ the Saviour, but as it is often with children of Christian parents in our own more privileged and enlightened time, it does not appear that the young Valentian had received the Gospel by faith unto his own salvation. He left his home in Galloway and went forth into the world unconverted. How long he remained in this



ANCIENT DRUID CIRCLE.

condition, and by what means he was awakened to his need as a sinner and led to Christ, we cannot tell. No record has been left of where or how he was brought to the Saviour, but it is evident that "the great change" had taken place while he was absent from the land of his birth. When he returned to the wilds of Galloway, he was "a new creature" in Christ Jesus; saved by grace and constrained by the love of Christ, he began



to tell his countrymen the story of the Cross, and to lead them to Christ the Saviour. Ninian's forefathers had in all probability heard the Gospel from its earlier preachers ; but as we all know, grace does not run in the blood, nor is spiritual life bequeathed



A PEACEFUL SCENE IN GALLOWAY TO-DAY.

from sire to son, so unless by means of the Word preached, quickened by the Spirit, conversion is wrought in individual souls who by faith receive the message, very soon the light which has been received and the Word which has been heard, ceases to have any effect,

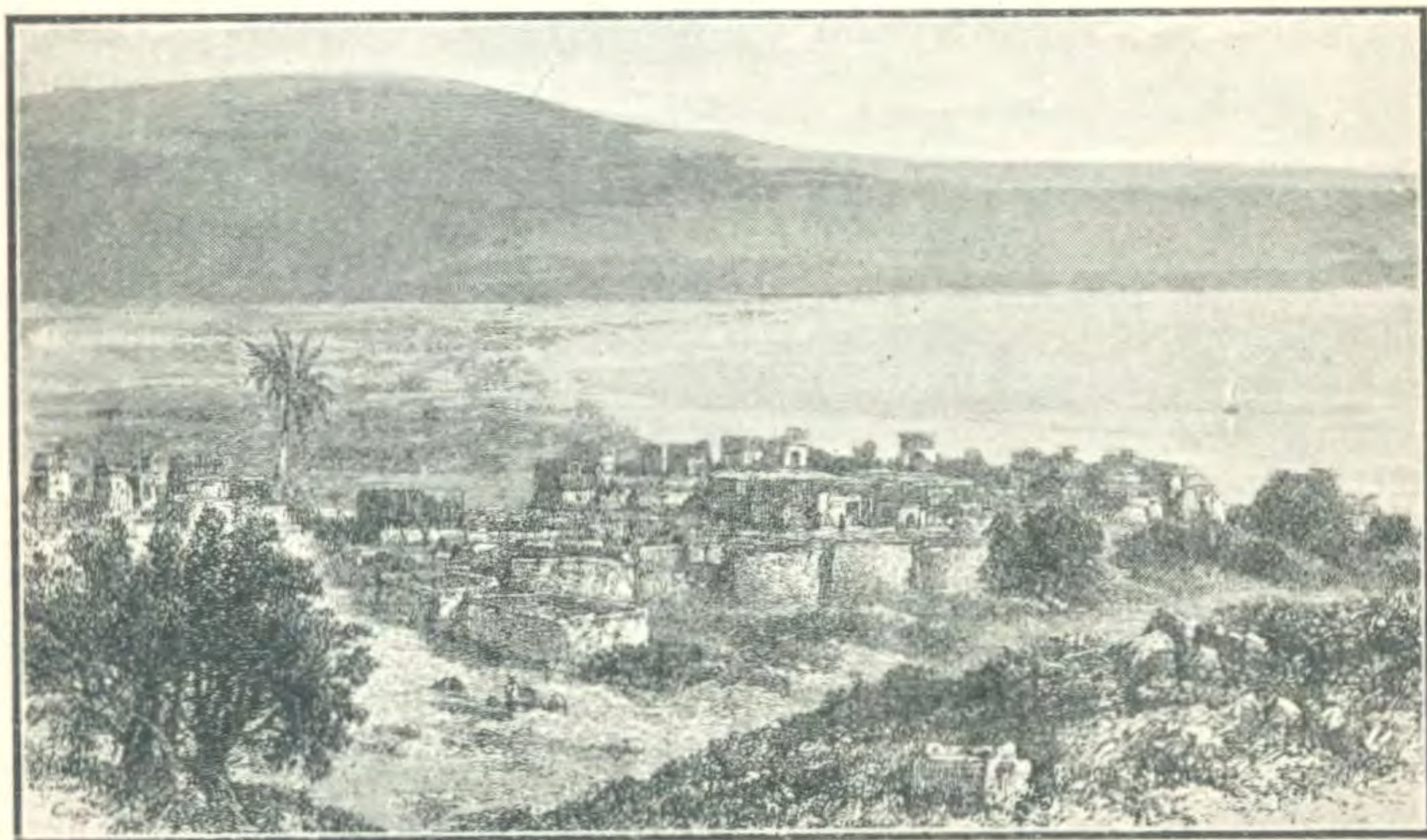


and the sinner sinks back into the darkness which is ever near and ready to assume its former rule. So it had been with the inhabitants of ancient Galloway in the days of Ninian. And we find the same principle at work in our own day in places where once a full and clear Gospel has been preached by some faithful witness, but whose message was not received by the hearers unto salvation. Dead Ritualism or Rationalism easily brings such "wayside" hearers under their dominion, and into deeper darkness, than before they heard the Word of God. There were practically no Bibles or translations of the Scriptures in the language of the people in Ninian's time, so that the enemy had every opportunity of blinding them through their ignorance and of leading them back to the religion of the Druids, in which their forefathers had been brought up. Such were the conditions which the young evangelist found, and amid which he began his labours to lead his kinsfolk to Christ. This was no easy task. The disturbed state of the country, the frequent incursions of the northern raiders, and the opposition of the Druid priests, who were again gathering influence with the people, together with a general indifference to eternal things prevalent everywhere, combined to make the young evangelist's path a very thorny one.

Romish biographers of Ninian, invest him with a halo of glory as a miracle worker, opening the eyes of the blind, healing the sick, and even raising the dead, until the dwellers of these wild loch sides of Galloway in their rude huts were awed into subjection to the heaven-sent prophet and his message, as some were in the days long before, around the Galilean



lakeside, when a greater than Ninian wrought His mighty works among them. But the real Ninian was no miracle worker ; rather we would say he was a house-to-house evangelist, a home missionary who, with his staff in hand, moved from group to group, and from clachan to clachan, telling to his rude and unlettered countrymen the story of "the wondrous Cross."



"AROUND THE GALILEAN LAKESIDE."



# Ninian Visits Rome.

**A**FTER a few years of earnest labour in the wilds of Galloway, Ninian was invited to visit Rome. Pope Damascus then filled the papal chair, and was leading the Church away from the simplicity of apostolic Gospel and teaching into the dark labyrinths of tradition, himself claiming to be the only expositor of the Word of God. There were no express trains, no rapid steamers in those days, so Ninian had to make the journey on foot, crossing the Alps along perilous paths, by the edge of dark abysses, under the shadow of threatening avalanches, with the danger of being waylaid by robbers or being devoured by wolves. Footsore and weary he arrived at the city of Cæsars, near to which, three centuries before, the apostle of the Gentiles had suffered martyrdom, in whose Coliseum thousands of Christ's faithful witnesses had been thrown to the lions, or dipped in tallow and kindled as torches to light the gardens of Nero. What Ninian then saw and heard in Rome we cannot tell; the stories of Romish legendaries are wholly incredible.

There was no lack of talent in Rome at the time of Ninian's visit there. Jerome, whose name has been handed down the ages as a gifted and learned man, was there, and others who were seeking to stem the rising tide of superstition in the Church, and to curb the growing ambition of the Pope by speaking the



truth, so far as they were allowed to do so. It was a time of crisis in the capital city. The emperor had been deposed, and the Pope was claiming the lordship of the world. The young evangelist had gone to the city which claimed to be the metropolis of the Christian Church, to receive a fuller knowledge of the Word of God. But in this, he was sadly disappointed. The

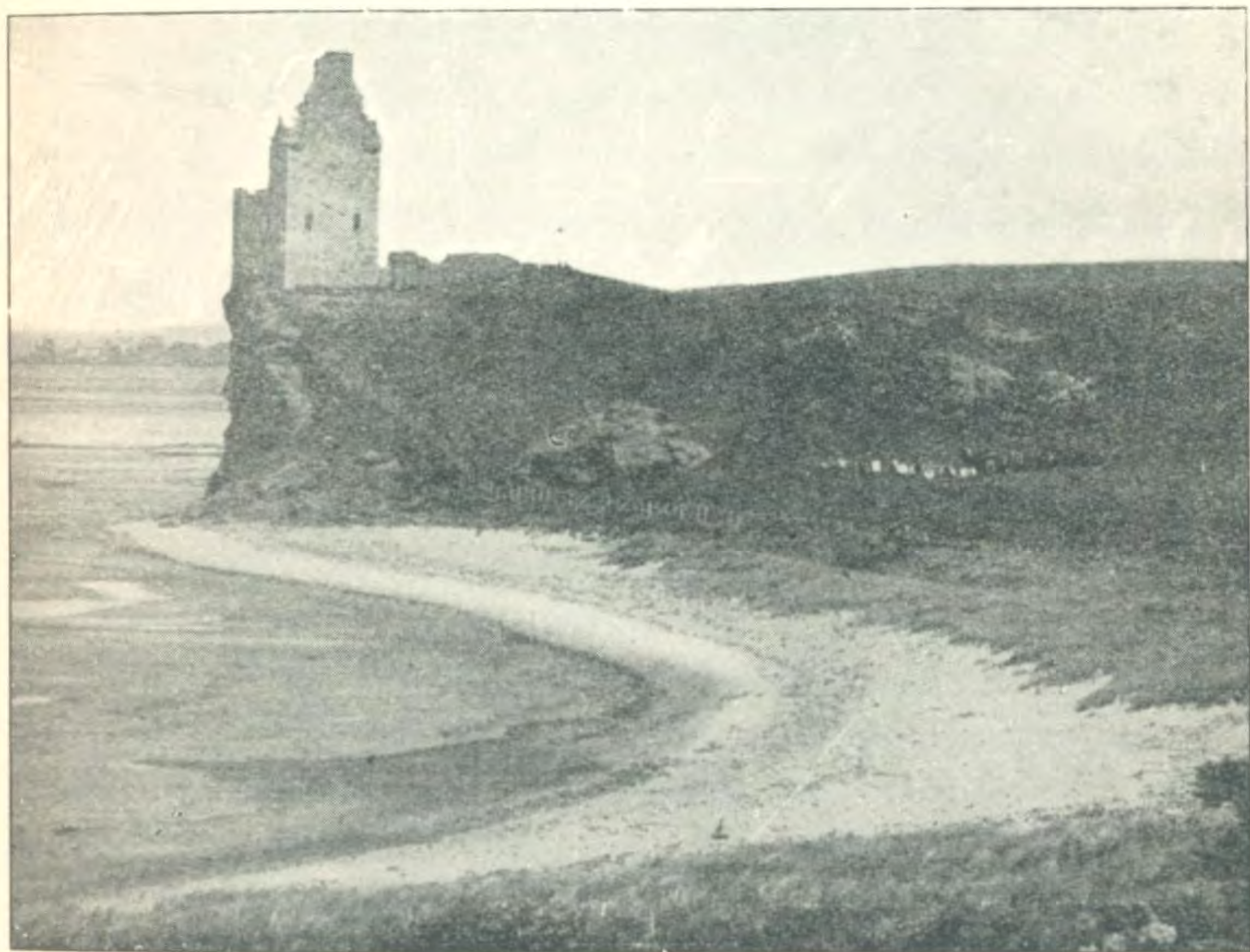


CHRISTIANS GIVEN TO THE LIONS IN ROME.

Bible was being quietly set aside and its authority disregarded by the voice of "the Church." A new paganism, with its altars and its rites, was springing up. Crowds of professing Christians were worshipping in the Catacombs, supposing thereby to add merit to their devotions in these "sacred" places. And the Pope rode in a gilded chariot through the streets. All this, and the stately buildings being used for the



worship of God, the riches of the bishops who were living in the state of royal princes, contrasted strangely with the wattle and mud dwellings and the equally plain place for preaching the Gospel he had left in Galloway. There is a certain amount of awe produced and of reverence begotten by the consciousness that



“YONDER IS THE WHITHORN SHORE, WHERE NINIAN’S SCHOOL STOOD.”

you tread the ground on which confessors and martyrs have stood and suffered, and we need scarcely wonder if the simple Scot was overcome by the sights and sounds of religious superstition which he saw and heard in the city on the Tiber. Few have gone there without either being caught in the coils of superstition and idolatry, or becoming so disgusted by the utter



godlessness of the thing, as to be done with it for ever. Martin Luther, the monk of Erfurt, when he visited Rome ten centuries later, had his eyes opened to the iniquity perpetrated under the name of Christianity, and returned a wiser man. But there is every reason to fear that Ninian was affected in another way, by his visit to the headquarters of the Church in the fourth century. The full-grown idolatry and greed which Luther found in his day had not manifested itself when the young Scot from Galloway visited the Pope and stood in the city of "the saints," but the leaven which brought that condition to its maturity had been received and was already doing its work. The Church and the world were united, the Gospel of the grace of God had been mixed with man's ceremonies and works, and the Spirit's power, which alone preserves from corruption in the things of God, had been gradually departing, as the truth was given up or cast out, to make room for popish errors and superstitions. The only path of safety is to cleave close to the Lord and to the Word of His grace, taking that Word as the lamp to our feet and the light to our path, walking humbly yet firmly in all its commandments, and keeping apart from all that would cause us to dishonour or disobey its precepts and commandments, every one of which "endureth for ever."

Ninian did not remain long in Rome, for in the last years of the fourth century, we find him back among his native hills of Galloway, but not just the same simple evangelist as before. It is well-nigh impossible to be for any length of time amid such scenes, and remain unaffected by them. On his way back to Galloway, he visited Martin of Tours, a man of fervent



piety, who, in order to check the rapidly increasing worldliness of the Christianity of the west, had adopted a rigid system of monasticism for himself and his fellow-workers, living together in seclusion for prayer and study. They were not recluses, for they went forth at certain times to spread the Gospel among the people. This appealed to Ninian, and he evidently became a ready convert to Martin's monastic system. Before leaving the learned and pious doctor of Tours, we learn that he had arranged that skilled masons should follow him into Scotland to build an edifice on the shores of the Solway, which would serve as a place for worship and a school for teaching the truths.



