

poor harvests. The famine affects an area of about 164,000 square miles, with a population of 36,000,000. The Government of India, in assuming the task of saving these millions from death by starvation, has undertaken a responsibility which no other Asiatic power, whether in India or elsewhere, ever assumed. It is due to British rule, and to nothing else, that the famine has not, ere now, claimed millions of victims.

A missionary writes: "The horrors of the famine are indescribable. I had seen a great deal of poverty before coming to India, but never had seen men, women and children die from hunger. A few days ago I made a tour through several villages in my district. In one place about one hundred and thirty-seven little children were found. All were under twelve years, and many of them not more than four or five. Their parents had died or deserted them. These children were found in the streets and bazaars picking up grain which had fallen on the ground, and eating it raw. Temporary provision is being made by the Government for the daily food of these children. I could have brought away one hundred if I had had the money to support them.

In one district it is estimated that twelve thousand people die every month from the effects of famine. It is utterly impossible for the Government to provide relief for all the people when the famine is so widespread. Every day, as I drive along the road, I see the poor people sweeping up the dust from among the dried-up grass on the roadside and in the fields. They winnow what they gather for the sake of the few grass seeds they may find. Everything that can sustain life is being eaten. The seeds of weeds, roots of grass, bark of trees, and the stones of the mango fruit, the kernels of which are crushed, are eagerly eaten. This bad food soon produces disease, and hastens the death of the sufferers."

In addition to the famine, Bombay, with a population of three-quarters of a million, is smitten with a deadly plague, which is spreading to other parts of India. Should it extend to the famine stricken-district the loss of life is likely to be very great, as the suffering from poverty and insufficient food would render hundreds of thousands an easy prey to the disease.

Hinduism is the prevailing religion of India, it is the most immoral and vicious of any of the great religions of heathendom. It is said that there is not one of the thirty million gods of Hinduism to which is given a good moral character.

The first Protestant missionaries to India were, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plutschau, who went out from Denmark, arriving in India, July 9, 1706. Christian Schwartz followed in 1750. The first missionary from England was William Carey, who arrived in 1793, and was followed by Henry Martyn, in 1806. The first missionaries from America were Rev. Messrs. Adoniram Judson, Samuel Newell, Samuel Watt, Gordon Hall and Luther Rice, who reached India in 1812. Since that day most of the leading churches of Europe and America have established missions in India. According to well-attested statistics, Christianity is spreading four or five times as fast as the ordinary population, but no statistics can ever give a fair view of all that Christian missions have done in India, and yet it must not be hastily assumed that the crisis of missions has been fully passed, that victory is in sight. What are the 850 missionaries, and the 560,000 baptized Christians compared

with the 280,000 odd millions of human beings who live within the borders of British India.

Aside from the efforts of missionaries, there are important influences at work to undermine and break down Hinduism. Not the least of these is the impartial rule of the British Government. A substantial evidence that British residents have faith in missions is found in the fact that they contribute \$300,000 annually to their support.

There are about thirty theological schools in the Protestant mission of India, of various grades. The oldest of these was planned fifty years ago.

There are now about 1,000 natives of India ordained to preach Christ to their countrymen. Fifty years ago there were only twenty-one. What hath Goa wrought.

One hundred and thirty native student volunteers of India have made this solemn declaration: It is my purpose, if God permit, to devote my life to direct work for Christ.

Miss Swain, sent out to India by the American M. E. Church in 1869, was the first woman to undertake medical work in India.

In 1875, the Presbyterian Church of Canada established an important mission in Central India. In connection with this mission there is a woman's hospital at Indore, under the care of lady medical missionaries.

Missionaries and travellers unite in asserting that women, more than men, perpetuate idolatry. A Hindu villager once said, "We men would give it all up, but the women make such an ado we have no peace." And why? Because the present condition of the women of India is so wretched that they feel the need of some hope for the future, however slight, and are kept in bondage by the priests lest a worse fate come upon them. The burdens of heathenism have indeed drawn them down into the very dust. They cannot rise. In their hopeless condition they scarcely struggle. They shake their heads mournfully and say, "We have no souls, we are only cattle."

Burmah presents the one bright spot in the wretched degradation of women prevailing throughout India. There they go about freely, unveiled, dressed in much taste and neatness, bright in manner and sprightly in conversation, and in the bazaars take a prominent part as the shopkeepers. Burmah is the scene of the sainted Judson's labors, and the seed sown by him has yielded in certain localities, an abundant harvest.

Here is the experience of one woman in India; it represents the experience of thousands in that country who are weary and sin-burdened, but have never heard the name which is above all other names—the only Name under heaven given among men whereby we may be saved. The woman visits the medical missionary, and while applying for medicine she finds a listening ear, a sympathetic heart; and she is strangely drawn to tell all her sorrows. Her daughters had married and left her, her sons were dead, she had no one to help or care for her. But why dwell on the past? the present was bad enough.

"A swarm of locusts ate up all the grain, fever had unceasingly distressed the little orphan grandchildren, and increasing age, with its attendant coughs, colds, rheumatism, failing eyesight, as well as other complaints, made Mai Nandi the most sorrowful old lady in the whole village."

"Yes," said the missionary, "this is a sad world, but there