

A PICTURE FROM INDIA.

BY REV. W. J. JAMIESON.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I wish you had been with us last night in the bazaar to see the sights.

We were preaching in the rooms of our dispensary in Neemuch city. These rooms are merely an open verandah with two dark little closets behind that we use for store-rooms.

The light and what fresh air we get comes in through the door, opening on to the street, which door is the whole width of the front part of the house.

I usually sit with the "bajhn" (organ) near the farther end, and the speakers stand or sit in front of me, while the audience stands in front of them and out on the street. So you can easily see that when a crowd has collected in front and fills up the doorway there is not much chance for fresh air or sun light to reach us who are behind. This the more so since the height of the doorway is about 6 feet 4 inches, while the verandah roof doorway is about 5 feet.

Well, yesterday was a sort of court-day at Neemuch, or rather this is court week, and in consequence, many village people and strangers were present, and filled up our little rooms until we had to get the lamps inside before the sun had set.

Not far from our rooms there is a temple, and when it was found that our organ and preachers were attracting so large a crowd they got up an opposition show over on the front platform of their "Mandin" (temple). I could see their movements from where I sat.

It seems that one of the attractions was a dancing-girl. You perhaps don't know that these dancing-girls are very bad and immoral, but so it is. But that did not matter, for some of the gods of the heathen were most immoral, and are worshipped by the worst immoralities conceivable, and while we were singing and preaching the truths of our Lord in all their purity and love, the gods of the heathen were being shown in all their

vileness. It served as a good illustration of the difference between Christ's words and the teachings of the religious books of the Hindus, between Him who was light, and the darkness of their sinful systems.

A man was leaping and shouting, holding up a brass pot, waving a fork, and doing other wonderful things.

One old man seemed very anxious that none should miss such an extraordinary exhibition and came several times to speak to persons in our crowd, and threw his arms about, and shouted in a manner equal to the boy who saw an elephant show for the first time.

But I suppose these people had seen such wonders before, and were more anxious to see and hear more of us because we soon had almost all the people, and before we closed the temple people had ceased their clamour.

There were some queer looking specimens of humanity to be seen. Usually there are a number of strange looking men to be seen in the bazaar, but when the village and outside people come into the city you can have lots of chances to study character.

There is a boy sitting on one of our benches perhaps the first he ever sat on. All the clothes he seems to own is a dirty cotton cloth around his waist, but he carries a sort of axe, with the handle of which he gives those who are crowding him too much, a rude thrust in the side and he tries to look as fierce as possible.

An old man, very feeble, sits beside this boy and his chief difficulty seems to be to understand what we say, but his delight at hearing the organ and our singing seems unbounded, and his smile repays us for our efforts.

A proud Brahman with his forehead painted, to show the god whom he worships, sits composedly on the other end of the bench, but his comfort is short lived, for Balaram, (one of our catechists) is just now showing up the sins of his rare kind of people, men with red silk waistcoats and large turbans and small canes (called "walking sticks.") Men with very little clothes at all and lean tired faces, men in whose faces sin's results