# Ninian's Church and School.

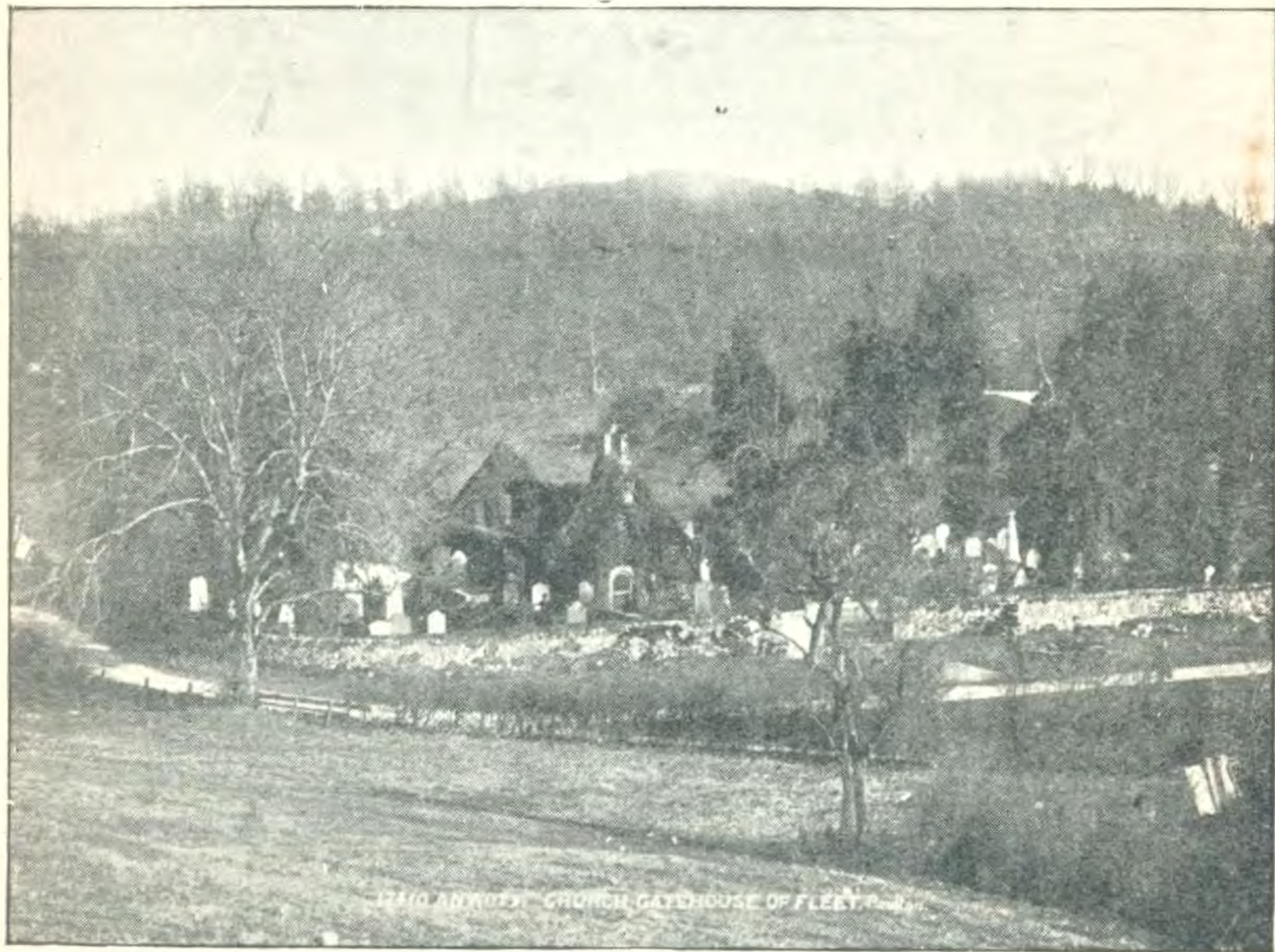


A SIMPLE building of wattles and mud had served the purpose of Ninian in which to preach the Gospel and worship the God of heaven, before he had gone on his visit to Rome. On his return to the land of his fathers his mind was set on something more imposing. He had seen the magnificent buildings which were dedicated to the worship and service of the Lord in the city of Rome, and he now desired to have something like them, something to attract the eye and please the senses. Expert builders, bringing with them the necessary materials, shortly after arrived from Tours, and the building was forthwith commenced. Its site was on the northern shore of the Solway, on a promontory of the Irish Sea, near the town of Whithorn. It was constructed of white stone and received the name of *Candida Casa*—The White House. It was the first ecclesiastical edifice of its kind dedicated to the worship of God, in Scotland. Surrounded on three sides by the sea, far from the battlefields of the Picts, Ninian and those who gathered to receive instruction at his hands dwelt in peace, while wars and commotions raged throughout the troubled country.

The Whithorn College was not a monastery, as that word was afterwards known. It was rather a place for study of the Word of God and of preparation for going forth to evangelise the world. Ninian, accompanied by several of his helpers, took long journeys,



preaching the Gospel. His labours extended as far as the Roman wall, and occasionally beyond it. His name was given to a place near the town of Stirling, where it is said he proclaimed the Gospel and founded a church. The errors of Rome had overspread a part of England, and the Pope's representatives had made



RUINS OF RUTHERFORD'S KIRK, ANWOTH, GALLOWAY.

a bold attempt to capture Scotland and bring it under the Roman yoke, but without much success. Ninian had a certain measure of sympathy with Roman jurisdiction, but seems to have kept himself free from the errors which were pushing aside the Gospel in England. He kept at the old message, preached it far and wide, and so far as can now be ascertained,



his ministry was much used of God. The Western Isles, Arran and Cumbræ, were visited, and the story of the Cross told out to the islanders who had sunk back to semi-heathenism. We need not greatly wonder at this, when we remember how little they knew of God and His Word. They had no Bible, and scarcely any help at all in Divine things. Only what had been

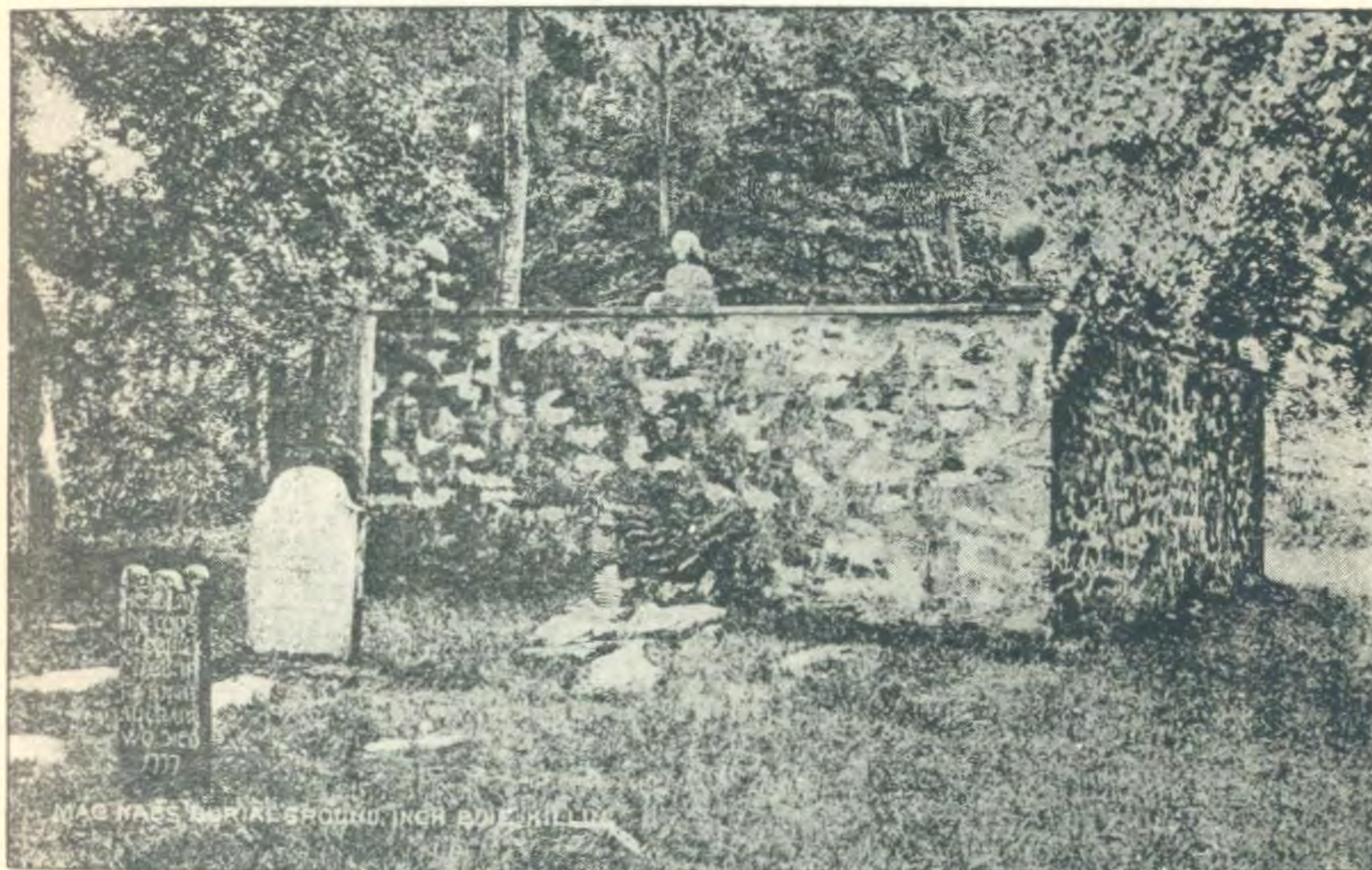


THE POPE'S REPRESENTATIVES ARRIVE IN BRITAIN.

handed down by parent to child. And the Druid priests who still inhabited the land and were held in reverence by many, were not slow to oppose and deny that which had broken their power and emancipated the people from their bondage. For many years Ninian and the evangelists of *Candida Casa* pursued their work, and when at length the aged worker finished his course and died, there were quite a number able to carry on



the work of evangelising and of visiting the little groups of Christians which had been gathered in all parts of the south and west of Scotland. The names and labours of some of these old-time workers, we have had handed down to us.



AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BURIAL GROUND.



# Patrick and His Preaching.



THE remarkable story of Succat, the Clydesdale youth, who afterwards was known as St Patrick, and became the apostle and evangelist of Ireland, must not be omitted in this brief sketch of the Gospel's early entrance to Scotland. Patrick's field of service was chiefly Ireland, but Scotland was the land of his birth, and at times of his labours.

Born of Christian parents at Bonavern, or Kilpatrick, on the Clyde, and brought up in the fear of God, Calpurnis, his father, being a servant of the Church, and Conchessa, his mother, a woman of piety, Succat was familiar with the Word of God, but was nevertheless a wild and careless lad.

When he was walking on the seashore one day with his sisters, a band of pirates seized him, and taking him in a boat to Ireland, sold him as a slave. He was sent into the fields to herd swine, and suffered great privations. Here, while in his distress, the Spirit of God awakened him to his need, and like the prodigal of old, "he came to himself," and was under deep conviction of sin for a considerable time. Here also, in "the far country," the Lord made known to Succat His great salvation, and he receiving Christ (John i. 12) as his personal Saviour, was saved. In the fulness of his joy he began to tell to others of the Saviour he had found, and some time after returned to the land of his childhood to preach Christ among



his kinsfolk and old companions. But while finding an open door in Scotland for his message, his heart was set on the Irish pagans across the Channel, whose need of the Gospel he had seen while he witnessed there after his conversion. Believing that the Lord had called him to that service, he returned to the wilds of the north of Ireland, and laboured with



FISHER BOY AND GIRL ON THE SHORE.

remarkable success through a long and diligent life. This remarkable man, whom Scotland claims as one of her sons, was perhaps the greatest and most gifted of all the early preachers of the Word of those times, and Scotland benefited by the fruit of his labours being brought to her shores in the generations that followed.



# The Story of St Mungo.



ABOUT the time that Columba and his helpers were evangelising the islands of the west, another remarkable man appeared on the mainland of the south-west of Scotland. This was Kentigern, or as he was afterwards known, St. Mungo. There is considerable differences among his biographers as to the time and place of his birth. The Roman chronologers claim for him a royal pedigree, saying that Eugenius III., King of the Scots, was his father, and Thametis, daughter of Lothus, King of the Picts, his mother. But of this there is no proof whatever. Monks of these times and after, were evidently fond of tracing their favourite saints to royal parentage, and representing thier position and work in high colours, very different from what we have every reason to believe they actually were. It is pretty well established that Kentigern was of Scottish origin, and that his birthplace was at or near Culross. It is said that in his early years he manifested a love of study, and was educated under the care of St Serf, who afterwards became the apostle of the Orkney Islands. It is to this aged and earnest man that tradition gives the credit of leading the young student to the knowledge of the Gospel. As a name of endearment he called him *Mongah*, which in the Norse language signifies "a dear friend," and from this he is supposed to have derived the ecclesiastical title of *St Mungo*.

In these early times the whole region upon which



the city of Glasgow now stands and miles beyond, was a forest of wood and bush land, infested by wolves and other beasts of prey. To this uncultivated and unevangelised district Kentigern repaired, and fixed his hut or cell on the banks of the Molendinar Burn,



MONKS BURNING BIBLES.

near to where the Cathedral was built to his memory in the twelfth century. There is very little of a reliable character on record regarding his work or its results, but plenty of legends, miracles, and impossible feats of yoking deer and other wild animals in his plough. We may take it that "the patron saint of Glasgow" was neither prelate nor priest, but like his contemporaries of Iona an itinerant evangelist, moving from clachan to clachan among the scattered people, proclaiming the Gospel of salvation, and when wearied



by his long journeys and labours, that he retired to his cell on the bank of the Molendinar to study and to pray. That he was a lover of the Sacred Word, and had confidence in its power as the means of blessing to his fellow-men, is evident from the motto, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word," which is said to have been originated by him, and is preserved on the arms of the "second city of the Empire" to the present time. Tradition has it that Columba, having heard of his labours, crossed from Iona to the mainland and visited Kentigern in his lowly resting-place near the Clyde. And if such was the case, we may well imagine that their fellowship and mutual intercourse was helpful to their own spirits, and of good service to the work of evangelising the Picts and Scots, a work which lay very near their hearts.



# Molios, the Missionary of Arran.



HOW peaceful and calm the bay of Lamlash lies, with Holy Isle guarding its entrance, while steamers filled with excursionists ply out and in between the Arran ports at will. Over seven hundred years ago, this quiet bay was filled with the long dark galleys of Haco, the Norwegian King, shattered by storm, and defeated by Alexander, the Scottish King, at the battle of Largs.

Across the channel is the Holy Isle, where, in a cave on its western coast, Molios, a convert and companion of St Ninian dwelt, and it is said preached the Gospel to the islanders over fourteen hundred years ago. Converted when a boy in the island of Bute, he read and translated the Bible chained in the old chapel of Kingarth. And as he watched from the summit of Dunna-goil, the waves break against the Cumbræ Isles, and the white clouds gather around the rugged peaks of Arran, he longed to go and tell the dwellers there, the story of the Cross. This Molios did, it is said, for many years, living on the lone isle, sometimes visited by Ninian and his helpers from Whithorn. Dying at a great age, he was buried in Shiskin, where a sculptured stone, brought from Iona, marks the grave of this early preacher of the Word. A coming day—when all who belong to Christ through all the ages, will rise from their graves in sea and on land—will fully tell what were the fruits of the preaching of Molios and his companions in Arran and the



adjacent isles ; but we may surely believe that the same grand message of God's full and free salvation, unmixed by Popish traditions and unobscured by rites and ceremonies, brought life, salvation, and peace to the ancient Picts who inhabited the *Sudreyjar* or Southern Hebrides, and the islands of Arran and



ARRAN SHORE, WITH THE HOLY ISLE.

Cumbræ in those far distant times, when vast forests infested by beasts of prey covered the face of this fair isle, and rude huts of heath along its surf-beaten shores, or cut out of the limestone cliff and corrie, sheltered the barbarian inhabitants from the storms of winter, and the fierce denizens of the woods.



When the Viking chieftians swept down upon those peaceful islanders, among whom the light of the Gospel had begun to shed its beams, they plundered and massacred many; but such was the power of the Gospel, as heard from the lips and seen in the lives of its converts, that many of the lawless Norsemen were brought under its influence and turned to the true God from their pagan superstitions. Soon the



GROUP OF CHILDREN ON ISLE OF ARRAN TO-DAY.

simple Gospel, as preached by Columba and Moliós, became corrupted by Romish rites and men's traditions, so that toward the end of the twelfth century we find that a monastery stood on the north-west side of the island, which was named after "St Moliós," and filled with monks, who encouraged pilgrimages to the shrine of the saint, to count their beads and offer their orisons. The initials and monograms of some of these pilgrims may still be read on the roof of the cave, scooped out



of the sandstone rock about twenty-five feet above the present sea level ; while the spring of water of which they drank still bubbles up at its side, clear as crystal, just like the Gospel, which notwithstanding all the attempts of men and demons to contaminate and render it useless, springs up as fresh as ever, and is still the power of God unto the salvation of all who believe it.

Though all else has changed, and the rugged isle of Arran is no longer the home of the barbarian, the " old, old story of Jesus and His love," proclaimed by Molios more than fourteen centuries ago, is the same to-day.

This afternoon, a company of several hundreds stood on the shore of Brodick Bay singing the Saviour's praise and hearing the glorious Gospel of Christ proclaimed in those scenes where Molios once made known the Saviour's peerless Name.



