

to this last Mr. Johnson says, "The visitor to North India, let us say, is struck with the sight of thronging multitudes in the great cities. He sees scores of thousands absorbed in the celebration of their religious festivals. Let a man stand on a housetop in the city of Benares and look down on eighty thousand people celebrating the Ram Lela in honour of their favourite hero and god Rama. How interested the

gal is situated at Bhowanipur, the largest of the four suburbs which form the southern boundary of Calcutta, "The City of Palaces." At the Mahratta ditch, which is the boundary of the city, "the stately ends, dirt and squalor begin. Dust clouds fill the air. An open drain runs alongside the foot-path, a bed of liquid typhoid. The shops in the native bazaar are sheds without windows. Piles of sweetmeats are

exposed, unprotected from dust, with swarms of wasps and fat flies buzzing about them. *lah!* how strong is the smell of rancid fat! Grogshops, alas, are numerous. The rumseller squats aloft on the beams that support his spirit-casks, waiting, like an evil bird, for his prey."

In the midst of this human hive the cross has been planted, and "The London Missionary Society's Institution" stands out in bold relief and noble prominence, with library, lecture and classrooms having accommodation for 1,100 scholars. This educational building, with adjacent home for Christian converts, zenana home, and missionary residence, forms a complete and extensive station. Of these erections not one is more

necessary or useful than the home for Christian converts. This is really a refuge to meet hard necessities, when the youthful convert is driven with threats, curses and bruises from his ancestral home—when the young man is under compulsion to forsake father and mother and houses and lands for Christ's sake and His Gospel's. Christian life in the Hindu home has been to the present, except in rare cases, an impossibility. One of the early converts gives



ENTRANCE TO MOSQUE.

multitudes are! . . . Day by day he will see the sacred river alive with men and women standing up to the middle in the water worshipping and washing away their sins. He will meet crowds of pilgrims on their way to holy shrines. The temples are thronged. Hinduism fills the air. It sweeps on in its might, self-absorbed, self-sufficient, disdaining or not noticing aught but itself."

The central station of the London Missionary Society's work in Ben-