

tual gratification, and find ever increasing aliment for its ever enlarging desires. 'I shall behold thy face in righteousness, and be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness. The Lamb in the midst of the Throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes''

(From the *Missionary Record of the Free Church of Scotland.*)

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MADRAS.

The following letter is from the Rev. A. B. Campbell of Madras, and is dated February 5, 1853. We most willingly accompany Mr. Campbell in his visit to the temples of Conjeveram. We have heard much of the idolatry of India—in this letter we see a little of it. It is well that we in this land, who have lived all our days amid Christian sanctuaries, and never heard a prayer offered or a song sung but to the God of Heaven, should be shewn the "grim deities" before which our fellow-subjects in India bow down, and the arts which idolatry there employs to retain its hold over the minds of its votaries. In all countries, idolatry surrounds itself with the same accessories, and for the same end. In Italy, it is sculpture and painting; in India, it is stately architecture and barbaric magnificence. The power of heaven it cannot wield, and therefore it presses into its service the powers of earth and of evil to subdue the mind. The gospel makes its appeal to *love*, idolatry to *fear*. The one engenders a spirit of liberty, the other of bondage. The awe, not of a purifying or elevating kind, which the following scene is fitted to excite, can well be understood:—

City of Temples—Imposing Architecture.

After a hard day's exertion in the school-room, we sallied out to visit the large temple of Conjeveram. When we set out, the brief but beautiful twilight of the East was shedding its last beams on tower and tree, and by the time we reached the temple gates darkness had fairly settled down. We thus saw the whole, in circumstances which gave us a deep impression of the power which idolatry has to awe and solennize the minds of the hapless worshippers, who flock in thousands to that shrine. As we drew near, temple after temple met our view, and as it has been said that in India there are more gods than men, so we fancied that, in Conjeveram there were nearly as many small temples as human dwellings. At last we entered the street, or row of houses, at the end of which the great temple stands.—First, we passed through a large muntapum,

or resting-place for the god when it is brought forth in procession. This muntapum stands right in the centre of the way, and, with the god, glittering in gold and gems, resting beneath its richly carved roof, must produce a mighty impression on the souls of the prostrate devotees. The whole is composed of granite, some of the pillars being hewn from single enormous blocks, and the entire structure is covered with rich carving, representing flowers, and men, and gods. After passing through another of smaller dimensions, you stand immediately before the gateway of the temple. This entrance is composed of a lofty pyramidal tower—perhaps one hundred and fifty feet in height—which was covered by richly sculptured figures. This structure had certainly an air of oriental grandeur and strength; but as it stood out in clear outline against the evening sky, it appeared to be utterly destitute of true architectural taste. Having secured one of the temple Pandarums for a guide, and accompanied by a crowd of Brahmans, we entered the courts of the temple.

Resemblance in Structure and Rites to Ancient Jewish Temple.

Whatever theory the curious and learned may construct out of these materials, the fact is unquestionable, that there is a striking resemblance between the arrangements here and those of the ancient Jewish temple. First we entered the outer court, then the court of the people, and then the holy place, raised considerably above a splendidly paved outer court, within which, as if in awful mockery of the ancient dwelling-place of Jehovah, was the *holy of holies*. At the entrance of the holy place, we were suddenly stopped, and told we could go no further.—The opening was nearly as large as the first gateway we had entered. We had got in a few yards, and stood on some steps which led up to the raised court within. That scene made an impression on myself, which shall never be obliterated. Almost all the temple Brahmans had gathered round us—perhaps fifty from their homes, and as many from different parts of the temple. Night had fairly closed over us and our guides; the Pandarum lit up the strange scene by a temple lamp, precisely resembling the censer in which the Jewish priest offered up the evening and morning incense. This gave but a partial illumination, and cast a flickering light over the sable countenances which, row on row, appeared before us. Many, too, had climbed up the sides of the doorway, and there, resting on some fine sculpture, looked down on us with eager eyes. Another crowd also stood behind us, and there we were, in these strange circumstances, surrounded by this strange and motley group of Brahmanical auditors. Far within we saw the lights in the holy of holies, and there, in grim array, the idol stood. Here, then, *emphatically*, in the very centre of heathenism,