# Two Cumbrae Workers.



HOW lovely the island of Cumbrae looks as it lies bathed in the summer sunshine. Along the Millport shore, groups of excursionists are sitting on the rocks or walking on the beach, while numbers of youths are bathing and swimming in the calm blue sea. On the west side are the rugged peaks of Arran, with Goatfell towering above them all. Ailsa Craig rising out of mid-ocean like a watch-tower to guard the south, and nearer—just across the narrow channel—is the Lesser Cumbrae, with its finely-terraced slopes, its ancient ruined castle and pretty white-walled lighthouse. In the evening a group of Gospellers take their stand on the green close by the sea, and there sing and tell “the old, old story of Jesus and His love” to a reverent and attentive crowd of listeners. Our thoughts go back wellnigh fifteen hundred years, to a period when, as ancient history tells us, there were early witnesses to the Gospel’s saving power on these rugged shores, at a time when almost the whole of Britain lay in heathen darkness. The story of how the Gospel that sounds across these waters to-day, was first spread among the ancient dwellers of the Cumbraes is one of thrilling interest.

When Ninian, the pioneer missionary among the Picts of Southern Scotland, passed through the Western Islands preaching the Gospel, we are told that he landed on the Greater Cumbrae, and made known to the



heathen chieftain and his followers, who then dwelt there, the wondrous story of the Cross. The astonished Picts gathered from their conical huts pitched along the shore to hear the message, and, it is said, to many it became the power of God unto salvation. The war spear and the diviner's wand were laid aside, and



ON THE CUMBRAE SHORE.

willing hands reared a humble house of willow wands and wattle, in which for many years they met to worship God and hear His Word.

A century later, the *Vikingen*, or "Sea Rovers," of the far North, swept down upon these peaceful and defenceless people, bringing them into subjection, and



acquiring possession of their island home. But the light which the Lord had kindled in Cumbræ was not extinguished, for we learn that some of these Norsemen were brought under the power of the Gospel, and sent for missionaries to Iona, that they might further hear from them the Word of Life.

Two young women of royal rank named Beya and



PATRICK HAMILTON, SCOTLAND'S FIRST MARTYR, AT THE STAKE.

Maura, came to Cumbræ and gave themselves to the work of evangelising the women of the island, who had evidently been neglected in the earlier preaching of the Word. These two godly females are said to have been greatly used in their service, and became so attached to the people, that they renounced their places of honour, and determined to spend their lives in service to the Lord among the Cumbræ islanders.



Maura was a diligent worker, and went out and in among the people, teaching them many useful occupations and making known the way of life ; while Beya, who was more of an ascetic, chose to spend her days in prayer and seclusion on the Lesser Cumbrae, where the ruins of a cloister said to be built to her memory, may still be seen. Thus it was that the dwellers on these islands, whose graves lie scattered among the hills, and whose relics are occasionally unearthed, heard and believed the same Gospel which we hear, and which some receive and are saved by to-day.

In the centuries that followed, wars and invasions of enemies kept the Gospel from progressing, and at times it seems as if gross darkness had again settled on certain parts of Scotland. Even then the Lord had his faithful witnesses and true servants doing all that the times in which they lived permitted them in the spread of the Gospel of Christ. We do not know even the names of those witnesses who kept the lamp of truth burning amid the gloom of these far distant ages, but they are all known to the Lord, and in that coming day when He rewards His servants and gathers His redeemed from every clime, there will doubtless be many from the land of the Picts and Scots who heard the Gospel from the lips of Ninian and his helpers.



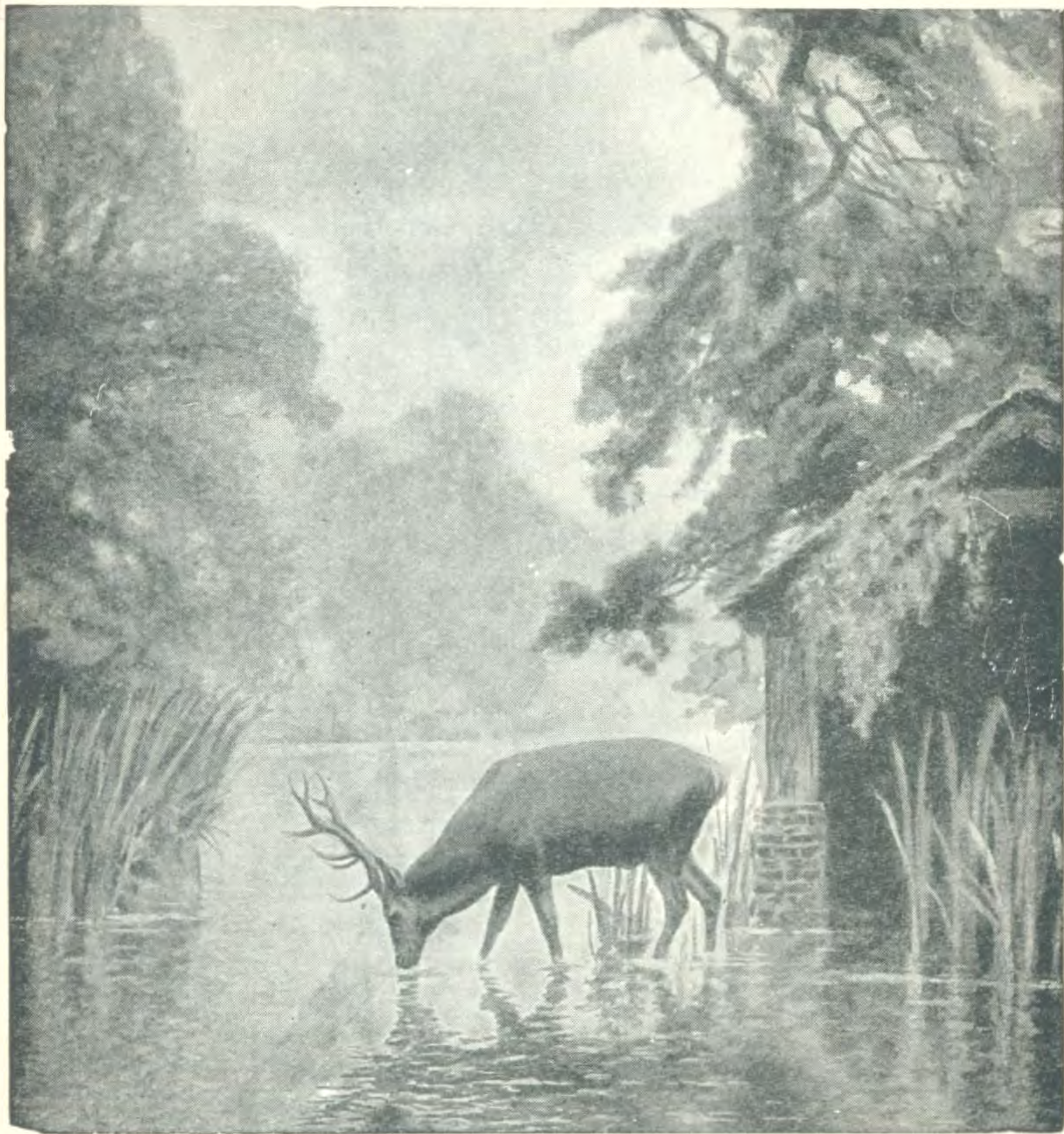
# Modan, the Evangelist of Scotland's Glens.



AMONG the young evangelists who studied the Scriptures and spread the Gospel on the western islands under the leadership of Ninian, was an earnest young preacher of Irish descent, named Modan. In so far as the story of his life and labours can now be traced, he seems to have emigrated from his home in Ulster to join Ninian's colony of workers at Whithorn, in the early part of the sixth century. After a season of study and companionship with the venerable saint, who has the honour of being the most prominent itinerant gospeller of his time, Modan set off on his life mission of evangelistic work, making his field of operations among the tribes along the shores of Loch Etive. After some years of labour there, he crossed Loch Fyne, evangelising the scattered dwellers of the Kyles of Bute, sailing in his coracle across Loch Long and along the Gareloch shore until he reached Roseneath, where he made his dwelling. From thence he went forth among the Scots and Britons telling the story of redeeming love, and when wearied in, but not of his work, he returned to his humble hut for rest and meditation on the Word, in the vale of Roseneath on the Gareloch shore. Little can now be told of the results of his labours, but it is known that there sprang up in the regions which he visited with the Gospel, little companies of Christians,



turned from the darkness of Druidism to confess the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and worship the God of heaven. In a brief record preserved in the Breviary



ON THE SHORE OF LOCH ETIVE.

of Aberdeen, the following words concerning the faithful Modan appear :—" To how many wanderers from the light of faith did the blessed Modan restore their sight ?



How many transgressors long bound in the chains of sin did he so awaken by his ministry of the Word of life that they repented and believed, and were moved by the power of God working through him to renounce their evil ways? So much so, that the whole Scotie race which dwelt on the west side of the river and by the sea, became imbued with his doctrine! "Surely no better testimony of the success of a preacher's labours can be given than this. He preached the Word in the power of God; sinners were awakened, convicted, brought to repentance and conversion, manifesting the reality of their faith by turning from their evil ways. Times have changed since Modan preached, and there are no longer painted savages to preach to in these lands. But sinners still need to be converted, and the Gospel is still "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth" (Rom. i. 16). Worn out with incessant labours, in a ripe old age Modan fell asleep in the midst of those who had been converted through his ministry, and was laid to rest in the quiet vale of Roseneath, to await the fair resurrection morning.

Thus it was that the Gospel was spread abroad in these early times in the land of the bluebell and the thistle. We little know how much we owe to the devoted lives and self-denying labours of these early workers, from whose time, in a clear silvery line of grace, may be traced the testimony of the Gospel through the ages.

True, it was often obscured by Popish ceremonies and ritualistic observances. At certain periods, its witnesses and heralds were burnt at the stake, or shot down like hunted hares on the hillsides, yet God kept



the light thus kindled in the wilds of Galloway, and spread by Ninian and his successors, burning, until a brighter day for Scotland dawned.

### THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL.

The race that long in darkness sat  
Hath seen the glorious light ;  
The Gospel with its cheering beams  
Has chased away the night.

The altar and the grove no more  
The Briton's homage claim ;  
His sacrifice of praise ascends  
To God's most holy Name.

His messengers of Gospel grace  
Their voices loudly raise,  
Proclaiming Jesus Christ where once  
Men sang Valhalla's praise.

In glens, where Druid priests of old  
Their fated victims bound,  
The warlike chieftain and his clan  
Now hear the Gospel's sound.



# The Story of Columbia and the Island of Iona.



IN the early Spring of A.D. 502 a little band of colonists might have been seen crossing the narrow strait which divides the Mull of Kintyre from the north of Ireland, in their leathern coracles or boats, making for the Scottish shore. Who are these colonists and what is the object of their mission? They come from the wild north coast of Antrim, and have left their huts which clustered around the basaltic rocks of the Giant's Causeway, to find a new home in the land which is now in their view.

The leader, Fergus Mor, son of an Ulster king, is crossing with his two brothers to found a new kingdom in the land where already the Anglo-Saxon, the Briton, and the Pict have claimed their portion. All that remained for the *Scoti* or Scots—for such was the name to be claimed by the emigrants—was the rocky promontory of Kintyre and the Western Isles. These were equally divided amongst the three leaders and their followers. After they had brought their wherries to the shore, the little company parted in peace, and each of the three leaders at the head of his followers made for the land of his inheritance, which was as yet all unknown and unexplored. One thing they all had in common, and took with them to their new homes—that was the knowledge of God and of His



Son, Jesus Christ. Here it will better help us to understand the mission of the little band of emigrants if we take a glance backward a little.

For four hundred years, the Romans had ruled almost supreme in Europe. Pagan persecutions had uprooted much of the nominal Christianity that existed, and leavened what remained with its rites and idolatry. The Gospel, as preached by apostles



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY  
AND WELL, IRELAND.

and those who followed immediately after, was lost, and the Church, as formed and maintained by a simple and spiritual ministry, had disappeared from view. By means of the professed conversion of the Emperor Constantine, the true Church, till then persecuted and hated by the world, was taken under royal patronage, and amalgamated with the world. Slowly but surely its testimony to Christ and the truth, for which it had



been set as God's witness in the world, became eclipsed, and a mixture of Paganism and nominal Christianity, under the domination of a succession of Popes in the papal chair at Rome, had taken its place. Then it was that the hand of God in judgment came heavily upon that which bore the Name of Christ on the earth. Hordes of Pagans swept from their places in the wilds



A RIVER AND FERTILE VALLEY OF ANTRIM.

of the north, and like a tempest destroyed everything in their track, right on to the gates of Rome.

It was at this period that a sturdy race first appeared which, in the providence of God, were to play an important part in the evangelising of the isles of the north, and in restoring by means of the simple preaching of the Word of the Lord, much that had been lost



to those who were left of the Lord's few followers still to be found there. These were the *Scoti* or Scots, who had originally migrated from their homes on the banks of the Rhine, and crossing the sea in canoes and barges, with their herds and camps, had settled in the north of Ireland and in parts of Kintyre.

The knowledge of Christ and the Gospel of salvation had been made known to them by the same early heralds of the Cross as had proclaimed it in Caledonia. Traders from the Levant and North Africa were frequent visitors to the harbours of Ireland, and persecuted Christians fleeing from the sword found a refuge on its shores. There they testified to the Scots, who then peopled the Emerald Isle, the glad tidings of salvation, and it is on record that many received the message and confessed Christ as thei Saviour and Lord.

Sedulius, a noted preacher and hymn writer of this early time, was a Scot by birth, and having received the Gospel in Ireland, travelled over France and Italy preaching and teaching Jesus Christ. His hymns were of so great value that they were used in the worship of the churches, and his commentary on the Epistles of Paul, entitled "Collectaneum of Sedulius, a Scot of Ireland," is reckoned worthy of a place alongside any present-day exposition of these epistles. So that long before the days of "St Patrick," who is claimed by Rome as the first Gospel pioneer of the Emerald Isle, the ancient Scots, whose first home was there, had received and confessed Christ and His salvation. Thus it was that the first little company of Scots colonists, who crossed the channel, had the Gospel to make known to the Britons and Picts.

Having received the Gospel in their earlier homeland,



it may have been their chief object in leaving the fertile fields of Antrim for the rocky and desolate land to which they had come to spread the good news which they had received amongst the Britons and Picts, who had lapsed into almost heathen darkness. With what success they spread the light which they had brought with them among their neighbours, history has left no record, but there is a sidelight thrown upon the existing relations between the Picts and Scots, whose territories joined, in the fact that for over a century no raid was made, no battle was fought, and no quarrel existed between the two nations, which goes to show that the peaceful lives of Christ's followers had not been without effect on their warlike neighbours. During these years, an event occurred which was to have an abiding and powerful influence upon both these peoples and their descendants for many years to come, and to this eventful story we will now turn.



THE FERTILE FIELDS OF ANTRIM.



# The Coming of Columba.



ON a summer morning about half a century after the landing of Fergus Mor and his followers on the western shore, a solitary coracle might have been seen on the bosom of the Atlantic, making its way toward the Scottish shore. No pennon floats on its mast, no blazoned shield is hung from its bow; nor is there badge or token to indicate the rank of its occupants, or what their errand is. As it nears a shingly bay on the rocky coast of the island of Icolmkill or Iona, the oarsmen cease their toil and prepare to disembark. There are thirteen of them, led by one who is manifestly their chief. He is venerable, and his lofty brow indicates intelligence and wisdom. His followers regard him with affection, and lovingly submit to his rule with reverent submission; yet he is like one of themselves. This is Columba. Born in the wilds of Donegal in A.D. 521, the son of an Irish chief of the northern tribe of O'Neill, of graceful appearance, possessed of many gifts, Columba was taught at the feet of Finnian, whose school at Moville, near the head of Strangford Loch, was the first in the country. Here he "learned the wisdom of Holy Scripture" his biographer tells us; and here also in his early years he was converted to God. In his earliest years of Christian life, he became a diligent transcriber of the Bible. He made a copy of the Psalms for his own private use, transcribing it during the hours of night. The master of the



monastery, in which the book lay, demanded that it should be given to him, which Columba refused to do. The arbitration of the king was sought, and his decision was, "As to every cow belongs her own calf, so to every Psalter belongs its copy. The transcript belongs to the monastery." This unjust act and others that

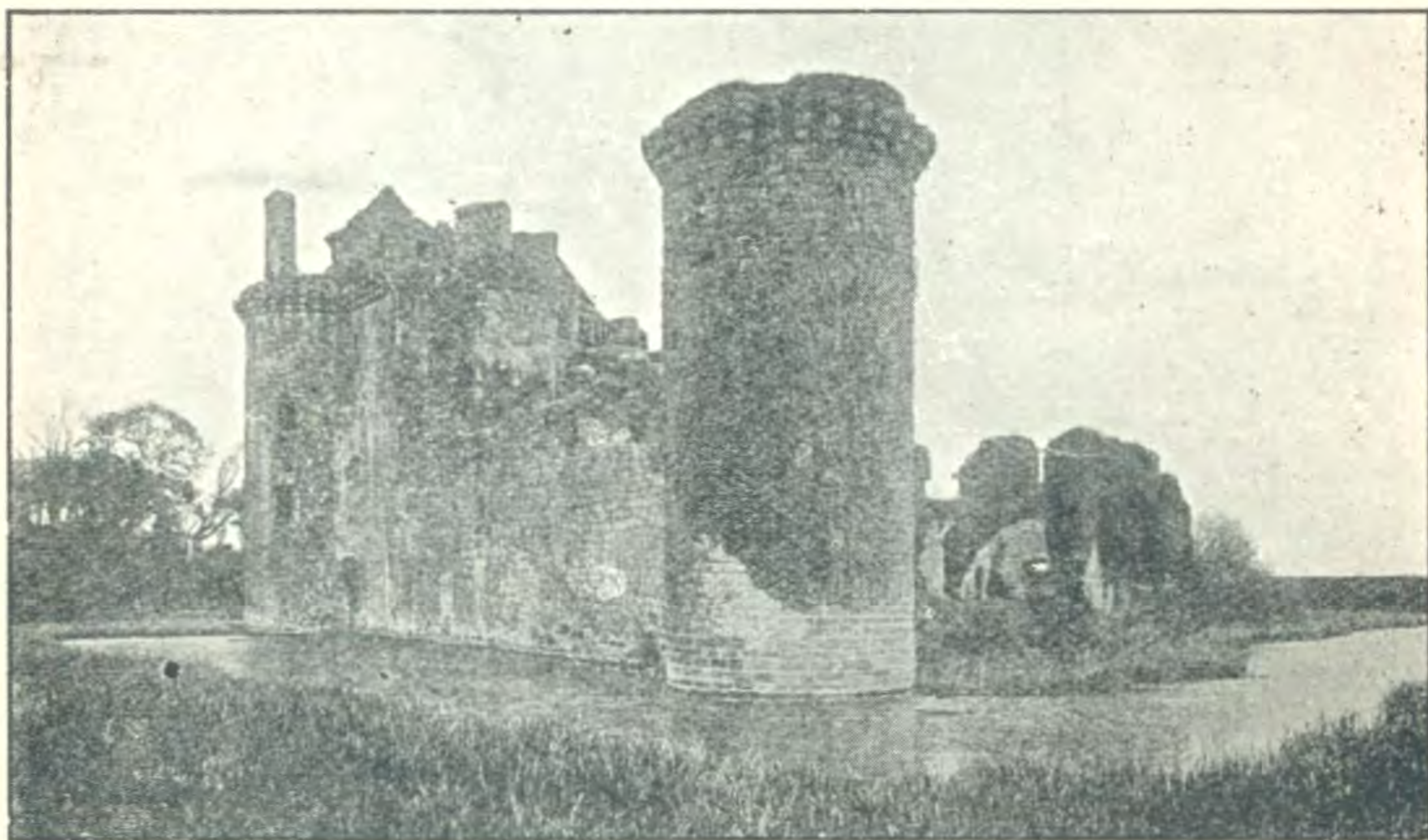


COLUMBA AND HIS HELPERS LEAVE FOR SCOTLAND.

followed, are said to have caused Columba to turn his eyes toward the "regions beyond," which lay in the shadow of spiritual death in need of the Gospel. And so, with twelve converted and devoted young men, prepared to suffer, and if need be, lay down their lives for the the Gospel's sake, Columba stowed his



copies of the Sacred Book in a currach, and hoisting sail, left the grassy banks of the Foyle, to pass through the estuary into the ocean, and make the perilous voyage toward Iona. What an honour to be allowed of God to spread His blessed Gospel, especially amongst those who have never heard it, and to win their souls to Jesus Christ the Lord !



AN ANCIENT IRISH CASTLE.



# Iona and its School.



THE landing of Columba on the lone isle, with his little band of followers, marks a new era in Scotland. They are in reality to be the second founders of the Scottish nation, and from their humble abode in the sea-beat isle of Iona, the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ is to go forth into every part of the land, and far beyond it.

It is Whitsuntide. The warm beams of the May-day sun shine on the calm waters, as Columba, having reached the strand, leaves his followers for a time and ascends the highest hill, a short distance from the shore. From its summit islets, firths, range after range of mountains can be seen far along, the distant shore, with the western sea beyond stretching out to regions as yet unknown.

The little colony set themselves diligently to work, and before two years had gone they had cut down wood, built themselves houses, and erected a large building to serve the double purpose of school and place for united worship, all of which are needed, for the object of Columba is to instruct his followers in the truth of God more fully, in order that they may in turn be able to "teach others also" (2 Tim. ii. 2); and so, furnished with the Word of God, that they may go forth from Iona as a centre, to preach the Gospel of Christ, and pioneer the unbroken country of the Picts and Britons as evangelists of the apostolic



school. Their habits, manner of life, and the way they went about their work seem to have been simple and godly, for in that early day there was no sacerdotalism or clerical assumption such as Rome introduced in later years, and which then as now corrupts the Gospel, and spoils the preachers of it by making them believe they were something more than “declarers of good news” and winners of souls to the Saviour.

There is no record that Columba and his co-workers had any Creed or Confession of Faith, such as in after years was formulated by Church councils and synods. But it has been put on record that the following four cardinal truths formed the subject-matter of their preaching.

*First* : That the Holy Scriptures are the Word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice.

*Second* : That no merit is attachable to the works of man, but salvation is by grace alone.

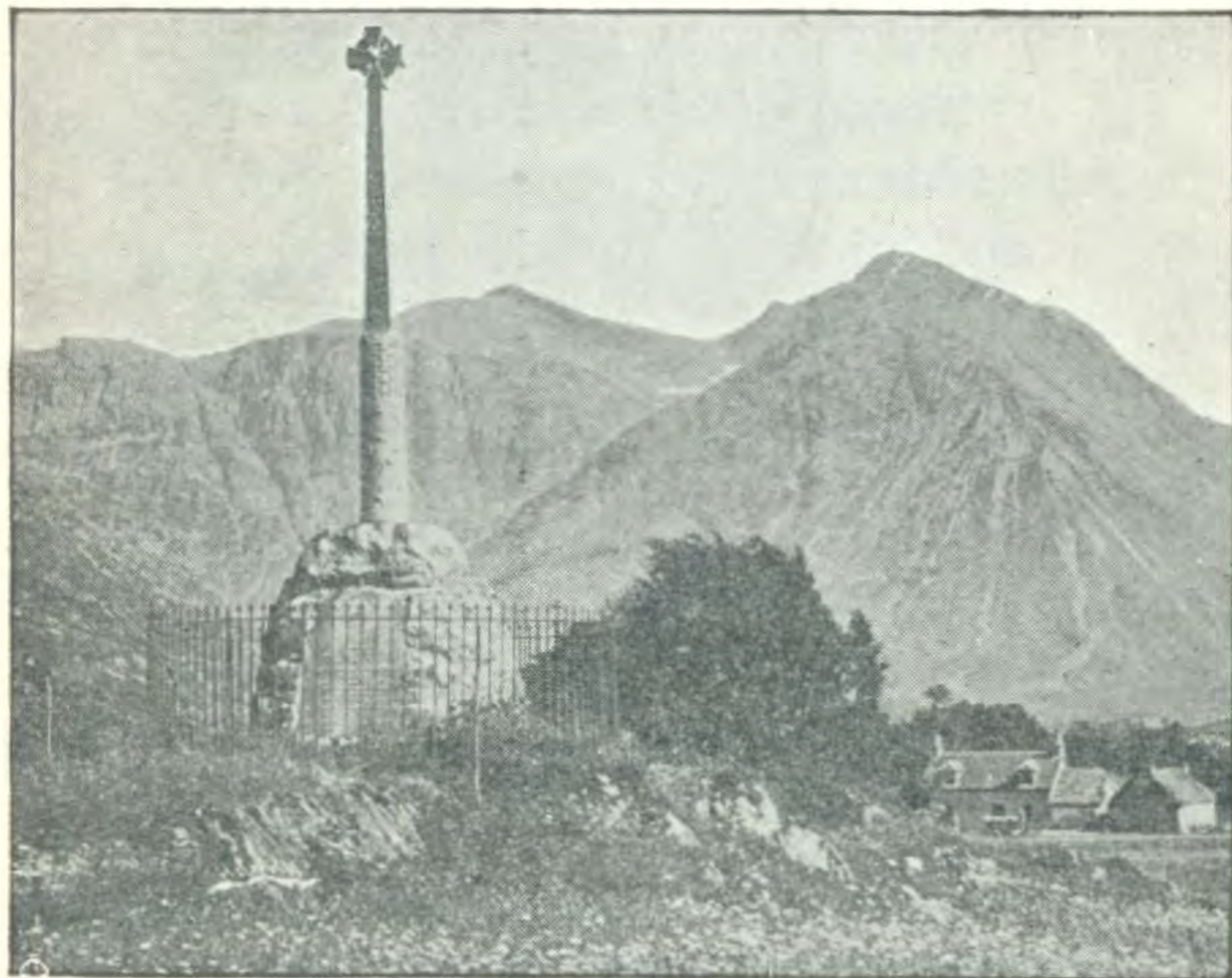
*Third* : Not outward observances, but purity of heart and life in God’s sight is to be the aim of the Christian.

*Fourth* : That the Lord Jesus Christ Himself is the only Head of the Church. Such was the simple and Scriptural theology of Iona.

We shall hear how they went about their work, and how the Lord used them in bearing the light of the Gospel to those who sat in darkness and the shadow of death. Meanwhile let us remember that it is the Gospel of God concerning His Son, told out in all its purity and simplicity, apart from attractions or embellishments of any kind whatever such as men devise, either to draw the crowd or give it favour in the eyes



of the world that is still the message for man's blessing. God's glad tidings told out in the Spirit's power, and received by faith, brings eternal salvation, peace, and joy to all who believe it ; as surely to the refined and cultivated of the present time, as to the unlettered Pict and Briton of Columba's day.



IONA CROSS AT GLENCOE.



# The Evangelists of Iona.



COLUMBA and his helpers having found a home on the lone isle, surrounded by the silvery sea, they begin their work in earnest. Iona was the boundary line between the Picts in the north and the Scots in the south. Parted from the island of Mull, by the Sound which could be crossed by boat in half an hour, the grassy island does not exceed three and a half miles in length, by a mile and a half in width. Yet it was an ideal place for the young colony. No hostile clansmen would disturb them with the battle-axe there. They may read and meditate and pray in peace, and from that Salem of holy calm, go forth with the message of God's love to the great world around, which yet lay in the region of the shadow of death. Owned by Conal, King of the Scots of Argyll, a relative of Columba, there was no great difficulty in obtaining a grant of the island with liberty to build thereon. Their purpose is to go forth from thence with the Gospel message to the Picts in the far north and to the Scots in the south and east. The Holy Scriptures in the Latin language is their only text book. Large portions had to be committed each day, and to the first students on the lone isle and others who followed after in quest of spiritual instruction, Columba's motto ever was, "The Word of God is our only rule of faith." The first two years were spent in building and planting, part of each day being given to the study of God's Word and prayer. There

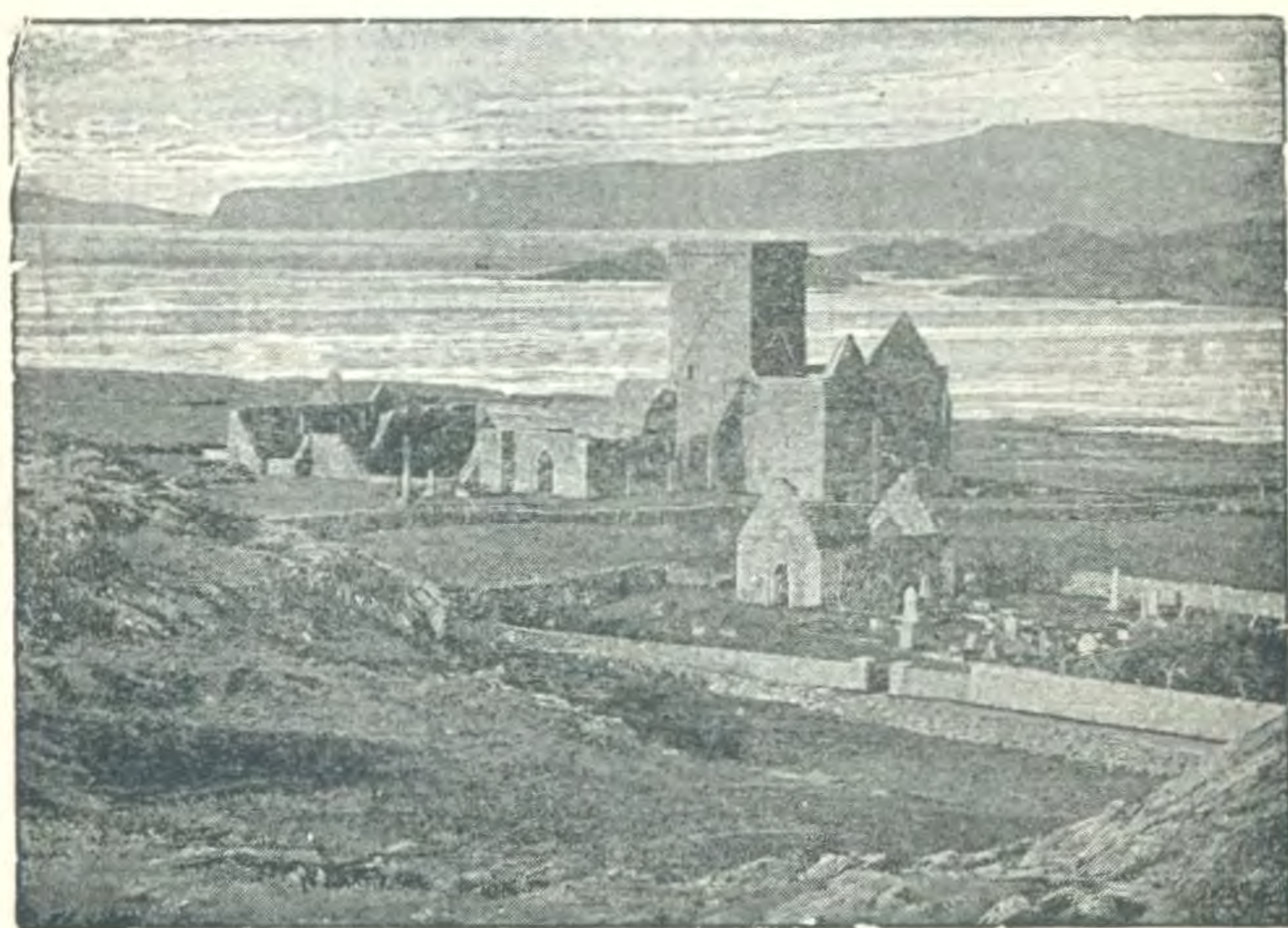


were no printed Bibles in those days, but certain periods which were arranged by Columba were devoted to copying the Scriptures, so that when the time came for them to go forth on their evangelistic labours, there might be no lack. Their life on Iona was primitive, simple and happy ; their modes of worship and service based on what they found in the Bible alone. In the centre of the little colony there is raised a simple building of oak planks thatched with rushes, in which they meet to worship and to pray. Around it are the huts of the workers, formed of clay with wickerwork of wattles. Columba's hut, built of logs, stands on a little knoll by itself. Here he writes and studies by day, and sleeps by night, laying himself on a skin stretched on the ground, with a stone for his pillow. There is a guest chamber for any stranger who may visit them, and around the whole is drawn a rath or cashel of mud and stones. Outside are the buildings for the provisions of the colony : a barn for corn, a kiln for drying, a mill for grinding, the wheel of which is turned by a stream which flows past. The dress of the colonists is primitive and simple. A linen tunic covered with a coarse gown of natural wool covers the body ; sandals of cowhide protect the feet. Their food consists of the produce of the island : bread made from barley grown in their own fields, milk from their own cows, eggs from their fowls, and fish from the sea supply their bodily wants. Each in turn becomes cook, and all share in tilling the ground, putting the cows to pasture, and tending the crops. A white pack horse draws a cart, which is known as " the chariot " bringing wood for the fires and grain from the fields.

Columba was a diligent scribe, and never missed



an hour. Our very earliest copy of the Four Gospels, now in Trinity College, Dublin, written on two hundred and forty-eight pages of vellum, belongs to Columba's time, and is said to have been written by Columba himself. His only text book was the Bible, and from its sacred pages he taught and furnished his devoted helpers, so that they might be well fitted for the great and glorious work which lay before them. He knew well



RUINS OF IONA AS THEY ARE TO-DAY.

that the Word was necessary to the work of God, and therefore his first care was to have it well understood by those who were to be Christ's ambassadors to others. It has been claimed by Romanists that Columba and his fellow-workers were monks, and that the settlement on Iona was a monastery, but such names as they are now understood, are altogether inappropriate to the students of Columba on their seagirt college. They



were apart from the world, but not in isolation ; they shut themselves away with God and His Word but only for a season, in order to become acquainted with the Divine message and its Author, and then go forth preaching Christ and Him crucified among their fellows. They lived a simple, self-denying life, but they claimed



ISLANDERS OF TO-DAY AND THEIR PONIES.

no merit from it before God, it was only a means to an end, which was the diffusion of the Gospel among those who had never heard its message. Would to God there were more of such simplicity of life in our own day, and more of such godly zeal as the students of Iona possessed.



# The Conversion of King Brude.



ON a memorable day, about two years after the landing of the colonists on Iona, a tiny craft of wicker, covered with cowhide, leaves the strand. Its inmates are Columba and two of his chief helpers, Comgal and Cainnech, with a few followers, to row them across the seas. They are on their first evangelistic mission to the land of the Druids in the far north, bearing the glorious message of the Gospel. They carry nothing with them save the Word of God written on parchment leaves. Away beyond the Drumalban mountains, is the castle and fortress of King Brude, the powerful ruler of the Picts. To him Columba bears the Gospel. If he can be reached, and his heart won to Christ, there will be an open door among his people. Over rugged hills covered with furze and thorns, down precipitous rocks, across wild seas and inland lochs, and along trackless moors, the travellers hasten, until they skirt the shores of Loch Ness, beyond which stands the castle of the Pictish King. He has already been made aware of their coming by his Druid priests, and has closed his gates against them. Such was the first experience of the Iona evangelists, which has been repeated over and over again in the annals of all true Gospel pioneering. The devil seeks to hold his goods "in peace" (Luke xi.), he dreads the power of the Gospel.

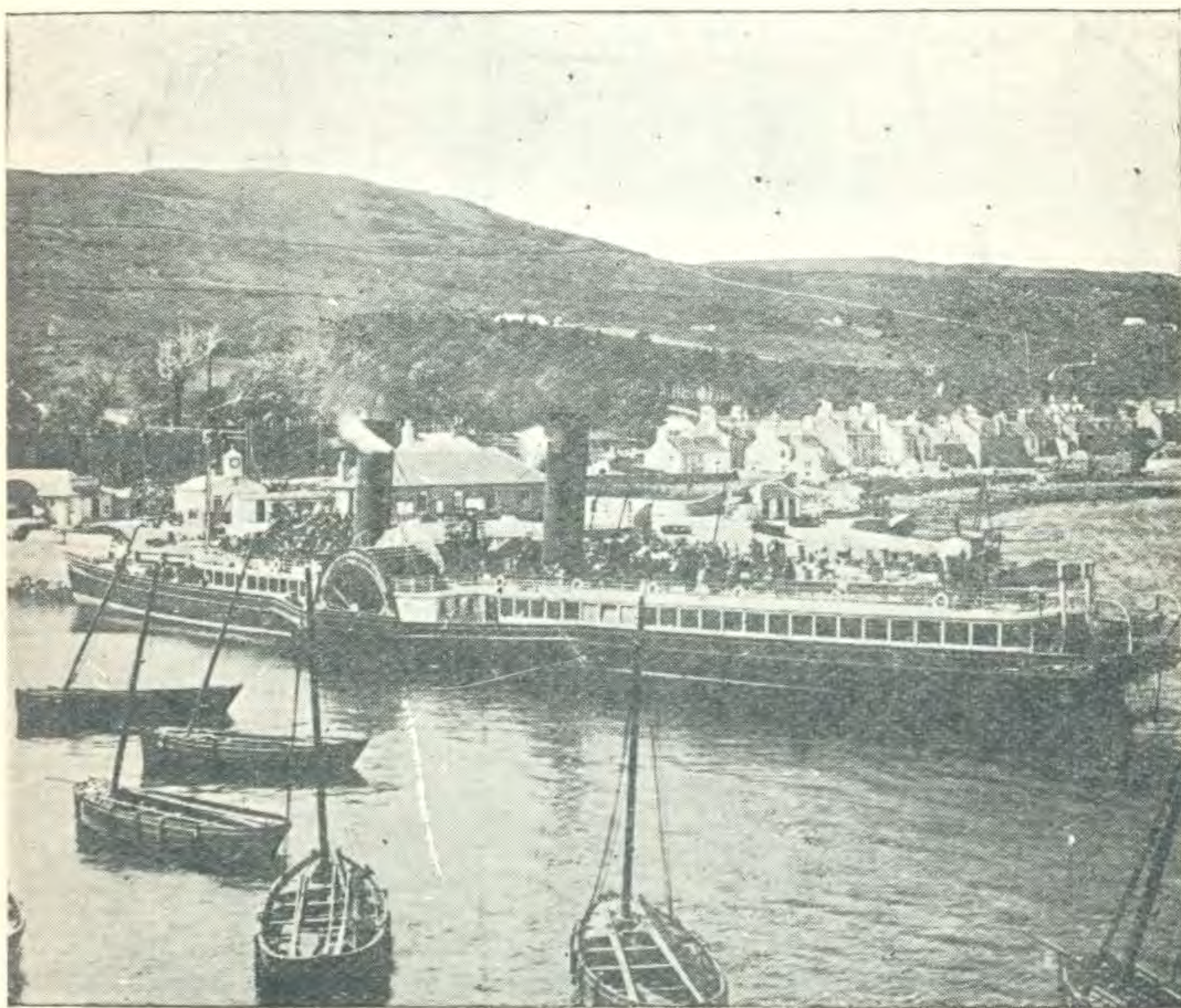
Undaunted by their first repulse, Columba and his company form a circle outside the closed gates of King



Brude's castle, and raising their voices sing the forty-sixth Psalm which begins—

“ God is our Refuge and our Strength,  
In straits a present aid.”

The sound of that first song of praise and triumph that ever echoed through these wilds was heard by



ARDRISHAIG AND THE CRINAN CANAL.

King Brude in his fortress, and it is said it completely overcame him. He advanced with his counsellors toward the gates, opened them to the Gospellers, and welcomed Columba to a personal interview in his castle. What took place during these hours we cannot tell, as no record has been left of the conversation,



but we may assure ourselves that the burden of Columba's message to the Pictish monarch was the Gospel of Christ, which alone is the power of God unto salvation. We are told by the historian what the result was. King Brude was converted, and confessed the Son of God as his Saviour. This was a great



A VIEW IN A GRAMPIAN VALLEY.

triumph of grace, and was to have far-reaching results in the far north where, among the clans of Northern Pictland, the reign of Druidism had never been wholly broken, and in parts where the Gospel had been made known two centuries before, there was in measure a return to the ancient paganism and its rites. The



altars of the Druid smoked in many a glen, and the worship of the grove was prevalent in the realm over which King Brude held sway. Converted by the power of the Gospel himself, he threw wide open the door of his kingdom to the same glorious message. Columba hastened back to Iona, and in a very short time a band of earnest pioneers and evangelists from Iona went forth to all parts of the Pictish kingdom, penetrating the straths of the Grampians, the fastnesses of Ross and Athole, and even crossing the Pentland Firth to the Orkney and Shetland Isles with the Gospel. The power of the Druid fell before the story of the Cross, and wherever the feet of the Gospel messenger trod, the effects of the message were seen in the barbarians being turned to God. Civilisation followed wherever Christ was received, and soon the fields which had lain untilled, without seed time or harvest, were waving with golden grain, while herds and flocks filled the green meadows and browsed upon the grassy slopes. War and bloodshed ceased, and clans long at variance were reconciled. The Gospel was carried far and wide, and a brighter and better day dawned on Scotland.



# Columba's Gospel Zeal.



COLUMBA visited many of the chieftains of the far north, and found an entrance for the Gospel among most of the Pictish clans. His line of procedure was very simple. If he gained the chieftain's ear to his message, and received his consent that some of his helpers should settle among his people, then a band of young missionaries from Iona, usually about twelve, including one or two of riper years, who had some experience in the work of pioneer evangelisation among the Druids, went forth on their mission. Selecting a spot in the territory of the clan, they build a cluster of huts of turf, roofed with branches of trees, around which a palisade is drawn. The ground around is dug and sown by the missionaries, and soon a little colony comes into view, modelled after the pattern of the parent establishment at Iona. It is not a monastery, but a self-supporting home and centre of Gospel effort and likewise a place of spiritual instruction for the young evangelists, who go out two and two each day among the people making known the glad tidings of salvation through the Cross of Christ. Their labours were abundantly blessed. The Gospel in its simplicity and power found its way among the people, and was received unto salvation by many. Over the whole of the land of the Picts, in the Hebrides, and across the Pentland Firth, in the islands of Orkney and Shetland, little companies of inquiring souls gather around to



hear the wonderful message from heaven, through the lips of the strangers from Iona. By and by a building of wattle and mud is raised in which they meet to worship God. During the week it serves as a school in which the natives are taught to read, and how to till and cultivate the land. When any of the converts



A HERD OF SHETLAND PONIES.

manifested gift and grace, and had a desire to preach to his people, he was helped in the study of the Word, and more fully taught the ways of the Lord by a few months' sojourn in Iona, and there also wearied and worn-out workers returned to rest and be refreshed in soul and body, in the godly fellowship of Columba and his aged helpers, with whom the Word of God



was held in high honour. Columba himself was a great student and a voluminous writer, and in addition to his evangelistic labours, his daily exposition of the Word to his students, and the care of guiding the widespread work, he wrote over three hundred volumes with his own hands.



WILD DEER ON A HIGHLAND HILLSIDE.



# The First Scottish King.

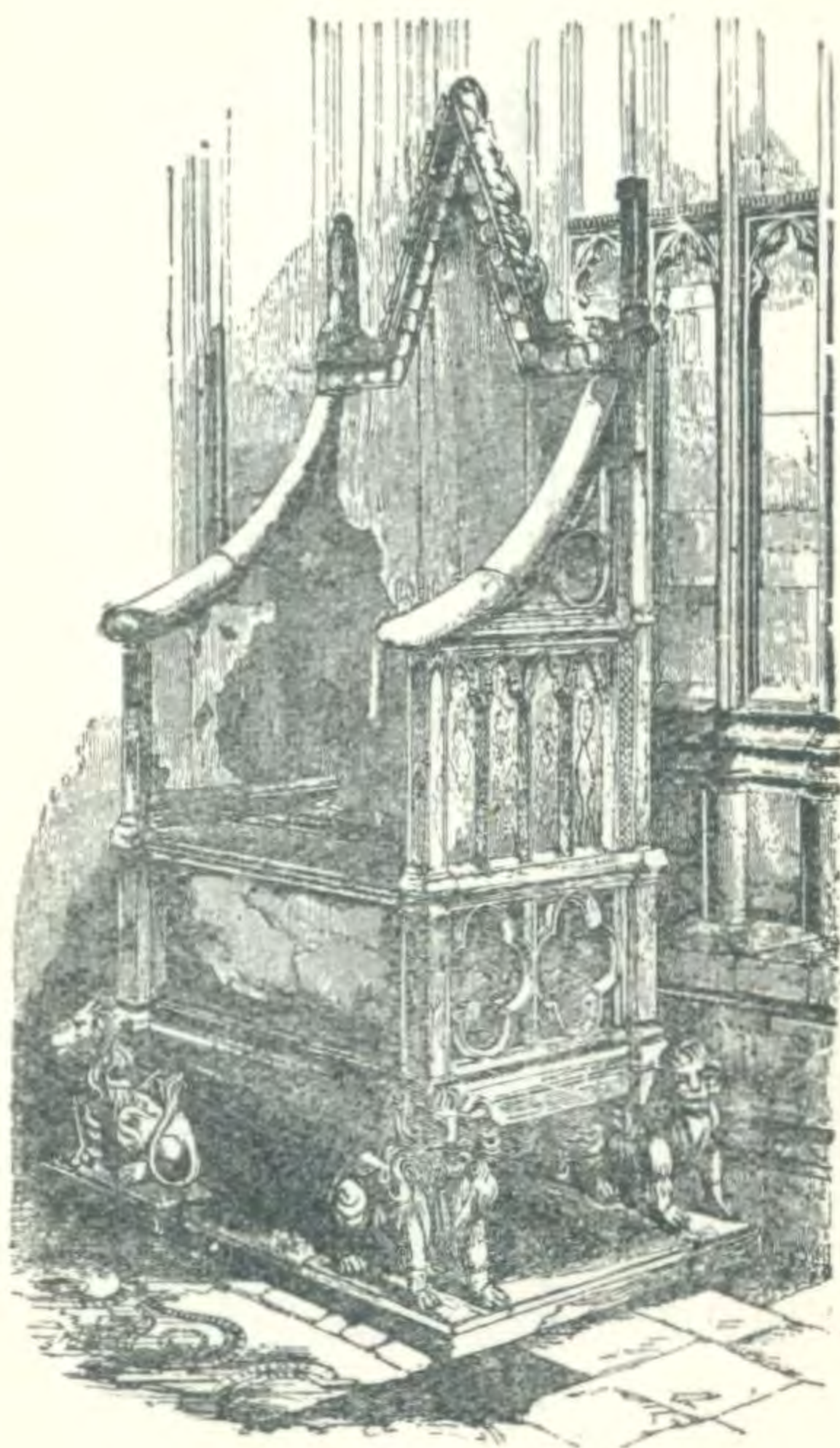


WHEN Columba and his helpers arrived in Iona, the Scots were ruled by a king of their own, who was a tributary to a supreme monarch whose seat was at Tara, in Ireland, who died about four years after the founding of the colony in Iona. Among the students who had been under his training in the island school was a young Chief of the clan M'Neill, named Aidan, whom Columba crowned King of the Scots, seating him on the famous coronation stone which now rests under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, on which the British sovereign sits when the crown is put upon his head. Aidan was a Christian, and it is said a wise ruler, and his descendants occupied the throne until the time of Kenneth MacAlpin, under whom the Picts and Scots were united in A.D. 843.

The Irish monarch was favourable to the Scottish independence, and by means of Columba's intercession on Aidan's behalf, the King of Tara consented to forego the tribute he had received from the Scots, and to cease to exercise his suzerainty over them. From that time the Scots were an independent people. King Brude continued to rule the Picts for twenty years after his conversion, and died in the faith of the Gospel in A.D. 585. During these years of peace, great progress was made in the evangelisation of the tribes of the far north, and while the sword was at rest, the plough the



mattock, and the spade were busy. The land which had lain fallow for ages was tilled and cultivated, and where the war-cry of the savage in battle had been heard, the song of praise to God ascended from thousands of peaceful worshippers.



THE CORONATION CHAIR.  
Under which is the Stone of Destiny.

The Culdee preachers—a name which from that time was given to the gossellers of Iona and those who succeeded them—travelled far and wide, reaching to Northumbria and the eastern counties of England, and onward to France and Germany with the Gospel



message. The day of Christ alone will tell the extent of the labours and the full results in blessing to the souls of men. Exposed to the sword of the persecutor and to the wild beasts of the forest they held on their way evangelising, amid the tempests of war and the tumults of nations in lands which for centuries had been buried in superstition, kindling the lamp of life, which continued to flicker for nine hundred years, when it burst forth in fuller light in the glorious period of the Reformation.



READING A CHAINED BIBLE.



# The Last Days of Columba.



EIGHT of years and abundant labours began at length to tell on the noble pioneer, who had left the land of his fathers to evangelise the isles of the Picts, and he felt that his life work was over and the time for entering into his rest with Christ had come. Like the traveller who knows he is nearing a serener clime by the balmy air, so Columba felt he was on the last stage of the journey toward the heavenly home he had loved so long. In his cart, drawn by the old white horse which had been in the colony for so long, he drove around, giving his last greetings to all, and taking his last look at the sights so familiar and so dear. It was the month of May, and the island lay in its freshest green, recalling the day thirty-four years before, when he first set foot upon its shores. Thanksgiving filled his heart, as he thought upon what the Lord had wrought. Returning on foot, he sat down by the wayside to rest. The old horse, released from its work, came up and laid its head against his breast to be caressed. Diormit, his servant, seeing the animal there, came up to lead him away, but Columba said, "Nay, let the dumb animal express his sorrow, he knows his master is about to leave him." Retiring to his hut, he took up his pen to finish the transcribing of a Psalm, which to him was more a solace than a toil. He had reached Psalm thirty-four, verse ten, and written the words, "They that seek the



Lord, shall not lack any good thing." Laying down the pen, he said to Baithen, "Here let the page and

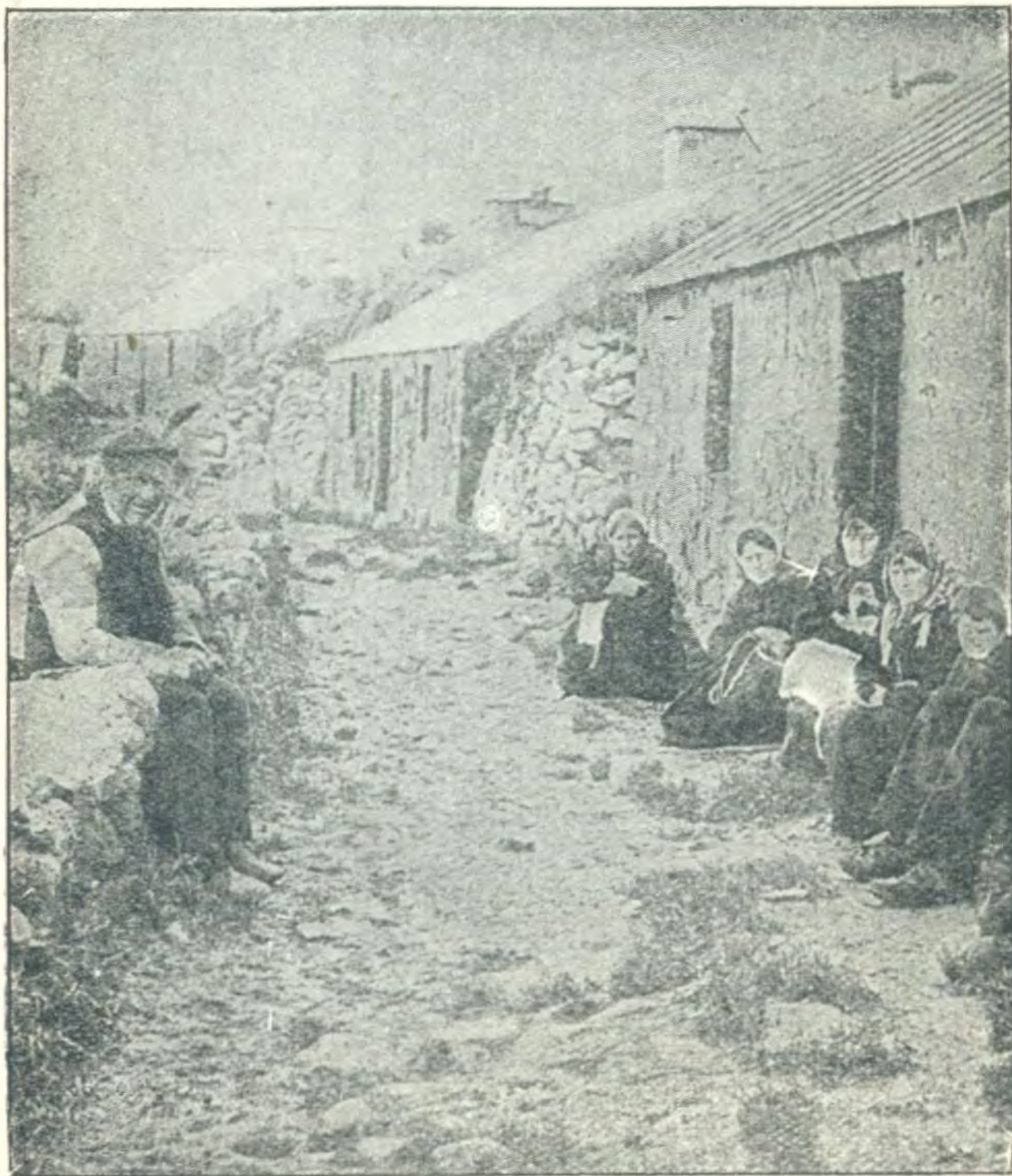


COLUMBA AND HIS OLD WHITE HORSE.

my work end together." Then he lay down to rest, and slept until the bell tolled at midnight to announce the dawn of the Lord's Day. Rising from his couch, he



slowly walked to the place of early prayer, and was the first to enter it. When the others reached it, they found Columba lying prostrate on the ground. Gathering around, they gently lifted him, and as they did so he raised his hand toward heaven, then it dropped by his side, and without a struggle or a sigh, the ransomed spirit of Columba was "absent from the body" and "at home with the Lord" (2 Cor. v. 8, R.V.).



NATIVES OF ST KILDA.

(A lonely Island in the Far North of Scotland.)



# Iona, the Light of the Western World.



THE work of evangelisation begun by Columba was carried on with zeal by his helpers and successors for many years after his death.

The names of Aidan and Coleman are found in many records as missionaries who carried the Gospel through many parts of Scotland and across the border into the kingdom of Northumbria, where the pagan Saxons had not heard its joyful message.

Schools and colleges for the training of younger men who desired to devote their lives to the study and preaching of the Word sprang up throughout Scotland, the most prominent of which were in Abernethy (the ancient seat of the Pictish kingdom), Dunkeld, St Andrews, Kirkcudbright, and Monymusk—all modelled after the parent school of Iona. So far as can now be gathered from the meagre records of these distant times, the beginnings of all these institutions were simple and free from the monastic ideas and practices which in later years were developed in them.

The "Culdees"—as the preachers who went forth from these schools were named—conformed to all the customs of ordinary civilised life. Many of them were married men, with families; some laboured for their subsistence, preaching the Word as they had opportunity; others gave their whole time to the work of evangelising distant places, and were supported by the gifts of the churches they had planted.

Baithen—one of the original helpers who accompanied Columba to Iona—took the place of leader in the work of instruction there, and seems to have faithfully clung to the Scriptures as the only text book and



rule of faith, resisting all popish attempts to bring the churches which had been gathered in Scotland by means of the labours of Columba and his helpers under the dominion of the Roman Pontiff, whose representative had already arrived in England, and succeeded in subjecting the English churches to the rule of Gregory the Great, who at timhat te was Pope.

That the followers of Columba were completely opposed to Romish rule and traditions is clearly established by the testimony of the venerable Bede, who, while a faithful translator of the Scriptures into the Saxon tongue, was himself deeply imbued with Romish teaching and monastic ideas. Writing of the evangelists of Iona, he says—"Columba and his disciples would receive these things only which are contained in the writings of the prophets, evangelists, and apostles." And by way of seeking to excuse them for not accepting the dogmas of the Pope, he adds that "in the remote parts of the world in which the Scots lived, they were unacquainted with the Roman decrees, and only taught their disciples out of the Scriptures." We can wish no higher tribute to be paid to Christians in Scotland and elsewhere in this twentieth century than this. To receive the Gospel of the grace of God from the fountain head of Holy Scripture, as it was given to the apostles direct from the glorified Lord in heaven (Gal. i. 6-12), and by them handed down to us in the pages of the Written Word, for individual salvation; to repose on the Lord Jesus Christ and His atoning death alone, apart from sacramental penances, prayers, or good works; to "esteem all God's commandments concerning all things to be right," and to "hate every false way" (Psa.c xix. 128), is the Lord's way for all His people through all the ages.



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# India's Sunny Plains.

## INTRODUCTION.

“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, 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 ; is 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.



HINDU MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS.

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 navigable for fifteen hundred miles, and its streams (which overflow after the rainy seasons) are the main sources of fertilisation to the country. When the river fails to rise and over-



INFANTICIDE IN THE GANGES.

spread 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, Gons, Bhals, Todas, and Olhonds, all warlike aborigines, for whose souls few care.



# The Cities of India.

**B**OMBAY — 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

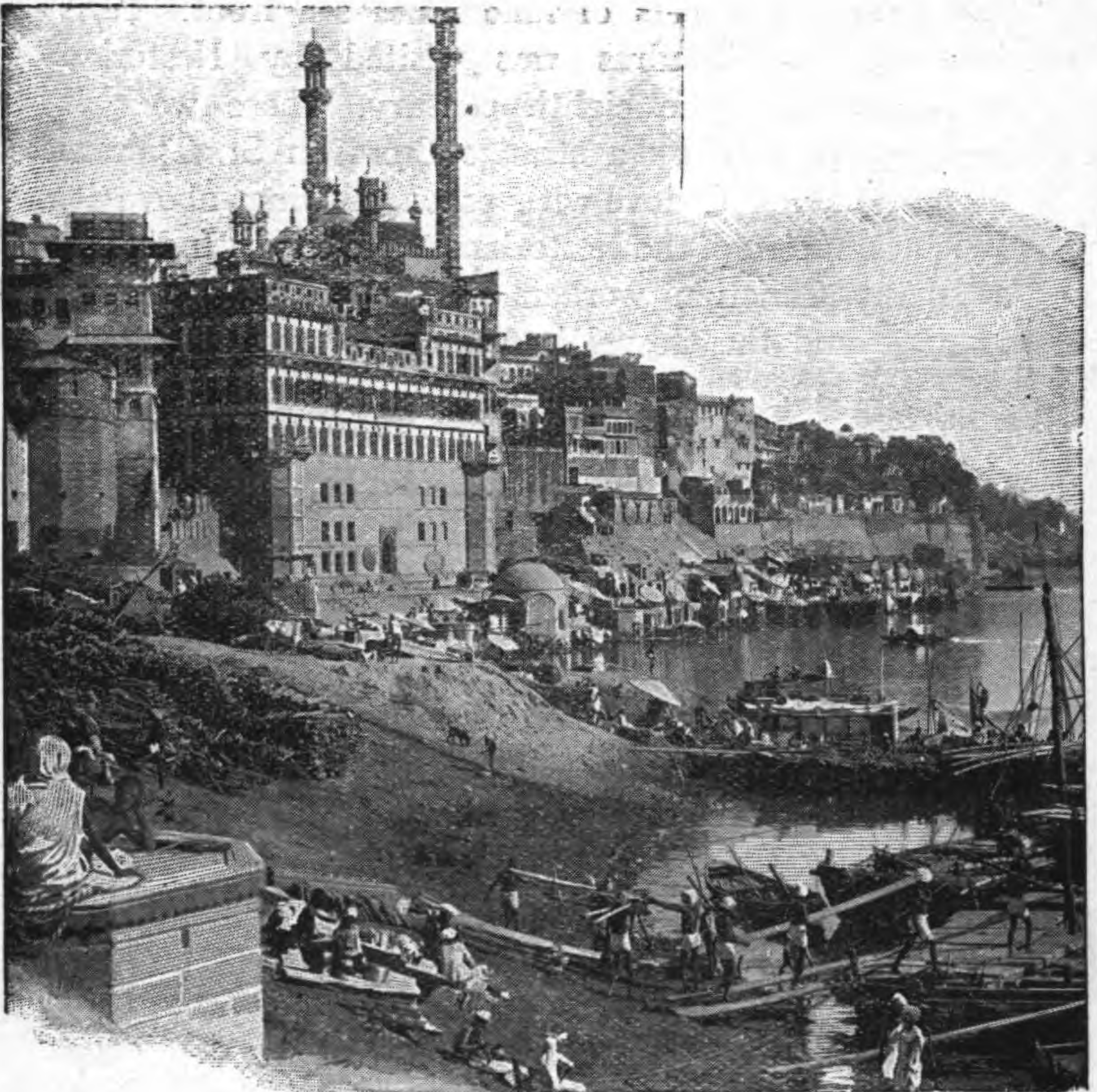


of British India. It stands on the Hooghly River, thirty miles from the sea, but so deep is the estuary of the river that ships of all nations can enter and lie up close to its quays.

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, showing 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 RIVER GANGES.

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 tramcars 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 bank 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 fakir's 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 ; CAWN-PORE, 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 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



AN INDIAN COTTON CLEANER.

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 on it in swarms,



INDIAN WOMAN GRINDING CORN.

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 para-



quets 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



GROUP OF INDIA'S VILLAGE CHILDREN.

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 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.

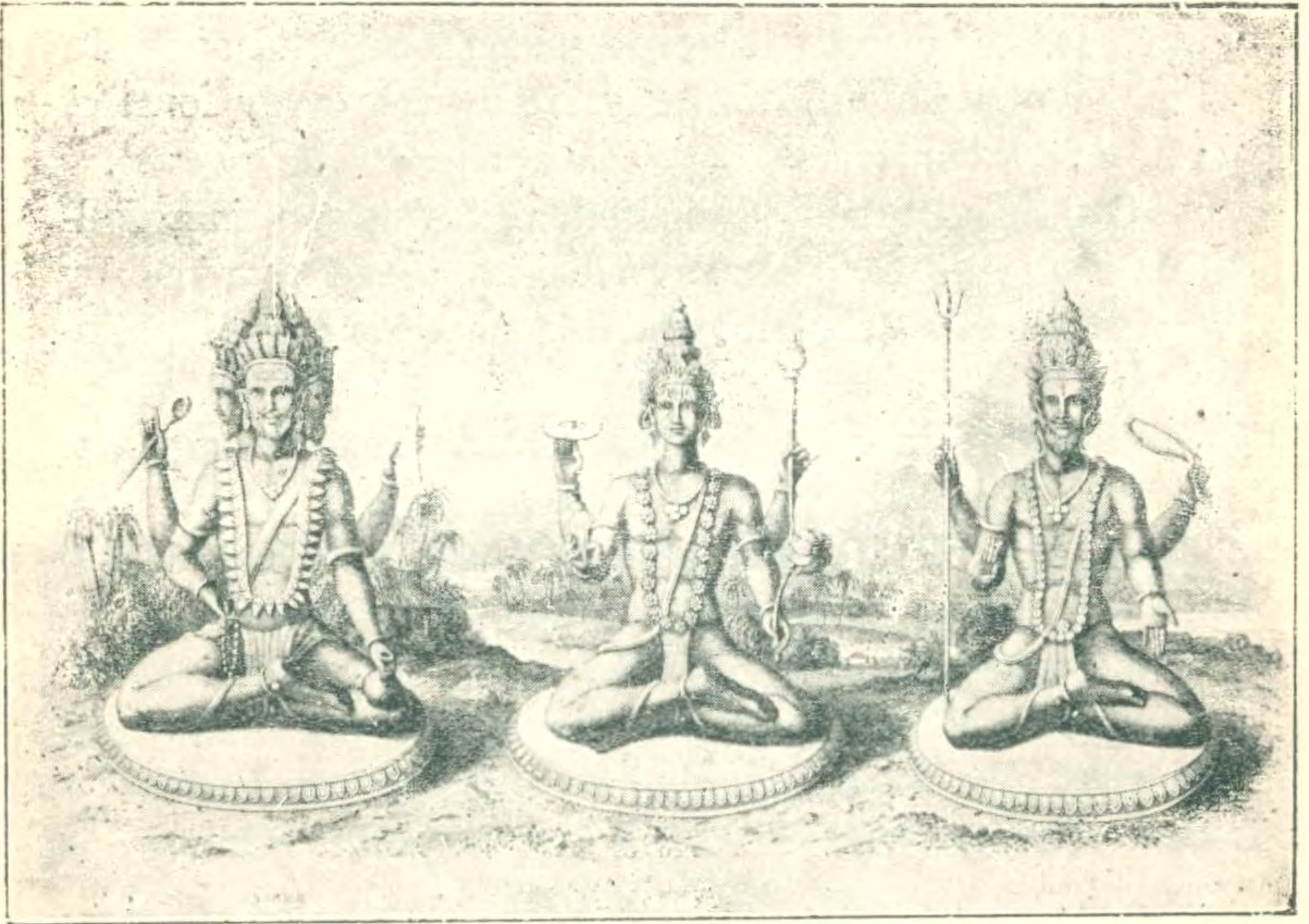


THAT which interests us most of all in the millions of India, is their religion. It is an intensely religious country, but the devotion of its people is not towards the God of heaven, who has revealed Himself as a God of love, but to hideous idols, all of which are gods of hatred, whom the people dread 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; Moham-medans, 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 Hinduism! 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 :—



IDOLS OF INDIA.

SIVA, the Destroyer, with his necklace of human skulls, his rosary of the same. Serpents writhe in his hair and wreath his neck. There are 30,000,000 symbols of this fierce God scattered throughout India. Sivaitees 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 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

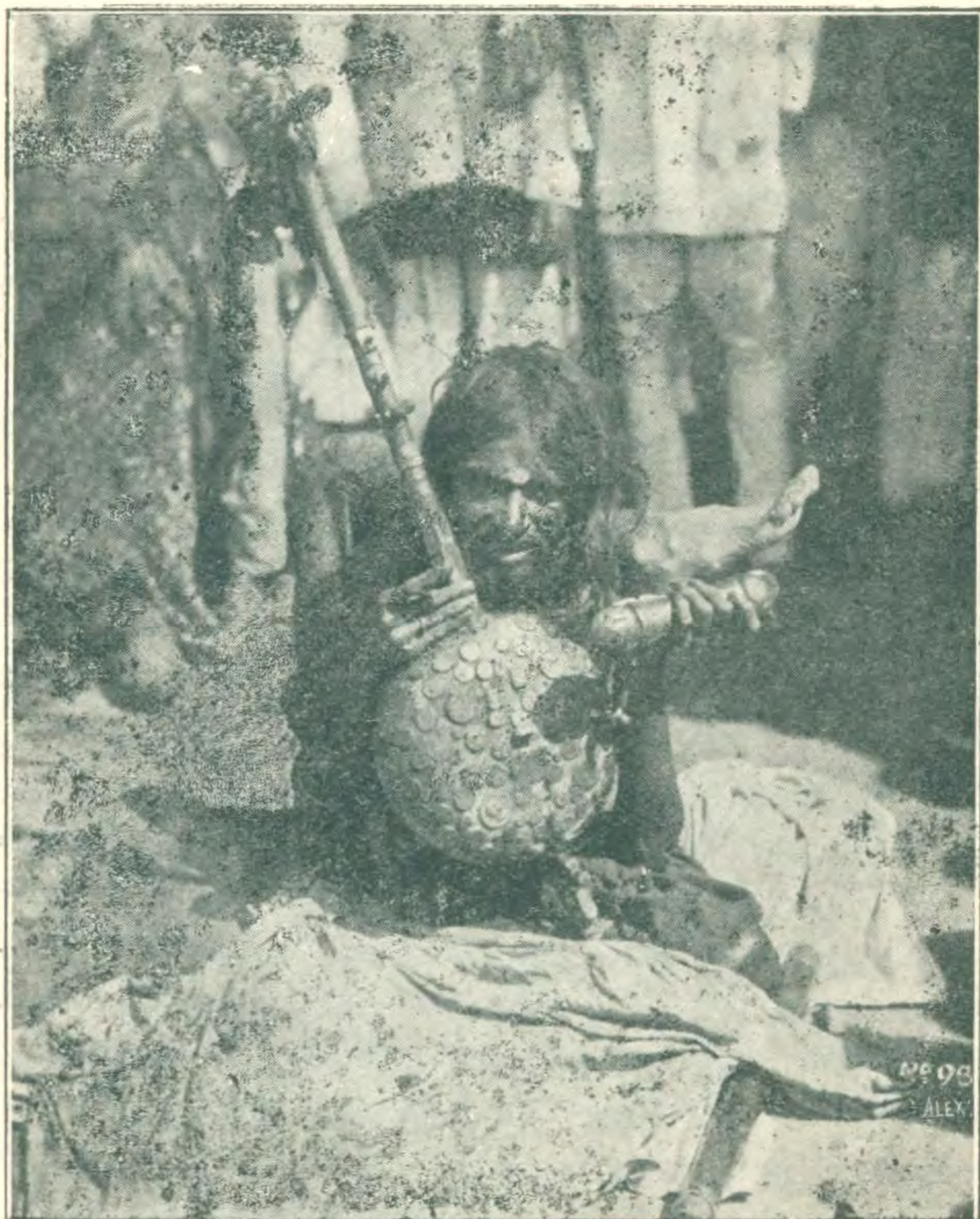


reach it by that route, for the Word of God, which is the only infallible guide to heaven, declares, "There is none that doeth good, no not one" (Rom. iii. 12). And in regard to man's thoughts, God has said, "Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil continually" (Gen. vi. 5). In Bombay 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 cleansings among the people.



A HINDU DEVOTEE.

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, Sudras, 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 youth attains his eighth year, he is invested with the sacred thread, which is the distinguishing mark of Brahminism, and



is then declared to be "twice born." There is a great blowing of horns and beating of tom-toms at this ceremony. The sacred thread is made of three cords of cotton, to symbolise the three incarnations of



INDIAN FAKIR.

Brahma, and is the patent of the wearer's nobility. He is as proud of it as an 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

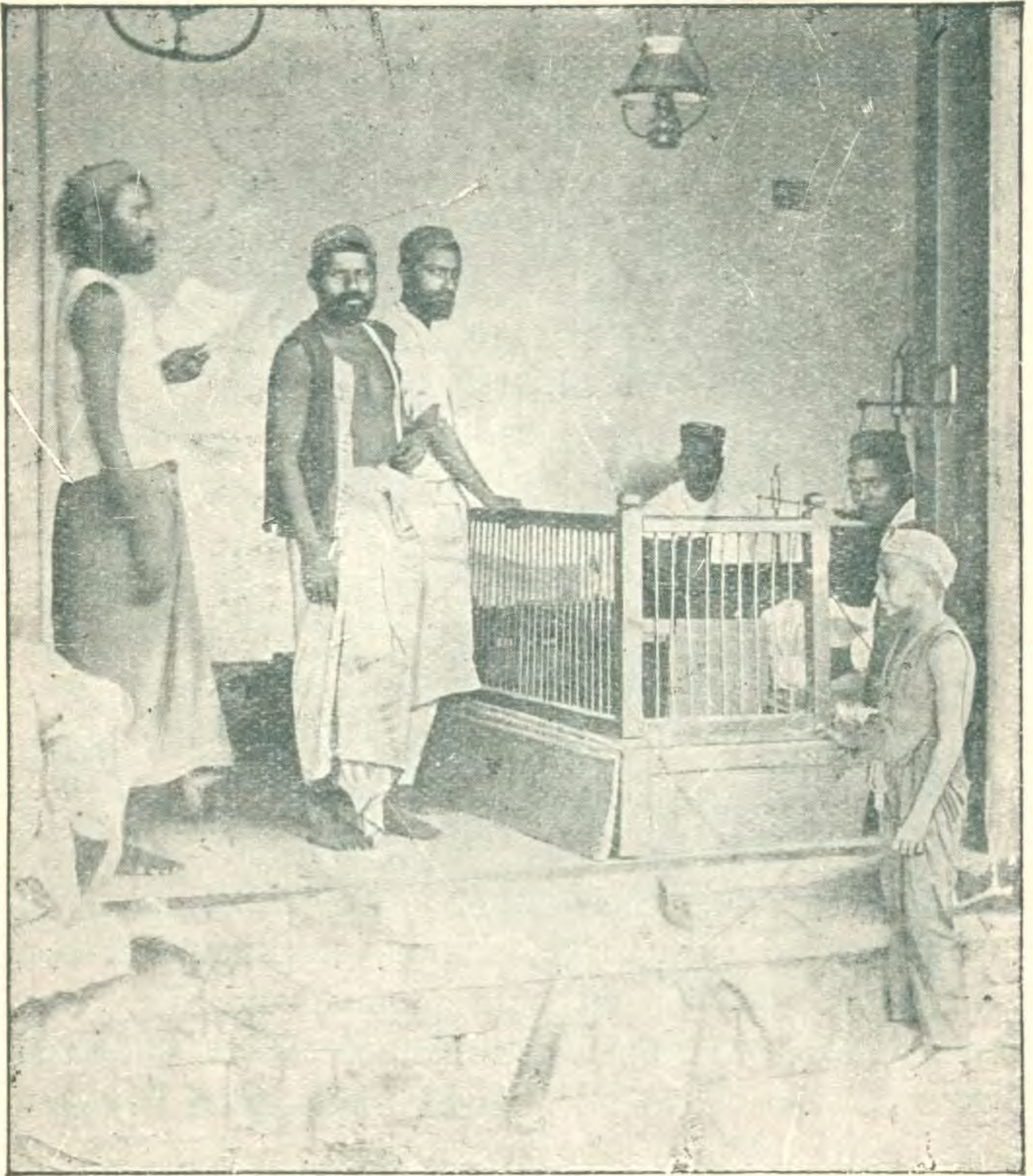


Gospel ; he will not look at or listen to a Christian, until conviction of sin lays such a firm hold of him that he is willing to lose his caste rather than his soul. When a Brahmin believes the Gospel and confesses Christ, he is cast out and disowned by his people, and in many cases those who have been 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 civilisation 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,



AN INDIAN OPIUM SHOP.

and both told of the Gospel's progress and its victories among their people.

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 zenanas, 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,



TEACHING DEAF AND DUMB GIRLS IN INDIA.

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 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 Wm. 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 hands



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 paper, took them to a village young man who had blasted his college career through dis-



WILLIAM CAREY IN INDIA, AGED 60.

sipation, 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 this 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.

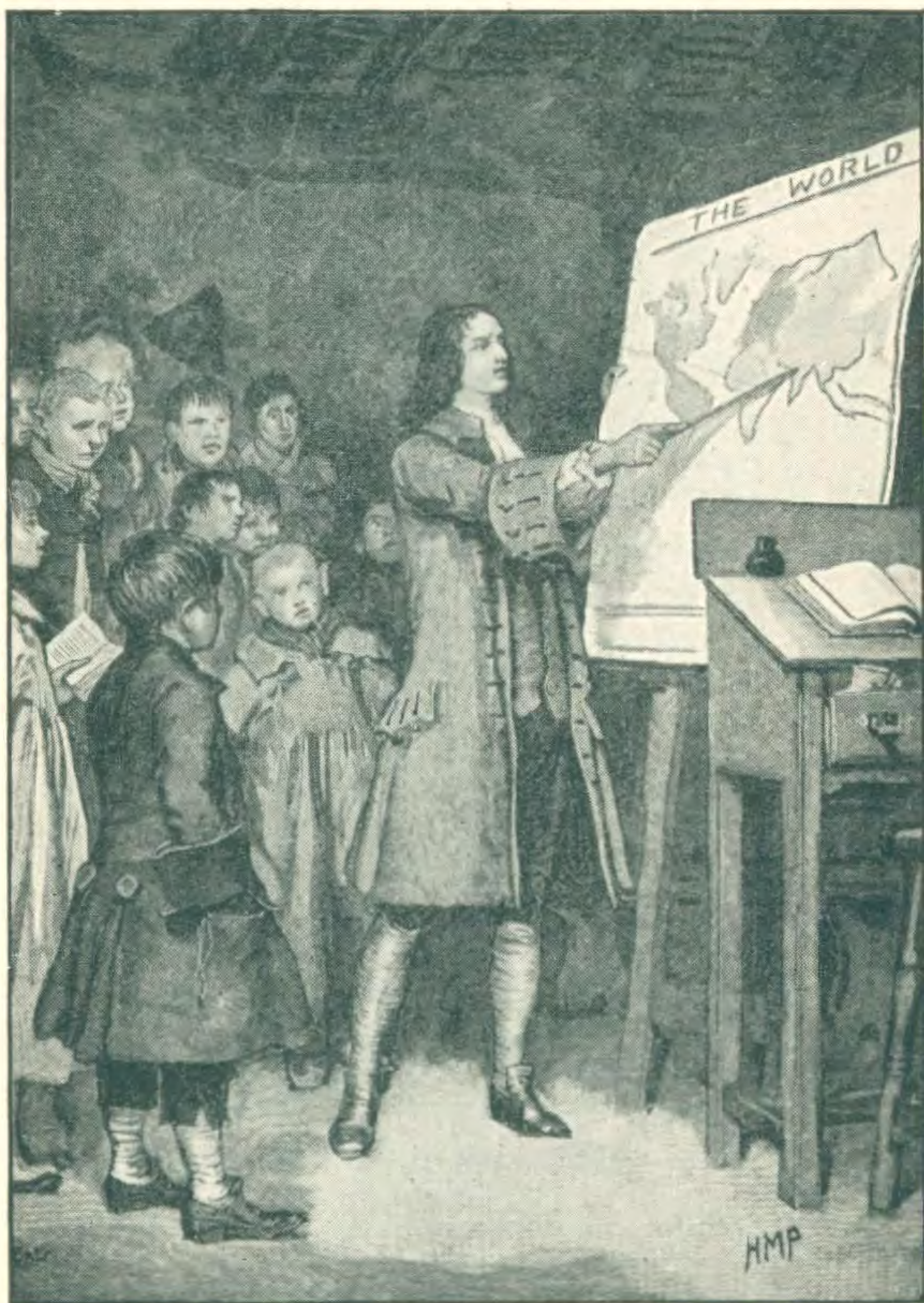


NORTHAMPTON shoemakers, as a class, are famous for their discussions on religious subjects, and in the workshop where Carey was employed, these were frequent. The elder apprentice lad was a "Dissenter," and as such was despised by Carey, who was a very pronounced "Churchman," full of self-righteousness, 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 5th October 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 chooseth the weak things to



WILLIAM CAREY AS A SCHOOLMASTER.

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 school-master, 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 of 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



INDIA'S MILLIONS YET UNREACHED.

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 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 pestilence 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 29th November 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 Gospellers ; 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 single room upon the wall of the town, and set themselves to learn the Tamil language, which, in less than two



PARSEE CHILDREN.

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 pundits 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 Tranquebar in



PREACHING AT A FESTIVAL IN INDIA.

1750. He laboured in Tanjore and Trichivepoly. 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. 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 13th February 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.



SOLEMN farewell service was held in Leicester on 20th March 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 13th June 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 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



CAR OF THE IDOL JUGGERNAUT.

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



CLASS OF INDIAN BOYS.

helpers were sent to India, to co-operate with Carey in the work of printing and circulating the Word 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 per-



IN AN INDIAN ZENANA.

severance 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, all 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. 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.



ON 18th March, 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 show 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 of all his heritage.



A NATIVE PREACHER.

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



SCHOOLGIRLS IN INDIA.

the natives as judges, magistrates, and governors. Wm. Carey was the only linguist able for the post, which was offered him and 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.



O 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 were 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 reconstruction of the premises,



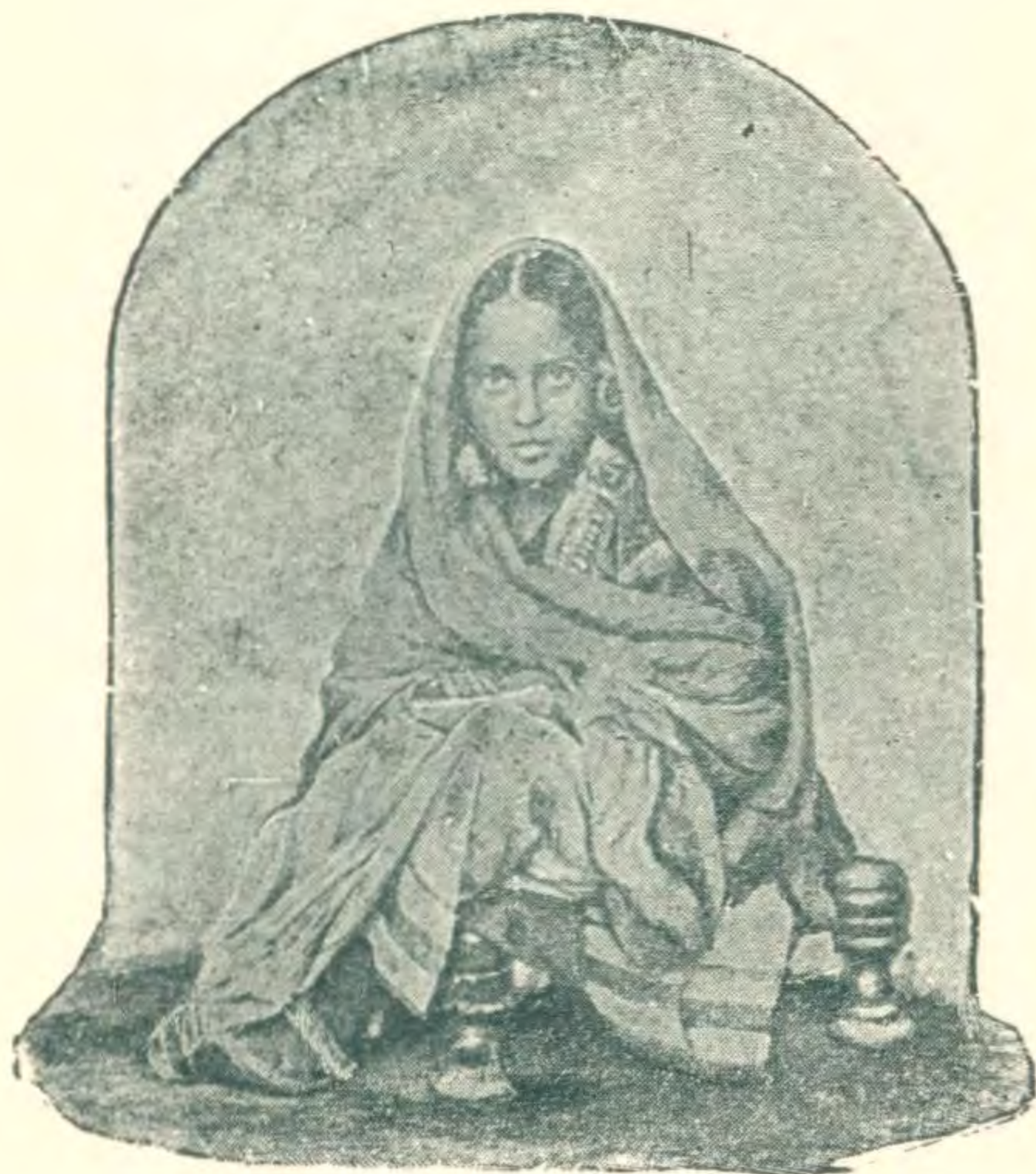
A FAMILY GROUP WITH THE BIBLE.

and as Carey's biographer 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 9th June 1834, the



A VILLAGE PREACHING IN INDIA.

wearied pilgrim, the earnest worker, the well-trying 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 showing 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.



ANY 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 to 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 condition, yet saw enough of



INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.

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



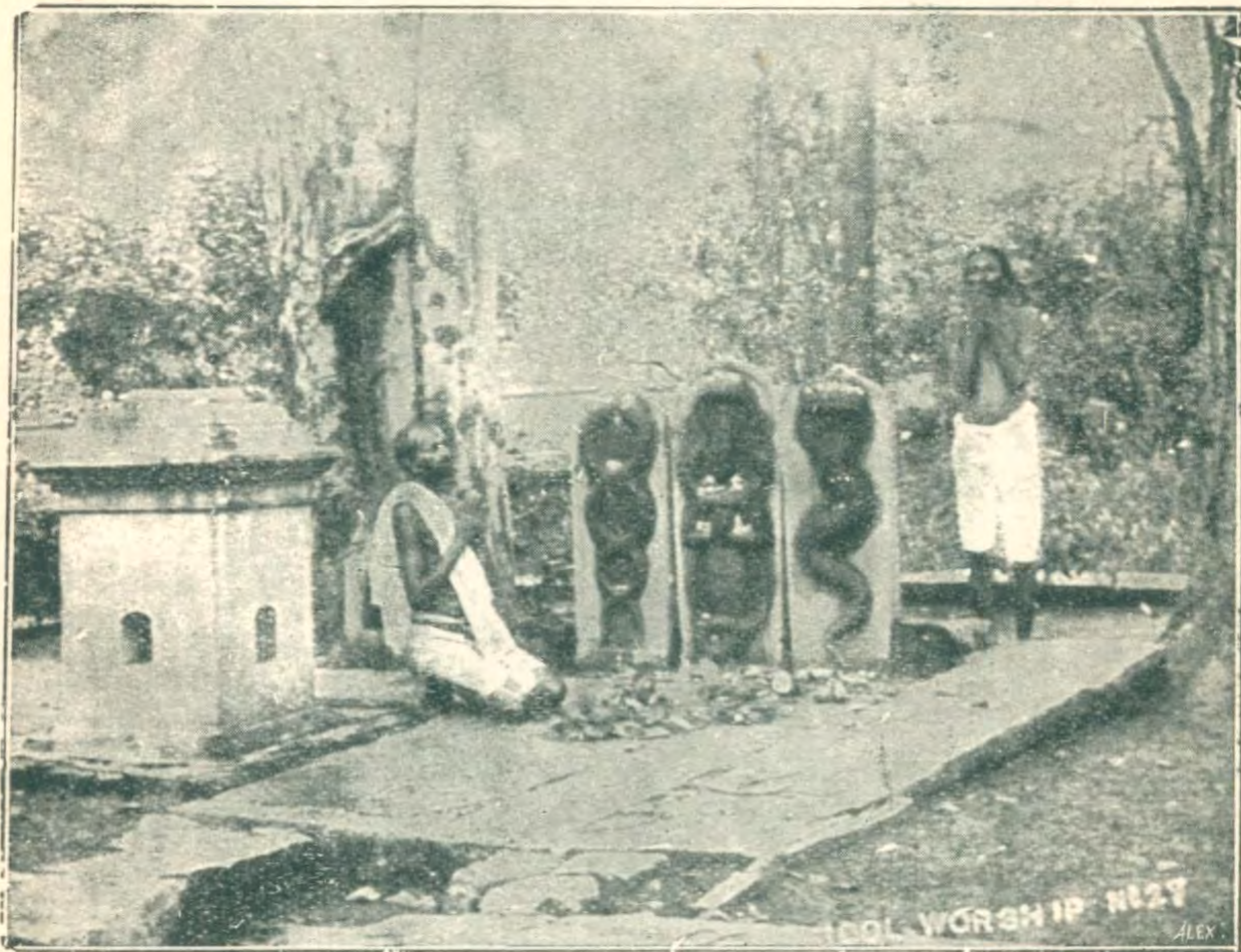
PANDITA RAMABAI.

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 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



WORSHIPPING IDOL.

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 images of the gods, and prayed to them day and night; the burden of our prayer being that the gods would be 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.

“E 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 ourselves, 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 right and never depart from the way of righteousness. His last loving command to



TIMES OF FAMINE IN INDIA.

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



ORPHAN GIRL PREPARING RICE.

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, 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 I 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.”



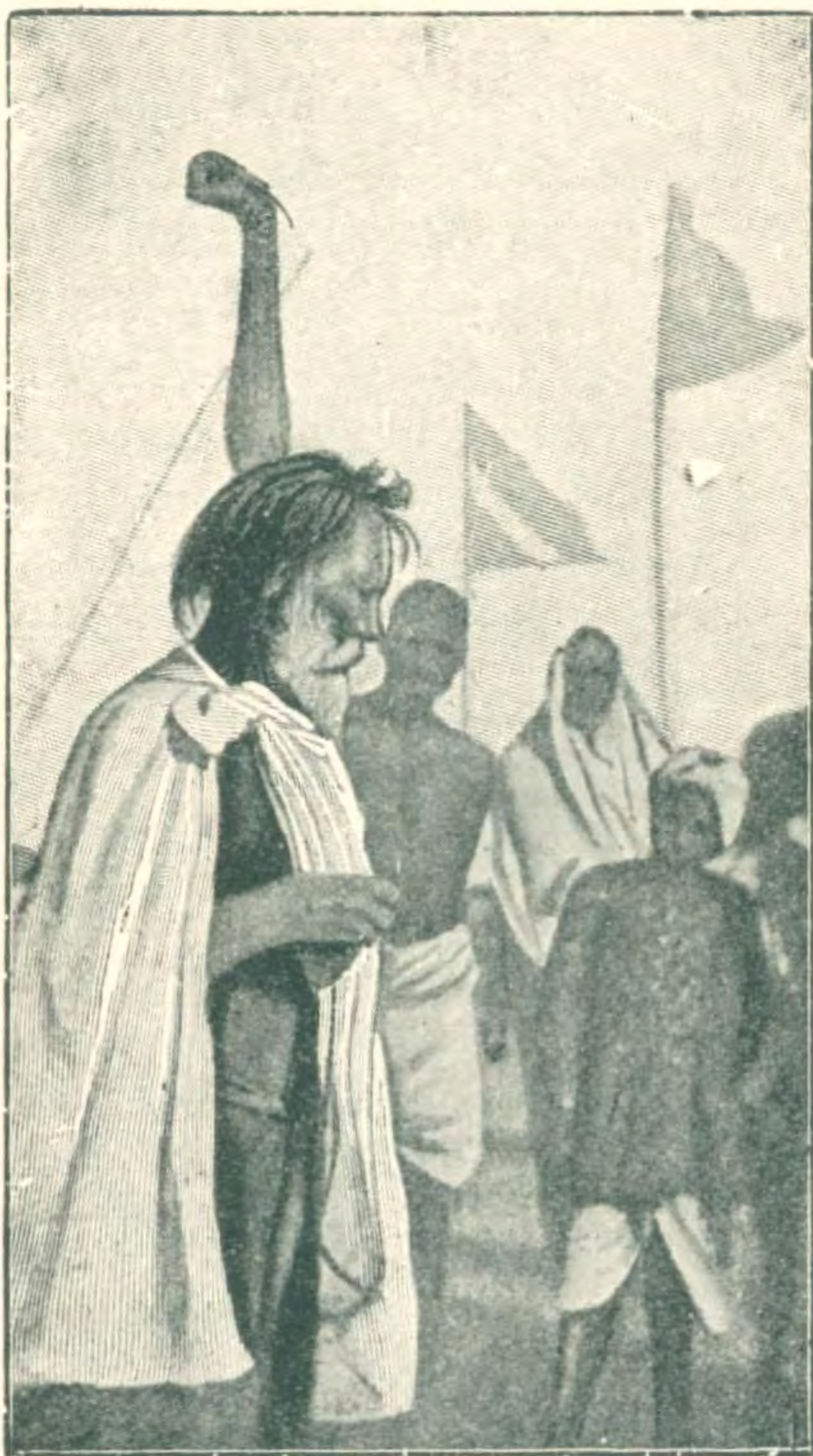
# Ramabai Ceases to be a Hindu.



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



A HINDU DEVOTEE.

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

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

**R**AMABAI 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 showed 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 turned from idols possess, but it is not enough. It leaves the sinner "white-washed" but not washed white, without Christ, and without



RAMABAI AND TWO HELPERS.

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.

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



GIRL WIDOWS OF INDIA.

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 out the name of each, as she stepped out from the



RESCUED GIRLS IN RAMABAI'S HOME.

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 necessary tests which all who serve the Lord



LADY MISSIONARIES ABOUT TO VISIT THE VILLAGES WITH GOSPELS.

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.

### WORKERS AT REST.

Ramabai and her helpers continued serving the Lord among India's widows and orphans for full twenty-five years with much blessing and cheer. Her later years brought her many sorrows. First, her true friend and fellow-worker, Soonderia Powas, took ill, and died in 1919. Two years after, her daughter, Manorama, for years a diligent worker in the institution, and a bright Christian, passed to be with the Lord, and in 1921 Ramabai, the "mother" of India's widows, who had loved them, lived for them, and amid good and evil report had served them, and led many of them to the Saviour, passed from the scene of her labours, mourned and missed by thousands whom she had succoured, to be "at home with the Lord," whom she loved and longed to see, in that fair Paradise to which the Lord Jesus welcomes His way-worn saints, to share with Him the joys of His present rest, until the hour of His coming to receive all His redeemed together unto Himself in glory.



# The Gospel's Progress in India.

**D**URING 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 Bagdhad, 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 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



A GROUP OF FAMINE ORPHANS.

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

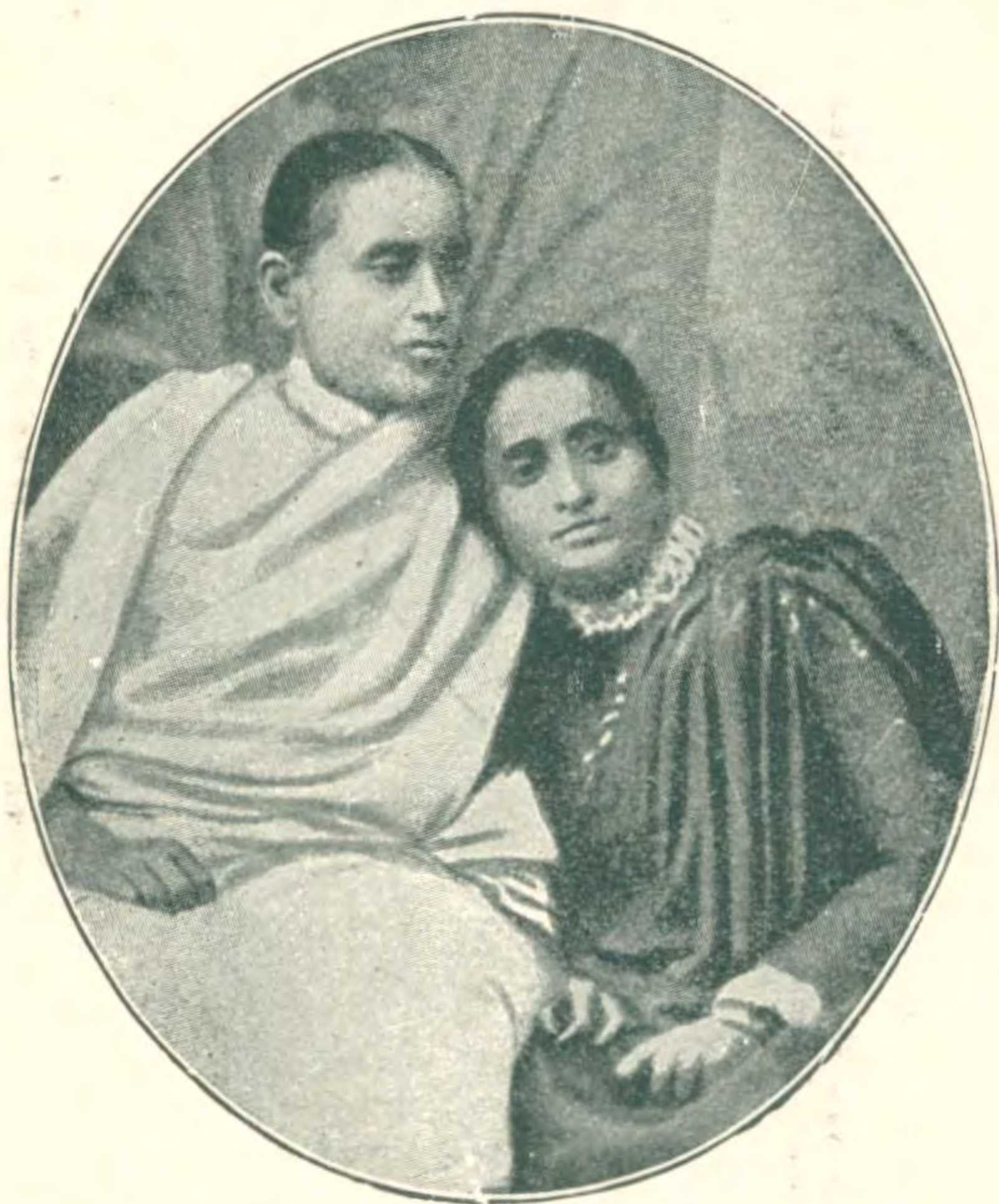


in Travancore and Tinnevely, in preaching the Gospel, both relinquishing all means of support, and, looking to the Lord alone, as their spiritual father had by precept and example taught them God's way. In 1860 a wonderful work of grace began in Tinnevely, chiefly through Aroolappen's preaching, his 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



TWO INDIAN LADY WORKERS AMONG THE ORPHANS.

than 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 by 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.